Best Cure for Boredom

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Friday night takes a turn for the better.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/best-cure-for-boredom.aspx

I love when my parents are out of the house. And who wouldn't? The peace and quiet without my father obsessively trying to convince me to follow his path in life is more of a relief than I can describe. It's also rather nice not to have my amazingly nurturing mother fretting about me; she needs a night to relax.

My parents received a call on Wednesday from their friends in New Hampshire, requesting their company for dinner. The speaker phone made my 'uncle' sound hollow as he rattled off the details of the impending overnight visit. The plan was that my parents would leave after work on Friday, and stay until Saturday evening. My mother immediately asked me if I'd be alright by myself overnight.

I tried to contain my enthusiasm while I answered, "Yes, Mom. You both deserve to relax. You should go." Inside I was screaming *"please say that you'll go!"*

My mother's unblinking gaze scrutinized my face, trying to search for some indication that I was lying and secretly begging for them to stay.

She found no such indication, and the plans were made.

Tonight is Friday, and they just left! I have the house to myself! Unable to contain my glee, I let myself do a dorky little jig in the middle of my living room before grabbing my phone to send a mass text of: "Friday night! Who's coming over???"

A couple hours pass by painfully slow, as the texts roll in with excuses of not being able to get off work, or already having made plans. I call my best friend, who would come down to see me if the trains ran at this point at night.

"Hi, Lydia."

"Tiff," I whine, "I'm so bored; I don't know what to do!" My restlessness makes me pace the length of the short hallway between the living room and my own room many times as we talk.

"So why don't you do what you always do when you're bored," Tiff suggests with a chuckle.

For some reason, my mind isn't allowing me to come to the same conclusion as she obviously has, so my incredibly intelligent and witty response becomes: "Hurgh?"

I know, I'm a genius...

"Attack yourself between the legs with a dildo," she clarifies, clearly amused by my clueless behavior. "Isn't that what you usually do when you're bored?"

I play with the strap on my bra with a thumb, tugging slightly so the cup hugs my breast a little tighter, thinking about it for a moment before saying, "You're right. I should. I think I need it."

"Have fun," she sings through the phone before I end the call.

I stride down the hallway once more into my room, shutting the door behind me out of habit. I want to make this a night of pleasure for myself. Sort of a night of being sexually pampered. I strip my bed of everything but one sheet, making sure to check my closet for a replacement bedspread for when it will be needed.

Now, what do I need for tonight? I ask myself.

I pull open the drawer on my nightstand to find my answer: massage oil, a purple vibrating dildo, a blue vibrator, about ten clothes pins,a redtaper candle, and a lighter. I arrange these items on my nightstand. In my desk drawer I find a couple votive candles that I plan to light later on for mood; the harsh desk lamp is not conducive to any of the activities I've planned for the night...

I decide that taking a shower is a good idea, taking care to shave off every trace of pubic hair. My shower is quick and hot; by the time I step out, I can feel my face and chest are flushed with excitement, and glancing in the mirror confirms these suspicions. My dark eyes gaze back into mine before moving onto my blushing cheeks, my aroused half-smile, and the flush that is slowly spreading across my chest. I notice my hair is hanging into my eyes so I grab my hairbrush. Brushing out my hair takes a couple minutes, and I pull it back, securing it in a half up style that would keep it out of my face, but not get in the way if I decide to lie down. I don’t bother with a towel; I sort of imagine that my body temperature is so high, the water that clings to my body will evaporate and turn to steam while I make my way, naked, to my room.

My bed has always been comfortable, and I melt right into it, enjoying the feel of the soft sheets against my porcelain-white skin. During the summer, I tan rather deeply, making many assume my nationality and ethnicity is Native American. But, during the fall and winter months, my skin loses the majority of its color, and I become fairer skinned.

I run my hands down the length of my body, over my shoulders and soft skin of my tits, avoiding my nipples. Down my stomach and thighs and back up; I avoid my mound and nipples again. I look down to see my little nipples are erect and begging for touch. I reach for a clothespin, and pin a small area of skin above my nipple, one on each side. I groan as I feel the pins squeezing me, and feel the blood rushing to my already swollen cunt lips. My nipples throb as I secure another to the skin just under my nipples, eliciting another moan from me. Two clips go on each swollen bald pussy lips. They hurt, and for a moment, I fight the urge to take them off. I clench my fists until this urge dissipates. I gasp and squirm with effort at not stroking my pulsating clit.

I can feel my juices dripping down my ass and onto the bed, and the urge to be penetrated overrules my sense of prolonging my pleasure. I reach for the blue vibrator, which is about six inches long and about an inch in diameter at its widest. My tongue tastes every inch of it as I suck it into my mouth, lubricating it rather liberally. I swirl my tongue around the hard dick, curling it in as though it were real. I admit, I get a little carried away, but I like sucking…

Once my oral fixation is satisfied, I press the tip of the vibrator against the star of my anus, teasing myself for only a moment. Anal penetration is a great pleasure that I haven't received in a while, a problem I'm more than prepared to remedy. I wince as my sphincter gives way to allow the vibrator inside, filling me completely.

My eyes squeeze closed as I allow my asshole to adjust to its welcome invader, pushing it in until only the cord is outside my body. The slow friction inside me is enough to make me pant. I leave the switch off, wanting to enjoy the simple incredible pleasure of being filled this way.

"That feels so damn good," I whisper as I pull at the clothespins on my outer lips before reaching for the taper candle and lighter. In a moment the wick is lit, and bright red wax is dripping down the side.

Hm... Where should I drip first? I decide on my tits, near the pins.

Drip.... drip..... drip....

The sting is for only a moment before the candlewax cools against my right breast; it's enough to make me wince, but not enough to stop...

Drip.... drip..... drip....

The left breast is nearly covered in cooling candlewax. I decide to cover my sensitive little nipples.

"Oh shit," I gasp, as I assault my nipples with the pain and pleasure of melting wax before moving to drip down my stomach. By the time I'm done, my upper body looks like a splatter artwork of red wax. I drop the candle back onto the candle with one hand, dragging my nails along my body to peel off the wax.

My sensitive skin marks easily, and I love watching red streaks form from my nails, revealing small patches on my chest where the wax was hot enough to leave a slight burn. It is nothing that aloe won't take care of…

Once the wax has been removed, I notice that the pins on my pussy lips have become more than I can bear… Slowly, I take off the one on the left, feeling blood rush back to where it had been deprived. I let out a soft whimper as I remove the right one too.

I trail my fingers back up my hips, my fingernails dancing lightly up my body as my eyes close lazily. I reach over and pick up the purple dildo, pulling it into my mouth, my lips sucking the shaft greedily.

A sudden shiver of desire pulls me from my oral ministrations; I feel my hand switch to auto-pilot as I guide the slippery tip of the dildo down my chest and stomach, teasing my pussy lips for as long as I can stand…

And then I thrust it into my achingly eager, hungry cunt all the way to the hilt. I pant softly, groaning as I feel the dildo fill me completely. A million and twelve fantasies pop into my mind, but I push them out, wanting to focus on the present. I want to focus on the wonderful sensations that rack my body.

I switch on both vibrators, letting out a scream when the forces of the vibrations ripple through me. I pound my tender pussy with the dildo over and over again, raising my hips to get in deeper.

Harder and harder, my pussy squeezing and clamping around the dildo, squirting my juices around it. I scream, my hips buck, my eyes squeeze shut, my back arches while I ride the waves of my climax, shoving the dildo as deeply as I can, with as much force as I can.

With numb hands, I switch off the vibrators, pulling them gingerly out of me. I lay in bed, watching the candlelight make shadows on the wall while I recover.

It is a slow process of changing the sheet on the bed. I clean myself off with the towel from yesterday's shower, grab my comforter and collapse onto the bed.

A buzzing sound from the nightstand nudges me, and I pick it up, curious as to whom could be texting me at this hour.

It is Tiff.

Incoming Message: "Have fun?"

I respond with: *"To put it mildly. Dead tired."*

I didn't see her response. I had already fallen asleep, warm and satisfied.