

# **Voyeur Kate**

**A Kate's New Toy Box Erotic Story**

**By: Alexis Alexandra**

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# Chapter One

## The Mystery Box

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Kate pulled into the driveway of her all-brick construction ranch-style house; its orange brick façade went beautifully with the changing leaves of the surrounding oak and maple trees. The front lawn was starting to get high from all the recent rain, but she didn't care. With the house so far off the road and surrounded almost completely by tall trees, it was sight unseen. She would occasionally call her neighbor to mow the lawn, rake leaves, or pick up fallen branches, but he was busy with college right now he didn't have the time, so the yard suffered. As did Kate's imagination. She loved watching the shirtless young man landscape her lawn, and many a times was it that her mind wondered at the possibilities.

Kate slammed on the brakes, stopping inches from the garage door, the overgrowing yard the last of her concerns. She sat in her 2008 Ford Taurus watching the rain beat down on the world as it had almost non-stop for the last three days. She pressed the button on the remote hooked to the visor, nothing happened. She pressed it a little harder to the same effect "Just perfect," she said gripping the steering wheel tightly. She took a few deep breathes in a feeble attempt to calm her nerves, opened the car door, and ran for the front porch, slamming the car door behind her.

Sitting next to the front door was a large box wrapped in fancy blue and gold paper. "What in the hell is this?" she asked out loud. "I didn't order anything." She reached for the doorknob only to realize her hand was empty. She looked back at her sitting twenty feet away getting an early autumn washing courtesy of Mother Nature. The grey sky flashed orange and blue with lightning, thunder quickly followed.

"Ungh," she sighed irritably, running back to the car. She grabbed the keys out of the ignition and huffed it back to the relative dryness of the porch. She stepped in a puddle, the heel of her left shoe catching in a crack. Her balance shifted and down she went. She scraped her palms against the rough concrete of the walkway in an attempt to prevent her face from slamming into it. She thought momentarily of just lying there mouth agape so the rain could put her out of her misery, but had second thoughts and climbed to her feet. She nearly toppled over again as she realized almost too late that the heel of her left shoe was still in the crack, while her foot was not. She removed her shoes, throwing them on the porch in disgust. She picked up the mysterious box and went inside.

Kate sat the box on the floor next to the glass-top coffee table and stomped through the house to the bathroom where she stripped out of her work clothes and wrapped a large towel around herself. She turned the water on for the tub and let it fill as she examined the damage to her hands.

She washed the scrapes out with cool water and poured peroxide on them to stave off any infections before stepping into the tub. There was only a few inches of hot water in the bottom, but she didn't care. She added her favorite lilac-scented bubble bath and lay down, letting the water fill up around her. She closed her eyes and tried to forget the woes of an incredibly bad day at work.

Kate left the bathroom feeling refreshed. Returning to the living room on her way to the kitchen to make dinner she saw the large box sitting next to the coffee table. She sat down on the

couch and slid it across the carpet, surprised at its weight. It didn't feel heavy when she carried it in, but then again the adrenaline may have been rushing then. The box was addressed to her with a label from UPS. The sender was one Mr. E. And with an address of 1313 Pleasure Lane, she was certain it was fake. Next to the address label was an envelope taped in place by clear box tape. It read: PLEASE READ BEFORE OPENING THE BOX.

Kate cut the tape around the envelope and lifted it from the box, inside was a piece of folded paper.

*Dearest Kate,*

*You have a decision to make. Is it your desire to continue living the boring, lonely life you have for the last year, or are you finally ready to move on and add some excitement back into your dreary existence? If you wish to continue brooding over the loss of your boyfriend simply set the box back outside and forget about it. I'll make sure it gets picked back up. However, if you want the alternative, if you want to experience pleasure beyond your imagination open the box, use what you find inside.*

—Mr. E

“What in the hell?” Kate said to herself. “Who in the hell does this guy think he is?” She started thinking about Brad, her ex. He left her for a younger woman a year ago today. It was one of the reasons she was in such a foul mood. She was madly in love with him and thought he felt the same way until she came home to find him in bed with his best friend's sister. And now, a year later he was still banging whomever the hell he pleased while she came home every night to an empty home.

The break-up devastated Kate more than any previous split. Brad was the man of her dreams – tall, ruggedly handsome, and orgasmic in bed. At thirty-one years old she thought she was still an attractive woman, the constant cat calls and stares from men and the occasional woman told her that much. But when Brad dumped her for a woman ten years younger she felt like an ugly duckling.

A year later, at thirty-two, she was still alone, not dating for fear of being heartbroken again. She was in desperate need of attention even if she wouldn't admit it to herself. It wasn't for lack of interest as there were plenty of men hitting on her, but she turned them all away. And, after her one foray into the world of same-sex relationships failed miserably, she swore off dating for good. She wholeheartedly blamed herself. Jessica, the woman she tried dating, was smart, beautiful, and incredibly understanding, but like any relationship the topic inevitably worked its way around to sex. Kate wasn't ready to go that far so early in the relationship and it ended shortly after. Now, here she was alone in her living room with a mysterious box promising to bring her unimaginable pleasures.

She pulled the fancy wrapping paper away to reveal an ordinary cardboard box; she opened it. Inside was a hand-carved, walnut box surrounded by packing peanuts. Etched into the lid with a careful hand was: BOX 1: FROM PAIN FIND PLEASURE. She lifted the box out and sat it on the coffee table. There were three more boxes underneath. She sat them in a row on the table. Each one was hand-carved walnut, the lids etched with writing. BOX 2: THE JOYS OF BEING WATCHED. BOX 3: LOVE THYSELF. BOX 4: PLEASURE IN THE BIZARRE.

She opened the boxes to examine their contents and was shocked at what she found. In box 1 were several clamps, some teardrop shapes in different weights, a ball gag with big red ball, a pack of long thin needles, several different colored tapered candles and a lighter. Box number two was a little more mysterious. All it contained was a map of town with several spots circled, a camcorder, and a note with instructions. The note read:

*When you are ready, go to the circled spots and watch the activities of your neighbors. You will be amazed at what you see. To return the favor you should make a video pleasuring yourself and send it to at least three of the people you watch.*

Box three contained several sex toys including two double dildos, one 12 inches long and 1 1/2 inches thick and the other 18 inches long and 2 1/2 inches thick; a pack of butt plugs that ranged from 1 inch thick to 3 1/2 inches thick; and three realistic dildos with suction cup bases. The first was 8 inches long 2 inches thick and flesh colored. The second was 10 inches long 2 1/2 inches thick and brown. The last, and largest, dildo was 13 inches long 3 inches thick and black.

“Good lord,” she gasped “what in the hell does this guy think I am, a horse? I’d have to be to take some of these damn things.” She tossed the big black dildo back in the box and opened the forth. It contained the most bizarre looking items she had ever seen. She assumed they were dildos of some sort, but had never seen anything quite like them. The first was 10 inches long from tip to base, pointed and tapered to about 2 inches before ending at a large bulge about 3/4 of the way down, with another 2-3 inches beyond the bulge. The second item was about a foot long and shaped like a corkscrew. The screw part was nine inches long and fairly thin that ended at a small handle that Kate discovered held 3 AA batteries. She flipped a little switch and the toy came to life, rotating back and forth while vibrating. She shut it off and picked up the largest toy she had ever seen. It was as long as her arm and just as thick with a flared head bigger than her fist. There was another piece of paper and a large bottle of lube inside the box.

*When you have taken all three of these wonderful toys in all of your holes, when you’ve felt them deliver their awesome pleasures, you will be ready for the real thing. When you are ready come to the following address and experience for yourself the pleasures of the bizarre.*

There was an address below. Kate recognized the street name but not the specific address. It was a thirty minute drive out into farm country. She put the paper back in the box along with the strange toys and closed the lid. She plopped down on the couch. She considered packing everything up and getting rid of the box, but then had a change of mind. *Someone has gone through a lot of trouble and money; she thought to see that I have at least some sort of pleasure in my life. Why not at lease give some of it a try? It’s not like I have to use all of it or do everything he suggested.*

She opened box three again, looking intimidated as she picked through the large toys. She picked out the smaller of the double dildos, examining its rigid surface with her fingers. She set it down and pulled open the towel she was wearing, leaving it on the couch to catch her pussy juices once the fun started.

She leaned back on the couch, her legs spread open wide revealing her waxed and wet mound. She picked up the flesh colored dildo and rubbed it along her slit. She bumped it roughly against her clit, watched the sensitive flesh beginning to swell. With shaky hands she pressed the dildo in, pausing after the large head popped into her warm, wet tunnel.

“Ah,” she moaned softly as she pushed it slowly and firmly deeper. It was the first cock she had taken in over a year and she was long overdue. She buried it to the large rubber balls, pulled out completely out, and then shoved it back in deep and hard. “Ah GOD yes,” she moaned louder as she fucked herself with the rubber cock. She got a crazy idea and pushed the toy all the

way in, holding it in place with closed legs. She rummaged through the first box and pulled out a pair of clamps on a thin chain. She attached one to each nipple, the grip squeezing her sensitive nipples painfully, but pleurably. She picked up a long red candle and looked it over.

*Does he really expect me to do what I think he wants me to do?* She thought. *That has to hurt.* “DUH,” she said with a palm slap to the forehead “of course that’s what he wants me to do.” She looked at the box lid, FROM PAIN FIND PLEASURE. “What the hell,” she shrugged, lighting the candle. The wax heated quickly, dripping down the sides of the tapered candle like tears. She tilted it letting the hot wax splatter on the skin of her hand. It hurt briefly for a split second before the wax cooled and hardened on her pale porcelain skin.

Kate leaned back against the couch. She held the candle over her smooth, flat stomach and let it drip. “Aghh,” she moaned. She jerked her hand a little, causing the wax to fall in a somewhat circular pattern. She moved her hand lower, the wax dripping on the tender flesh of her mound. “OH SHIT,” she gasped. “That fucking hurts!” More red wax splashed along her slit, and onto the dildo buried in her quivering pussy. She tugged the chain connecting the nipple clamps together, their grip tightened, and she exploded in orgasm. It was the most intense orgasm she could remember.

When the orgasm subsided she pulled out the dildo and tossed it unceremoniously on the stand. She looked down her body, covered with patches of red wax. She looked at her swollen nipples, clenched between the rubber pads of the cloverleaf clamps. “Holy shit,” she sighed happily. “That was fucking amazing!” She picked up the larger brown dildo and smiled. The ideas were pouring through her head. She pushed it firmly against the glass top of the coffee table, sticking it in place. Another idea struck her. She went into the kitchen, picked up a chair from the table, and returned to the living room. She popped the brown dildo off the table and pressed it firmly in place on the wooden chair.

She picked up the flesh colored dildo that she just fucked herself on and placed it on the chair behind the brown one. After covering both with a generous amount of lube she straddled the chair; the longer, fatter brown dildo hit her pussy a good three inches before the flesh colored one hit her puckered back door. This wasn't the first time she had tried anal, but it had been more than a year since her last time.

She reached back and spread her ass open as the head of the dildo pressed against her hole. She took a deep breath and lowered down on both. The head popped into her ass and the shaft, being slightly smaller, slid in as well. The combination of the toys buried in her ass and pussy at the same time made her feel fuller than ever. Doing a threesome was something Brad and previous boyfriends wanted her to do. Now, as she fucked herself on the two dildos, she regretted not indulging their fantasies. She sank down until her ass was resting fully on the chair before rising again until only the head of the dildo remained in her ass.

She sank back down on the cocks and picked up the partially burned red candle and lit it. Once the wax began to drip she tipped it toward her breasts. The hot wax splashed on her breasts above her clamped nipples. It hurt like hell and she considered stopping but for the tingling sensation in her pussy.

“Ungh,” she cried out in a mix of pain and pleasure as the wax hardened and the toys stretched her open. She gave the thin chain holding the clamps together a tug and felt them grow even tighter. Her pussy and ass clamped tighter around the dildos as a series of orgasms erupted from deep within.

“If I’m going to do this,” she cooed when the orgasms subsided “I’m going to do it right. No half-assed bullshit for me tonight.” She pressed down on the dildos, taking their full length in her holes. “Whomever the hell Mr. E is he knows more about me than I do,” she said picking up the monster black dildo and lubed it thoroughly. She stood up, removed the smaller dildo that was in her ass only seconds ago, positioned the brown dildo further back and placed the black dildo on the chair. She lowered herself on the giant rubber dick, screaming in agony as it stretched her open. Her quivering pussy was on fire. She pressed deeper. “I hope you’re happy Mr. E,” She wailed in blissful pleasure. “I hope this is what you wanted because my holes will never be the same again.”

Fifteen minutes and three orgasms later she collapsed to the floor with a smile of contentment. She was long overdue for that fucking and loved every second of it, even though her holes were now sore and gaping. She closed her eyes and fell into blissful slumber, pussy juices still running down her thighs.