

erotiKa

Vol. II

By Antoine Vargas

Real people. Real pleasure.

Real boundaries broken.

15

intimate journeys. One truth:
Where there's desire, there's a shadow.

Enjoy your reading...

Algunas historias nacen en la sombra.

En secretos confesados, límites cruzados o miradas que duraron un segundo de más.

Este volumen se adentra aún más — en lo prohibido, lo inesperado, lo que arde en silencio.

Estos relatos se inspiraron en momentos reales, deseos reales, riesgos reales.

Sí, fueron moldeados por la ficción... pero el pulso que late debajo es verdadero.

No escribí para juzgar. Escribí para explorar.

Para decir en voz alta lo que muchos apenas se atreven a imaginar.

Si encuentras un pedazo de ti en estas páginas, que despierte algo valiente, crudo... y emocionante.

Gracias por romper las reglas conmigo..

— Antoine Vargas

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5. A Very Sexy Rally!

—By Antoine Vargas

Hello, my darling. As you can see, I'm not home on this rather special day. To celebrate the tenth anniversary of our relationship, I've decided to give you a little gift—something very, very spicy... a sexy rally.

First, I recommend you pour yourself a small drink to relax, because what follows will be full of strong emotions. Your adventure begins at 7 p.m. sharp—no sooner. And it starts right here. You'll find a small metal box under the bed with an envelope inside. I invite you to read it to discover your next instructions.

After returning home from work in a lazy daze, Francis perked up instantly when he read the note Tania had left on the kitchen counter. Like an electric shock at the end of an exhausting day at the office, his sweetheart's little message gave him a sudden burst of energy. The last few weeks had been tough. Late nights at the office, managing an important file, had become routine. Tania, somewhat neglected recently, had clearly decided to pull out all the stops to reignite the spark in her man.

Eagerly, Francis climbed the stairs to the bedroom. The drink could wait. He knelt down and pulled the metal box from its hiding place. He set it on the bed and opened it immediately. He tore open the envelope, only after being intrigued by a small object lying at the bottom of the box.

Bravo, my love—you've reached the first step of a journey that I hope will awaken your senses as much as it satisfies your thirst for adventure. At this very moment, you might notice something if you check the driveway: your car is no longer there. That's right—you'll have to take mine. A second set of keys is in the box.

Francis rushed to the window and, sure enough, his car had vanished. How had she...? Never mind—he went back to reading the second message, heart pounding in his chest.

Now, you're probably wondering about that little blue object. If you're patient, you just might get the chance to discover its purpose—something to explore a part of me that's been off-limits until now. But first, I want you to shower and find something appropriate to wear. Then, head to the hardware store at the little mall nearby. You'll find a bag there with your name on it.

See you soon...

With his head full of the most suggestive images, the lucky partner of Tania hopped in the shower. He took the opportunity to shave the excess hair around his groin. His cock stood tall and proud, and Francis let his soapy hand slide up and down his shaft. He almost let the excitement get the better of him. He stopped just as he felt the sap rising inside.

Francis stepped out of the house dressed entirely in black, carrying the little box, and took Tania's car to the hardware store, his whole body tingling with anticipation. Once inside, he approached the young woman at the register.

— You must be Francis?, she asked with a small smile.

She opened a wide drawer and pulled out a bag in the store's colors. Francis grabbed it and peeked inside. He thanked the young

woman and quickly made his way back to the car. Once inside, he pulled out what looked like straps for a bike rack. Intrigued, he put them back in the bag and reached for the third envelope.

My dear love, you're probably full of questions right now, aren't you? Don't overthink it. You haven't seen anything yet. From here, I want you to head to the adult store where we bought a few things in the past. More instructions—and surprises—await you there.

See you very soon!

Francis couldn't believe it. It had been so long since he and Tania had added a little spice to their relationship. In fact, it had been ages since they'd shared true intimacy. Clearly, his sweet darling had emptied the whole bottle of Tabasco for this occasion. She's on fire, he thought as he drove to the shop mentioned in the message. It was almost too good to be true.

After picking up a brown paper bag at the counter, Francis ran to the car, as a light drizzle was soaking everything outside. He pulled out a bottle of massage oil and a box of ultra-thin Japanese condoms. The oil was in a sleek bottle, with a label boasting its purity and quality. The condoms, though, startled him. After ten years together, they rarely used any protection.

Quick—the next envelope. Francis couldn't wait to read it. The game excited him so much, he didn't even notice the parking ticket an enthusiastic meter attendant had stuck on the windshield—for parking in front of a fire hydrant. A few extra minutes in line had done him in. No matter. This night was priceless.

My handsome man, the tension is rising, isn't it? Shall I continue? I assume you agree. So hop back in the car and return home. That's right! I've left another essential accessory for our evening there. You're getting warmer, my love. There's a black bag waiting for you in the bedroom closet.

Francis let out a little groan of frustration—backtracking felt like going in the wrong direction. But the anticipation of fireworks soon brought back his enthusiasm. He bounded up the stairs two at a time and found the black bag hanging from a hanger, just as Tania had described. Its contents made his eyes go wide. But he only had eyes for the envelope. He grabbed it and set the bag on the bed.

You've finally reached the moment of truth. I want you to come find me in a rather special place. Head to 3777 on the service road off Highway 95. I'm at door number seven. Just follow the map on the back of this note.

Don't be late—I'm waiting for you with great impatience!

Francis grabbed the heavy black bag and got back on the road, following Tania's directions. Night was falling, and the earlier drizzle had become steady rain. The drive turned out to be longer than expected, taking him out of town. The farther he drove, the less he understood. At the designated spot, he took an exit and followed the parallel road. Under the massive yellow and red sign of a motel, the numbers 3777 stood out. Francis turned into the parking lot, feeling a mixture of relief and disbelief. He recognized his own car and parked in front of door number seven. Holding the bags over his head, he got out of the car and ran through the rain. Standing in front of the red door, he was overcome with a confusing blend of curiosity and excitement. The place was nothing like he had imagined—so gloomy and far from the romantic fantasy he'd pictured.

He knocked, and thought he heard a voice despite the sound of rainwater gushing from the roof. The door wasn't locked. He opened it and stepped into the dark room. A musty smell hung in the air. Francis set his bags down and fumbled in the dark, searching for a light switch.

Before he could take more than three steps, the room lit up.

— Hello, darling, Tania said in a sultry voice.

Tania was lying on one of the two double beds in the shabby motel room. Her legs were spread wide in a provocative pose. The sight was far beyond what Francis had hoped for, and he forgot all about the drab brown-paneled walls around them. His gorgeous lover was wearing a black bustier, fishnet stockings clipped to garters, and long satin gloves, also black. Her pale skin contrasted vividly with the ensemble.

— Could you set up our camera on the tripod that is in the black bag? I want to film our little experience, she instructed, her thick red hair tumbling over one shoulder.

Still stunned, Francis took a few seconds to process her request, then complied. He pulled out their old camcorder and carefully framed the shot, making sure Tania was perfectly centered on the bed. Once everything was set, she asked Francis to lie down on the other bed. She handed him a glass of wine and put on some sensual music using the portable speaker she'd swiped from their kitchen.

Francis obeyed and reclined on the bed, resting against the headboard. He looked at his wife, more beautiful than ever. From head to high heels, nothing had been left to chance. He saw her in a completely new light—so far from the everyday woman he

knew. Even her silhouette, cinched by the lacy bodice, gave Tania a whole new allure.

After selecting the perfect track, Tania walked over and straddled him, placing a knee on either side of his hips. She leaned in and unbuttoned his shirt, grazing his chest with her lips. Francis closed his eyes, inhaling the intoxicating scent she'd chosen for the evening. She exposed his torso, then moved on to his pants.

Now, he wore only white briefs. Like a cat, she approached the final barrier between her and his sex, which was straining to escape. Tania began to nibble on his cock through the taut fabric. Francis started regretting his earlier shower session—the pleasure was rising so fast, he feared he'd come before the main event even began. He gritted his teeth as she slowly peeled down his briefs and revealed his hard, flushed cock.

Completely naked, Francis watched her sway sensually to the music. She hovered near his pink, throbbing cock, blowing softly on the tight skin. Then she stuck out her tongue and teased the tip. After long, torturous seconds, she finally enveloped him in her warm mouth, drawing a deep moan of pleasure from him. The heat surrounding his shaft made him forget the cold draft in the room.

But before he could truly enjoy it, Francis grabbed Tania's head and pulled her away.

— I'll come if you keep going, he said, trying to catch his breath.

Tania pulled back, brushed her hair from her face, and smiled. Then she dug into the black bag and pulled out the set of red straps. That's when Francis realized the real fun was only beginning. He

played along, letting her tie him up. Tania carefully secured his wrists to the headboard using the strap's fasteners.

She leaned down and kissed his cock. Francis groaned again. Then Tania stepped back and lay down on the other bed, tilting her head back and spreading her legs wide.

— Stephen, you can come out now, she called toward the bathroom.

Francis flinched when he saw a man in his late twenties emerge shirtless from the shadows, wearing only a pair of white track pants. Tania's husband was stunned. He could clearly see the young man's arousal through the thin fabric—and guess what might happen next.

— Remember Stephen, the massage therapist from the spa we go to? No? Well, here he is. He has an incredibly soft touch—he gets me wet every time he massages me. But that's another story..."

Tania was staring Stephen straight in the eyes while addressing Francis. She motioned for her new accomplice to come closer and grabbed his head, pulling it between her thighs. She began to moan softly as her new lover nibbled her swollen lips. Her panties were soaked with arousal. In a firm voice, Tania told Stephen to take them off. He did so, rolling them slowly down her thighs.

Francis remained silent, watching. Tania saw his breathing quicken, the tension in his neck rise, but he didn't say a word.

With gentle care, Stephen unhooked Tania's bustier, leaving her in just her stockings and black heels. Now fully revealed, she asked him to bring over the brown paper bag and the metal box. He set