**My New Toy**

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I thought my time at University couldn't get any worse. I applied for accommodation too late, so there was nothing left on campus (classic ditzy me) and had ended up in a privately rented house with some other girls in their second and third years. They all know each other, and I don't think they like me very much. I've ended up getting frozen out. I missed out on making friends with the other first years because I was off-campus, and I was starting to feel lonely.

More than just not having any friends though. I was starting to feel LONELY. Before I came to university, I'd become quite sexually active, and now that had just stopped. It was now almost the Christmas holidays, and I was getting frustrated. My little bullet vibe just couldn't cut it.

I started browsing the internet for something to replace it with but nothing was catching my eye, until I spotted an advert for a sybian. Would that be so crazy? I was a grown woman With my own money to spend on it (I worked part time at a gym to supplement my student loan) and my own room to use it in. I decided to treat myself.

It took about a week, but I finally got a text that it was going to be delivered. I stayed at home while everyone else went to lectures, so no one was around to see me sign for it and carry it to my room. I was so excited I set it up straight away. When I turned it on, it made a horrible rattling noise! This was a disaster, people would hear it for certain. I quickly turned it off, before realising no one was home, and wouldn't be for hours. I could get away with using it while no one was around to hear it.

I took off my panties, and climbed on top. I'd gotten so excited setting it up and thinking about using it all day that I was able to slide down onto it quite easily. I reached back to turn it on, and noticed that with my weight on top of it, the noise had disappeared. Whatever was rattling had stopped. I turned up the vibration power, and my god did it feel good. It was getting to spots I just couldn't reach with my little bullet, and I was starting to feel lightheaded almost immediately. And it was only on half power! I turned it up a little, and it was only minutes before I had my best orgasm in months! It felt so great to finally release all that tension. As I climbed off I felt a tinge of sadness that I had forgotten that there was a second control dial, which moves the dildo in a fucking motion, up and down. That would have to wait.

I hid the machine in a corner of my room under some blankets. No one ever really came in here, so it didn't need to be expertly hidden. I still had one lecture this afternoon that I could catch if I left right now. I didn't have time to shower, so I just hod to hope I didn't smell too strongly.

The lecture was boring, and I didn't speak to any one. I couldn't stop thinking about my machine, and what I would do with it when I got home. I got myself quite excited, and I'd forgotten my panties in my rush to get out of the house, so I started to worry I would leave a wet patch on my skirt. I tried to focus on the lecture, but it was next to impossible.

When it was finally over I headed home, surprised to find it still quite empty. I decided to make dinner early, so I wouldn't be in the kitchen when the other girls were. After dinner, I had a shower, since I wasn't feeling all that fresh. The other girls must have gotten home while I was in there, because when I came out, I almost bumped into Camilla, the oldest girl in the house, a post-grad.

"Jess! How are you? I haven't seen you all day!" She greeted me. I felt uneasy about her seeming to be so nice, and she was blocking my exit from the bathroom.

"It's just that I noticed you didn't leave the house this morning, don't you have lectures on a Friday morning?"

"I wasn't feeling very well" I replied as I pushed past her.

"It's very important to go to lectures you know, naughty girl" she spanked me on the ass as I went past. But instead of just keeping her hand open, she grabbed at me, and tugged my towel right off! I shrieked as I was left naked in the hallway, and tried to pull my towel back away from Camilla. She was too strong, and I decided to just cut and run back to my room. I got back into privacy, but not before I flashed my entire body to at least 2 of the other girls in the house, and worse, one of their boyfriends!

I hid under the covers on my bed for a little while, desperately trying to forget the experience. This wasn't the first time Camilla had done this to me, and she assured me that it was just a house tradition, that they all got each other. I'd never seen it though.

After a little while I noticed that I was a little horny. It seemed my little naked dash had gotten me worked up. I decided I could cheer myself up with a little ride on my new toy. This time though, I was determined to make it last. Still naked, I climbed on top and turned it onto its lowest setting. Enough that I could feel it, but not so much that it would make me cum. I decided to see how long I could stay like this, since I had nothing better to do. I closed my eyes, and images of my own naked body, surrounded by other people, all fully clothed, floated into my mind. I was at a party, everyone else was enjoying a drink and chatting, I was riding my sybian. No one else seemed to notice, even when I started to bob up and down, fucking myself on it. People were chatting, laughing, I could hear Camilla laughing. I could hear Camilla laughing. I opened my eyes, and saw the handle on my door start to turn. I could hear Camilla laughing. I quickly wrapped myself in a blanket. What was she doing here? She'd never come in here before.

"Hey Jess, I'm really sorry about earlier" She said, her voice was incredibly patronising. I couldn't think of anything to say. I must have looked odd, wrapped in a blanket in the middle of the floor. She seemed to be waiting for me to say something, when I didn't, she continued.

"I know it must be kind of weird living with a group of people who all know each other, so we thought we'd make an effort tonight and have a movie night with you?"

This seemed genuinely nice. If I hadn't been masturbating for an hour, this news would have really excited me. I still couldn't really speak, but I just nodded.

"Great, I'll get the other girls. You've got a TV in here don't you."

She shouted for the other girls to come up, and entered my room. I was trapped, I didn't realise the movie night would be in my room! I had no chance of dismounting, but while Camilla was putting a DVD in, I managed to slide myself to the back of the room.

"Why don't you sit on the bed, it's your room," Camilla said when she turned around. The other girls had started to file in.

"No you guys take it, it's fine" I managed to squeak out. The other girls expressed their gratitude, although they looked a little confused. Camilla turned off the lights and came to sit next to me on the floor, since there was no space left on the bed. I prayed she couldn't hear the machine, and she didn't say anything, so it seemed I was safe for now. I couldn't believe the movie they'd chosen though. 50 shades of Grey. I was already struggling no to get too excited, and now they'd basically put some porn on.

It was torture, but it was also incredibly arousing. I was almost in my fantasy scenario from earlier, and I actually started to enjoy it. A little too much. The machine seemed to be vibrating harder than before. I was struggling to concentrate. A moan nearly escaped me, but I covered it with a cough. I tried to readjust my position, but that just made it worse. I needed to get off this thing before I came. I couldn't turn it off because the controls were right next to Camilla, and she'd definitely notice I was up to something. I started to lift myself off it, and just as the tip left me that awful rattling noise returned. I quickly sat back down, letting out a loud sigh as I did.

"What was that noise?" Someone on the bed asked.

"Yeah Jess, what WAS that noise?" Camilla repeated. She seemed to be smiling, stifling a giggle even.

"Ah, the pi- the pipes are really loud in here some times" I stuttered. I was still looking at Camilla, and she was still looking at me. The other girls were watching the film when Camilla reached under my blanket, and twisted the control nob on my machine. I grunted. She had turned it right up.

"They really are noisy aren't they" She said, still making eye contact. I couldn't think of anything to do, so I just sat there, trying not to breathe too loudly. I grunted again. I thought she was going to make me cum, but she turned it down with seconds to spare. I couldn't help but be frustrated. My hips bucked involuntarily. Camilla raised her eyebrows at me, I just looked back to the TV.

"Let me help you there" she whispered. She had turned on the fucking motion. I was being fucked by a machine in a room full of people. My breathing was really starting to get ragged. This sensation so soon after my comedown was too much. She started with just a little motion, but now it was really going. She had turned up the vibration as well.

Then she just turned it all back down to a minimum. She reached around the back of the blanket, and started to stroke my ass. Scratch it with a fingernail. Then she started to reach between my cheeks. I looked at her and shook my head, she nodded. I didn't dare try to fight her, people would notice what I was doing. Now she was playing with my asshole. I'd never tried that before, and it felt amazing. I had to stifle another moan. I closed my eyes, and she popped her middle finger past my sphincter. She just rubbed me gently, then slid out. I was starting to hope that maybe she would just toy with me, and not make me cum. She seemed to have lost interest, and was playing with her phone.

"Say cheese for snapchat everyone!" The flash was blinding in the darkness. When the photo came through on my phone, I could see that I was incredibly red in the face. When I looked back to Camilla she was playing with her phone again. When she finished, she whispered

"Smile, you're on camera" to me.

She had set the phone up to film my humiliation.

She turned both dials up to full, and I panicked. There was nowhere to go, I just couldn't think. I let out a moan, a full orgasmic moan. The other girls were alarmed, but I could barely think about them. I let the blanket slip, showing my tits to everyone. I was thrashing and moaning and shaking. All the girls started to laugh. I couldn't take it any more, I had cum, and my pussy was too sensitive for this sort of beating. I leapt away from the machine, and curled up in a ball. The girls all just laughed, and then left. I hid my face.

After some time of self pity, I heard the door open again. It was Camilla. I didn't even bother to cover myself. She sat down on the floor next to me and put her arm around me.

"I've had a chat with the girls, and we've all agreed not to tell anyone about this. It's just our little secret." She passed me her phone, it was playing the video. I could see my face, all red and sweaty.

"That's good isn't it, that we aren't going to tell anyone?" I nodded. She started to stroke my side. On the video I grunted.

"Don't you think that's such a nice thing for us to do?" I nodded again, still transfixed by the video. She slid her hand down my belly and between my legs. The first moan escaped my lips on the video as she touched my clit.

"I really had to convince them you know, they wanted to put the video on the internet" I nodded again, barely listening. My arousal was building again, and she started to finger fuck me. On the video I arched my back and started to shake.

"'Stupid exhibitionist slut cums in front of all her friends.' That's what they wanted to call it. 'Whore can't wait to get fucked by a machine.'" I just kept nodding along. On the video I had jumped across the room and curled up. My pink, puffy little clam was still visible between my legs. Camilla took her fingers out of me, and started to rub my clit again.

"Are you an exhibitionist slut? A whore?" It felt so good, I just kept nodding. She took her fingers away altogether.

"You are? Well maybe we can compromise then" She brought her fingers to my nose, they smelled of my pussy, and of my ass from earlier.

"Maybe instead of a video..." she started to fuck my mouth with her fingers. I could no longer resist her at all.

"You could write a little diary about what happened, and we'll put that online instead."