

## Birthday

Birthday &nbsp;  I've realized my husband, Dave, is turned on by some bondage-type situations, but I've always shied away from the idea.&nbsp;  However, when Dave's last birthday came around I thought again about the possibility of giving him a real dream-come-true night.&nbsp;  I thought about the things he might ask me to do, and considered whether I could manage to stand it for one night.&nbsp;  &nbsp;  Finally I convinced myself that since he really loved me he would never injure me or put me in danger, and I could brace myself for just about anything he would do if it was just one night.&nbsp;  I was kind of embarrassed about the idea of telling him about it since all our communication on the subject of bondage had been a long time ago and it had been nothing but subtle hints.&nbsp;  So I wrote him a letter one day when I was at work, telling him that for his birthday I would do absolutely anything he wanted me to, sexually or otherwise.&nbsp;  My secretary seemed to find it strange that I would prepare a letter without her help, then ask her to mail it to my own husband, and I believe I blushed when I gave her the letter.&nbsp;  Mary will give me sly looks sometimes and make me feel that she knows more than she lets on. I simply did my best to forget it. Well, Dave never mentioned a thing about it--in fact I found him surprisingly cool for someone who has just been told he is going to have his fantasy night, but eventually the day before his birthday he did respond--in similar fashion to the way I talked to him: Mary gave me a letter one day at work which he apparently dropped off for me. Even though the envelope had nothing but my name typed on the front, I knew right away it had to be from him.&nbsp;  Mary gave me another knowing look, damn her.&nbsp;  In my own office, I ripped it open and read the letter inside.&nbsp;  It wasn't personal at all, it was typed instructions telling me to drive to a certain location after work that evening.&nbsp;  The place was way out in the country in a direction that I had never been.&nbsp;  I was immediately nervous and apprehensive over the whole thing, but I was also relieved that Dave was into the game--somehow I must have had a fear that he would be turned off by my offer. Well, that evening after work I followed the directions.&nbsp;  It turned out to be forty-five minutes of driving, and on to smaller and smaller roads until I was just following a track in the middle of the woods. Finally I reached my destination--a cabin in the middle of nowhere.&nbsp;  It was after dark and there was no one there.&nbsp;  Nothing. The directions simply said that I would find further instructions when I got there.&nbsp;  &nbsp;  I got out, knocked on the door, tried it (it was locked), looked around for messages, and thought about yelling, but frankly out in the woods alone there, I was too frightened to yell. Finally when I got back in the car, I noticed a bag in the back seat that I didn't recognize, and sure enough, inside was a note along with some items that let me know immediately that something was up: a dildo, handcuffs, some cords, and other things I didn't look at too closely yet.&nbsp;  I read the note and surprisingly enough, it said I should try the windows of the cabin and if they were locked I should break one and open it! I tried them and fortunately one was unlocked so I opened it and climbed in.&nbsp;  I followed the letter's instructions in turning on all the lights--the cabin evidently had electricity.&nbsp;  There was an old iron-framed double bed at one end of the room.&nbsp;  The instructions then said to take my clothes off, lubricate the dildo and my ass, and push it into my ass! I had never done anything sexually with my ass, and it had certainly occurred to me that I might have to this night.&nbsp;  I had some momentary regrets, but I had half expected something along those

lines and that certainly wasn't the worst thing I had invited upon myself. So I took off my clothes (thankful that it was a warm summer night), took liberal amounts of K-Y Jelly, lay on the bed on my side, and started easing the dildo into my rear hole. I had to make myself relax and take my time, but eventually I got it in, and after sliding it a little, I felt a lot better about the idea of taking Dave's cock, and even began to look forward to it a little--as an adventure, that is. Well, the next part of the instructions made me just as nervous after I figured them out. The cords, it turns out, were cleverly designed so I could tie myself spread-eagled to the bed--which is what I was asked to do. I could tie my legs, then the ties for my arms were made so I could tie chords to my wrists, then attach them with a kind of snap/hook to chords tied to the upper corners of the bed. The bag also had a Walkman, a blindfold, and a gag. I was instructed to put on the earphones with the music turned up loud, blindfold myself, then hook the cords to my arms so I was completely tied, spread-eagled, facedown, on the bed. It took me a while to get everything set, and as I lay there face down, blindfolded, gagged, rock music blaring, trying to get my last arm tied, I was thinking I might have a wait before Dave got there, and even 10 minutes would seem like hours. Well, the exact second I got my second arm secured, something immediately shoved right into my ass! I screamed into the gag, much good it did me. In seconds I realized Dave was on top of me, fucking my ass, which fortunately, was taking it fine. I, on the other hand, was almost ready to jump out of my skin. My heart was racing like never before. Dave (I hoped it was Dave!) came inside me very soon, then pulled out, sat up, and was gone. In a little while I felt his hands rubbing my back. He ran them softly up and down, caressing here, and there, until he had touched just about the entire back of my body and limbs. I guess I was still nervous, but sometimes it seemed like more than two hands. And his caresses were so soft--it was like nothing he had ever done for me before. I realized that I was really excited--I was wet beyond belief, and I started really wanting to feel cock inside me--my pussy that is. Then I felt the gag being taken off my head. I immediately said, "Dave? Dave?" but he didn't answer, so soon I stopped asking. It was his night. He crawled over to the head of the bed between my arms, and was soon positioning his cock right at my face! He lifted my head and it was obvious that he was ready for me to take his cock in my mouth. This is another thing that I never do but had mentally braced myself for, so I took his cock in my mouth and sucked. But I was so hot that I was soon sucking as hard as I could without even worrying about what I was doing. He picked his ass off the bed and started moving it so as to draw his cock part way out and push it back. I continued to suck as hard as I could. Soon he was moving wildly, just as if we were fucking, and I was desperate to feel anything touch my pussy or my clit! Soon I had a mouth full of cum which I swallowed just as if I had been doing it for years! But I was still horny as hell! Well, he didn't give me any relief! He put the gag back on my mouth, took off the Walkman, untied my hands and put handcuffs on my wrists behind me, then untied my legs and stood me up. After the sound of the loud music, the sounds of the woods and the sounds of our movements were very weird. Then he got me up, and walked me out of the cabin into the woods! There I was, completely naked except for handcuffs, a gag, and blindfolds. The sounds of the woods grew much louder. We walked fairly slowly; I could not see a thing because of the

blindfolds--total darkness.&nbsp; He never said a word, but just walked me along.&nbsp; Finally we stopped, and he guided my body down to the ground. It seemed like bare ground, but despite the warm night, it was cold. He had me face down, then he tied my ankles to stakes in the ground that I heard him driving.&nbsp; Then he took off my handcuffs and did the same to my hands, so once again I was tied spread-eagled, facedown, this time outside on the bare ground in the middle of the woods! Then he left! I heard his steps going away and I tried to yell in the gag.&nbsp; Finally, I heard a car door slam, a car start and drive away! Then nothing but the sounds of the woods, and I can tell you my heart was beating even more than when I was in the cabin earlier! Well, there was nothing I could do but wait, hearing the insect sounds and the whisper of the breeze through the trees, and imagine all the things that might happen to me, when soon I realized I wasn't alone! Something made me stay as quiet as possible, as if whatever it was wouldn't find me, but soon I felt a hand running up and down my leg, and once again, I tried to yell into the gag.&nbsp; Then I heard a zipper unzipping and felt someone laying on top of me, and start invading my rear again! I told myself it had to be Dave, somehow tricking me into thinking he had left.&nbsp; When I could get myself to think rationally, I realized it all had to be part of Dave's plans given the elaborate instructions and the set up.&nbsp; He fucked my ass again, and came in it, then stood up, zipped up, and left.&nbsp; Again I heard nothing for a while, then I heard a car. It got closer, stopped, and I heard a car door again.&nbsp; Then I heard footsteps and I could hear how different they sounded than when Dave or whoever left after fucking my ass. I was untied, handcuffed, and walked again.&nbsp; Soon we were at a car as I heard the car door opened right next to me.&nbsp; Then I was pushed in so my body lay on the car seat and my ass and legs hung out the door.&nbsp; Then I felt a stinging right on my ass and heard a smack! I was being whipped! Obviously I couldn't tell what it was I was being whipped with, but it really stung and I jumped and almost stood up, but I was immediately pushed back into place and a strong hand held my body there.&nbsp; I was whipped several more times and it hurt like hell.&nbsp; Then fingers found my cunt and I'm embarrassed to say I was really wet! I wasn't sure if I had ever stopped being wet, but it made me wonder at my own mind in that it found something in this exciting.&nbsp; Fingers were soon working my clit until I was in a frenzy, then I came and came like never before, spasms going through my whole body, practically fainting. Well, when my mind was back to a state where I considered my surroundings, I realized that I heard nothing.&nbsp; I waited there patiently for a while, in the same position, then finally started to stand up and noticed that the handcuffs were open--they just fell away.&nbsp; I froze for a few seconds and listened.&nbsp;&nbsp; Nothing.&nbsp; Then I took off the blindfold and gag and found I was at my own car.&nbsp; I shivered, then looked around in the cabin for my clothes--they were there except for my underwear.&nbsp; Also, all the items from the bag were gone except the things I was wearing.&nbsp; So I got dressed in what I had (my work clothes, no less!) got in the car and drove home. When I got home, the lights were on.&nbsp; I walked in the house, and Dave was sitting there watching TV.&nbsp; He looked like he had been sitting there all night!&nbsp; There I was, nervous about the whole thing and he was sitting there cool as a cucumber.&nbsp; In fact, it was uncannily like any Friday night when I sometimes go out with work friends. Dave never mentioned anything about that night! The next day, we celebrated his birthday in exactly the same way we do every year, and nothing has changed about our sex life since that night! I can't understand how he could have done all that and show so little effect.

On the one hand, I often feel like I am about to burst, but embarrassment also keeps me from breathing a word about it.&nbsp; And worst of all, I have fears about the whole night--weird ideas I know just couldn't be true.

## About the Author

Source: <http://bondage-pic.net/>