Adventure

"You have been invited to enjoy the most thrilling sexual adventure of

your life. This adventure will enable you to explore your darkest sexual

desires. It promises to take you where you have never been.

To do this I ask of you only one thing - total and complete submission.

This will not involve physical domination or abuse however it will

require you to accept every instruction precisely and without challenge.

Every emotion you feel you must allow to happen, do not attempt to control

anything. It is important that you do not do anything you are not

instructed to do. "

I am normally quite assertive but this concept of submission in the

bedroom actually appealed to me. In fact I had started to get quite warm

and moist reading this invitation. It had been sent to me by a friend I

had been corresponding with by email and phone but he lived in a different

city. We had one opportunity to meet and it was a most enjoyable time

indeed.

I now find myself fantasising about where this `Adventure' could take

me. Questions like `What does he have in mind? How will he organise this?"

all began racing through my mind.

Anyway back to this tiny little skirt. Did he really expect me to wear

that? When I got home I tried it on and it only came past my pussy by

about 3 inches. With the flimsy material and the distinct lack of material

this skirt was going to be a challenge indeed. The slightest breeze would

see the hem of it rising above my behind and exposing everything

underneath.

Included with the skirt was a handwritten note on beautiful stationery.

"Hello Emma,

This is the beginning of your Adventure.

I have enclosed a skirt, which will be the basis of an outfit you will

wear for this adventure. It will be up to you to complete the outfit to

suit your tastes. I have only these conditions: You will need to purchase

a top and shoes to match this skirt. The top must button all the way down

the front and the top button must be no higher than the bottom of your

breasts. The bottom of the top should also cover the shirring on the

skirt. The shoes must have a heel of no less than 4 inches. You should

seek to create a smart, classy look using only these additional items. I

will leave it to you to determine colours, size and fit etc.

Have fun shopping and let me know when you have completed your purchases

Regards, Bernie

Some outfit that would be indeed! A flimsy skirt that hardly covered

anything at all, and what it did cover could surely be seen through the

material anyway, shoes that I would probably fall off and a top that will

gape open at every movement. I will certainly draw attention dressed like

that. Oh well, I had accepted this invitation without knowing what I was

getting into. Now I knew and I did not know if I was scared or excited or

what I was feeling. I did know that I liked whatever it was.

The next few days were a blur; I could not concentrate on anything but

my `Adventure' and the outfit I had to construct. Could I wear it? Would

I be too noticeable? While these thoughts were running through my mind I

was also thinking of the most suitable top and shoes, what style would I

select? How would I match the colour?

Three days later I had finished my shopping. The skirt was a pale blue,

checked style and I had selected a creme jacket that was fitted around my

waist, reasonably snug around my breasts and came down far enough to cover

the shirring of the skirt, just as I had been instructed. Also, as

instructed, the highest button was positioned right where my bra cups

joined with only the tiniest glimpses of the strap between them being

exposed. Perfect, I thought, this will not show too much. The shoes were

a snap; I used to wear 4-inch heels all the time and knew exactly what I

would select. They were also a creme colour and were strappy little

sandals that tied at the ankle. They would complement this `outfit'

exactly as I had been instructed, smart and classy. After all that is me,

smart and classy.

I was actually quite excited on the way home, feeling like a little girl

who could not wait to try on her new outfit. And that is exactly what I

did. As soon as I got home I stripped my clothes off and jumped into my

new outfit. As expected, the skirt was short, shorter than I usually wore

but it showed off my legs very nicely. The jacket complemented the skirt

quite well and provided an adequate level of coverage around my breasts and

the shoes, which made my already good-looking legs, look even better. I

looked good. I was just not sure I could wear this in public.

Now I had finished my shopping it was time to tell him. Again, as

instructed, I sent an email telling him that my shopping task was complete

and I waited. Nothing happened for about a week, then an email arrived,

very short and succinct:

To: "Emma" <emma@yahoo. com>

From: "Bernie" <burningfences@yahoo. com>

Date: 27/03/2008 12:13PM

Subject: Re: Adventure

You have been very prompt completing your first task. There is a parcel

waiting for you at your post box. It also contains additional instructions

Now I was becoming a bundle of mixed emotions. I was getting wet and my

heart was beating faster and faster. What else could he possibly be

sending me? It was my day off tomorrow and I had made my mind up that I

would be at the Post Office at 9:00am sharp. Excitement and curiosity had

gotten the better of me; I had to know what was in that parcel.

My hand was trembling as I unlocked my post box. Sure enough, there was

a parcel waiting for me, similar in size to the first one. I began opening

it on the way back to my car but discretion got the better of me. After

all I had no idea what was in there. Once inside the car I finished

tearing the rest of the wrapping away from the box and flipped the lid off

to discover the same elegantly folded tissue paper and neatly tied ribbon

as before. Beneath these was the same elegant stationery with the familiar

handwriting on it. I didn't bother to read the note, as the remainder of

the box's contents became evident.

The first item I saw was a bra, well what looked like a bra. It was

white, lacy and really only the structure of a bra. There were no cups at

all, simply the underwire covered by some white material and finished with

lace on the edges. A chill went down my spine as I remembered the outfit I

had put together under his instructions. This `bra' was clearly intended

to be worn with my outfit and I was obviously going to be on show. Anyone

who cared to look was going to be in for a nipple bonanza. My attention

was quickly dragged from the bra by the next item in the box, a pair of

silver balls about the size of ping-pong balls tied together with an

additional string on one of them. They were in a neatly packaged box and

title `Duo Balls'. Next were 2 envelopes one with the words `Airplane

Ticket' on it and the other with the words 'Travel Instructions - do not

open until advised' on it.

By this time I remembered the handwritten note and began to read it:

Hello Emma,

Congratulations on coming this far. I assume that by now you are well

and truly intrigued. You will already have seen the contents of the parcel

and be wondering what will happen from here.

Let me fill you in.

The bra is obviously part of your outfit, so too are the Duo Balls.

Both items are to be worn on the day of your adventure. The Airplane

ticket is a return trip to Melbourne. You may open this at any time.

The other envelope is your travel instructions and you must not open

this until the day before you travel. You should by now have all the items

that you will need to complete this Adventure.

As part of your preparation for this Adventure, and the only thing you

will need to do before you depart, you will need to make sure that you have

removed all your pubic hair by way of waxing no more than 2 days before

your departure date.

Regards, Bernie

My heart was now pounding, my clit throbbing and my pussy was so wet my

panties were soaked and threatening to show through my trousers. I had to

get home.

All the way home my legs were trembling and my clit just would not stop

throbbing. Pussy juice just kept trickling down onto my panties so that I

was now a sodden mess. The first thing I did was peel my trousers and

panties off and tend to my aching need. It had been a long time since my

senses had reacted like this and I was not going to let this opportunity go

by without enjoying it.

After my second orgasm I had little energy left, nervous expulsion and

the two mind-blowing orgasms I had just treated myself to had consumed it

all. I cleaned myself and started to think. The flight was only a week

away! I suddenly realised that I had committed myself to dressing up for a

relative stranger, travelling to an interstate city, leaving myself

available to this stranger's every whim and then expecting to travel home

again as if nothing had happened. I could not believe it, I was horny

again. I checked the state of my pubic hair and called the beautician to

make an appointment for the waxing.

The day before the flight was a Sunday and was one of my days off. That

gave me all day to think about tomorrow and prepare myself. I was now able

to open the Travel Instructions envelope to see what the next 48 hours held

for me. I nervously stripped away the seal and emptied the contents - a

one-page set of instructions and another envelope title `Airplane

Instructions - open when onboard'. The instructions were typed this time:

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Hello Emma,

It is now only 24 hours before your Adventure begins. This is your last

chance to pull out. It would be completely understandable if you decided,

even at this late stage, to change your mind.

Assuming you do not this is what you are to do: Tomorrow lay out your

outfit so that you can clearly see what you will be wearing.

Pack anything that you will need for your own personal grooming during

the day and any security items such as credit card, licence cash etc.

After you get to the Airport you should not have to spend any money so it

will not be necessary to bring a lot. Remember to pack your Airplane

Instructions.

Bathe luxuriously, a bubble bath might be a good idea, and spoil

yourself. You may play near your private parts but under no circumstances

are you to touch your nipples, clitoris or slide your fingers inside your

pussy lips.

When you have finished your bath take your time dressing, admire your

body, study it and identify the areas that give you the most pleasure.

While you are dressing ensure you put your favourite perfume, Burberry,

under your breasts and on the outside of your vagina lips.

Now it is time to dress yourself. Start with the Duo Balls inserting

both of them inside your vagina. Once they are in give them a little tug

to ensure they are not going to fall out. Now put on your bra and shoes.

At this point stop and admire yourself in the mirror. Notice how your legs

tighten in the high heels and your breasts jut out begging to be noticed.

After this you may put on your skirt and top. You are now dressed, there

is to be no item of clothing added beyond this point.

When you get to the Airport you are to ask for a seat as near to the

middle of the plane as possible. When you are on board and seated you may

open your `Airplane Instructions'

Regards, Bernie

By the time I had finished reading this my face was flushed, my hands

were shaking and knees trembling. Twenty-four hours was going to be a long

time. I read that letter another five times during the day. Every time I

had the same reaction.

The next morning came and it was time to get started. I began laying

out the outfit in total disbelief. Firstly that I had agreed to do this

and had not pulled out, even though the opportunity had been specifically

offered and secondly that I would be wearing such a brief and flimsy

outfit. I remembered my first thoughts when I saw this skirt; one puff of

wind is all it will take. Looking out the window, I was relieved to see

that it was dead calm, unlike my stomach, which was getting eaten up by

butterflies.

My bath was full and I hopped into it. The suggestion of a spa bath was

a stroke of genius, I love them and it did help to calm my nerves. I

stayed in until the water turned cold and began to dry myself. My thoughts

turned to the outfit again. I had been teasing myself in the bath and,

with the thoughts of what the rest of the day might hold, made myself quite

wet. Just as well as it was time to put those balls inside me and the

lubrication would be quite useful. The balls slipped in easily and moved

into place of their own accord. They felt heavy and I felt a little

`full'. After giving them a little tug it was obvious that if I stayed this

wet they were going to create their own distractions.

Bra and shoes came next and this outfit was starting to take shape. I

stopped to take a look and had to admit, I liked what I saw. Tall and slim

with perky breasts jutting out seeking attention just as he had written.

The skirt was next but it made little difference to whether I felt dressed

or not. It was so light it was like I still had nothing on. The jacket

went on over it and I was starting to feel a little more secure. However,

I had tried this on with my standard bras and had not allowed for the

`lift' and openness provided by this shelf of a bra. My breasts just kept

pushing the damn thing open. More than one person was going to get an

eyeful of nipple today.

Driving to the Airport was not my idea of fun. It was peak hour and the

airport was on the other side of the city. An hour and a half later and I

was in line waiting for my seat allocation. He was quite specific I must

ask for the middle of the plane. I did this and eventually found my way to

my seat. My seat was as near to the middle as possible and was surrounded

by people on all sides. I was getting a lot of attention from all the men

onboard, strangely they all seemed to be smiling at my breasts. Well not

really that strange as I could see down my jacket and there was no

mistaking what was just inside there for every body's voyeuristic pleasure,

two of the most inviting nipples sticking out and just aching for someone

to suck them.

They weren't the only things aching, with the balls moving around inside

me my pussy was on fire, swollen and wet. It was a constant effort to keep

those things from slipping out and bouncing along the ground in front of

me. I was not going to let that happen. The constant pressure served to

increase the sense of fullness and added to the excitement. It was a

self-fulfilling circle and I was stuck in the middle of it

I found my seat and made myself comfortable while everyone around me was

getting organised. It was time to see what those last instructions would

be. Peeling the envelope open and pulling the instructions out I noticed

that they were not the same as the last set, they had been type in huge

print and could be read from ten feet away: -

You are now on the last leg of your journey to Melbourne where your Sexual Adventure will take place. I trust you enjoyed the Adventure so far.

The flight is only a short one however you should ensure you are comfortable. When everyone is settled stand up and make your way to the toilet, remember to reach up and take your cosmetic bag with you. When you make your way to the aisle make sure you face the people seated next to you.

Once you are in the toilet remove one of the balls and allow it to hang

between your legs. The other one is to remain inside you. When you return

replace your cosmetic bag in the overhead locker and make your way back to

your seat, again facing everybody as you move past them.

As you sit down make sure that your skirt is flipped up behind you so

that your bare bottom is in direct contact with the seat.

When you get to Melbourne there will be a car waiting for you to take

you to your hotel. Your room number is 6o9. Check in and go to the room.

There will be a blindfold, which you will put on and then stand in the

middle of the room.

This was going to take some doing. My face was getting more and more

flushed as I read. The guy beside me had tried to start up conversation

and was now idly trying to read my instructions. I was franticly trying to

hide them. My stomach was churning and my knees had begun to shake. This

set of tasks felt impossible. My skirt covered so little as it was, the

material was see through and when I reached up to get my bag the skirt was

going to ride up even higher. Not to mention that the people sitting next

to me would have their eyes only inches from my hairless and pantyless

pussy. I was also concerned about how far that ball was going to hang

down. Would my skirt be long enough to cover it?

I sat and waited for everyone to get settled. This would give me time

to get used to the idea, I thought. However I just got more and more

nervous. I was never going to be able to do this. Then I reminded myself

I had committed to doing everything I was told. Silly me, but I was

committed. A few more minutes passed and everyone was seated. It was now

or never. I unlatched my seatbelt and made a move to get up, aware that

every movement would expose my breasts to all and sundry and that my skirt

would provide little coverage while I was leaning forward to stand.

Everyone within eyesight of me would be watching my every move.

As I stood I could feel everybody's piercing eyes on me. My knees were

shaking and I did not know if I would be able to get to the aisle.

Gradually I made it avoiding eye contact with as many people as possible

however it was now time to put on the real show by reaching for my cosmetic

bag. This was going to allow my skirt to ride up at the back possibly

exposing my butt and also the front of the skirt would drape forward and

upwards, oh my bare, pantiless pussy would be almost in somebody's face.

Here goes, the bag was easily located so I reached in and pulled it down as

quickly as possible. As I turned I could see everybody watching me now off

to the toilet. I hope this material is not too see through.

I made the adjustments to the balls and cleaned up. Despite all my

fear, I was as horny as hell. Every one of my senses was on fire. One

touch to my clit would have sent me into instant orgasm the likes of which

would certainly have never been heard from an Airplane toilet before. As

commanded, I resisted the urge and made my way back to my seat. As

expected everyone was waiting for me come out and they were all smiling

expectantly. With that ball swinging between my thighs I felt certain that

I was going to put on some kind of show for them all. The extra movement

of it meant that it was pulling on the one inside me and I had to squeeze

even harder to keep it in there. Needless to say, this only made the

sensation between my lips even greater. I was going to orgasm any minute

and I had not even touched the damn thing.

Everybody enjoyed the show of me putting my cosmetic bag away and I

proceeded to move past everybody to my seat. Surely they could smell my

sex aroma by now. It was virtually running down my legs and those balls

were about to fall on the floor any minute. The sensation was excruciating

yet so pleasurable I could not believe it.

Now to get into my seat. I squeezed past everyone in my row of seats

facing them as instructed. With their eyes only inches from my pussy I

felt sure everyone could see straight through this skirt and that they were

staring straight at the hottest, wettest pussy there had ever been. How

was I going to spin around and flip my skirt up without showing them this

hot little fun parlour? It took some timing but I finally managed it

without giving away too much. The guys next to me were certainly waiting

keenly and only made a slight pretence of reading their airline magazines,

lifting their eyebrows as I approached and making sure they knew where the

bottom of my skirt was. As I got closer I prepared to do my little spin

and allow the skirt to balloon upwards so that I could catch the back of it

close to the seat and keep it from hitting the seat. That part worked

quite well except that the front of my skirt was pulled backwards and, as I

sat, the hem rode up my thigh to an impossible point almost completely

exposing my pussy. I need not have worried though, as both guys either

side of me were eagerly watching my jacket opening as I sat down so they

got a great view of my erect nipples instead.

Fortunately, the rest of the flight was fairly uneventful. I needed the

time to get my senses under control. I waited until everybody else had

moved off the plane before I started to disembark. Slowly I made my way to

the exit to be greeted by a well-dressed chauffer holding a card with my

name on it . He introduced himself and was clearly happy to have me as a

client that day. He could not take his eyes off me. At least he kept his

distance and chatted pleasantly, informing me that we only had a short

drive to my hotel.

The walk to the car was excruciating Every step was agony. Those

fucking balls are insidious. At first you hardly notice them, and you

think they're overhyped rubbish. Then they start to make their presence

felt. Especially the one on the outside. The inner ball starts clattering

against the outer one, and it hits against your lips, and it starts to feel

quite freaky. Then you become more conscious of the one inside you too,

and you're not sure whether what you're feeling is real, or if you're just

imagining it. But it's academic because whether they're real or not you

think you're feeling them, and the more you think about it the stronger

they get. Eventually, all you can think about are the sensations building

up in your vagina. And what is worse - much, much, much worse - is that

all the time you're debating this, gravity is threatening to expel them, so

you have to keep contracting your muscles. And that inevitably adds to the

sensation. I staggered to the car, forcing myself to keep the balls in

place. This seemed to add to the stimulation, so I would relax, and they

would start to fall out. I had to keep stopping, pressing my thighs

together like you do when you need a piss, and try to use my vaginal

muscles to manoeuvre them back up again. I'm not sure that actually had

any effect, but nonetheless I felt compelled to do it.

At one point I was convinced they were dropping and I actually stopped

and crouched down on my haunches. Again, I tried to ripple my muscles to

pull them back but it made no difference. I looked around furtively and

didn't see anyone close by so I quickly pressed my hand up my skirt to poke

the second ball back into place.

And the fucking thing already was. It felt like it was sliding out to

join the other one, but it was actually perfectly secure. Fuck! And as

soon as I started to walk the damned sensations started up again, like

little monsters, tickling and scratching at my insides. Nothing

sensational, nothing over-the-top, but all so unbearable. I was almost

screaming, my fists clenched, jaw clamped. It was the longest short walk

I've ever known. I was exhausted by the time I got to the car.

We were underway in a couple of minutes and my mobile phone went off.

It was a text message "Make sure the driver sees your pussy when he lets

you out of the car". Well, why not? Just about everybody else had seen it

or come close to seeing it that day. Besides it would be a fleeting

glimpse and then I would be safe inside the hotel room. It was only a

short drive and I found myself preparing to let my driver get a good look

under my skirt at my pussy in all its glory and with a ball bearing hanging

out of it. It was his lucky day.

As he came around to open my door I prepared to spread my legs to get

out of the car and let my skirt do the rest. As I got out of the car it

would fall back down and that would be that. Easy. Almost. I spread my

legs and he got the look of his life, then I started to get out of the car

not realising I had put my hand on my skirt on the seat to push myself out

of the car. This meant that my skirt kept riding up almost to my waist

giving the whole hotel staff a great sight. Again, eyes were following me

and I could feel the stares. At least the driver got his look as I had

been told to do. Being exposed like that only served to rekindle my senses

and I was off again. Nipples and clitoris throbbing like mad, they really

did need some attention.

Room 6o9 was neat as a pin with a Queen size bed at one end and a huge

spa bath full of bubbling hot water at the other. I needed to sit down as

the walking had set the balls moving again and I was close to orgasm, my

knees were about to collapse. As I sat I took in the contents of the room.

It had been setup with aromatherapy candles and bunches of white roses. A

nice touch. There on the bed was the blindfold. It seemed to beckon me.

What the hell, this was why I was here. I picked it up and put it over my

head moving to the centre of the room. I pulled the blindfold down over my

eyes and waited.

I had been standing there for several minutes not seeing or knowing what

was going to happen. I did know that my pussy was on fire and moisture was

running down my legs. The sensation of expectation was intense. I could

feel an eruption coming inside me any minute. At that point the door

opened and someone came in, moving quietly. I heard a click and then the

sound of soft, soothing music. I could feel this person moving around the

room coming closer and closer. A breath of air on my neck and then the

feel of lips against my ear. This sent a tingling sensation down my spine

straight to my pussy and onwards. A hand brushed my hair back from ears

and traced along my neck, another tingling sensation.

I was fully dressed, nobody had touched any of my intimate parts and I

was on the verge of orgasm like I had never felt before. Every inch of my

body was screaming out to be touched, licked or kissed. Yet nothing

happened, only silence. A silence that teased my senses even more. Less

is certainly more. I was trembling, my knees shaking. I was going to

collapse any minute. Then I felt a hand on my jacket; ever so gently the

buttons were being undone. So gentle that the fabric of the jacket hardly

moved. Quickly, the jacket was completely open and it was falling away

brushing my nipples as it opened, the silky lining teasing them. This was

like an electric shock that set my nipples tingling with excitement. Then

a hand at my skirt, lifting slowly, exposing my pussy and then allowing it

to drop. An inspection! I was being checked to see that I had complied

with all the instructions.

Then I could feel the sides of my jacket being pushed open further,

exposing my breasts fully and sliding over my shoulders. I could feel

myself becoming naked. The jacket slid down my arms and away from me. I

was then aware of fingers tracing up my ribcage to my armpits, then over my

breasts but not touching my nipples. Oh God, how I wished he would just

touch them!! Next I felt his fingers reach inside the waist band of my

skirt, gradually expanding it so it would move easily over my hips and then

sliding down my legs. I remembered how I looked this morning, staring at

myself in the mirror dressed only in my bra and shoes. He must have been

enjoying the view because I could sense no movement at all. It is funny

how your other senses are heightened when one of them is taken away from

you.

Just then hands brushed across my nipples sending electric shock through

my body and down to my pussy which is where the hands went. Tracing down

my stomach to my smooth, bare pussy lips where they opened me up exposing

my hard, throbbing clit. Immediately I could feel his tongue on my clit.

Oh God, that was good. This is what I had been waiting for since receiving

that invitation. I was getting close to orgasm. I could feel the tingling

in the lower part of my stomach and I knew it would not be long until I

came. Involuntarily, I started moaning and pushing my hips so he get his

tongue on my clit easier, which he did for just a brief time then it stopped.

His hand moved to my hand and took it, leading me to another part of the

room. I stopped abruptly when I bumped gently into a piece of the

furniture, a chair it seemed. I could feel pressure from his hand in the

middle of my back pushing me forward but I could not go any further. Then

I realised he wanted me to lean forward which I did. He guided me forward

and over the back of the chair until my hands and then my head were

touching the seat of the chair. It was then that I remembered the balls

inside me as they rolled forward inside me and settled on the front wall of

my vagina. An interesting sensation indeed.

I then felt him tying the smoothest of silk to my wrists and then to the

legs of the chair. Then I felt his finger in my butt crack gently tracing

down my crack to my thigh. Oh that was so good! But he did not stop

there. Gently he pushed on my left leg forcing it wider opening me up a

little. Then he tied the same silk to my ankle and secured it to the

chair. Then he did the same to my right leg. Now I was wide open and well

and truly exposed and completely helpless!

He left me like this for what seemed like ages and, whilst I felt a

little embarrassment at being trussed up like this I was also getting

hornier, if that was possible. My clit was throbbing, my lips were swollen

and my juices were flowing so much my thighs were getting wet. I had never

done anything like this before and yet it excited me so much.

I felt my anticipation build. What would happen? I wondered. Where

would he touch me first? The thoughts of what might happen next ran

through my mind as fast as I could think of them. I knew my pussy was now

soaking wet. I could feel each slight draft of air as it passed over my

wetness. Each minute seemed like hours and all I could hear was the sound

of my own heartbeat racing a mile-a-minute.

The touch directly at the centre of my anus was a shock and surprise. I

gasped out loud as the tip of a finger circled the centre of my rosebud.

It was cold and slippery. The finger moved in a minute circular motion,

teasing the sensitive opening. It only took a moment and my bottom began

moving with the motion of the finger, undulating almost obscenely despite

myself. The finger paused for a moment, waiting directly in the centre of

the opening and I held my breath. It was as though time was suspended,

waiting for the next movement. When it came, a moment later, it was a long

firm movement. His forefinger slid fully into my bottom until it was

embedded to the third knuckle. I gasped and arched my back at the

sensation of his finger penetrating me. The finger pulled out slowly only

to be thrust back in again. I couldn't believe the sensations. I had

never imagined I could get so hot from being touched there. My pussy was

soaking wet and burning hot. Again his finger withdrew and then plunged

into me. This time I couldn't stifle a moan at the feeling.

The finger pulled from me slowly and my anal muscles pulled in a vain

attempt to keep his finger inside me. My breathing was coming in short

ragged breaths now and I knew that if he kept up the violation of my bottom

any longer, I would come from that sensation alone.

I whimpered softly as his finger pulled from me. I waited, my back

arched slightly. I knew that the position left my bottom pushed out and in

my submissive position, I imagined how I must look, my bottom and pussy

offered from behind to my part time lover. I waited quietly for whatever

he had planned next. I did not have to wait long. His fingers began

sliding up my thigh, moving slowly closer and closer to my wetness. He

cupped my mound gently with one hand and began stroking my pussy lips

lengthwise. I waited for him to take me there but he had other plans. One

finger began stroking the length of my slit, moving my juices up and across

my engorged clitoris. I moaned at the feeling. Suddenly, I felt my anus

being touched again. The feeling was cold, lubricant again I guessed. The

object at my rear passage was not a finger, I quickly realised it was too

hard. What was it?

The plastic plug pushed slowly into me, opening my already slippery

bottom. As the plug was inserted, I felt it getting wider and wider. My

breathing became ragged, short sharp breaths as the plastic intruder

violated my rectum. Suddenly the widest part pushed past my sphincter and

the plug became very narrow quickly. My muscles pulled the plastic up into

me, filling my bottom with it. The narrowest portion was kept from being

pulled in by a T-handle that was now lodged against my anus. This meant

that my anus was also kept open. I felt my stomach muscles ripple in the

beginnings of an orgasm and my anus clamped down hard on the plastic plug.

All it would take would be one tiny movement of the plug or his finger on

my clit and I would be over the edge but he wouldn't let me yet.

There was a long pause. A time that seemed endless.

I felt I was now more under control but the first touch by him on the

plastic plug in my bottom was as though it was an electric shock! I cried

out at the feeling and arched my back again as he twisted it slowly inside

of me. His fingers grasped the plug and moved it in and out in minute

movements. He started to pull the plug from me and I thought I would

faint. My pussy gushed more of my juices and I knew that my thighs were

soaked with them. I couldn't stop moaning and whimpering as the object was

slowly pulled from me and I felt my sphincter grasp at it despite myself.

My face was beet red both from excitement and the humiliation of so

exposing myself like this A moment later the plug was pulled all the way

out leaving me trembling.

Now I could feel the head of his cock was just touching my anus. He was

well lubricated already and my bottom was, of course, completely slippery.

I held my breath, waiting for him to push forward. He waited a long moment

until I started to relax then pushed the head of his cock into me. I

gasped. He was in! I had never thought it would be so easy and so, so

hot! He held himself there for a moment but I pushed backward, wanting all

of him. A moment later he was buried in me to the hilt.

My body was a riot of sensations, my pussy was still soaking wet and my

clit was quivering. My nipples had been hard since I arrived and now they

were so hard they ached. The blindfold seemed to centre my attention

completely on what was being done to me.

He started to move slowly in and out and I started to rock with the

rhythm. I was getting closer and closer. I heard his breath getting

shorter and I knew he'd come soon just like me. The movements were quicker

and deeper now. It was only a moment before we wouldn't be able to hold

back anymore. Suddenly he paused, leaving only the head of his cock inside

of me. I moaned in frustration and tried vainly to push back on him. Then

he gave a big thrust pushing his penis deep inside me.

My orgasm started to rush in on me from all sides and as it did, he

again plunged back into me fully and deeply. I cried out and felt my

rectum squeeze him tight. That was all it took for him and I felt his come

shoot deep into my bowels as I thrust myself hard back onto him.

The orgasm seemed to go on forever cascading over me again and again

until he slid out of me, leaving me exhausted and collapsed over the chair,

my silk bonds stopping me from falling to the floor.

I lay there like for a long time catching my breath and trying to regain

control of my senses. Then I heard the spa come on. Oh, the thought of a

spa sounded great right now.

Then I felt my bonds being untied and I was being helped to my feet.

This was just as well as my legs would not have supported me at this point;

they were still weak and trembling. Walking by myself would have been

impossible. He guided me to the spa and helped me slide into it, the

blindfold still over my eyes. The warm, soapy water felt good on my skin

and soothing around my throbbing anus. I half sat and half lay there for

what seemed like ages enjoying the warmth and the bubbles around me. This

was so relaxing. Then I heard him enter the bath and felt his hands

lifting me so that I stood in the bath as he washed me with the softest of

sponges. This was heaven! I was still enjoying my orgasm afterglow and

now I was being bathed. I felt like a princess

He helped me out of the bath and into a bathrobe, then patted me dry.

When I was reasonably dry he removed the robe and dried all my private

parts with a towel making sure no nook or cranny was missed. When I was

dry I felt a cold splash on my pussy lips and under my breasts and I could

smell my favourite perfume.

I then felt his fingers on my pussy lips and he slid one finger inside

my still warm slit pushing in between my extremely swollen lips. He

grabbed the string on the duo balls and gently pulled. The sensation was

electric as the balls pulled against my vagina and started to slide out

between my lips. He let them come out very slowly, teasing my swollen lips

and starting my excitement again. The balls dropped away and almost

immediately I felt something else being pushed inside me, slightly bigger

than the balls but there was only one this time. Next I felt his finger

slide between my cheeks and, as before, it was cold and wet but this time

the consistency of the lubricant was much thicker. He just smeared in

around my anus took his finger away.

Next I felt my left leg being lifted and placed through what seemed like

the leg hole of a soft, lacy thong. Then my right leg and pulled it up

around my hips. He was dressing me. I had been undressed by men before

but never dressed. This was indeed a pleasant if somewhat unusual

surprise. Did this mean it was all over? He had not spoken all this time

and I dared not ask at this time. He continued dressing me. Next were my

shoes, then my bra, skirt and jacket. Then he removed my blindfold and I

saw him standing there stark naked and smiling.

"Hello", he said simply, "I hope you have enjoyed your adventure so far".

"Yes, I have", I replied. "So far? Does that mean there is more?"

"Oh yes, we are nowhere near finished yet", he said. "It is lunch time

and there is a table booked for us. I will get dressed and leave you to do

any make up or grooming you consider necessary. Please meet me in the

dining room"

It was obvious he expected me not to reply but I was puzzled. `Nowhere

near finished yet' I could not think what else he had in mind for my

tortured yet very satisfied body. I went to my make up bag to start

getting ready. As I walked the thing he had put inside me moved and I knew

whatever he had planned would involve this new invader. He had dressed

quickly and left me alone. I was ready and headed down stairs to the

dining room. That thing resting on the front of my vagina against what had

become a very sensitive area, courtesy of all the activities so far. My

lips were still swollen and I was very aware of every move I made, walking

only seemed to stimulate me even further.

By the time I reached the dining room my pussy was quite moist and my

clit was beginning to throb again. I have to admit I smiled when I walked

thanks to the thing inside me. The maitre d' checked the table and began

to escort me to it. Just then I felt a sensation I would remember for the

rest of my life. The thing in my pussy suddenly came alive! It started to

vibrate deep inside me and I felt the beginnings of another incredible

orgasm. Luckily I was only about 10 feet from the table and was able to

make to my chair without giving too much away to the diners around us but I

knew it would not be long before this orgasm would really hit me.

He greeted me cheerily "Hi, how are you?'

"Fine", I said

"Anything wrong?"

"Not at all, except that my pussy is about to explode into orgasm in public. What are you doing to me?"

He held up a small remote control and flicked the button on it.

Immediately the vibrating stopped and my impending orgasm began to subside.

That was a relief but I was still so damn horny.

Lunch progressed fairly normally after that except that now and then I

had to make sure my jacket was not too open. Judging by the bulge in the

waiter's pants I was sure he was getting a pretty good view. At the same

time we were getting pretty good service too. Also the vibrator would come

on every now and then just to keep me aroused.

I was just finishing my second glass of red wine and, combined with the

effects of that vibrating thing in my pussy, I was starting to feel pretty

relaxed. Just then he asked, "So how do you like your new thong?"

I replied, "It's cute but not what I would normally wear"

"Oh really? Why is that?"

"It's a lot smaller than my others" It was actually so tiny it hardly covered my mound

"Well if you don't like it I will take it back"

"There is no need to do that"

"Yes I will. Give it to me and I will take it back"

"Okay, if you insist. "

He held his hand out and it was apparent he was asking me to give him

the thong now.

"Now?" He nodded and I started to get up to find the ladies.

"No, take it off here"

I looked at him and immediately knew he meant it. His was still reaching out.

"Now, please"

I looked around and no one was paying any attention to us so I slowly

lifted my skirt up, slid the thong down my legs and handed it to him. Now

I felt vulnerable, naked and hornier than I thought possible. The vibrator

and this latest challenge had really done their job on me. Despite having

had two absolutely mind-blowing orgasms already today I was desperate for

another one. And it felt like it was not far away.

Lunch was over and we made our way back to the room. My pussy tingling

from the vibrator and my legs were so weak he was supporting me when we

walked. When we got into the room we embraced, and I felt his body on

mine. He must have been as horny as me, with his hard on sticking firmly

into my lower stomach. His face was inches from mine, breath wisping

against my cheek, and it felt more intimate than anything I'd ever

experienced. Suddenly, I was petrified, too nervous to move, my brow icy

cold and hands hot. The enormity of what I was doing sunk in. He bent

forward and kissed me, and I felt his lips brush against my own. His mouth

opened and his breath mingled with mine, while he ran his fingers through

my hair, gently pulling me closer to him, increasing the intimacy,

tightening the bond.

His hand dropped to my shoulders and onto my back, fingers etching their

lust on my spine, writing of passion, desire, tracing their way the length

of my body to my pelvis. Flattening his hand, he slid it onto my hip and

then my buttock, which he smoothed, seduced and pulled towards himself.

Still, our kiss endured and I was dizzy with desire and lack of air, but

would not let it end. His hands continued, following the slopes of my

flesh, the contours of my body: waist and stomach, upwards, upwards, to my

breasts, and then he held them, held me, his thumbs grazing my nipples,

over and over, over and over.

Finally we submitted, we parted our breaths and stood nose to nose. He

began to unbutton my jacket, so slowly, each button a milepost closer to

his goal, and when he reached my stomach he folded the jacket over my

shoulders, letting it fall, letting me stand before him, aroused and ready.

I slid my skirt over my hips and let it fall to the floor. He smiled and

nodded; appraising my body then stood back and began to remove his clothes.

I held my breath as he undressed, completely, divesting himself of shirt,

tie and trousers. He was naked before me. His cock was erect and hard.

It looked enormous. I remembered that only a little while ago that thing

was rammed inside my rectum giving me some of the greatest pleasure I had

ever known.

He stripped the quilt from the bed and we lay on the sheets, side by

side, staring and touching, my hand on his cheek, finger against his lip,

letting him bite, letting him slide it into his mouth. And we kissed, our

faces tilting, mouths reaching towards each other, tongues extended.

"Relax," he said, kissing me once more, running his hand up my waist

towards my breast and enclosing it softly. He edged down the bed and began

to kiss my neck and shoulders, chest and breasts, finally alighting on my

right nipple and teasing it into his mouth. His tongue, so delicate, so

soft, so warm, began to draw unknown sensations from me and I felt a shiver

slide down my body. I sighed and he looked up in amusement, before

falling, once more, onto my nipple.

All the while, his hand was gradually sliding down my stomach, fingers

stretched, easing across my skin, spidering towards my mons. He flattened

his palm against it and smoothed his fingers across my baby-soft skin,

sneaking downwards, ever closer to my sodden pussy. As he touched it for

the first time a jolt of energy erupted through me, as though I had been

electrocuted, and involuntarily I squeezed my thighs shut, trapping his

hand between them. I laughed and ran my hand through his hair, easing my

legs apart again and leaving myself open.

His fingers began to probe, flickering across my lips, nails grazing

gently against them, then sliding inwards, gathering my juices and slipping

easily inside me. Immediately, he drew his fingers up again, running his

index finger directly against my clitoris. I squealed as he stopped and

placed the tip of his finger against it, pressing and teasing, before

beginning to slide round and around it. I started to buck my hips as he

elicited deep-rooted sensations from me, my clitoris suddenly bursting to

life with its new attention.

Sliding further down the bed, he began to drag his tongue down my chest

and belly, following the line his fingers had taken minutes before, leaving

a gentle cascade of kisses on my flesh. As his head approached my pelvis

my heart began to hammer in my chest, another moment of imminent sexual

revelation impressing itself on my senses. I parted my legs as wide as I

could and waited for the moment.

And it arrived.

His tongue dragged downwards over my mons towards my slit. He was

progressing in slow motion, but finally he reached his goal and I felt his

breath on my pussy, then his lips on mine, and then his tongue edging

forward, probing gently, purposefully, parting my lips and entering me. I

was wetter than I think I've ever been, my body racked by pleasure, muscles

rigid and fingers clenched. He began to lick, tracing his tongue up and

down my slit, the hot wetness of his mouth leaving me breathless. My

clitoris was crying out for attention and I bucked beneath him, trying to

manoeuvre myself into position. He quickly took the hint and sealed his

mouth around it, sucking it into his mouth, playing his teeth against it,

rolling his tongue over and across.

"Just suck," I breathed. "Hard. Suck hard. "

He fell onto me once more and did as I asked. My thigh muscles were

rigid, calves almost cramping, and my abdomen was tensed to the point of

pain. I felt on the edge of a precipice, teetering, on the verge of

collapsing into an abyss and not certain whether I wanted to be saved or

not. And then I knew. Fluttering, flashing, frenzied sensations were

building in my stomach and womb, circling and clashing inside me, building

in strength and speed as though readying themselves to be unleashed. I was

panting rhythmically, my hands gripping the sheet and twisting it this way

and that. He sucked and sucked, occasionally flicking his tongue across

the sensitised tip of my clitoris, and finally I succumbed.

With a scream I gave in, my muscles relaxing for an instant as my climax

erupted from my womb and sped through every inch of my body. My eyes

blazed, sparks of light dancing before them; my ears were popping with the

buzz of hysteria; my skin was alive, thrumming with energy. I couldn't

keep quiet, the intensity of my orgasm leaving me with no control over my

faculties. I panted and moaned and sighed and screamed and I never wanted

the moment to end.

We made love for the rest of the afternoon. It was slow and extraordinary. It was warm and precious. It was intimate and breathless. It was magnificent.

It was time to bring this sensational day to an end. We bathed in the spa and fooled around a little but did not start anything. Time was now short and I needed to be back on the plane.

He drove me to the airport and saw me to my plane. I was on my way home. The day had ended but the memory would continue forever.