Kate's Anal Correspondence Course: Lesson 1

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Kate has her first experience of anal in a hot Webcam encounter with a mysterious tutor

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Kate looked at the small brown package left by the UPS truck. The package itself was utterly unremarkable in every way except that it was curiously heavy for such a small box. The sender's name was printed on the shipping slip, but this gave no clue as to what might be inside.

The name 'W & A Distribution' meant nothing to Kate either. But she knew exactly what the package contained and the very thought of it gave her a knot in her stomach and caused her asshole to clench tightly shut.

If she had been alone, Kate would have torn the box open to see and touch the smooth steel object inside. But her sister-in-law had come round for coffee and was hovering in the background.

"Oh the spare parts," Kate said and whisked the unopened package upstairs to forestall further enquiries from Mrs Nosey-boots. Lynne was a person of infinite curiosity and negligible discretion. Which made her great fun to talk with when the topic of conversation was other people and worrisome when one had secrets of one's own to hide. Not that she would tell her brother Frank anything directly, she would just tell enough people to make it inevitable her husband would eventually find out.

The box arrived on Thursday but Frank was off work on Friday with a cold and then came the weekend and so it was early Monday morning before Kate was alone in the house. Kate took the box from its hiding place and placed it on the bed.

The sheets bore the evidence of sex from the night before. As always, Frank's efforts had been brief and undistinguished. He was a great father and a good husband but a crap lover. As usual Frank had fallen asleep immediately leaving Kate to attend to her own needs. As usual the wank had provided a momentary release but left her feeling unsatisfied.

Unable to stop herself, Kate opened the small brown cardboard package that she had thought about every minute since it had arrived. In amongst the polystyrene packing was a small black box in a pink cardboard sleeve.

Kate pulled out her MacBook but the person she was looking for wasn't online. That figured: East Coast, West Coast. She knew this meant she should really put the box back in its hiding place and go to her attic office to work. But she didn't want to have to work while she could only think about the box. Instead, she ran a bath and began shaving her legs. Then on a whim she decided to trim her public hair and as her repeated efforts to make a triangle that pleased her failed, removed the lot.

Running her soapy fingers over her denuded pussy made her feel sexy and special. She had shaved her pussy before in a failed attempt to interest Frank in going down on her. But this time it wasn't Frank that she was preparing herself for.

A short while later, Kate was demonstrating her handiwork to Anal14u. A. as everyone on Lush called him, was appropriately appreciative of her effort as she spread her legs to show her now bald sex. It was the sight of her asshole that made him most excited however, his already erect member appearing to become somehow stiffer, thicker and more erect.

Cyber-caming was a recent discovery for Kate. She had been a lush regular for over a year and had read countless stories and engaged in numerous hot and sexy chats. But A. had been the first and so far only one to persuade her to show her body to another person in this way. He had also been the first person to persuade her that she should stop thinking about anal sex and start thinking about trying it.

The cam breakthrough had come after he had suggested they be fully clothed and arrange their cameras so that they could each only see the lower part of the other's body. She had dismissed this idea with a laugh when he suggested it. But the thought of where that arrangement might lead had stuck in her head. She liked the anonymity of being online and she also liked the thought of being an exhibitionist.

When they hooked up again a week later, Kate was the one who suggested they try it out. When Skype finally connected A. was somewhat surprised to find that Kate's camera was trained on her naked sex. Over time Kate had lost all reluctance about showing her body but A. still refused to show his face for some reason. Like a pornographic version of a James Bond villain, she had only ever seen his body from the waist down.

It was time at last to remove the little box from its plastic shrinkwrap and pink cardboard sleeve.

Inside the box, on a little cushion of black silk lay a small silver colored object that looked a little bit like a strawberry with a handle on the end of its stalk.

"It looks delicious," Kate said, "Can I try it now?"

"No." came the reply, "First you need to get yourself ready. Let me show you."

While Kate watched with rapt attention, A. gently lubed his anus with a finger, then pressed gently on the opening. After working it for a little while, the finger slipped inside.

He removed his finger to apply more lube, repeating the process several times. Kate copied him. Somewhat to her surprise the feeling was not unpleasant. It was soothing rather than disgusting or painful.

A. showed Kate how to fit a second finger inside herself by crossing her fingers. It felt interesting, erotic even but not what she had imagined.

"Is this right?" Kate asked.

"Now stroke your pussy."

Kate understood the point the moment her finger touched her slit sending a frisson of pleasure through her body.

"Ohh", Kate gasped, "I think I could come."

"Better perhaps." her partner replied.

"Better than an orgasm?" this didn't seem logical but A. ignored her question.

"I think you are ready." It was a command rather than a statement of fact.

At his direction, Kate, applied lube to the stainless steel plug and pressed it up against her anus. To her surprise it slipped inside quite easily and smoothly with firm, smooth pressure. The handle fitted snugly up against her perineum. It was surprisingly comfortable but impossible to forget she was wearing it as every slightest movement of her body reminded her it was inside her.

"A butt plug goes in and stays in," her partner informed her and showed her another plug, very similar to the one she had been instructed to buy only quite a bit bigger.

Kate watched as her friend slowly inserted the enormous plug into his ass. This took him a little longer than the same thing had taken her but the result evidently pleased him.

He showed her his cock. It was long and stiff and quite thick. Kate wondered what it would be like to have him fuck her. To have a feeling of being filled for once. She adjusted the cam to give him a full view of her pussy and plugged ass and started working herself with her fingers.

The feeling was familiar yet different. Like listening to a remix of a favorite song it was neither better nor worse, but different, more intense. Kate thought at first that she would come almost immediately but was surprised to find that instead of reaching a climax, her arousal kept growing.

When her orgasm did finally arrive it was bigger, longer and somehow wider than she had ever known before. Instead of being concentrated in one spot (precisely where Kate had no idea) the orgasm seemed to extend forwards and backwards, upwards and down.

Her partner came a little while later shooting white jets of seed onto his desk with a long gasp.

They chatted for a while and A. told her that she should try using the plug every day for at least a week. It was designed to be worn for quite long periods of time and could even be worn under clothes. Once she was used to the smallest plug she could graduate to the next size up. Then they could meet online for her next lesson then.

"The bigger plug?" Kate asked.

"No," A. replied, "We have done practice. Next it's some theory."

"There is a theory of anal sex?" Kate imagined Einstein giving a lecture on the special and the general theory of anal sex.

"There are theories for everything and knowing about them can greatly increase the amount of pleasure you receive and help you understand how you give pleasure to others."

"Its tighter, right?" Kate had read this somewhere.

"That is only a small part of the story and not the most important part. But I need to go now and we must leave that for next time."

A. left the chat for another conference call and Kate rolled out of bed to head for the office and the

work she had been neglecting. As she did so, the heavy object between her legs reminded her of its presence.

"Shit!" Kate gasped. Her hand reached for her crotch as the delicious feeling returned. Getting through the next week was going to be much harder than she had imagined.