

# Festive Frolics

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# Coming Home

Jess gazed out of the window at the blur that was the passing countryside as her mind wandered to the next train journey she would take, just two weeks from now, when she would not be alone, but off for a long weekend in London with her boyfriend, Darren.

Darren had been away for over a month now, much of it without regular contact, but that was the nature of his job, and as such Jess accepted that. The upside being the month or more off work between overseas assignments, always bliss-filled times that did a lot to keep the fire alive regardless of how long and painful their time apart was. However it did sometimes take a little extra effort, so rather than let her mind drift, Jess started to type away on her laptop as if working... A little smile crept across her soft features as she thought of all the pleasure they'd soon share.

Seeing in her mind's eye what might well happen when he arrived home, and how much hotter it would be for Darren to know what was awaiting him, especially as she wanted to give him a lot more than just a kiss on the cheek at the airport! So Jess decided it was about time to write something for him to spice things up and start off this next leave time in a way that neither of them would ever forget.

The scene she had in mind of his homecoming had been pieced together from a collection of things that Darren had often alluded to, yet she had lacked the confidence to try with him. Jess was a little self-

conscious and felt kind of silly about some of the things they had spoken about over the past few months since they had first met. However, this time while he was working away she had let her mind drift to those ideas during those long nights alone, finding them more and more of a turn-on as she did so. In fact so much so, that they were almost always on her mind and she felt like a whole new person because of it.

It had started in small ways, just a slightly more form fitting top, a slightly higher heel and so on. Jess had found she felt more powerful when she dressed up like this, found herself more able to see herself actually doing some of the things Darren had confessed to finding so deeply erotic. It had been a fun way of learning more about each other to start with, laying in each other's arms, sated and relaxed, as they shared their little fantasies as well as silly little facts that had gone a long way to making them feel really connected for such a relatively new couple. Yet it had also made Jess worry that she wasn't enough for him, wasn't all the woman that he needed in his life. However, sitting in the train right now, she had to admit that maybe he was a better judge of character than she was in this regard!

This latest business trip to London had also included a little shopping on the side for a few things that added a little more spice to her usual look. Just thinking about his probable reaction to her turning up dressed like his dream woman made her pat her shopping bag and smile. Oh yes, this was so going to work and make his elongated Christmas leave all the more special for them both, not only their first festive season, but one where she would help make his wildest dreams come true, and quite possibly hers too.

So there she sat at her laptop on the train, a healthy blush on her cheeks, typing up a delicious scene, every last detail added so Darren would be able to live them in his head as he read it, from how soft her skin felt, the heady scent of her perfume, to the way she would cast her expert eye over him and see him for the perfect fit for her fantasy weekend ahead. The hotel room was booked, so she knew she wouldn't have to wait too long to have him just the way she wanted either, but she thought she'd skip that detail and make him wonder where she was leading him once she'd met his plane looking like some wicked fetish Goddess!

Well, Darren had said he'd always wanted to be kidnapped by some Dominatrix and used for her pleasure alone. Jess guessed it was a dream scene that he'd often play out in his head as he dealt with his own urges as best he could on board ship, where privacy was more precious than gold dust.

Oh what she would give right that moment to see his reaction to her new boots, tight skirt, and a leather corset that did marvels for her already pretty spectacular figure, all carefully hidden below a suit jacket to make her look like a fairly normally dressed business woman. It was this hidden aspect to the look that really appealed to Jess most of all, looking one way, but being another was definitely her thing!

Jess read the letter to Darren back to herself shortly before the train pulled into her home station and smiled, maybe it wasn't perfect, but she was sure he'd get all the hidden meaning in her words and descriptions of what she planned to do to him. Oh yes this would do nicely, so before she backed out and

worried that he'd lose his respect for her, she sent it his way via e-mail.

She was committed to this plan of action now, so set about her final transformation from cute vanilla girlfriend to Darren's new Mistress. Her hair and nails were booked in for the morning before his arrival, while she dedicated herself to giving her bedroom a subtle make-over, purpose-made restraints that would fit him and her bed as well, a small expansion of her toy collection and the acquisition of a few extra cushions and candles to help make things look the way she wanted, a real boudoir in which to indulge in every pleasure.

Of course now that her bedroom looked about right, she needed a few new naughty nighties and bits of lingerie to complete things. Then came the personal grooming side of things, wanting to feel soft and smooth against his hard muscles and angular masculine features, wanting to look her level best, even if she knew he'd look in need of a shave and a haircut if nothing else, but how she wanted to see that face, that smile, kiss that dimpled chin and throw her arms around his muscular neck and cling to him once more. Yet she also wanted to take total control and have him so desiring her that he couldn't think straight, the way she had often felt during those long nights alone, getting the mixture just right was going to challenge her imagination and skills for sure.

The days slipped by, some very slowly, leaving her feeling sad and low, others nipping by so swiftly that she wasn't sure where they had all gone, leaving her worrying about how she would fit in all the things she wanted to get done before he arrived back home. She didn't want to have to focus on anything or anyone else

for some time, this last contract had been hard on her and no doubt Darren too, their usual communications had been messed with and so they'd passed weeks at a time with little or no contact. So much to say, so much to want to do and no desire to have it interrupted by any other aspect of her life. Jess worked late every day to gain a little extra time off with him during his first days home.

It was just two days until he was due back now, so Jess decided it best to start packing her overnight bag after a long soak in a hot bath. Wrapped in Darren's bathrobe she padded about, rooting through her wardrobe and finding all the bits she wanted. Jess made sure all her clothes were ready, the new form fitting black skirt, the long leather boots, the corset and her suit jacket, hiding the wicked corset a treat. With some stay-ups and a pair of black lace panties she'd have him eating out of the palm of her hand in no time if she managed to pull this off.

Read Darren's reaction, and find out the rest of his  
welcome-home gift in

*Festive Frolics*

a collection of hot stories for the cold winter days  
from Unseen Words



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