Birthday Surprise - Continued!!

 For his birthday this year, she's decided to give him her body, full

 of desire, totally in need. Knowing his propensity for enjoying her

 sexually while she's really turned on, her gift will be her

 willingness to give herself in that way. Spending the afternoon

 getting ready, preparing herself, their room, instead of a cake, he'll

 be enjoying something he finds much more appetizing. Preparing herself

 several hours before he's due to get home, taking a relaxing bath,

 shaving, being sure all traces of hair are completely removed from her

 womanhood, she brings herself very close to climax before leaving the

 tub. Finding the rose she purchased earlier, she opens herself,

 coating the flower with her scent. Leaving him a note, a new robe, and

 a rose prominently displayed on the table she retreats to their room

 to continue getting herself ready.

 Wondering if she'll be able to keep her commitment, her body already

 needing an orgasm, she's played this out for several month's now,

 planning how she could make this birthday his best ever. It's

 interesting how the timing of this has worked, things have so been

 busy lately, they just haven't had much time alone together, although

 she has serviced him orally a couple times. Having ask her mother to

 watch their children, they should be able to at least be alone for

 tonight. Still she worries how far he's going to want to take this,

 having not been able to find time in the past week, her menses the

 week before that, and him having been traveling the week prior, it's

 been three weeks since her last orgasm.

 Currently in a desperate state to begin with, this will make her gift

 that much more meaningful, an even greater gift, a sacrifice of

 herself for his pleasure. In the past they've talked at length about

 how even when she's on her period satisfying his desires are still

 important. That her desires are just as important, however due to her

 drive being slightly lower than his, she's promised never to bring

 herself to orgasm, promised to always allow him to give her that

 pleasure she so desires. This however has never really been that much

 of a problem, he's been more than willing to take care of her desires,

 her needs whenever she desired. Now, however, she's giving him

 permission, no, asking him to withhold her pleasure, to use her body,

 enjoy his fulfillment, while denying her that same release.

 Busying herself with further perpetrations, the soft cords she

 purchased for this very purpose, now tied securely to their bed, laid

 out, on display, knowing soon, they will be used to secure her body,

 binding her, rendering her helpless. With just over an hour to go,

 retiring to their room, closing the door, she disrobes. Lying back on

 their bed, making sure everything is within reach, she inserts her

 feet, first into the knee restraints, used to keep her totally open,

 then into the ropes at the end of their bed, looping them around her

 ankles, securing herself so once her hands are tied, she'll be

 completely helpless. Working a pillow under her pelvis, knowing he

 likes her lifted, exposed, available for deep penetration, she lays

 back, wondering, how will he react, seeing his wife, tied, exposed,

 offered in this way. Lying back, testing her restraints, it excites

 her, knowing she'll be unable to close her legs. Her fingers, again

 toying with her body, again bringing herself close, her touch, lite,

 feather lite, she's very close.

 Keeping an eye on the time, one hour to go, it's time to try her new

 toy, something she's sure he will love, a female pump. Consisting of a

 suction device, and a cup, designed to fit a woman's body, to apply

 vacuum to her vulva, swelling her body, her labia, her clitoris,

 making them engorge with blood, increasing their prominence, their

 sensitivity. Never having tried this before, she's not quite sure what

 to think, how it will feel, however, having seen some of the images on

 his computer, she's sure, the sight of her, swollen, dripping in need,

 will totally excite him. Placing the cup over her vulva, she activates

 the suction, putting several pillows under her head, she watches,

 feels, her body, the sensations, beginning to swell, her pussy, being

 drawn up, into this cup. Knowing, for the effects to show, after

 removing the cup, it takes time, for the swelling to fully set in.

 Relaxing, she's planning to pump herself, until he arrives, pulling

 into their garage. For about an hour, her body, her pussy, is drawn

 into this cup, removing it periodically, to masturbate, edging,

 priming herself, torturing herself, she continues.

 Hearing their garage, opening, knowing it's time, thankful, needing to

 cum, on edge, she removes the device, lying it aside, covering it,

 continuing her preparations, shaking the can, the ready whip, covering

 her swollen vulva, a cherry, carefully placed, resting just above her

 clitoris, teasingly announcing her intent. Buckling a gag, into her

 mouth, rendering her mute, unable to speak, to answer, to beg.

 Finally, taking the candle, short, yet large in diameter, carefully,

 she lights it placing it between her breasts, knowing, she must remain

 still, putting a blindfold over her eyes, she reaches back, up,

 working her hands, into the ropes, the loops, pulling them, drawing

 them tight, securing herself, in place, helpless.

 .... Waiting, wondering

 Seeing her note, picking up the rose, the aroma, different, her scent,

 mingled with the roses natural fragrance, immediately, he begins to

 get hard, knowing, his wife, his love, is waiting. Opening her note,

 forcing himself to take the time, to read her letter,

 Lover,

 First my love, I'd like to say, happy birthday, I love you, and hope

 this proves to be a wonderful birthday for you today. As you stand

 reading this letter, you'll note our door is closed. Behind that door,

 you will find your gift, I decided not to make a cake for you this

 year, instead, opting to give you another gift, one I believe you will

 like much more.

 Before you enter our room, I want you to know, I've been thinking of

 you for some time now, needing you inside my body, aching for you,

 aching to cum. However, tonight, I'm giving myself to you, my body,

 even my pleasure, as a gift. Before opening our door, promise me,

 promise yourself, starting tonight, for the next week, whatever

 happens, whatever I say, whatever I do, whatever we do, your to take

 your pleasure, our pleasure, my pleasure, for yourself. I may beg, I

 may even cry, to have an orgasm, be allowed to cum, however, this is

 my gift, to you, even when I ask, beg, cry to be allowed to cum, I'm

 asking you to deny me that release. This is for you, knowing my need,

 my suffering, will increase your pleasure. For at least the next week,

 I'm yours to use, however, and whenever you choose, so long as you

 deny my release, my pleasure. After that, after this next seven days,

 the choice is yours, when, how, I cum, it's up to you. My orgasm, my

 ultimate pleasure, I'm turning over to you, giving you full control.

 And yes, just so you know, I ache to cum, already I'm wondering how I

 can do this, knowing how much I need an orgasm, even as I write this

 letter. I'm in your hands, in your control, yours to use, from now on.

 Love always, .........

 Carefully, folding the note, placing it back into the envelope, he

 begins to disrobe. Shocked, so wonderfully surprised, how could she

 know, his deepest desire, his darkest fantasy, unfolding before his

 very eyes, he's always dreamed of this, never beginning to think it

 could come true. Opening their door, his eyes, falling upon his bride,

 his love, seeing her, restrained, tied helplessly, presented to him,

 an offering, laid out, his to take, to enjoy. Approaching, noticing

 her breathing, the mewing sounds, her feet, her wrists, twisting, the

 candle, wax, beginning to drip, between her breasts. Stunned, he

 stands their, watching, taking in the sight, noticing, in the corner,

 their camera, the video running, recording her, recording them.

 Smiling, his cock, hard as stone, he approaches her body, crawling

 onto their bed, between her legs. The movement, spilling more wax, her

 breath, catching, he leans forward kissing her thighs, teasing her.

 Slowly, carefully, he begins enjoying his treat, running his tongue,

 over her body, collecting the ready whip in his mouth, eating around

 the edges, enjoying the ready whip, her taste, her body, her

 reactions. Finally, getting to the center, the cherry, seeing, for the

 first time, her swollen state, her pussy, puffy, beyond anything he

 could have imagined, he's ready to burst.

 To be continued...

 Part II

 Having enjoyed her cherry topped teaser, I now begin to take her

 orally, the way I like best, having her already needy, desperate, but

 knowing she's not allowed release, knowing she must control her

 orgasm. Loving the way her pussy is swollen, dripping, her labia, so

 engorged with blood, puffy, beyond anything I've seen before. Her

 clitoris, swollen well beyond it's normal erect state, seems to be

 extra sensitive. Taking advantage of this, I begin running my tongue

 around, and under her exposed clit. Being careful to watch her

 reaction, her breathing, listening to her whimpering, trying to take

 her to the very edge without pushing her past her control. Feeling her

 go ridged, holding her breath, I know she's there, I back off for a

 few seconds, seeing her leaking, her lubrication, beginning to drip

 from her vagina. Patiently waiting, I give her a few minutes to regain

 control, then again, running my tongue around her vaginal entrance,

 across her swollen labia, taking each into my mouth, gently sucking on

 them. Again, I begin to tease her clit, drawing it into my mouth,

 applying suction, then brushing under it's sensitive head with my

 tongue.

 Her head tossing, fists clenching, her whimpering, mewing sounds, all

 tell me she's about to loose control, ready, needing to cum. Backing

 away again, I watch, enjoying her need, her desperation, her longing

 to cum. Getting out my maxoderm erection enhancing cream, I wait just

 long enough to allow her to back slightly away from that edge, telling

 her how wonderfully beautiful she looks, helplessly restrained, in

 need. Opening her folds, exposing her clit, uncovered, unprotected, I

 begin by applying a dime sized dollop of cream to her clitoris. Cool

 at first, it quickly warms as it begins to soak into the skin. It's

 strong enough to make a man's cock warm and tingly, on a woman's clit

 it works even better. Designed to increase blood flow, and applied to

 an already swollen, sensitive clitoris, the reaction is quick. Her

 pelvis, twisting, lifting, reaching for what I've again taken away.

 After massaging this into her clitoris, masturbating her, literally

 jacking her clitoral shaft, I again stop, just as she's ready to

 explode. Taking time to massage some of the cream into her nipples,

 pinching them just enough to feel good, I begin whispering to her.

 Explaining what's about to happen, lifting her blindfold, I begin

 telling her, what I want.

 I'm about to untie you, freeing your arms, your legs will be retied,

 ankles pulled back, toward your head, opening, exposing you,

 completely. Your gag will be left in place, at least for now. Once

 your legs are retied, I'll pick up the candle, now listen careful.

 Your not to cum, you've already promised a week, so here's how this

 will work. If you cum without my permission, if you loose control, for

 each time you orgasm without me telling you to do so, you forfeit your

 right to orgasm for two additional weeks. If you agree to this, please

 nod the affirmative.

 Your eyes wide, watering, wondering, you slowly begin to nod, agreeing

 to my demands. One more thing, are you willing to give me control of

 your orgasm for six month's. Before you answer, you must know, I will

 push your limits, you'll go to bed many nights, crying in need,

 begging for relief. You will also experience much pleasure, more than

 you may think possible. If you hold out for this week, you will be

 granted one orgasm, one full blown, blissful orgasm. If you fail, if

 you accidentally cum, all sensation will cease, leaving you wanting,

 needing, begging for touch, left with an empty orgasm, a ruined

 orgasm. From now on, for every time you have an orgasm, you must be

 sure I have released my seed into your body at least three times. This

 will begin again at the start of each week. If I explode into your

 body multiple times in any given 24 hour period, that still only

 counts toward you for one time. Furthermore, your never to cum more

 than once in any given week. Each time you cum without permission, you

 will be denied for an additional two weeks, not including the current

 week. Are you willing to play this game, to put yourself into my

 hands, to give total control over your orgasm to me?

 Again, nodding slowly, tears beginning to stain your eyes, your

 breathing ragged, I ask if your sure. Once more you nod yes. Good,

 very good, leaning down, I kiss your forehead, your eyes, your cheeks.

 Continuing down, I begin kissing your neck, knowing how you'll react,

 that this gets in somewhere deep inside. Speaking softly, I again

 begin to instruct you, Picking up the candle, I wait, telling you to

 open yourself, expose your clitoris, your eyes wide, seeing the candle

 in my hands, knowing what's about to happen. Again speaking, I begin

 telling you, I want you to expose your clitoris, pulling back the

 hood, being sure your most tinder spot is totally exposed,

 unprotected. I know your sensitive, that you need to cum, but don't.

 Just so your know, I'm going to coat your clitoris with this wax, this

 hot molten candle wax. You'll scream, you'll thrash, however you must

 not cum. After I feel your sufficiently coated, then you'll feel me

 enter you. Again, whatever happens, don' t cum.

 Reaching down, eyes ever so wide, you begin exposing yourself, you

 most private of places, your delicate female flower. Knowing what's

 about to happen, you close your eyes. No, open your eyes, watch, I

 want you to see, the wax, the liquid fire, falling, knowing what's

 about to happen, knowing your clitoris is about to explode in pain.

 Beginning to tilt the candle, watching your eyes, your reaction, I

 lower the candle, positioning it about your clit, stopping just before

 the wax begins to fall. Asking if your ok, I sit the candle down,

 beside your body. Taking a moment to again kiss your clit, running my

 tongue around it your lady parts, teasing the base of your clit,

 enjoying your ragged breathing. Stopping abruptly, I quickly pick up

 the candle, tipping it, watching the wax fall, seeing your reaction,

 your eyes, so wide, the sounds you make, through your gag. Watching as

 you continue to keep yourself open, you eyes begging, your body unable

 to hold still. Giving you just a few seconds to get used to the

 sensations surging through your body. Again, another splash of wax,

 searing your tinder clitoris, your eyes wide, tears flowing, fighting

 the clench your body is screaming, you screaming into the gag.

 Sitting the candle aside, I begin to enter your body, slowly, knowing

 your close, enjoying your need, your desperate state. I tell you to

 place your hands behind your head, your to keep them there, do you

 understand?. Nodding yes, I continue slowly thrusting into your body,

 noticing your eyes, wide, knowing your close to orgasm again, I try to

 angle to ride your G spot. Angeling so my cock head press into the

 roof of your vagina as I enter, going slow, careful to maximize this

 pressure. Enjoying the feeling of your body against my cock, knowing

 your fighting for control, feeling your pussy trying to pull me in,

 welcoming me into your very core, I never want this to end.

 Controlling my thrusts, pausing as needed, I'm able to make love to

 you for quite some time. Your body, lubricating extensively, coating

 us both in your female juices, this is so intoxicating, so wonderfully

 fulfilling, then it happens, a Clench, your vaginal muscles lock down.

 I abruptly stop all motion, giving you time to try to regain control,

 reminding you to relax, open yourself, concentrate. Panting, your eyes

 pleading, knowing your fighting I remind you to be still, keep your

 hands behind your head, and do not allow yourself to cum.

 After a few seconds I again begin to move within your body, slowly,

 teasingly. Picking up the candle, your face almost shows panic, your

 head tossing, fearing what's about to happen. Positioning the candle

 above your breasts, carefully I begin, coating your nipples, reminding

 you to hold still. Arching your back with each splattering of wax,

 searing your nipples, your want, your need to cum, your body is

 screaming for release. Again I begin with the wax, the other nipple

 this time, enjoying the sensations of being inside you while your

 fighting so hard to prevent your own orgasm. The feeling is exquisite,

 unbelievable, if only you knew how utterly wonderful this felt you

 would understand why preventing your orgasm when your this close is so

 desired. As the wax once more coats your breasts, I again feel a

 single clinch. Remaining still, I can tell your vagina is trying to

 flutter, to explode into full blown orgasm, I can see your fighting,

 your eyes shut tight. Open, look at me, you immediately open your

 eyes, the look, the longing, the need, is so evident, so wonderful, I

 drink in your need, getting even harder inside your body. Soon your

 again in control enough for me to continue slowly.

 I'm very close to release at this point, so hard, stretching you,

 reaching depth's you've not felt before. Telling you I'm about to

 explode, reminding you not to cum, I hold still. Suck me with your

 pussy, use your vaginal muscles to draw out my cum, work yourself onto

 my shaft. Your eyes wide, wild, you begin, working, you, your body,

 being used to masturbate my cock, to make me cum, drawing my seed deep

 into your very core. As I begin to cum, you freeze, holding still,

 knowing, your on edge, yet using your denial of release to increase my

 pleasure. Your body, receiving my ejaculate, my cock, pulsing,

 emptying into you, my fluids, entering you, being absorbed by your

 flesh. Each pulse, threatening to push you over that edge, each surge,

 increasing your need, my seed, flowing into you is almost too much to

 take, panting, you finally regain control.

 Pinching your nipples, rubbing my hands over your breasts, knowing how

 very desperately you need this release, yet knowing your not allowed

 to receive your fulfillment of pleasure. No, that you must give up,

 give away, to increase my pleasure, to drive your need even higher,

 leaving you feeling submissive, needy, ready to cry. Instead of

 pulling out, just knowing your aching to cum, that alone keeps me

 hard, wanting more, slowly, I again begin to move withing you.

 Alternating my rhythm to keep you off guard, I continue. Feeling you

 begin to flutter once more, knowing by now, you must be aching inside,

 congested, almost beside yourself with need. Slowly I pull out,

 admiring your pussy, how swollen, how wet, how wonderful it is.

 Picking up your cup, I place the suction device over you once more,

 pumping the bulb, drawing your labia, your vulva it's vacuum. Leaving

 it in place, wanting to cause you to ache, I begin kissing up your

 body. Finally, getting to your face, kissing your chin, I begin

 unbuckling your gag.

 Releasing your legs, I remind you to keep your hands behind your head,

 telling you I'll remove the suction device when ready. Carefully

 removing the wax from your nipples, watching you arch as it comes

 loose, I again coat them with maxoderm. Pulling the gag from your

 mouth, I place my finger across your lips, shushing you, reminding you

 to remain silent. Wiping your face, I begin kissing you deeply,

 slowly, passionately. After about ten minutes, I again remove the

 pussy pump, releasing the vacuum, loving the way it makes you look,

 swollen, red, needy, knowing even moving will cause you stimulation in

 this state.

 Lying together, I begin to hold you close, placing a pillow between

 your knees, not wanting you to be able to relieve the feeling of need

 by even squeezing your thighs together, trying to be sure the ache

 remains. The wax, covering your clitoris, still slightly tugging at

 you, a constant reminder of your situation, of your unfulfilled need.

 Your back against my chest, I whisper how much I love you, how long

 I've desired to have us in this position. Lying here, your whimpering,

 the soft crying, knowing your ready to sob from your need, yet still

 willing to remain faithful to your commitment, to give your pleasure

 in this way. I thank you, again telling you how wonderful it feels,

 making love to you, having you need to cum so bad it hurts, for some

 reason, your body responds in ways that caress my cock, the feelings

 unlike anything you could imagine. It seems, a woman's body, when it

 is in dire need of an orgasm, does things to a mans cock that don't

 normally happen, almost like being sucked off gently while making

 love. As we talk, cuddling, I again begin to get hard, nestled in the

 crack of your ass. You respond slightly, enjoying the sensations,

 knowing, almost fearing what's next.

 (( To be continued - Again ))