

# Erin Explores Ch 01: The Gift Card

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*following her 52nd birthday, recent divorcee Erin decides to explore her sexuality.*

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Erin woke with a start as the wind billowed the heavy drape curtains through the open bedroom window, catching the curtains on the chair and leaving sunlight to spill directly on her face and torso. A rattle came from downstairs as the postman delivered the mail, startling her, and she grabbed her blackberry from the side table where it lay, face down. Hitting the central button with her thumb, she woke it up and looked at the time, then dropped the phone back on the table, and lay back, shutting her eyes against the brilliance of the sun. It was a Monday morning in August, the day after her fifty-second birthday, and there was absolutely no reason why she had to get up and start her day. After all, her divorce had made her independently wealthy, she had no appointments today, and she had only come back from her birthday party at two in the morning. After a few minutes lying in bed, enjoying the feeling of the sun warming her face and neck, guilt about sleeping in and the curiosity about the mail that was lying on the floor downstairs drove her to get out of bed. Erin grabbed the sheets with her left hand and threw them back, then sat up, her legs dangling off the right side of the bed, facing the window, the sun and the day ahead. Standing up, she moved over to the window and opened the curtains, then turned to survey the room. Her clothes from the night before were strewn on the floor where she had left them when getting changed for bed, her dress near the bedroom door over her heels, her bra lying on the top of the dresser, panties over the edge of the laundry basket in the closet where she had thrown them before going into bed. Erin walked across the room to the door, and headed down the hall, and down the stairs, through the kitchen to the front of the house. The solid door was closed, and on the ground in front of it lay a collection of letters, Even from ten feet away, the white and beige envelopes showed that most of them were bills. But she could see right at the very bottom, the corner of a hot pink envelope mostly hidden by the other mail, and a smile spread across her face. She grabbed the letter, and saw that it was from Alison, her best friend and confidante who lived in Vancouver, and tucked it in her pocket to read after breakfast. After breakfast was done, and all the dishes tidied away, and after a long and soothing shower, Erin sat naked on her bed, wrapped in a towel and reached for the letter. Erin rolled over onto her stomach, and hung her arms over the end of the bed, as she read the letter. "Dear Darlin' Girl" it began. Dear Darlin' Girl, first of all, the Happiest of Birthdays! I wish I could be there to celebrate this with you, I

miss you horribly and talking with you on the phone once a week just doesn't count as time together. Now I know that I've timed this to come the day after your birthday (and I know we talked yesterday.. and this is a separate surprise and birthday present for you). I decided it was time for a pep-talk, and since I can't give it to you in person, then a letter will be the most persuasive way to do it. Erin, you are 52 years young, and have so much time ahead of you, and I can't let you waste one more minute of it. For the last thirty years, and especially since that damned cancer, you have lead an entirely almost sexless life. It wasn't your fault, if that idiot Jeremy had an ounce of sex drive to him, or of sense, well you know what he was like. But you have had six months since your divorce, and from what I can tell you've not taken the chance to experiment, to live, to have some sexy fun. Now I know you very well, and I know that you're not going to go out and do this by yourself. So I've gone ahead and purchased a gift card in your name at Steamy. I expect you to go, and take advantage. If you haven't gone by the time we have our next phone call, then I'll be extremely disappointed. There is a whole side of yourself that you've never had a chance to explore, and I'm not going to let you get away without enjoying that side of yourself. When you go in, tell them that you're Erin, Alison's friend, and they will understand what is going on. I look forward to hearing about what you purchased while you are there! Lots of love (and much more affection) Allison

Erin laid the letter on the duvet, and rolled on to her back, feet hanging off the end of the bed. This letter was not out of the blue, and Allison's disapproval of Erin's inability to explore her sexual side has been a constant criticism of the marriage since they had met when their children went to the same preschool. Allison was a very confidant person, especially of her sexuality, and Erin had lived vicariously through her stories the entire time they had known each other. Erin had heard about everything from buying sex toys, to watching porn and reading erotic stories, and even Allison's experiments with group sex, but all her attempts to bring that curiosity into her own life had been quickly shut down by Jeremy. Although they had had sex about once a month after the kids were born, when the cancer had struck Jeremy had totally lost interest in her, and they had not had sex since she had begun chemotherapy treatments. Jeremy hadn't even been interested in her breast reconstruction surgery. Jeremy's inability to be sexually interested had led her own sex drive to plummet, so while she had listened to Allison's stories of masturbation and fantasies with curiosity, she had remained unable to even create the drive to masturbate more often than once every couple of months, while before the cancer she had at least masturbated once a week. Erin stood, walked into the bathroom, hung the towel up on the rack then looked at herself objectively in the mirror. Allison was right, she was a very attractive woman. Standing at five foot six, she wasn't overly tall, which gave her a nice curvy appearance that she theoretically knew that was attractive. She raised both her hands, cupped her breasts, pushing them up and together. She had spent a lot of money trying to get the most realistic breast construction she could, so while her C cup breasts were starting droop a little, they felt wonderful. It had been a long time since Erin had taken her breasts in her hands without doing a check for lumps, and brushing the tips of her thumbs across her nipples made her bite her lip without thinking about it. Watching herself in the mirror, she cradled her breasts in her left arm taking the nipple of her right between her finger and thumb, and slowly trailed her right hand down her torso, the tips of her fingers lightly grazing over

her stomach. As she moved slowly the tip of one of her fingers to her clit, she paused, smiled, and then headed out of the bathroom, her mind made up. \*\* After lunch at her favourite sushi restaurant on Yonge Street, Erin walked south down the street to Steamy. It wasn't her first time into the store, as she had gone in on several occasions with Allison, but it her first time in a number of years, and the first time by herself. She came to the front of the store and paused, a little unsure of herself, but the memory of how she had felt, standing in the bathroom allowed her to gather her courage and step inside. She stood at the threshold for a moment, then continued into the store as the door closed behind her. It was larger than she remembered it, with racks of lingerie, clothes and shoes near the front of the store. About 20 from the front, steps the width of the shop split to a raised level, and a lower level. The shop was busier than she thought it be for a mid Monday afternoon, with a few women and one man browsing the shelves. The woman behind the counter was dealing with a customer, and the other young woman was in the lower section helping some with some lingerie, so Erin walked up to the stairs and browsed the shelves of toys. This is what she remembered from her previous visit with Allison, as they had spent most of their time in the store in this section. The section was larger than she remembered, with a much larger selection and variety of toys than the last time she had been. All kinds of vibrators, wands, and dildos ran from floor to near the ceiling, and was more than a little bit intimidating. Lots of things caught her eye, from the dildos with a suction cup for the base, to the Sybian machine that was in the far corner. As she rounded the corner, she saw that the girl who had been helping at the desk was on her way up the stairs. She was a brunette, and looked to be about in her mid twenties, and was wearing dress shorts, peep-toe stiletto slingbacks, a tanktop and a blazer. On her left breast was a plastic name-tag, with ROXY on it. "Is there anything I can help you with?" Roxy came over to stand beside Erin. "You look a little bit lost up here, and we certainly don't want you to get lost." She smiled uncertainly at Erin, who was a bit taken aback. Erin almost said that she was okay, then regained her composure. After all, if a woman half her age could be comfortable about her sexuality, than so could she. "Hi, I'm Erin, I'm here to pick up a gift card that my friend Allison got for me?" She smiled nervously, then relaxed as Roxy smiled in welcome again. "Yes of course, well it's not a gift card, per se. If you will follow me downstairs, we have your gift waiting for you." She turned with a nod of her head, and Erin followed her down the stairs to the main level, then further down into the basement. The basement was even larger than the upstairs level, and was filled with books, DVDs. At the end of the basement level, they came through a door to a well lit room, that was set up for a seminar. Erin sat at one of the chairs around the central table at Roxy's gesture, and waited as Roxy grabbed a cardboard box from the side of the room, and placed it on the table, then sat down herself. "Allison is one of best customers, and has been for years, and so when she asked us to put something together for her best friend, only the best would do. What we've put together for you is something we call the starter pack. We usually give these to women as part of the registration for our Exploring your Sexuality seminar series, but since you're Allison's friend we put in a few extra things for you." Roxy smiled again, and opened the box, and started unpacking it onto the table. Erin's eyes widened as she saw all the toys and items that Roxy kept on pulling out. "First we have the toys. For you we have a rabbit, an 8 inch dildo with a suction cup, a glass dildo,

some beginner's level anal balls, an anal plug, and a bullet vibrator.” Roxy paused, looking at the line up of toys between her and Erin, then reached for the skin coloured dildo with the suction cup base. “Personally this is my favourite toy and I think it's a very good place to start with if you're unused to sex toys, but the Rabbit or the bullet vibe are also very user friendly” she said, pointing to each of them. Erin nodded, and leaned forward as Roxy pulled out the rest of the contents of the box, and laid them on the table “Here we have two books of erotica and women's fantasies for you to read, if you're interested in that. We also have two DVDs of porn, these are by a company that makes porn with women in mind, so you may enjoy those more than most of what's out there. We also have some lubricant as well, for when you need that. Depending on how wet you get when you are turned on, you may or may not need the lube. You will certainly need it once you start experimenting with anal.” Erin was speechless, and was nodding along as Roxy explained everything. She picked up one of the books of fantasies and was leafing through it as Roxy finished up “We also have registered you for a place in our next series of classes, they start in September and you're more than welcome to join us. Since you already have the starter pack, if you decided to join us for the classes we'll give the you value of the starter pack in more advanced toys, or whatever you like from the store.” She smiled again, and started packing everything back into the box. She reached out for the book that Erin was reading, and then packed that into the box too. Standing up, Roxy gave Erin the entire package, then led her out through the store. She held the door open for her “I hope that we see you in September.”

\*\* Erin had been blushing most of the way home. She had been unable to bring herself to put the box of sex toys on the passengers seat, and had placed it in the trunk of the car, just in case there was an accident. After arriving safely home, she quickly moved into the house, parking in the garage so she could enter the house without anybody seeing what was in the box. She took off her sneakers at the door, then went upstairs to the bedroom, grabbing a bottle of red wine and a glass on her way up the stairs. As she arrived in her bedroom, she placed the box on the bed, then went around closing all the curtains, and shutting her bedroom door. Erin pulled out the glass, and poured herself a rather larger glass than normal. She took a sip of wine, put the glass down on the bedside table, then started to undress. First she undid the top of her jeans, moving her hips back and forth as she lowered them down her legs, her thumbs hooked into the waistband of her bikini style panties. Stepping out of her jeans and panties, she next to the bed looking through the box as she took another sip of wine. Erin had to admit she was a little hesitant about this, after all the it was first time she would masturbate since her divorce, and she had not used a sex toy or anything like it since before she had been married. For a second she considered taking the entire box and just throwing it out. Between the wine and the way she had felt sexy in the bathroom following her shower, she decided to try masturbating again. Quickly drinking back the remaining wine, she placed the glass on the side-table, then removed her shirt and bra, laying them on the bed besides her. Erin placed the box on the floor, then reached in and pulled out the dildo with the suction cup. At eight inches in length an a reasonable thickness, it was larger than she had been used to even when she had been having sex. It was definitely time to start things slow, and steady. She placed the dildo at her side, where it would be ready, next to the bottle of lubricant. She lay back, head on her pillows, with her legs bent, her left leg

lying flat on the bed, and her right leg upright, and her feet together. Gently, she started to move her hands around her torso and stomach, as she started to fantasize. Her eyes closed, she thought about a young man she had once seen at a nude beach, sitting on the end of the bed opposite. He was kneeling and watching her masturbate, while chewing on the first finger of his left hand as he slowly stroked his cock with the other hand. Erin slipped her right hand down, tracing over her clit with the pad of her thumb and sending a rush through her body. She used the palm of her left hand to brush against first one nipple, then the other, cupping and squeezing her breasts as she gently slipped the ends of two fingers inside of her, and stroked the inside of her pussy as she moved her thumb in gentle circles on her clit. The young man continued to rub his cock with his right hand, but his left hand came down and started to play with his balls as he watched her, edging closer as Erin started to slowly thrust into her hand, applying more pressure to both her thumb and the fingers inside her. Her left hand dragged across her face, and she grabbed the pillows above her head, a slight moan escaping her lips. The two fingers of her right hand were slipping and sliding, and Erin grabbed the dildo, arching her back and thrusting her pelvis into it as she laid the shaft of the dildo along her lips feeling the veins in the shaft, and sliding as it encountered her wetness. She placed the head of the dildo at the her entrance, and slowly pushed it inside of her. She used her left hand to brush against her clit and spread her lips as her right hand grasped the suction cup and testicles at the base of the penis. The boy was no longer masturbating, He was between her legs, supporting himself on the head of the bed, slowly pushing his incredibly hard penis inside of her. Erin whimpered and shifted to the side, spreading and pushing, and finally the head of the dildo was inside her. She started to tease her clit again, moving her fingers in small circles as she slowly, strongly pushed the dildo in as far as she could take it, then pulling it out again so that only the very head remained inside her. As she got more comfortable with the feel of the dildo inside her, she started to move faster and faster on the thrusts, while pulling out slower. She arched her back in time with her right hand, moaning like she never had before. After a thrust she suddenly stopped, leaving the dildo inside her. Changing position, she squatted over her bed, leaning back and using her head against the head of the bed to support her as she moved the hips forward and back, moving the dildo inside her as it rested on the duvet top. With her hands moving from breast, to clit, to pussy, to throat, and back to her breasts she forgot about her fantasy as she got lost in the feelings. Finally she could feel an unfamiliar surge, and for the first time in years she orgasmed, and collapsed on the bed, her legs no longer able to support her weight, and the dildo still inside her. She was breathing heavily, and after what seemed like forever, she was finally able to recover. Reaching behind her, she removed the dildo too quickly. A gasp escaped her lips as she felt the pressure of the head of the dildo rush through her, her eyes opening. She saw the clock straight ahead of her as she opened her eyes for the first time since she started masturbating. She had been playing for nearly an hour, and it was getting close to dinner time. But as she remembered the feeling of the dildo being pulled out of her from behind, she thought perhaps just this once it would be okay if dinner was an hour so late. Smiling, she rolled over to the other side of the bed, placing the dildo upright on the side-table, and pulled out the rabbit vibrator. Maybe one or two more orgasms, then dinner.