

I was flipping through the paper, trying to find out what the latest city council scandal was, when an article in the metro section caught my eye. The headline read, “Local businesswomen hope sex sells,” and it showed a picture of two 30-something women standing in front of a store located not far from my apartment. I couldn’t resist reading further, and in the process I learned that the women were opening an adult toyshop along my usual bus route. There was a grand opening planned for the following Saturday, and it sounded like a good time, so I marked it in my calendar.

When Saturday finally rolled around, I was more than ready for the shop’s opening. My favorite vibrator had died earlier in the week, and while I still had plenty more to play with, I couldn’t help using it as an excuse to stock up on some new toys. So off to the store I went to replenish my toy chest.

After more than an hour perusing the shelves of the small but well-supplied store, I was ready to shop, and by the time I was done, my wallet was empty and I had a huge shopping bag full of all the latest sex toys. *Now to go home and test them out*, I thought as I left the store.

I still had a twenty-minute bus ride ahead of me, so I grabbed a magazine at the newsstand and tried to take my mind off the bag of toys next to me. It would do no good to get all fired up and have to wait to play. As I stood waiting for the bus, trying very hard to focus only on the celebrity gossip in my magazine, a line of people formed behind me. From the corner of my eye I could see a few people looking at the bright shopping bag between my feet; some of them seemed to know exactly what I was hiding in the hot-pink paper tote.

When the bus finally came, I took a seat in the back and dropped my bag into the seat next to me to keep the aisle clear—and to keep strangers from trying to peek at my purchases. A few stops in, a few more people boarded, and one of them sat down in the empty seat next to my bag. He was attractive, with messy hair and his shirtsleeves sloppily rolled up. His jeans were ripped and he had grungy flip-flops on his feet, but it all came together to make him look sophisticated and sexy, and I couldn't help the dirty thoughts that crossed my mind when he looked over at me. I knew I'd be thinking of him while I gave my new toys a test run.

I went back to my magazine, not wanting to stare—no matter how gorgeous my fellow straphanger was—but I could see him in my periphery and I occasionally let my eyes drift in his direction. I knew the exact moment that he noticed my bag, and I could tell from the smirk that appeared on his face that he knew exactly what was inside, or at least what *sorts* of things were inside. I expected him to say something, but he kept quiet and dug in his pocket for his phone instead. *Oh well*, I thought, *it's not like it would lead to anything, anyway*. So I went back to reading my magazine and watching the gorgeous stranger talk on his phone . . . or at least listen, since he didn't seem to do much talking. Then, when the bus hit a pothole, and my bag started to tip away from me, I saw the man smile. He'd been trying to look inside my shopping bag the entire time! Part of me was embarrassed, having a stranger looking at my most private purchases, but mostly I was turned on.

Without a second thought, I closed my magazine, leaned over to the stranger and whispered, "So, like what you see?" He shoved his phone in his pocket, not bothering to hang up—there was no one on the other end, after all—and smiled. "I'm afraid I can't

answer that,” he told me, “because I don’t know if you’re asking if I like you or your new toys.”

I smiled at his relaxed response and clarified. “Both,” I said.

“Well, in that case, yes.”

We were nearing my stop, the bus only a few blocks away now, and I briefly wondered what to do about my new friend. I knew what I should do—ignore him and get off the bus without a second thought—but I saw no reason to deprive either of us of the pleasure I knew we could bring each other. “I’m planning to give them a spin when I get home. Care to be my guinea pig?” He didn’t say anything, but when I stood a moment later and moved to the doors, he followed. And he continued following me as we left the bus and went to my apartment.

The minute we were inside the apartment he had me up against the wall, his hands pulling my skirt up to get to my ass and his tongue pushing between my lips. His knee came up between my legs, pressing against my pussy, and it was then that I realized how wet I was, how ready. I moaned deeply against his mouth and then pushed him away. “Uh uh,” I said, my voice husky. “I believe we have some more pressing matters to deal with first.” With that, I dragged him into the bedroom and dumped the bag of toys onto the bed. His eyes went wide when he saw all the things I’d bought. There was the slim plastic G-spot vibrator to replace my old one, of course, but there was also a pair of vibrating nipple clamps, a small red leather paddle, a clear, sparkly butt plug, a strange C-shaped vibrator that the salesgirl told me could be worn during sex, and a new strap-on kit. After I’d spread everything out atop the comforter, I looked back at the stranger. His

eyes were wide with surprise, but there was something else there, too—lust. He wanted to use my toys as much as I did, and I was more than willing to share.

He looked over at me and smiled, and that was it. I quickly became the aggressor, lunging at him and shoving him against my dresser while I attacked his mouth, my tongue begging entrance while our lips slid sensuously against each other. As soon as he let me in, I moved to the next step and started to tug at his shirt, untucking it from his jeans and hurriedly pulling at the buttons to get it off him. He didn't need me to tell him that he should start undressing me, too, and as I worked the stubborn buttons with my trembling fingers, he unzipped my skirt and forced it down my legs, my panties going with it. I gave up on the buttons on his shirt then, realizing he had me half naked and I had yet to get even one article of clothing off of him. Pulling back, I tugged his button-down and undershirt over his head and threw it on the floor next to us. His pants were next, and when they pooled at his ankles, he kicked off his flip-flops and stepped out of the pile of denim. If I'm being honest, he wasn't the most gorgeous naked man I'd ever seen, but he was the most attractive man in my apartment at the moment, and a most willing participant in my sex games, so his being naked, finally, only enhanced his appeal.

Dropping to my knees, I took his half-hard cock into my mouth and started sucking, not to get him warmed up—there were more than enough toys to tempt him with—but because I wanted to more than I'd ever wanted to suck cock before. I spent only a few minutes on my knees, though; there was so much more I wanted to do with him.

He reached for the nipple clamps as I stood up, but I took them from him and shook my head. As much as I loved to have my nipples played with, I wanted to test out the dainty rubber-coated clamps on him, instead. He looked surprised as I reached over and tweaked his right nipple, pulling it with my fingers, extending it just far enough so that the clamp would have something to grab onto. Then I did the same thing to the left on, and when both clamps were screwed tight into place, I pulled the tabs from the battery compartments and pressed the buttons to turn them on. As the first vibrations shot through his nipples, he threw his head back and moaned; he liked it! I smiled and dropped a hand to my throbbing pussy, the sight of him enjoying himself so much almost unbearably arousing.

This time, he stopped me. “Oh no,” he said, “not when there are so many better options.” He quickly picked up the vibrator and turned it on, pressing it against my mound. I had to admit, it was better than having to do all the work myself, and having someone else—a hot, sexy male someone else—controlling the teal toy only enhanced the sensations.

I could feel my pussy start to throb even more, aching to have the plastic phallus deep inside. He teased me for a while longer, though, tracing my lips with the toy, then leaving my mound all together and running the vibrator over my inner thighs, my stomach, my ass. Every touch of the vibrator set me on fire and made me want him more. When he finally, unexpectedly, shoved the vibrator into my pussy, at last making contact with my G-spot, I came explosively. The buildup had been too much to take, and when the smooth plastic eased between my lips with the help of my copious juices, it was all I could do not to just end things there. As it was I had to grab onto his shoulders to keep

myself from melting into a puddle at his feet. I had no idea what was turning me on more, the vibrator or the man wielding it, but it didn't matter, I wasn't about to give up either of them.

With the nipple clamps still buzzing away on his chest, making his shoulders and abs ripple each time a shiver of excitement shot through him, he pulled my vibrator from my pussy and picked up the next toy: the butt plug. I wasn't sure who he would use it on, me or himself, and when he pushed it between my pussy lips, I was even more confused. Did he not know what it was? "This is a—" I started to explain, but he cut me off with the most sensual kiss I'd ever had. "I know what it is," he said when he pulled his mouth from mine. He demonstrated his knowledge a moment later when he removed the plug from my pussy and pushed the tip against my puckered asshole. "It needed a little lube," he said by way of explanation, and I just nodded my head, too excited to speak. He started to push the butt plug inside me, then, and I felt my sphincter open up for the narrow finger-sized head before closing around the narrower joint. My ass opened wider still for the lower half of the sparkly plug, which was as thick as two fingers at its widest point, and then gripped the narrow point right above the flared base. He held the plug in place for a moment, making sure my ass wouldn't release it, and then pulled his hand away, the tiny rubber toy held securely between my cheeks.

I leaned up to kiss him then, and when the nipple clamps vibrated against my chest, I felt my ass clench tightly around the butt plug in ecstasy. My pussy was starting to throb again, and I knew I needed to be filled—preferably by my playmate's dick—before I went crazy. It seemed that my sexy stranger had similar desires, because when he pulled me closer, I felt his cockhead brush my stomach. We stood like that a moment, his

hardness teasing me, touching me everywhere except where I wanted it. Then he grabbed the little purple C-vibe, threw me back onto the bed, and shoved it into me, turning it on as he did so. I could feel it vibrating against my clit and my G-spot, not too strong, but enough to keep me on edge, and then I felt his cock sliding into me, too. He wasn't huge, but he filled me nicely, and his cock forced the inner arm of the vibrator to press more firmly against my G-spot. Let me just say that, oh my God, it was amazing! I'd never been so full from a vibrator, and no cock had ever sent such a continuous wave of pleasure through me, but the combination of the two was intense. I couldn't imagine ever having sex without that little purple toy ever again. And then he started thrusting into me from above.

Everything I'd felt before was suddenly magnified a thousand times. As he pulled out, the vibrations weakened and my pussy felt unbearably empty, but every inward thrust brought deep vibrations, deeper than any vibrator had gone before, and a feeling of fullness that I couldn't imagine getting with anyone else. My ass clenched the plug inside of it with each stroke of his cock, the double penetration delighting me in ways it never had before. And the dual vibrations, wow! After a half-dozen thrusts, I was coming again, unable to control my climax, but he didn't stop. He kept pumping into me, his strokes getting faster and faster, then slowing down, and then speeding up again. He tried to keep pace with my continuous orgasms, slowing down each time a new lightning bolt of excitement shot through me and speeding up when I started to calm down. It felt like a series of waves crashing inside my pussy, and I didn't know how much longer I could stand it; it was almost *too much* pleasure.

Finally he was ready to come, and through the vibrations I could feel his pounding cock start to pulse inside me. His thrusts grew shallow as he pressed his body against mine, and I felt the nipple clamps still vibrating against his chest—and mine, too. I grabbed his ass, pulling his dick deeper inside me, and then moved my hands to his chest. I plucked the clamps from his nipples and felt him shoot into my cunt, a loud groan the first sound he'd made in what seemed like ages. The nipple clamps buzzed on the bed next to us as he filled me, the vibrator between us keeping us both on edge even through our climaxes.

Sated, he pulled out of me, taking the vibrator with him, and collapsed next to me while all of the vibrating toys buzzed on my other side, draining their batteries as they'd drained ours. The butt plug rested forgotten in my ass for a few more minutes. When he gently pulled it out for me, I had one last climax, my body so weak from the seemingly dozens of others I'd had earlier that I could barely react to the pleasure that shot through me.

Completely exhausted, I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, my body going limp against the mattress. For a split second I wondered if we'd get around to testing out the strap-on, but I didn't think it was the right time to ask. We needed to rest before we did anything else.

I was awakened almost as soon as I dozed off, the bed jostling me violently. When I opened my eyes, I realized that I was still on the bus. We'd just hit a pothole, and when I looked over to check my bag, I saw it tilted toward the sexy stranger two seats over. He had his phone to his ear, as though he were listening to someone talking on the

other end, but his eyes were glued to my bag as he tried to get a peek at my purchases, which had shifted around enough to offer him the briefest glimpse.

“Like what you see?” I asked boldly, catching his eye. He smirked. “I need someone to help me test them out. You interested?” I asked. He didn’t say anything, but he shoved his phone into his pocket without hanging up, confirming my suspicions that there was no one on the other end, and stood when I did. He followed me off the bus at the next stop and down the street to my apartment. As I unlocked the door, I made a note to break out the strap-on sooner, not wanting it to be left out this time around.