**Fun with a Remote Control Vibrator**

By [Wet Miranda](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=472780&page=submissions)©

I hadn't seen Kyle in a few years. He was an old boyfriend from college; after graduation, he went to the University of Florida for law school and I had moved to Miami and settled into the grind of work. He had just broken up with a girlfriend of three years, and he was so excited when I told him I was coming to visit. So I knew I had to figure out a way to cheer him up.

We arranged to meet at Kazbor's Grill for cocktails and dinner. Standing alone naked in my hotel room, I looked into the mirror and wondered if I would have the nerve to go through with wearing what I planned to wear.

It was cool at 8:00 that night, cool for Florida anyway, but I needed to wear a long coat. O.K., so it would look a little funny but it wasn't a heavy coat or anything, just a lightweight purple coat made out of the same material sweatpants are made out of. A zipper in the front. The coat was a few sizes too large, meaning it would be long enough to go part way down my legs, almost to my knees.

O.K., here is where I found out if the jacket would be long enough or not. Still naked, I opened up the brown paper bag filled with purchases I had made that afternoon at a sex toy shop. I picked out the slim red vibrator and opened the package. I inserted the batteries and turned it on. BUZZ! Damn, much louder than I had hoped. Well, maybe the sound will be muffled by the walls of my pussy, I thought.

I sat down on the bed and masturbated for a few minutes to get the juices flowing. Satisfied that I was slippery down there, I inserted the toy into my pussy. It slid right inside me, filling me up nicely, but it wasn't huge. I turned the toy back on again; sure enough, I didn't notice much sound while it was inside me. Good.

I turned the manuel switch off. Then I picked up the box the toy originally came in, and got the other half of the toy out. This was the remote control. Yes, I had bought a remote controlled vibrator! And you can probably guess which lonely ex-boyfriend was about to take the control, only Kyle didn't have any idea yet what I had planned.

Normally I would have worn a skimpy thong for a night like this, but I wanted something that would secure the toy inside my pussy. I picked out a pair of purple silk panties that were sexy and lacy but not totally skimpy. The back was transparant, so it would show my ass; but not completely, like a thong would have. I made sure the vibrator was staying inside me snugly. I put my hand in my panties to re-adjust things. Ooh, I was making a wet spot in the front of the panties!

Nearly nude, I put the jacket on. Hmm...the jacket was the same color as my panties. I zipped the jacket up, careful not to get the zipper stuck on my bare nipples. The steel felt cold on my breasts as I zipped it up all the way. I decided it looked too lame to zip it up all the way to my neck, so I unzipped it to show some cleavage. I had to be careful, though; since I was going braless, I couldn't let the zipper down too far...

I practiced walking around in front of the mirror in the hotel room. I had gone out with no bra or panties before, but usually in a dress, not just a jacket. You may be asking why I chose to wear a jacket for this stunt instead of a dress. There is no easy answer; I just thought that the idea of showing up in a jacket with no shirt or bra underneath was very erotic. I almost forgot the vibrator was inside me, it felt so snug and comfortable in my pussy. I bent over, kicked up my leg, jumped on the bed, anything to see if the vibrator would fall out or if I could rely on it being secure. Everything was O.K.

I put the batteries into the remote control. It had five settings. I tested each one out one at a time. By the time I was at level four, I was rubbing my clit with my left hand. I had to stop myself from coming; I wanted to be on the edge of sexual bliss all night without orgasm for a long time...take your fingers out of your panties now, Miranda, I thought to myself.

I shut the control off and put it in my black leather purse. I couldn't wait to go out and see what would happen.

At 9:00, a taxi picked me up. I sat in the back seat and instantly began to get cold feet about this little plan. I had been counting on the privacy of having my legs under a table during dinner, and I hadn't even thought about how the cab driver could look into his mirror and see my panties. Oh well, I thought. So he thinks I'm a kinky freak, dressed in a jacket with no skirt or pants on. At least he didn't know about the slim red vibrator shoved up my cunt.

The cab driver dropped me off without a word. Maybe he hadn't noticed. Maybe he was one of those rare taxi drivers who pays attention to his driving actually. I paid him and got out of the cab. I took a deep breath before entering the restaurant. I felt out of place, wearing a jacket with no pants. Many other people had jackets on, but they all had long pants or skirts on. I was counting on people just assuming that I had shorts on underneath the jacket. Who would suspect a woman would be crazy enough to go out in public with no pants on underneath her jacket?

There he was. Kyle looked as handsome as ever, with his long blond hair, goatee, and my god, he even had a tie on! He used to joke that the only thing with a tie he would wear would be a "Tie dyed shirt!" I was amazed that he still had long hair, but I guess attorneys can get away with that these days.

"Hello, sugar!" he said as I came closer to his table. I know it's cheesy, but he used to always call me sugar. "Hey, Mr. conservative lawyer!" I teased him.

"Who says I'm conservative? I defended Gore in the recount."

"Whatever, don't start with politics. It bores me; remember, English lit was my favorite subject."

"Yeah. I hated that. They should have called it Chick lit. Pride and Prejudice, all that crap. I hated that class!"

"Yes, but that's how you met me..." I sat down next to him at the table and gave him a long deep kiss on the lips. Our first kiss in years...

"So, Miranda! I'm happy you came up from Miami to see me. Take off your jacket, get comfortable."

"Haha! Um...no, I can't exactly do that now." I blushed. I was embarrassed for a moment, but then I remembered that this was my first serious boyfriend in college, and we had done many kinky things together. In fact, he usually encouraged my exhibitionist tendancies.

"Why not, are you cold?" he wondered.

I looked down at my nipples. They were clearly erect under the cotton material of the purple jacket.

"Um, yeah, I'm cold. Oh, hell, I was going to tell you soon enough anyway."I leaned close to his ear and whispered. "Don't laugh, Kyle. I wanted to do something really kinky to surprise you, but I wasn't going to tell you until after we had a drink. I'm almost naked underneath this jacket."

He looked at me with a big silly grin on his face. "Really? I'll be damned, Miranda, you are up to your old tricks. I thought being almost 30 would have made you more conservative."

I put my hand into his lap. He was hard, as I had expected him to be. "Kyle...if anything, I'm even kinkier than you ever could have imagined. Here, take this." I rummaged through my purse, and removed the control to the vibrator.

"What's this, it looks like a remote control?" he asked me with a confused look.

"Turn it on, see what happens!" I encouraged him. My leg was brushing up against his jeans. He picked it up and studied it for a minute. He was about to turn the knob from zero to one when the waiter interrupted to take our orders.

"Uh, well, just a Rum and Coke for me" I stammered. Damn, I had been about to get the first jolt of the vibrator when this dick waiter had to come and take our order.

"Good. And you, sir?"

"A gin and tonic, made with Bombay Sapphire, easy ice and extra lime." Kyle ordered.

"No problem."

I laughed after the waiter left. "Would you like that shaken, not stirred, Mr. Bond?"

"James Bond drinks a martini. Hey, I'm paying $7.95 for a drink, I better get it the way I want it."

"I heard they cast a new James Bond. Some british guy with blond hair. The movie comes out next Christmas...OH FUCK!" Kyle had just cranked the vibrator on unexpectedly.

"Miranda, what is this interesting little device? And why did it make you yell out when I turned it to three?"

"Oh, Kyle. I told you I was kinky. It is a remote to the vibrator that is in my pussy right now. I thought it would be fun to let you control it during dinner, but I wasn't prepared for it yet."

I felt a sudden surge of vibration in my pussy. It shook me to the core and made me want to masturbate again. "Hey, you asshole, did you just crank it up all the way?" I demanded.

"You said I was in control."

"Yeah, I did. I guess I asked for it, huh Kyle?"

I could barely keep a straight face when the waiter brought us our drinks. I had expected Kyle to play around with the device, but he just left it on level five.

"Do you need it turned down?" Kyle asked.

"Yes. This is too much, it feels so erotic and all, but we are in public, and it is more than I bargained for."

"Though luck sugar! You gave me the controls as part of your kinky little game, and now I'm in control of the vibrations inside your cute little snatch. And I say the level stays at five until you do something for me."

I was getting in too deep in this game, I realized. I had no idea what he wanted me to do.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked. "I can't stay at level five for too long without needing to masturbate. And I'm not going to masturbate myself to orgasm right here in the bar, if that is what you had in mind."

"No? Why, Miranda, ae you afraid you couldn't have an orgasm in public without everyone noticing?" he asked me.

"Fuck yeah! Kyle, you remember, when I come, I moan and groan kinda loud! I can't do that."

"Well your'e in luck, sugar! Because what I had in mind was for you to jack me off under the table..."

I did a double take. "Are you fucking serious Kyle? Everyone would hear you."

"No, I can come without making myself obvious. I've been doing a little research on Tantric sex. I can control my breathing and have a quiet orgasm under the table."

"Can you at least turn it down to three or four? I can barely think straight, I want to touch my clit so bad..." I begged

"No. It stays at five till you make me come. Then I'll lower the level a bit till we get to my car. Then you can come as loud as you want while touching your hot little pussy. Or maybe I'll touch your hot little pussy, Miranda!"

I was feeling very sexually frusterated by that point. My plan had backfired; I had wanted him to drive me crazy all evening, but not this crazy! I needed to touch myself so badly, but I knew I couldn't come in public without making a scene.

"O.K. Kyle. I'll jack you off under the table if that is what you really want. But what about the waiter? I'm sure he'll come back to check on us."

"Let me handle it. Here he comes now with our drinks; I'll tell him that we won't be ready to order dinner for awhile."

The waiter placed our drinks on the table. Kyle had a sip of his gin and tonic; I took a huge gulp of my rum and Coke to steady my nerves. Kyle politely explained to the waiter that we weren't going to be ordering dinner for awhile and that he would wave if we needed more drinks or an appetizer. The waiter was clearly dissapointed, no doubt worried that he wouldn't get a big tip if he didn't sell us more than a couple of drinks, but Kyle politely yet firmly explained him we would order dinner later.

"What about lubrication, Kyle?" I asked my former boyfriend, knowing that I had usually used some Wet Stuff or other lubrications when I gave him handjobs in college.

"Just wet your hand" he told me. I did just that, discretely putting a napkin over my face so people wouldn't notice me spitting into the palm of my hand. It is funny how such an act can seem gross out of context, but when it is between two former lovers about to do something intimate, the saliva on the hand suddenly turns into something sexy!

My right hand was now moist, so I used my left hand to unbutton his pants. I could feel his erection through his pants. I deftly unzipped the pants and stuck my left hand under his boxers. Peeking down under the table, I saw that his boxers where white with blue stripes. I pushed them down just enough to expose his rigid cock. Smiling, I quickly grasped his dick in my wet right hand and began to stroke him off under the table. I nervously scanned the area to make sure nobody could see; thank God there we were sitting near the back of the restaurant. I was on the outside so my body mostly covered up any view of what was going on in Kyles lap.

"Oh Miranda, this feels so good! Remember the first time you stroked me?" I remembered it very well; it had been before we started dating. I had met him at a typical college kegger my freshman year in college; a little tipsy from way too much cheap beer, I had made out with him in the basement of the party. We ended up in his dorm room that night.

His cock was rock hard as I began to pump my hand up and down. I felt some pre-come dripping into my hand as I expertly milked his cock like I used to years ago. Although he was breathing a bit harder than usual, he was holding his sounds in well; a passerby would not have noticed by the look on his face that he was getting a hand-job.

Keeping my eyes focused on the other people in the restaurant, I kept on stroking his rigid erection in my hand. I leaned over and kissed his ear as I whispered "How does it feel, Kyle? Like you want to explode?"

He didn't answer; perhaps he was too focused on keeping quiet. I was still struggling with my arousel from the vibrator; I can't come without direct clitoral stimulation, but the vibration was making me intensly horny, and I could barely hold back from sticking my free hand into my panties to get myself off. Instead, I used my free hand to rub Kyle's nipples through his shirt. I snuck a couple of fingers between the buttons and discovered that he had no undershirt on. I tweaked his nipples, making him let out a moan. "Stop it, Miranda. I can't be quiet with all that extra stimulation" he whispered.

"Oh, you are finding it hard to keep it on the down low while being stimulated? I can relate to that!" I pinched his nipples harder as I kissed his neck. He was driving me crazy keeping my vibrator on the highest setting, so I felt this was fair play.

By this point I was really pumping his dick fast. I looked at his face; he was keeping quiet, but by the look on his eyes I could totally tell he was feeling intense sexual pleasure that needed to be released soon.

"Kyle" I whispered while kissing his earlobe "remember that that time in Leslie's room?" I reminded him. One night during our sophomore year, I had given him a quickie blowjob while we where hanging out in my friend Leslie's dorm room. Kyle, Leslie and I where hanging out one evening when Leslie announced that she needed to take a quick shower. The community bathrooms were down the hall, and she grabbed her towel and toiletries and left the room. She never kept her door locked when she left the room for a short time. We knew we only had about ten minutes before she would return. It was totally unplanned; I just unzipped Kyle's pants a moment after Leslie had left the room and began to go down on him. I sucked him off until he shot a load of hot come down my throat. Leslie returned literally seconds after I had finished; his pants were stil unzipped, and I had to quickly toss a blanket over his lap when I heard the door open! I was still was swallowing semen when she was in the room.

This memory must have set something off in his head, because he began to moan as quietly as he could as sweat began to pour down his face. I knew he had begun his orgasm when I felt the first quick contractions beginning in his cock. I felt him spasm in my hand, so I pumped him even faster. He shot a wet messy load of come all over my hands, providing even more lubrication for me to milk him even more. I quickly reached into his lap with my other hand and squeezed his balls, heightening the sensation for him. Come kept spurting out of his cock and onto my hands and wrists as I jacked him off, letting him shoot out every last drop of hot creamy fluid all over. I smiled as he finished coming and I discreetly used my napkin to wipe him clean just as a waitress walked by.

He just sat there and relaxed, but I was ready to explode. "Kyle, I need to go now. I can't hold back any longer; I need to play with my clit, and I can't do that here."

"O.K. You've been a good sport. Let me flag the waiter down and pay for our drinks."

"Uh...no, I can't wait for that. Either turn off the vibrator or I'll have to run to the bathroom to masturbate right this minute." I was feeling intense stimulation deep in my cunt, and I needed to fucking get off soon.

"O.K. I'll turn it down a few notches." Kyle reached for the remote; but suddenly the idea of cutting off the stimulation sounded terrible. I was feeling so good between my legs, and I didn't really want him to cut off the stimulation.

"NO!" I yelled, a bit too loudly. A nearby couple turned their heads to look at me. "I mean, no, don't do that. I have to go now."

I stood up quickly, almost forgetting that I had no pants on. I was horrified to see that the jacket had ridden up and my panties where visible. I pulled the bottom of the jacket down as far as I could to cover up my panties, and dashed to the bathroom as fast as I could.

I opened the door to the ladies room and panicked when I realized that the only stall was occupied! I needed to come so badly; this was worse than having to pee and finding the bathroom occupied, I thought. I needed to find a place to get off.

I had planned to go back to the table to get Kyle's car keys, figuring I could quickly get off in his car, but he had gotten up to pay the cashier, and I couldn't face the scrutiny of the staff in my condition. I was sweating profusly as the vibrator buzzed away inside my pussy. I felt my heart race and I got paranoid when I hear the buzzing sound of the vibrator. I hoped that nobody else heard the sounds as I tried to figure out where I could go to touch my clit.

I noticed an open door to the alley. I ducked out of the restaurant and saw a few people smoking outside. Damn! I noticed that the alley led to a street and that there was another alley across the street. I looked both ways and ran across the street into the alley on the next block. I stood behind a dumpster and took a quick look around to make sure nobody could see me. The coast was clear, so I leaned against the brick wall and breathed a sigh of relief. The half hour or so of level five stimulation in my pussy had made me hornier than I had ever felt in my life!

I lifted the jacket above my waist, but it kept slipping down, inhibiting me from easily reaching into my panties. What the he;l, I thought, as I quickly unzipped the jacket all the way down. My breasts were free, and my nipples hardened in the cool night air as I felt a breeze. I was basically naked under the jacket, wearing only the panties and nothing else underneath. I shoved my hands inside my panties and zeroed in on my clitoris.

I felt such a sense of relief as my fingers finally made contact with myself. It felt like I hadn't eaten for two days and suddenly had bitten into a juicy steak. My panties were soaked, and I felt my hot juices quickly coat my fingers as I began to stimulate my needy clit. I thought of the sexual experience I had just given to Kyle in the restaurant. My mind was filled with the image of his bare cock getting stroked under the table by my hands a short time ago.

It didn't take much to get me off; I felt the first wave of contractions hit me very soon after I had started masturbating. Not even caring if anyone on the street could hear me, I let out a cry of passion as I felt the orgasm rock my pelvis. I could barely stand up; normally I masturbate while lying down in bed or sitting on a chair. My knees shook, but I leaned against the wall and let the orgasm tear through my body. The jacket had started to slip down my shoulders and was about to fall off, but I didn't care, I just experienced white hot waves of ecstacy.

Feeling a second wave of contractions even more powerful than the first, I knelt to the ground because it was too much to handle standing up. I didn't even care when my jacket fell completely off, leaving my kneeling on the dirty ground of an alley, nearly naked and shaking with orgasmic pleasure. As the final aftershocks of the orgasm hit me, I let out a sigh and collapsed to the ground, lying down with my hair touching the gravel.

I lay still for a moment, savoring the feeling of having experienced an intense orgasm after being denied for so long. I slowly came to my senses, slipped the vibrator out of my spent pussy, and found my jacket. Putting on my jacket, I smiled. My hair was a complete mess, I'm sure my makeup was all smeared, my jacket was dirty, and I had a still buzzing vibrator in my hand. I had to somehow compose myself and walk back into the restaurant; I didn't even have my purse to put the vibrator into, so I had to shove it back inside me, although I had shut it off manually.

I slowly walked back torwards the restaurant with a sexually satisfied grin on my face. I was about to walk into a public place looking disheveled, like I had just been fucked, although that is not exactly what had happened. And I didn't have a care in the world as I boldly opened the door of the restaurant and spotted Kyle sitting back at our table. I walked to the table looking like a total slut, and I made eye contact with my former lover. I gave him a sly look, trying to convey my feelings to him.

I licked my lips and thought to myself: "Kyle, you just helped me experience something new sexually, and it fucking rocked. You are about to get the fucking of a lifetime when we get back to my hotel..."