

## **Adventure – Improv erotica**

*This story was written with the following prompts:*

*Name: Chris*

*Object: Canoe*

*Kink: DP*

*Location: Colorado River*

We were given a map and instructions, and that's why the men are currently debating which camping pitch will be most likely to give us privacy. We were told to put the heaviest items at the bottom of the canoe, in the center. For balance. That's why I'm currently bound and gagged in that exact spot, next to the gallons of water we've brought for the trip.

If I look up, all I see is the endless blue expanse of sky. But right now I'm not interested in looking – I want to hear. Over my head, as if I'm not there, the two men I love most in the whole world are planning the ways they will ruin me.

This trip is my birthday treat, and if we hadn't planned to be gone three days, I'd feel a little ungrateful for the fact that I'm deliberately missing the beautiful scenery. But I don't mind for now. There'll be plenty of time for me to admire it after our first big night. Tomorrow I'll sit in the stern of the canoe and put in a bit of work paddling.

But today is my actual birthday, so today I get tied up. I get tied up and gagged and allowed to lie extremely still in the bottom of the canoe, listening to what they have planned.

It feels like an age before they start talking, but when they do, Chris goes first.

"I think I want to use her mouth, to start with," he tells Adam. "She likes it when I fuck her throat."

Adam stays silent, but I'm picturing a nod. I can't crane my head to see either of them – it's tight and cramped here in the bottom of the boat – but I imagine it. Two men, sitting at bow and stern, all dressed for outdoor adventure and talking casually about how they'll ruin me.

"I've been edging myself for the last week," Adam chips in. "The first time we use her, I'm gonna fill her with so much fucking cum."

In the bottom of the boat, I squirm with glee. They couldn't have planned a more perfect gift.

"She told me last night," Adam continues, in the same casual tone with which he discussed the weather before we left this morning, "that she wants to take both of us at once."

"One in each hole?" Chris adds, entirely for my benefit.

I am grateful to them for the way they've bound me – one line of rope cutting tight up into my crotch, so I can rub against it while they talk. And oh God, how they talk. I suspect they've been saving this conversation for this exact moment – the calm, hot, peaceful journey down the river to where we'll make camp. Me tied up and listening in so I get the twin joys of hearing my boys collaborate in my ruination, and the anticipation of exactly how they'll do it.

They talk first about fucking my mouth and cunt. Comparing notes on what I like...

“she’s always so eager to swallow every drop...”

...and what my reactions will be...

“I love when the first stroke is really quick and hard, so her eyes get wide and she whimpers...”

...until eventually they get to the main event...

“I think we should stuff both of our cocks in her at once.”

I can’t be sure, because by now I’m deaf to everything except their words, but I think I give out the tiniest whimper of need.

Chris leans forward and, in that bored-yet-controlled way that makes me so very horny, casually smacks my exposed thigh. He tells Adam that they might have to stop on route – make sure I’m properly tied, give me a little taste of what’s to come that evening. One of them, hard and urgent in my cunt. The other giving languid, deep strokes right to the back of my throat so that I gag. Not enough for either to come, but just enough to make me wet and slippery between my thighs, so when they tie me back up again, my juices soak through the rope.

They’ll paddle the canoe down the river, drinking in the beauty of the mountains, and talking about what they will do to me when the tent is pitched and it’s nighttime. That’s how I know exactly what will happen, and contemplating all the detail of it is exactly how I wanted to celebrate my birthday.

When night falls, the two men I love most in the whole world will undo some of the knots with which they’ve bound me during the day, though making sure to leave my wrists and elbows strapped up tight so I’m off-balance. Two pairs of hands greedily pawing at me, and two sets of strong arms to lift me into position. Together, they’ll lift me up and shift my body into just the right position. So one of them can slide into my cunt, while the other grins and lubes up his cock.

And beneath the dazzling open sky that looks down on the Colorado river, I will bury my face in Chris’s neck to muffle my squeals as Adam slides in. Stretching out both my holes until my body feels nothing but full, and filling me right up with every drop of their spunk.

What do *you* want for your birthday? I asked to be taken somewhere beautiful, then be utterly and completely defiled.

*Huge thanks for the suggestions on this story, as a result of researching it I have now added ‘go on a trip down the Colorado River’ to my bucket list. DP optional, but welcome.*