

Victoria's First Sex Party

By: Victoria Brynn

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Chapter One

A Dear John Letter

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"Thank god I'm finally home," I sighed as I pulled into the driveway of my humble little home. After a frustrating day at work compounded by an hour long traffic jam on the way home, and I was ready to go nuts. All I wanted to do was take a long, hot shower and cuddle up with Eric on the couch and relax. I didn't want sex – I was far too stressed out for that. All I wanted was his shoulder to lean on as I had done so many times these past five years.

Eric was a godsend. Tall, handsome, and with a personality very few could find fault in. He aimed to please without coming off as needy and he was a damn good listener. He normally got home before me and was more than happy to get dinner started while I unwound. Hell, he even took the trash out without having to be told twice. What more could a woman ask for?

It was unusual, but he did work late from time to time so I wasn't too worried when I didn't see his car in the driveway. I knew he wasn't parked in the garage because the door had been stuck down ever since I bought the place and neither of us has had the time to get it repaired. We've lived here together for two years and have done a lot of work to the inside, but the outside has suffered for it. It was a fixer-upper – a project that was still going strong two years on.

I was a little disappointed he wasn't home, but there was nothing I could do about it. I went inside, kicking off my shoes on the small tiled section of floor by the door. We added it after the first winter when the carpet became rather soiled from muddy, snowy boots. Now our house rule was take your shoes off when you come inside. This went for everyone – family and friends alike.

I removed my blue blazer and hung it over the back of my recliner. I say *my* recliner because I spend more time sitting in it than anywhere else in the house. It's an overstuffed behemoth that I sink into and never want to get out of. It was also the first piece of furniture donated to us by my parents. I wanted to sink into its cozy warmth, but I really needed a cup of coffee and something to eat. Thanks to a hectic day at the office I skipped lunch and with Eric not home it was up to me to do the cooking.

I went to the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee. On my way back into the living room I noticed an envelope leaning against our candelabra centerpiece. It was silver inlaid with pearl. I thought it was gaudy, but Eric loved it and so it stayed. The envelope had my name written across the front in Eric's handwriting.

I opened the envelope and pulled out the folded piece of paper within. As my eyes scanned the letter my heart sank and tears filled my eyes. I stared at it blankly for I don't know how long, unable to comprehend what I was reading.

Victoria,

I know it seems like the coward's way out writing you a letter instead of telling you this face to face, but I've tried that before and could never muster the courage to let it out. For the longest time I've felt as if there was something missing from our relationship. Don't take that to mean I never loved you. That is far from the truth and I still love you very much, but you deserve

someone that can return the love in full. I am no longer that person. I've packed my belonging and moved out. I think it for the best if we no longer have contact with each other.

I really hope you find the love you deserve,

Eric

A Dear John letter? That's how the man I've given my heart out to for five years dumps me? Victoria? It sounded so cold, uncaring. I crumpled up the paper and threw it across the room. I ran from the kitchen, through the living room, and up the stairs to the bathroom. I was feeling very sick and barely made it to the toilet in time to hurl.

After everything in me was now flushed down the drain and collapsed to the floor, leaning back against the tub I began to sob uncontrollably. I cried until there were no tears left. I literally crawled from the bathroom into the bedroom and onto the bed. I curled up in a ball and sobbed some more, hugging his pillow tight to my body. The scent of his shampoo and aftershave bringing back so many amazing memories.

Our first night together in our new home was a night I'll never forget. We made love in every room. It wasn't tender love either. It was the kind of wild, passionate sex that broke an end table, left rug burns on knees and us breathless in each other's arms well into the night. We fell asleep curled up together in the middle of the living room floor, too exhausted to go upstairs to bed.

There were many nights like that first. Eric was an amazing love maker. Spontaneous, imaginative, he came up with wild ideas that I reluctantly went along with. Those were some of the best nights of sex I've ever had. I'd never have another now that he was gone.

I rolled onto my left side and stared at the pictures hanging on the wall. Along with his pillow they were all that was left of him in the house. I smiled briefly at the picture of us in our skydiving gear. I was scared shitless and he was grinning from ear to ear. I wanted to kill him for talking me into such a stupidly dangerous event, but afterwards we had the most incredible sex EVER. The adrenaline rush of falling to earth at 120 miles an hour is something only those that have experienced it can truly understand.

We had many wild adventures together. As I lay there looking at the pictures on the wall I went over all five years of our relationship. He said something was lacking. What the hell was it? We loved each other very much, or at least I thought he loved me as much as I him. We had fun together. Amazing sex. We had friends in common that we hung out with regularly. It wasn't as if I was a hermit. I had given him everything and then some. For the life of me I could not find a single thing I would have done differently.

The next day the pictures came off the walls. Although they contained some of my happiest memories, looking on them was simply too painful. I gave his pillow one last inhale and threw it into the trash. The pictures went into a box at the back of the closet. I couldn't get him, or his Dear John letter out of my mind. Something was lacking, he said. It was my fault. I did something wrong. I was the reason he left. My mind slipped inexorably into darkness.

I blamed myself for every failure, even those that didn't exist. If the love of my life could leave me then who else was ready to follow? *Fuck them all*, I thought. *Who needs them?* I slowly shut everyone from my life. Family, friends I've known and trusted for nearly my entire life, everyone. They were all heartaches waiting to happen and I couldn't take another. I wallowed in

my own self-pity and as the days turned to weeks, and then months, my thoughts grew darker still.

This all began in early January. By May I was so fed up with life I was considering ways out. I was alone in the world. Everyone I knew and loved had abandoned me just as I knew they would. This wasn't true, of course, but the mind does funny things when stressed to the limits.

I'm not sure why I never pulled the plug on my own existence. I'll never know what stayed my hand in my darkest moments, but I had the clarity of mind to call Raven for help. Raven and I go way back. We met sometime in the third grade and became fast friends. She was something of an obsession of mine. Or rather her long, silky black hair was. I loved running my fingers through it as we braided each other's hair.

We had been through a lot together. Through thick and thin, no matter how bad the argument, we always came back to one another, our friendship stronger than ever. Raven was the one person in all the world I could tell my deepest, darkest secrets to and know she would never tell a soul.

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Raven showed up within fifteen minutes of my calling her. "You look like shit!" She said when I opened the door to let her in.

"I want to kill myself," I said without emotion.

"Come on," she said wrapping her arms around me. She walked me to the couch and we sat down together and talked. Well, I talk and she listened. I poured my heart and soul out to her. She listened and offered advice when I stopped talking long enough for her to get in more than two words.

"No one hates you Vix," she said. She was the only one I ever allowed call me by such a nickname. I hated it, but it somehow became a term of endearment between the two of us.

"Then why had everyone abandoned me? Four months I've been locked away in this god damn house and not once had anyone called or dropped by to see how I was doing."

"Honey, we've all been here for you. I've called more than a hundred times. Knocked on your door at least fifty. Same with your parents, brother, and all of your friends. You don't remember any of that?"

"My phone hasn't rung in months."

"Did you turn it off and forget to turn it back on again? And as far as us dropping by we knocked and you told us to go away. You didn't want to see anyone. Trust me, we thought of busting the door down on more than one occasion. Look, you need to get out of here. Why don't we get you all cleaned up and you can come stay with me for a while. You know I have a party coming up in June. Why don't you attend, meet some knew people?"

Raven was a dominatrix by trade and four times a year in March, June, September, and December she threw seasonally themed fetish parties. She has been trying to get me to attend for years, but I always declined. I loved her like a sister, but that was a side of her life that I was not into.

"OK," I said meekly. "I'll show up to your party, but I make no promises how long I'll stay."

"Good enough for me," she said. Still holding me in her arms she took me up to the bathroom. "I'm not leaving this bathroom until you're squeaky clean so you might as well get over your fear of being naked around me and get in the tub. In your state of mind I'm not going to risk you drowning yourself."

"I'm fine now. I don't need a babysitter."

"The hell you don't. A few hours ago you told me you wanted to kill yourself. You think I'm leaving you alone in a tub full of water?"

"I reluctantly stripped out of the clothes I've been wearing for god knows how long. It was testament to our friendship that Raven was able to go so long without telling me how bad I reeked. I made a mental note to burn the clothes. I turned the water on and adjusted the temperature to a few degrees below scolding and climbed in. I didn't even wait for the tub to fill. It could fill up around me while I scrubbed away the grime.

Raven sat on the toilet and watched me as a mother would a child washing herself for the first time. And we talked some more. The tub filled and I washed. I drained it and filled it again. After three fills and drains I went from laying in the tub, to standing under the shower. Raven's eyes never left me for a moment. Although I was uncomfortable being naked around other women, her presence was a comfort to me.

I packed a few bags and moved out of my house and into hers. At least for the next couple of months.

"Please call your parents and let them know you're ok," Raven said as he pulled out of the driveway.

And I did. I didn't stop with calling the parents. Over the next few days I called everyone I knew and explained my situation to them. I gave them an abbreviated version and I skipped over the suicide part, but they were all understanding and gave me their love and best wishes. For the first time in months I felt loved, wanted again.