

Hard Wired

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<http://www.unseenwords.com/>

Published 2011 by Unseen Words.

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Spice

The Gods of the A14 must have been on my side – thank fuck! I arrived at the office just after 8:30 and well before most of my colleagues. I'd have been pleased with that any day – more flexi-time on the clock is always better than sitting in queues of traffic after all, but when I saw the discretely wrapped parcel sitting on top of the incoming post tray I was even more glad. I recognised the dispatch address as belonging to the online sextoys store I'd used a few times and discrete packaging isn't worth a damn when your post is handed to you along with the mid-morning coffee when you're chatting with nosey colleagues who are loudly wondering just what is inside the padded envelope!

It was addressed to me so I quickly snaffled it from the pile and tucked it in my bag which was then shunted under the desk where it wouldn't attract attention. I didn't remember ordering anything, but the mystery would have to wait until later when I couldn't hear my boss making her cheery hellos as she arrived downstairs.

I didn't have to wait long for the mystery to be solved – just after nine a text arrived from Sam telling me to look out for a parcel as I'd need it that evening and to be ready to finish work at 4 as he was coming to pick me up early. I found myself wishing I'd taken a second to check the contents of the parcel; what on earth did he have planned for us this time? I quickly texted back to let him know it had arrived and then

spent the rest of the morning distractedly imagining some of the possibilities; it could be anything. I'd been dating him for a good few months now and we'd been working really hard at trying to break down some of my inhibitions. We'd gone from me only being willing to have sex in the missionary position, in the dark, in silence, keeping most of my clothes on to me really enjoying trying different positions, toys, outfits and locations. I was still shy about a few things, but I was loving the improvements to my sex life and confidence.

He phoned at lunchtime. It was an odd but exciting call – he asked what I was wearing and when I said “long black skirt and turquoise jumper” told me that I was to make sure I had nothing on under the skirt when he arrived in two and a half hours. Then he hung up. For a second I was a bit upset – I'd have liked to chat for a while and find out just what he had planned, but then I realised just how turned on I was and decided to forgive him. Surprises could be fun. Besides, I really liked that dominant streak of his, and it was nice to see it coming out to play.

I nipped into the ladies loo about half past three and removed my knickers and tights as requested. I had to carry them back to my desk and shove them into my handbag – I didn't think anyone had noticed but it felt ridiculously naughty. Those last few minutes of work were insane. I was so turned on by thinking about what might be in store, and so aware that I was virtually naked from the waist down, that I was sure anyone near me would be able to smell my arousal. I could certainly feel the wetness gathering between my legs and with no knickers I wondered if I'd have a tell-tale wet patch on my skirt – I was glad it was black anyway.

Given what I was thinking, I must have been looking a bit flustered, but no-one said anything.

I was outside just as it turned 4. It was a cold day and the air seemed to flow right through the heavy cotton skirt I was wearing I wasn't used to that cold caress on my naked flesh and I found it almost intoxicating. I knew that a gust of wind could lift my skirt and reveal my nudity to anyone who happened to be passing, and instead of being mortifying it felt sexy. I didn't even try to hold my skirt down when Sam pulled into the carpark, even though him skidding to a halt next to me caused a huge wave of air.

He'd laid a towel over the passenger seat and he told me that it was to sit on. Before we started driving he lifted my skirt to check I'd followed his instructions and left it folded back so I was totally exposed. One of my colleagues left the office and while I'm sure he didn't look our way, knowing he could have seen everything made me feel even more turned on than ever. Sam reached for the parcel and pulled out a vibrator which he removed from the packaging, tested it was working and then handed to me. "I want you to play with that while I drive" he told me.

I didn't believe my ears to begin with so he had to tell me again. "I want to see how you use it," he said. "I want you to fuck yourself with it while I drive, and if you do a really good job and make yourself come for me, you'll get to find out what else is in the parcel later."

I was fairly new to vibrators, and while I'd used them alone, and Sam had used them on me, I'd never had anyone watch before. I wasn't really sure what he wanted me to do, but by this point he'd started the engine so I figured I'd give it a try. I opened my legs as

much as I could manage and pressed the tip against my clit. The vibrations were very intense – too much really, but after I inserted the tip of the vibrator into my pussy and collected some of my juices to use as lubrication it felt better.

Sam had a huge grin on his face, but he couldn't watch too closely as he had to concentrate on driving and I soon forgot he was watching at all. I tilted the seat further back and closed my eyes as the vibe danced over my clit. I'd been so turned on all day I knew it wouldn't take long for me to come. I don't think we'd even travelled two miles when it happened, I felt the muscles start to spasm and the warm, sweet, waves of pleasure spread through me. I bit into my bottom lip and arched my back, releasing a guttural moan that sounded more animal than human.

“Don't stop” Sam said. And since my clit was feeling too sensitive to want any more attention for a few moments, I slid the vibrator inside my twitching wet pussy and started thrusting it rhythmically in and out. The orgasm kept going for what felt like ages, every thrust triggered a matching muscle spasm which released another wave of pleasure. I must have looked like I was having some sort of fit as I was bucking and thrashing in the seat like a wild thing, I forgot how to think and just closed my eyes, threw back my head and savoured every incredible second.

“That was seriously hot!” Sam said some time later. “But we're there now.”

As I opened my eyes he pulled off the road and into the parking area of what looked like an industrial unit. It was a bland grey concrete building, the only thing distinguishing this building from any of the other was the sign over the door, which simply said “Spice”.

I left the vibrator on the seat of the car and followed Sam towards the building; I was surprised when he produced a key from his trouser pocket and ushered me inside before locking the door behind us. Inside was a reception area with the usual desk and selection of comfortable chairs. Sam didn't stop here; he led me through a pair of doors and into a corridor. We passed a couple of side doors before coming out into a stylish spa area – not one of the options that had passed through my mind as I'd wondered where he'd taken me. There were two or three saunas and a couple of large jacuzzis with what looked like a tiki bar off to one side near a row of padded loungers. "Nice, isn't it?" Sam asked looking around with a huge grin on his face, "We'll use these in a bit, but you haven't seen anything yet!" and with that he grabbed my hand and hurried us towards another pair of doors.

The change in scene was dramatic. We'd moved from relaxing hedonism into some sort of dungeon; everything was black leather and shiny chrome. Even the lighting was different, in here it was tinged with red and flickered as though it was being created by flaming torches; some of the fittings were even designed to look the part. There were large mirrors which reflected the flickering lights but that just seemed to emphasise the shadowy semi-darkness. The style may have been darker but the room was no less opulent than the previous one. There were sofas and benches against each of the walls and a couple of large cabinets in the corners, but everything in the room was focused on a raised central dais. This looked like something out of a science fiction movie. There was a huge metal frame, mostly a couple of concentric circles with side supports holding it to the floor. There were anchorage points at

various points in the circle and it looked like it would tilt and rotate in several directions. Beside that was another lower frame – this one was smaller and more like a tall bench, it looked like it was designed for bending someone over or laying them on. Again it seemed to have lots of options for adjustment and restraint. The final item was a metal cage containing a very strange device, it looked like a small black leather saddle with a motor underneath, it could have been one of those mechanical bulls you sometimes saw in tacky nightclubs, except there was a massive dildo sticking straight up from the saddle. It was this last item that Sam was leading me towards.

He told me it was called a sybian and would give me the best ride I'd ever had. He'd been hired by this place to do the health and safety testing before it opened, and while he had completed all the official testing earlier that day, he couldn't stop thinking about how he'd like to see me give the sybian a proper test. The owner of the company owed him a few favours and that was how he'd got the keys. Apparently the club was going to be opening in a couple of weeks as place for swingers and those who liked a bit of kinky fun.

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