

I glanced out the window at my neglected garden and sighed. My days had become an endless loop of monotony, and the once vibrant flowers now seemed to mirror my own fading enthusiasm. As an Asian housewife in a caucasian neighborhood, I had all the time in the world, yet boredom wrapped around me like a suffocating blanket.



It was a sweltering Thursday morning and I was still in my pajamas when I first saw him. I was lounging in my living room, flipping through a gardening magazine, when the doorbell rang. I opened the front door to find a strong and tall caucasian man standing there in gardening clothes, a confident smile on his face. He was tall, with a muscular build that was impossible to ignore, and his blue eyes sparkled with a mischievous glint.



"Hi, I'm Andrew from Rough Gardening," he said, extending a hand. "I noticed your garden and thought you might be interested in our services."

I shook his big hand, feeling a jolt of electricity at his touch. "I'm Evelyn. Nice to meet you. What kind of services do you offer?"

"Well, it starts with a free consultation," he replied, his eyes sweeping over me still wearing my pajamas. "We both know how every bored housewife has a little something-something that needs trimming"

Evelyn raised an eyebrow at him, her expression unreadable. "And what exactly are you suggesting, Andrew?" she asked, holding her breath.



He grinned wider, taking a step closer to her. "Well," he began tentatively, "I was thinking you could use someone to help you take care of your little Asian bush." He was not looking directly down at her wet pussy like he could see right through her clothes. His voice dropped an octave as he leaned in close to her ear. "Someone like me."



Evelyn hesitated for a moment before slowly nodding her head. "Y-yes," she whispered back, her heart racing just as much as his. I started stepping aside. "Just give me a moment to change into something more comfortable." I could feel his eyes on my back as I rushed upstairs to my bedroom, my heart racing with a mix of anticipation and excitement.

Not thinking what I was doing I went to the back of my wardrobe and found some of the floral summer dresses I wore as a teenager. I had never worn them as an adult, not even for my fat boring husband at home. I slipped into my shortest summer dress, the soft fabric brushing against my skin. It was white with delicate floral patterns, accentuating my slim figure. I decided to forgo underwear, it would be faster.

My long, dark hair fell in loose waves around my shoulders, and I applied a touch of lipstick to highlight my full lips. I looked at myself in the mirror realizing in horror that it barely covered my behind but the caucasian gardener was waiting downstairs and I didn't really have time to change into something else, my almond-shaped eyes reflecting a glimmer of excitement I hadn't felt in ages.

Finally before walking down I reached for my white wedding heels. I hadn't worn them since last year's wedding but they still fit.

When I walked slowly to the living room, Andrew's eyes widened slightly, and a slow smile spread across his face. "You look stunning," he said, his voice a little huskier.

"Thank you," I replied, feeling a blush creep up my cheeks. "So, tell me more about your services."

He stepped closer, his gaze never leaving mine. "It's not just about gardening. We offer a range of... personal services to help our clients relax and feel appreciated."

I swallowed hard, my heart pounding in my chest. "Personal services?"

"Yes, like an intimate massage" he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Would you like a demonstration?"



I nodded, unable to find my voice. Andrew's hands were gentle but firm as he guided me to the couch. He was an imposing figure, with broad shoulders and a chiseled chest that strained against his shirt. His arms were thick and muscular, his skin tan and smooth. Every movement exuded strength and confidence.

I, on the other hand, felt petite and delicate next to him. My slim frame and soft curves were accentuated by the dress, and I could feel his eyes on me, drinking in every detail. My dark hair fell in loose waves around my shoulders, and my almond-shaped eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Andrew's hands moved to my waist, pulling me closer. I could feel the heat radiating from his body, his breath hot against my ear. He didn't waste any time with small talk. His lips found mine, soft yet demanding, and I melted into the kiss. His tongue teased mine, exploring, tasting, and I responded eagerly.



His hands roamed my body, caressing my back, sliding down to cup my bottom. He lifted me effortlessly, his strength evident in every movement. I wrapped my legs around his waist, feeling the hard planes of his chest against my softer curves. The dress felt like a mere barrier, and soon, it slipped off, pooling at my feet.

Andrew's kisses were urgent, his touch electrifying. He laid me down on the couch, his body covering mine. His lips trailed fire down my neck, his hands exploring every inch of me. I arched into his touch, my body responding to his every command.



He paused for a moment, his blue eyes dark with desire as he looked down at me. "Evelyn," he murmured, his voice rough with passion. "You're so beautiful."

I reached up, pulling him back to me. "Show me, Andrew. Show me how beautiful you think I am."



With a growl, he complied, his lips and hands working in perfect harmony to drive me wild. He kissed his way down my body, worshipping every curve, every line. His touch was both tender and insistent, his desire palpable.



When he finally entered me, it was like coming home. He moved with a slow, deliberate rhythm, each thrust deep and measured. I wrapped my legs around him, urging him deeper, my nails digging into his back.

He quickened his pace, each thrust sending waves of pleasure through me. I clung to him, my body moving in time with his, the world narrowing down to the two of us and the incredible sensation of our bodies joined together.



"Andrew," I cried out as the pleasure built to a crescendo. "I'm going to..."

"Let go, Evelyn," he whispered, his voice rough with passion. "I've got you."

With a final, deep thrust, I shattered, the pleasure washing over me in waves. Andrew followed me over the edge, his body tensing as he found his own release. We collapsed together, our bodies tangled, our breaths mingling.



When it was over, I lay back, breathless and satisfied. Andrew looked at me, a satisfied smile playing on his lips. "That's just a taste of what we offer," he said, his voice low.

I met his gaze, a smile spreading across my face. "I think I'd like to sign up for your services."

The sun streamed through the curtains, casting a warm glow over the bedroom as I stretched lazily in bed. My mind drifted back to the previous day, to Andrew and the life-altering experience he had brought with him. It felt like a dream, yet the soreness in my body reminded me of the intensity of our encounter. I had signed up for a \$600 per month subscription, and though the amount seemed substantial, the excitement it promised made it worth every penny. Plus Andrew had helped me set it up so it would be taken directly from my husband's paycheck.

As I lay there, I heard the sound of the front door closing. My husband, Kenji, was leaving for work. He was a good man, but our marriage had grown stale over the years. His short, stout frame and round face had never really attracted me, and our relationship had become more about routine than romance. I sighed, feeling a pang of guilt, but it was quickly overshadowed by the thrill of anticipation.

Moments after Kenji left, the doorbell rang. I sprang out of bed, my heart racing with excitement. I hurried to the door, my mind already buzzing with thoughts of Andrew. When I opened it, there he stood, as muscular and handsome as ever. But this time, he wasn't alone.

"Good morning, Evelyn," Andrew greeted me with a charming smile. Beside him stood another man, tall and equally fit, with dark skin and piercing green eyes. He carried a bag slung over his shoulder.

"This is my friend, Charles," Andrew introduced him. "We thought you might enjoy some variety today."

"Hi, Evelyn," Charles said, his voice smooth and confident. "Andrew's told me a lot about you."

I felt a blush creeping up my cheeks. "Nice to meet you, Charles."

Andrew held up the bag. "We've brought something for you to wear. Why don't you go change, and we'll get started?"

I took the bag, my fingers trembling with excitement. "Of course. Please, come in."

I led them to the living room before hurrying upstairs to my bedroom. Opening the bag, I found a set of fishnet stockings, a pair of black stiletto heels, a sheer black lace lingerie set that left little to the imagination, and a small butt plug. I quickly undressed and slipped into the outfit, the feel of the delicate fabric against my skin sending shivers of anticipation through me. I glanced at myself in the mirror, my dark hair falling in loose waves around my shoulders, the outfit accentuating my slim figure and soft curves. Satisfied, I headed back downstairs.



When I returned to the living room, both men looked up, their eyes lighting up with approval.

"You look stunning, Evelyn," Andrew said, his voice husky with desire.

Charles nodded, a slow smile spreading across his face. "Absolutely beautiful."

I felt a rush of warmth at their compliments. "Thank you," I said, my voice a little breathless.

Andrew stepped forward, his hands gentle as he guided me to the couch. "Let's make you feel special, Evelyn."

He kissed me then, his lips firm and insistent. I melted into the kiss, my body responding eagerly. Charles moved behind me, his hands sliding over my shoulders, down my back, and over my hips. The sensation of being touched by two men at once was intoxicating, and I moaned softly into Andrew's mouth.

Andrew's hands roamed my body, caressing my breasts through the lace, his thumbs brushing over my nipples. Charles's hands moved to my thighs, parting them gently. I could feel the heat of his breath against my neck as he kissed his way up to my ear.

"You're so beautiful, Evelyn," he murmured, his voice sending shivers down my spine.

Andrew's kisses trailed down my neck to my collarbone, his hands sliding the straps of my lingerie off my shoulders. Charles's hands moved to my waist, lifting me slightly as they pulled the stockings and lingerie down, exposing my bare skin.



The next moments were a blur of sensation. Andrew's mouth found my breasts, his tongue circling my nipples before taking them into his mouth. Charles's hands explored my thighs, parting them wider as his fingers teased my most sensitive areas. I arched my back, a soft moan escaping my lips as they worked in perfect harmony.

"Do you like this, Evelyn?" Andrew asked, his breath hot against my skin.

"Yes," I gasped, my body trembling with desire. "I love it."

Charles's fingers moved inside me, his touch both gentle and insistent. Andrew's mouth moved lower, kissing his way down my stomach, his tongue tracing patterns on my skin. The pleasure was overwhelming, and I felt myself teetering on the edge.

Andrew looked up at me, his blue eyes dark with desire. "Are you ready for more?"

"Yes," I whispered, my voice trembling with anticipation.

Andrew and Charles exchanged a glance, and then Andrew positioned himself between my thighs, his hard length pressing against my entrance. Charles moved behind me, lifting me slightly to give Andrew better access. With a slow, deliberate thrust, Andrew entered me, filling me completely. I cried out, my body arching into his.



Charles's hands moved to my breasts, caressing and teasing as Andrew set a steady rhythm, each thrust sending waves of pleasure through me. I was lost in a sea of sensation, every touch, every kiss driving me closer to the edge.



Andrew quickened his pace, his movements becoming more urgent. I clung to him, my body moving in time with his, the world narrowing down to the two of us and the incredible sensation of our bodies joined together.



"Andrew," I cried out as the pleasure built to a crescendo. "I'm going to..."

"Let go, Evelyn," he whispered, his voice rough with passion. "We've got you."



With a final, deep thrust, I shattered, the pleasure washing over me in waves. Andrew followed me over the edge, his body tensing as he found his own release. Charles's hands continued to caress me, drawing out every last tremor of pleasure.



We collapsed together, our bodies tangled, our breaths mingling. When it was over, I lay back, breathless and satisfied. Andrew looked at me, a satisfied smile playing on his lips. "That's just a taste of what we offer," he said, his voice low.



I met his gaze, a smile spreading across my face. "I think I'd like to continue with your services."



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The final day had arrived, and I spent the entire day in a state of anticipation, my body thrumming with excitement. Andrew had left me an outfit to wear—a skimpy parody of a traditional Chinese dress. The dress was a deep, seductive red, made of sheer fabric that clung to my curves, with a high slit on one side that exposed my leg with every step. The neckline was low, plunging to reveal my cleavage, and the back was almost entirely open, held together by delicate crisscrossing straps. The hem barely covered my hips, leaving little to the imagination.



Along with the dress, there were black stiletto heels adorned with red lace and a pair of delicate gold cuffs that jingled softly with every movement. A pair of long, red silk gloves completed the ensemble, adding an air of elegance to the provocative outfit. Andrew had also included a set of red and gold hairpins, which I used to style my dark hair into an elegant updo, leaving a few tendrils to frame my face.



As the hours passed, my anticipation grew. The thought of what Andrew had planned made me restless with desire. Finally, as the sun dipped below the horizon, the doorbell rang. I hurried to the door, my heart pounding.

When I opened it, Andrew stood there, a wicked smile on his face. But he wasn't alone. Behind him was a group of men—more than I could count at a glance—all tall, muscular, and exuding confidence. My breath caught in my throat as I took in the sight of them.

"Good evening, Evelyn," Andrew said, his voice smooth and commanding. "I hope you're ready for tonight."

"Yes," I replied breathlessly. "I've been waiting all day."

Andrew stepped aside, revealing two young, pretty women standing behind him. They wore matching Chinese dresses similar to mine, but in deep emerald green, with intricate gold embroidery. Their dresses were equally revealing, accentuating their slender figures and delicate features. I recognized them instantly—they lived in the same neighborhood as me.

"This is Lily and Mia," Andrew introduced them. "I thought it would be fun to have some company tonight."

"Hi, Evelyn," Lily said, her voice sweet and melodic.

"Hello," Mia added, her eyes twinkling with excitement.

"Come in," I said, stepping aside to let them enter. The men followed, filling my living room with their presence. The atmosphere was electric, charged with anticipation and desire.

Andrew turned to the group. "Let's have some fun, everyone."

The evening unfolded in a blur of sensation and excitement. The men and women mingled, their hands and lips exploring each other. I felt hands on my body, lips on my skin, and every touch sent waves of pleasure through me. Someone had set up a camera, capturing the wild, uninhibited scene that played out in my living room.

Lily and Mia were encouraged to make love to each other, their delicate hands and soft lips moving over each other's bodies. The sight of them, their slender figures entwined, was incredibly arousing. The men watched, their eyes dark with desire, and some joined in, their hands and mouths adding to the women's pleasure.

As the evening progressed, Lily, Mia, and I found ourselves drawn together. Our hands roamed each other's bodies, exploring and caressing with a mix of curiosity and desire. We kissed, our lips soft and inviting, our tongues dancing together in a passionate embrace. It was the first time any of us had made love to another woman, and the experience was intoxicating. The men watched with eager eyes, their own arousal evident as they joined in, their hands and mouths adding to the symphony of pleasure.

Amidst the chaos, I felt Andrew's strong hands on my hips, pulling me close. He kissed me deeply, his tongue exploring my mouth. His hands roamed my body, caressing and teasing, driving me wild with lust. I melted into his touch, losing myself in the intensity of the moment.

The finale of the evening was the most shocking and thrilling. The men brought in Lily, Mia, and my husband Kenji, all gagged and cuffed, their eyes wide with a mix of anger and humiliation. They were made to watch as we were pleased by the men. The contrast between their helplessness and our ecstasy was electrifying.

Andrew stood behind me, his hands on my shoulders, his voice low and commanding. "Look at them, Evelyn. Look at how powerless they are."

I turned to face the husbands, a wicked smile playing on my lips. "You're right," I said, my voice dripping with satisfaction. "They can't do anything to stop us."

The men laughed, their voices filled with a cruel amusement. They took turns kissing and caressing me, their hands and mouths exploring every inch of my body. The camera captured it all, a testament to the wild, uninhibited pleasure of the evening.

As the night drew to a close, I lay back, breathless and satisfied. Andrew looked at me, his eyes filled with a mix of pride and desire. "How do you feel, Evelyn?"

"Incredible," I replied, my voice a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration. "This has been the most amazing experience of my life."

Andrew smiled, leaning down to kiss me gently. "I'm glad. You deserve to feel special."



As I lay there, surrounded by the echoes of laughter and passion, I knew that my life had changed forever. Asian Rough Gardening has given me a new lease on life, one filled with excitement and pleasure beyond my wildest dreams. And I embraced it wholeheartedly.

The next morning, I woke up feeling a mix of soreness and satisfaction. The events of the previous night played through my mind like a vivid dream. I stretched languidly, the sheer red dress clinging to my body. As I sat up, I noticed Andrew standing by the window, texting on his phone.

"Good morning," I greeted him, my voice husky with sleep.

Andrew turned to me with a knowing smile. "Good morning, Evelyn. Did you sleep well?"

"Very well," I replied, a smile tugging at my lips.

He walked over to the bed and handed me a blindfold. "Put this on," he instructed, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Curiosity piqued, I took the blindfold and slipped it over my eyes. Andrew's strong hands helped me up, and he led me downstairs. I was acutely aware of every step, every sound. The cool air brushed against my bare skin, heightening my anticipation.

When we reached the front door, Andrew whispered, "Open the door, Evelyn."

My heart pounded as I turned the knob and opened the door. The moment I did, I felt a pair of hands, large and soft, pulling me into an embrace. The sensation was different—this man was much larger, his body sticky and smelling strongly of food. It was an unexpected contrast to the chiseled men from before, yet the excitement and thrill of the unknown surged through me.



His hands roamed my body, squeezing and kneading as he guided me back inside. I could hear soft murmurs and suppressed laughter around me, but I was too focused on the sensations to pay much attention. His lips found mine, and I kissed him back, the taste and texture unfamiliar but not unwelcome.

As we moved together, his weight pressing down on me, I felt a strange mixture of revulsion and arousal. His touch was clumsy and heavy, yet the very taboo nature of the situation drove me to a heightened state of excitement. I moaned softly, losing myself in the physical sensations despite the oddity of the experience.

Just as I was on the brink of release, I heard Andrew's voice, smooth and commanding. "Take off the blindfold, Evelyn."

I hesitated, but then obeyed, pulling the blindfold away. The sight that greeted me was shocking. The man on top of me was enormously fat, his body covered in food stains, his face greasy and unattractive. His eyes gleamed with a mix of lust and triumph.

Laughter erupted around me. I looked up to see Andrew, Charles, Jason, Lily, and Mia watching, their faces filled with amusement. Lily and Mia were giggling uncontrollably, their eyes sparkling with mirth.

"Surprise," Andrew said, his tone dripping with satisfaction.

My initial shock gave way to a strange sense of acceptance. Despite the humiliation, a part of me reveled in the sheer audacity of the situation. I had pushed my boundaries further than I ever thought possible, and the thrill of it all was undeniable.

The man finished with a grunt, and I lay back, breathless and spent. He moved off me, and I stood up, facing the group with a mix of defiance and exhilaration.

Andrew walked over to me, his eyes gleaming with approval. "You did well, Evelyn. Very well."

Lily and Mia approached, their laughter subsiding into warm smiles. "You really are something special," Mia said, her voice filled with admiration.

"Absolutely," Lily agreed. "You're amazing."

As I stood there, naked and exposed, I realized that I had discovered a side of myself I never knew existed.