

She giggled to herself as her fiance stared, slack-jawed. Long, lacy black stockings topped with white frills, held tight to her creamy pale thighs by frilled garters. The short, fluffy, black skirt wasn't even close to hiding the tops of the stockings, baring an inch or two of skin before the hem barely managed to preserve her modesty by concealing the semi-transparent black lacy panties. The costume had a corset-like top, her generous breasts barely held in place by the white, fluffy material above the corset. Atop her head was the piece de resistance, a little black hairband nestled in her long red hair, with a white, lacy frill on the top. As her husband-to-be stared, she gave a bow, folding her hands in front of her, exposing a valley of pale cleavage. "Welcome back, master~" She greeted, in a singsong tone. "Would you like dinner? A bath? Or, perhaps, me?" She inquired playfully, a mischievous sparkle in her emerald eyes.

He dropped his suitcase and stepped forward, almost tackling her off her feet as he pressed his lips to hers in a passionate kiss, arms circling her slender waist. She squeaked in surprise at his sudden aggressiveness, but kissed back, melting against him as he pushed her through the hotel room to the bed. suddenly she was falling, and hit the bed with a thump, only for him to be on top of her a moment later, continuing the passionate kiss. His hand came to rest on her thigh, exploring the exposed strip of flesh.

She suddenly pushed, rolling the two of them over until she was on top of him, smirking. "Oh, no, you don't. I'm supposed to serve my master first..." She grinned, trailing her finger down his chest, flicking to unbutton his shirt one fastener at a time. When she reached the waistband of his slacks, she paused, working the button there for a moment, glancing to the bulge already pushing out his trousers. "I'm glad you like the outfit. They sell them in the gift shop downstairs." She teased, finally grabbing the zipper and pulling it down.

His cock sprang free, and she sighed, happily. All nine inches, throbbing before her eyes. Thick and curved and marbled with pulsing veins... she rolled her tongue out, letting it drag over the length of his shaft, smiling. "Mmm... master's cock is so big..." She murmured, kissing the head. "So hard, too..." she added, swirling her tongue around it. "Let your little maid take care of it, master..." She purred, before suddenly engulfing the length in her mouth, swallowing down every last inch as it pushed into her throat.

She sucked and worshiped at her master's cock for what seemed like ages, tasting every inch of his immense shaft before he suddenly took her by the shoulders and rolled the two of them. His cock pulled from her lips as she suddenly found herself pinned beneath him. "I fucking love Japan..." he breathed, before suddenly leaning down, pressing his lips to hers as his hand slithered under the hem of her dress, fingertips finding her panty-covered slit. "But I love you more." He added as he pulled his lips from hers.

He tore the panties off her without hesitation, making her gasp as he moved into position, throbbing shaft poised at the entrance to her pussy. He nosed his flared crown against her dripping slit, teasing her entrance for a moment. With a single, forceful thrust he drove his hips

forward, plowing his thick cock into her inch by inch until his hips met hers, and they both let out a deep, pleased groan, his shaft hilted inside her gripping, spasming depths.

He was still for a long moment before he let his hips began to move again. She gasped as his crown suddenly tugged at her inner walls, dragging back until it was just inside her entrance. Then just as quickly, he reversed direction, his powerful shaft boring into her depths until it was hilted within her once more. Again and again he reversed directions, pumping in and out of her dripping pussy, faster and faster with each smack of his hips on hers. Her thighs parted as her voice rose in pleasure moans, growing louder and louder as his hips accelerated.

Soon his thrusts were coming so fast his hips became a blur, moving too fast to see clearly, the rhythmic smack-smack-smack of his hips on hers filling the room. Her moans rose higher and louder as his groans joined them in ecstatic pleasure. Both savored the feel of their partner's bodies as they fucked like rabbits in their hotel room. Suddenly her cries cut out, her body suddenly seizing tight around him as her eyes went wide, her mind going blank as an orgasm imploded in her core. He didn't stop his thrusting for a second, fucking her all through her climactic climax.

They fucked for hours, in dozens of positions, until her maid outfit was thoroughly disheveled or destroyed, holes torn in the luxurious stockings, pearly seed splattered on the fabric, sure to stain, the entire thing twisted on her body when he spun her around after the sixth round. The two of them laid side-by side, bodies dripping with sweat and both panting for breath, the room reeking of sweat and sex. The housekeepers would certainly have their hands full. He rolled onto his side to face her, craning forward to peck her on the cheek. She smiled. "You know... they had a schoolgirl outfit, too." She commented.

"I love Japan."