How to Have an Orgasm without Anyone Knowing

 One of the first discoveries I made after moving to New York City

was a unique little boutique on the East Side catering to the erotic

needs of women. A Garden of Sexual delights, the shop was filled with

literature on female sensuality, erotic art work, an unbelievable

array of vibrators and sex toy "goodies" selected with the pleasure of

the female body in mind. The atmosphere was warm and comfortable, not

the self-consciousness felt at venturing into some porno bookstores.

Here there was a calm acknowledgement that women do indeed want to

explore their sexual drives and urging with all the accoutrements

usually reserved for males.

 A showcase held several items with which I was happily familiar:

phallic-shaped vibrators in different sizes, vibrating "eggs" and

gold-plated ben-wa balls ornately offered on velvet cushions. What

riveted my attention was a device I'd never seen before: a soft

plastic cup slightly smaller than my palm, with a soft nub lined with

shallow grooves on the concave side. A pair of elastic straps were

attached to the edges, and an insulated wire led to a black plastic

battery case, a little larger than a cigarette lighter. With the

casualness of a salesgirl at Sacks Fifth Avenue, the young woman

behind the counter showed me the intriguing device.

 "It's called Joni's Butterfly, " she said, explaining how the

straps went around a woman's hips and held the vibrating nub snug

against the outer folds of the vagina. It didn't penetrate at all; it

wasn't designed to. "That's why the woman who invented it called it a

Butterfly. The sensation is like a butterfly lightly brushing its

wings against you. The straps hold it in place, leaving your hands

totally free. " She went on to describe how the device could be worn

undetected beneath ordinary clothing.

 My mind was racing with the possibilities. A gentle, feminine

vibrator that could continually arouse me even when I was out in

public, and so discreetly designed that no one could tell I was

wearing it. The stirring of lust between my legs flashed a quick

message to my brain--Gimme!

 When I got home with my erotic purchase I stripped myself naked

before unwrapping the device. The flat elastic straps went round my

waist just over the hip bones, suspending the cup between my legs.

After a few adjustments to tighten and position the harness, the

grooved nub pressed delicately against the outer folds of my labia. It

fit the contours of my body perfectly, making me grateful to the

innovative woman who'd concocted such a delightful device. Inspecting

myself in the full-length mirror, I was amazed to see how well it

adhered to my shape. It might have been custom-designed just to fit

me, to be a part of me.

 The big moment came when I took the slender control case in my

hand and, tensing a little in anticipation, switched it on. The hum

was almost inaudible, and the sensation wickedly sensual. The soft,

grooved nub warmed to my body and began delicate, feather-like caress

of my sex; massaging, urging, playing with my most intimate spot.

 Holding my breath and moaning slightly as the marvelous feeling

drove against me, I felt pleasure stirring deeply within me. This was

different from anything I'd experienced before. Unlike the phallic

vibrator which you had to hold against yourself, or push into the

furrow of your sex and then "take it," this gentle little machine gave

the sensation of an unhurried, loving caress. It was a lover's warm

hand that cupped me between the legs. Instead of entering me, it

simply massaged and played with the outer fringes, making me hot and

wet by gentle touches, never forcing, never in a hurry.

 Contracting my vaginal muscles in response, I felt sweet wetness

begin to lubricate my furrow. As I contracted and relaxed the muscles

of my vaginal walls and felt the slickness of my juices flow, I thrust

my pelvis back and forth, grinding my hips in slow, deliberate cir-

cles. The little device nestled tight against my sex all the way,

staying with me, never skipping a pulse

 In the mirror I watched the device follow every move. When I

reached down, I felt how hot I'd become. Glistening wetness made a

damp nest for the little nub, bathing it in my erotic odor. I could

adjust and realign the straps to hold the nub against the lower folds

of my labia, or higher up to vibrate directly over my clitoris.

 I could position it over my clit when using the device at home,

when I could be free to moisten it with my wetness, but under clothes

I figured such a constant nudging there might make me sore. I finally

decided to strap the vibrating nub directly over the center of my sex,

with my clitoris just above the nub. It wouldn't get the direct

vibrations when I stood, but by sitting down and shifting my legs just

so, I could shift the position slightly enough to knock against my

sensuous trigger. It was perfect.

 With the constant, light pulsation, my head lolled back and my

breaths grew deeper. Fingertips grazed my belly in a sensuous caress.

In the mirror, I could see my nipples standing out hard and erect, the

areolae reddened and needing my touch. I stumbled across the room and

collapsed on the bed. One hand rubbed my breasts while the other ran

over my thighs, my hips and belly. The Butterfly nudged me insistently

toward erotic delight.

 My sex was aching for release, moist with the slickness of my

juices, my scent reaching my nostrils and turning me on more. I gasped

and writhed on the bed, hands roaming urgently over my body while the

vibrating nub worked its magic. Rolling onto my side, I caressed hips

and buttocks, down the crease between the cheeks, fingering and

rubbing the skin between anus and sex.

 Once more supine, I spread my legs and ran my palms along the

quivering inside of my thighs, then up over the device, caressing my

belly, my navel, up my chest to my breasts, happy that I could fondle

my body so freely and still, with every move I made. feel the heady

stimulation against my most private part.

 I wanted to come without touching myself between the legs, with

just the vibrating nub grinding gently against me there pushing me to

climax. Hands rubbing my breasts, fingertips patting and feathering

the reddened nipples, the waves of orgasm came quickly, wonderfully

and uncontrollably. I reached down and clutched the device tightly to

my sex, smothering it in my ecstasy. Closing my legs around my hand

tightly and rolling over on my side, I shivered in blissful fulfill-

ment as the climax shook through my body.

 I let out a long. exhausted breath and stayed balled up like that

for several minutes, delirious dreamy with contentment. My orgasm had

been so natural--so peaceful--and I hadn't put my fingers inside or

played with my clitoris as I usually do. That marvelous little nub had

rocked me to pleasure, and my hands had been free to arouse, caress

and excite the other parts of my body that I loved so much.

 The real test would come with clothes on, in public. Could the

marvelous little device actually be concealed under my clothes ? I

hoped so as I slipped my undies and pantyhose up over it. in the

mirror it looked like I had a slightly more prominent mound, but with

tight jeans on? Perfection! No one would see a thing. There wouldn't

be the slightest suspicion that under my skin-hugging denims my body

was availing itself of the most exquisite erotic stimulation.

 I slipped the slender battery case into the waistband at the

side. It made a small bulge, but with a jacket on nobody would be able

to tell it was there.

 With my "little friend" settled snug inside my knickers. I knew a

whole new realm of delight was opening up for me. Many times I've been

turned on by everyday occurrences: eyeing attractive men; in a theater

watching some provocative love affair on the screen, or daydreaming of

a sensuous lover holding and caressing me. Tomes when I'd wanted to

touch myself but been unable to do so because others were around me.

Now I had something between my legs that would never let go and would

come alive with stimulating vibrations anytime I wanted. I was abso-

lutely thrilled by this liberating realization.

 The first test came in a crosstown taxicab. Perched in the back

seat, I reached inside my jacket to the waistband of my jeans and

switched on the batteries. I'd always worn my jeans fairly tight. with

the crotch seam sometimes mildly arousing me when I had lusty

thoughts. Now, with their snugness pressing the soft cup against my

sex, the sensation was incredible. The pulsations flowed between my

legs, urging me gently to lubricate, warming my pleasure, but humming

so silently I couldn't even hear the motor.

 In a few moments my legs were slightly apart and my mouth opened

as I breathed quickly in little gasps at the pleasure on my most

vulnerable spot. It was heavenly! The vibrator pulsed and I tensed my

vaginal muscles as the cab crept slowly along through the jammed

midtown traffic. Pedestrians swarmed past me, unaware that a young

lady in their midst was unabashedly pleasuring herself in tho most

intimate manner. I fell wickedly, totally sensual.

 Crossing my arms, I slipped my right hand inside my jacket and

cupped my left breast. The nipple was hard and standing out under my

sweater. With thumb and forefinger I teased it gently, twirling its

firmness, squirming on the seat as the nub gently churned against my

sex. Dampness coated the grooves and I clenched my teeth, breathing

through parted lips, inhaling more deeply and quickly, my breasts

rising and falling to the tempo.

 My legs pressed tightly together while under my jacket I caressed

my breast. My breathing got quicker, unsteady, deepening as orgasm

came closer and closer. Then I shifted on the seat and felt the deli-

cious stab of pleasure that could only come from my clitoris, aroused

and straining, pressed against the tightness of my crotch.

 The device shifted slightly when I crossed my legs, and pressed

even tighter against me. Dropping all barriers to pleasure, I reveled

in sweet orgasm, creaming in ecstatic delight. Every pothole and bump

the cab jerked over just added to my moment of pleasure, jostling me

on the seat, bouncing me merrily as I swayed with the momentum,

breathless in my secret world of pleasure.

 By the time the cab reached my destination I was limp, my eyelids

heavy in delight, my mouth open slightly as I inhaled slowly and

calmly. I'd switched the vibrating nub off after the initial throes of

my orgasm had subsided, and had sat like a zombie in the back of the

taxi for the last few blocks, amazed and absolutely enthralled by the

experience, numb with the pleasure of erotic fulfillment.

 Since that first day, my little friend and l have treated our-

selves to scintillating pleasures in the most unlikely places: eleva-

tors, behind my desk at work, in theaters, at the hairdresser's--

dozens of places. I've learned how to control my facial expressions

and squirming, not letting myself go completely unless I'm sure nobody

is watching. Just by activating the device and thinking hot, sexy

thoughts, I can go right to the edge of orgasm, experiencing it if I

wish, or just deliriously enjoying that happy, turned-on state.

 Finally I have found a way to translate my inner lust into

something discreetly physical while in public. I can experience

beautiful sensual pleasure whenever I desire, loving it, firing all my

erotic energies and never being frustrated when those urges stir.

 Now, instead of confining sensuality to the privacy of my bed,

I'm free to indulge myself anywhere. Even when I'm not wearing my

hidden erotic toy I'm still in a much more sensual, provocative state

of mind. I feel free, and the whole world is much more stimulating to

me now. My new feeling of sensual pleasure and erotic freedom carries

my sensuality into every part of my life.