

My Sexual Adventure

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My second story. Again, I would love feedback if you've got five minutes to write a review. I am looking at this being just one small part of a bigger novel, so please tell me what you think!!!! A husband and wife looking to spice up their relationship.

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We sat in our marital bed once again, sharing a cigarette after an hour of love making. Now don't get me wrong, I loved my husband, and after 9 years of being together and 2 years of marriage, we were lucky our sex life was still exciting and very experimental. But there was something missing, and I never could quite place my finger on it. And I never knew how to tell him without offending him. We were sitting in bed, sharing a cigarette like normal, when suddenly my husband turned to me.

"Anna, you know I love you, everything about you, but have you ever thought there might be something missing from nights like this?"

I almost choked on my smoke. "Tim, babe, you must read my mind sometimes. I've been thinking that for a few weeks now. Is it time to try something new?"

I passed the smoke over and watched him take a long drag. "Is it my turn or yours to bring something new to the table?" he asked.

I giggled. "I think it's yours babe. Any ideas on what you want to do?" He just smiled wryly at me and tapped his nose. That was all that was said for almost three weeks.

Day to day, everything was normal. Kids, work, housework, shopping, and our nights in bed, worshipping each other's bodies. But I could sense that Tim was planning something. He was hiding something. I just couldn't work out what it was. We were in bed again one night three weeks later when he pulled an envelope out from under his pillow and gave it to me.

"What's this Tim?" I asked, curious, turning the manila envelope over in my fingers.

"It's your mission. Should you choose to accept it, you will have sexual gratification beyond your wildest dreams." I smiled at him.

"Should I open it now?"

"You open it when you are ready. When you decide." I placed it on my bedside table and turned off the light. As eager as I was to find out what was inside, I didn't want Tim to see me rip open the envelope like a child opening presents at Christmas.

The next morning, after getting the kids to school and Tim was safely off to work, I ran upstairs to find the mystery envelope. I sat on our bed shaking with excitement, and slowly opened the sealed envelope. Inside was one sheet of paper with Tim's handwriting on:

My beautiful darling Anna. I have been thinking long and hard for this, the planning meticulous. In my wardrobe, up on the top shelf is a box. In the box, you will find all the things you need for your sexual adventure. I expect you to follow the instructions in the box to the letter. If you deviate from the instructions, I will know. If you change any slight thing, I WILL know. I will expect you to report once you have finished. And baby, you've got until I get home to do everything you need to.

Yours: today, tomorrow and always, Tim.

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I sat for 10 long minutes staring at the letter, and then looked over to Tim's wardrobe. Standing, I placed the letter on my bedside table, and walked over to Tim's wardrobe. I opened the doors and I had to stand on my toes. I could see a large brown cardboard box. I hadn't noticed it before, and wondered just how long he'd had it stored away up there. I reached for it, and pulled it down. It was heavy, not 'Oh my god, that's not what I was expecting' heavy, but enough where, due to the angle and the way I was pulling it out, I almost dropped it out of surprise. When it was safely on the bed, I lifted the lid and removed the layer of purple tissue paper covering the contents. Wow, I thought to myself as I looked at the array of things inside, he's really made an effort here. I could feel myself getting wet, just from all of the excitement of Tim's little game.

Inside the box was a cream envelope; a black crotchless bodystocking, made from fishnet with cutaway stomach and side sections; 4 black faux fur wrist and ankle restraints joined together with wide black ribbon; a black satin blindfold; a phone, switched off; a video camera; make up and a pair of thigh high, leather stiletto boots. I opened the envelope to find another handwritten letter from Tim:

Babe,

I now know you have opened the box. Pick up the video camera. This goes with you everywhere from now on. I want you to dress in the clothes I have provided. Then, turn on the phone. I want you to send the message saved in the phone, to the number stored in the phone. Then, unlock the front door and sit in the living room wearing the restraints and blindfold. Then wait. Whilst you are in the bedroom, you place the camera, switched on, on the dresser. In the living room, the camera must be on the mantle. In the bathroom, the camera must go on the shelf. I expect you on the shot as much as possible. Anywhere else you carry it. I will be watching. Whatever happens, know that this is for us, and I love you.

I folded the note together and grabbed my fags. Before I continued following my husband's instructions, I needed a smoke, I felt a little uneasy with what he had planned, whatever it was, but I wanted to try anyway. After I finished the cigarette, I picked up the camera, switched it on and looked into the lens.

"This is for you baby, I love you," I murmured, and stood up. I left our bedroom and walked into the bathroom, and placed the camera on the glass shelf above the sink. It perfectly placed for watching me shower. I turned the camera to where I stood and, without thinking, started very slow and deliberately taking my clothes off; doing a strip tease for the camera. I turned on the hot water and climbed into the shower. I slowly washed myself, teasing my body; I shaved my legs, and everywhere else, and climbed out and grabbed the towel. I picked up the camera and walked to the bedroom.

When I got into the bedroom, I placed the camera on the dress and dried my body and hair with the towel. Again, I was conscious of where the camera was, and when drying my hair, purposely bent over so that my lips were slightly open and facing the camera. It was only at that point, I decided I would put a little show on for the camera.

I placed the camera on the bedside table, so it was looking lengthways down the bed and I grabbed my pillows and put them at the foot end of the bed. I found my pink box, just under the bed, and picked out my favourite vibrator. Kneeling on the bed, I started to play with my breasts, teasing my own nipples until they formed stiff peaks and I could feel myself starting to pant, and my blood started to rush to my ears, I picked up my vibrator. It was black, ridged and very wide. It stretched me to the max, and I loved the feel of it inside me. I turned the motor on low, and started to push and pull the black vibrator in and out of my mouth. When I could feel myself truly turned on and relaxing with what I was doing, I sat on the bed, facing the camera and parted my legs. I pushed the vibrator in between my breasts, and using my arms, held them together, so I could feel the vibrator constantly against my sensitive breasts. I put my hand in between my legs and spread my lips with my left hand. I was already soaking wet, and one small push against my clitoris, and I felt a shiver through my whole body. I started to play with my clitoris, moving my finger round in slow leisurely circles,

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occasionally dipping one finger in to wet myself with my own juices, I could feel myself quickening, and lay back on the bed, my legs bent at the knee, wide open so I was fully exposed to the camera. I got hold of my vibrator and pushed it inside me as far as it could go, gasping at the stretch I could feel and the slight burn from not being fully relaxed to take it all. I started moving my finger against my clitoris once more, and turned the power on my vibrator to max. Within no time at all, I was shuddering and moaning, coming from the amazing feeling of the vibrator, my finger, and the knowing that my husband will be watching me pleasure myself at some point in the future.

I stood, moved the camera to the dresser, and took a baby wipe to clean myself up; I was wet, very wet, and didn't want to be wet against my very sexy bodystocking. I pulled the outfit on, and looked at myself in the mirror. The cutaway stomach and side sections emphasised the natural curves of my body, and the black pattern against my pale skin was a stark contrast. I picked up the make-up, and looked in the mirror above the dresser. I used the foundation, the eye shadow, the eyeliner, the mascara and the scarlet red lipstick, and quickly began to see a transformation. Then I pulled on the boots. All in all, I looked like some kind of porn star. But I felt sexy and confident, my earlier fears forgotten. I picked up the mobile phone from in the box and switched it on, found the saved message in the messages and opened it.

IT'S ME. I'M READY.

The phone number wasn't one I recognised, but I knew my husband wouldn't put me in danger. So I clicked on the solitary contact in the phone, and forwarded the message. I picked up the camera, the faux-fur cuffs and the blindfold and walked downstairs. I unlocked the front door as I walked through the hall way, and when I arrived in the living room, I closed the curtains, put the camera on the mantle-piece and sat on the sofa. I placed the restraints on my wrists and ankles, and the blindfold over my eyes.

How long I was sat there, I don't know. After the first ten or fifteen minutes, I began to lose sense of time. I dared not remove the blindfold from my eyes to check the time; I wanted Tim to see that I could follow his instructions to the letter. I could hear things more clearly, the cars driving past our house, the whirr of the fridge in the kitchen, the ticking of a clock on the wall. My pulse was racing and I felt every breeze, my senses on overdrive because I couldn't see. Then I froze, the front door opened, and I could hear footsteps. Whoever walked in kicked their shoes off and walked into the living room. There wasn't a word said. The stranger touched my shoulder. From the size of the hands, I knew whoever had their hand on my shoulder, was a woman. Then suddenly, a pair of male hands wrenched my knees apart, and my legs were forced as wide as my restraints would allow.

There were two people in the room. A man and a woman, of unknown identity. I guessed I had to roll with whatever Tim had planned; he wouldn't put me in any danger. I knew that. The woman started to caress my breasts and whether it was from the mystery and unknown; the skill of her touch, her nails dragging against my nipples; or from the earlier orgasm I'd had, but within seconds, my nipples were standing long and hard, my breathing getting shallow, and my juices flowing from in between my legs again. The man stroked his finger along the inside of my thighs, brushing against the tops of them, never entering the convenient slit on my crotch. I started to rock my hips backwards and forwards. The feeling of two different people touching my body, turning me on, was illicit, and something I never imagined I would do, no matter how much I wanted it. And Tim, knowing me so well, knew that was the case, and he had made this happen.

Without warning, the man's lips were against the thin material covering me. He flicked his tongue, teasingly in and out of the material; the tip of his tongue brushing against my clitoris, driving me crazy. The woman had wrapped her lips around my nipple and was grazing me with her teeth. It was sensory overload. Two mouths working on me at the same time. I let out a loud moan. I could feel myself building to my second climax of the day, when suddenly they moved away from me completely. I shouted out in frustration, but they left me there, until my breathing had started to slow. I felt one of the duo pull the ribbon connecting my

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hands, stretching my arms upwards, and it felt like the ribbon had been hooked on the door handle at the back of the sofa, my head was pushed back by the woman's hand, and I felt her warm, moist flesh come down on my face. Apart from myself, I'd never touched a woman before, and then realised I didn't even have use of my hands anyway. I had to use my mouth. I kissed her, and swirled my tongue in circles around her clitoris. I slowly dipped my tongue in and out; shallow thrusts that I could tell were exciting her: she rocked her whole body above my blindfolded face. The man penetrated me. He had a fairly large cock, certainly a little bigger than I was used to with my Tim; in that moment, I knew it wasn't Tim in the room with me. While sexually pleasing a woman for the first time, a very impressive sized cock was pushing in and out of me and I started to scream. The orgasm that came over me lasted forever, the continuous stimulation from the relentless movement of these two strangers making it last far longer than any orgasm had before. I heard a commotion near the door, and then the strange woman spoke.

â Sit there now Anna, wait. Tim will be here in 5 minutes to see to you. Do not remove your blindfold, just wait.â I heard them leave; the front door clicking as the lock was put on, leaving me safe. I sat there on my sofa revelling in what had just happened.

My sexual adventure.

My sexual gratification.

Beyond my wildest dreams.

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