

Post Office

# Post Office

By : [jim7489](#)

Judy follows her dark and erotic side, only to be engulfed erotically beyond her wildest expectations!

Published on  
**Booksie**

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## Post Office

I was anxious, nervous and excited. I was about to open my new post box to discover what mysteries would be inside. As I opened the box I found a small gift box type parcel which looked like it could hardly contain anything at all. After opening it and brushing aside the elegantly folded lining paper and neatly bowed ribbon, I found I was right. Inside was simply a tiny little skirt made of the flimsiest material, cute enough and very pretty but it was obvious it was not intended to cover very much at all.

This had been sent to me after I had accepted a most unusual invitation, which went like this: -

To: "Judy"

From: "Jim"

Date: 12/03/2012 10:40AM

Subject: 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 in the past to meet and it was a most enjoyable time indeed.

I now find myself fantasizing about where this Adventure' could take me. Questions like what does he have in mind? How will he organize 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 Judy,

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: -

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**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 top of the skirt no more than 2 inches. 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 colors, size and fit etc.**

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

**Regards, Jim**

**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 color?**

**Three days later I had finished my shopping. The skirt was a pale blue, checked style and I had selected a cream jacket that was fitted around my waist, reasonably snug around my breasts and came down far enough to cover the top 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 cream color 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 though.**

**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: "Judy"**

**From: "Jim"**

**Date: 12/10/2012 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**

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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 Judy,

Congratulations on coming this far. I assume that by now you are well and truly intrigued. You undoubtedly will have already have seen the contents of the parcel and may 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 LAX. 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, Jim

My heart was now pounding, my clit throbbing and my pussy was so wet my panties were soaked and threatening to show through my pants. 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. The first thing I did was peel my pants 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.

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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 realized 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:

Hello Judy,

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, license 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 that you put on your favorite perfume, also 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, Jim

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

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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 organized. 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 Las Vegas 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.**

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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 Las Vegas there will be a car waiting for you to take you to your hotel. Your room number is 609. 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 frantically 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 panty less 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, panty less 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 parlor? 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 maneuver 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 â "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 realizing 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 waste 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 609 was neat as a pin with a King 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 realized 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 my pussy slit was a shock and surprise. I gasped out loud as the tip of a finger circled the centre of my slit. It was warm and slippery. The finger moved in a minute circular motion, teasing the sensitive opening. It only took a moment and I 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 slit until it was embedded to the third knuckle, his finger tip finding my G-Spot like a laser guided missile. I gasped and arched my back at the sensation of his finger penetrating me. The finger pulled out slowly only to be gently 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 pussy 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 penetration of my pussy 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 pussy 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 again 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. The feeling was cold lubricant I guessed. The object at my rear passage was not a finger; I quickly realized it was too hard. What was it?

A plastic vibrating 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 more 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 pussy slit, slightly moving the head ever so slightly up and down my pussy lips. I was completely slippery. I held my breath, waiting for him to push forward. He waited a long moment until I started to relax; he then slowly pushed the head of his cock into me. I gasped. I had never been penetrated so far. 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, the rest 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, he must have fucked me for what seemed over an hour, but glancing over at the clock and only 40 minutes had passed, 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. His strong army lifted me, as I mustered the strength to put my arms around his neck, and I nuzzled my

head on his shoulder. We slid into the spa, the blindfold still over my eyes. The warm, soapy water felt good on my skin and soothing around my throbbing pussy. I half sat and half lay there for what seemed like ages enjoying the warmth and the bubbles around me. This was so relaxing. I 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, and 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 favorite 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. I felt something being pushed inside me, slightly bigger than the balls but there was only one this time. 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 pussy 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 nibble, letting him slide it into his mouth. Then we again 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 maneuver 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 sensitized 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.

To Be continued, some day! ! !

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