**No Returns**

**by [imjustasteph](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1038147&page=submissions)©**

I was embarrassed to even go into that kind of shop, but a bet is a bet, so I opened the door and walked in. The girl at the counter smiled at me, and I blushed and looked down. She was extremely attractive: slender, with nicely-sized breasts and a sweet smile, dark eyes and long, soft-looking dark hair. She's the kind of girl I'd be jealous of, if I wasn't too nervous. Taking a deep breath, I approached her and said, in a rush "Cudjoohemmepickavibrar?"

"I'm....sorry?" she said, obviously confused.

I tried again. What was I thinking, agreeing to do this? I forced spaces between the words. "Can. You. Help. Me. Pick...out a...vibrator." The last word goes really quiet, and I hoped she wouldn't make me repeat it.

"A what, sugar?"

Crap.

"A, um, vibrator." This time the word sounded way too loud, and I blushed and looked away.

She came around the counter now, and lead me toward a curtained room. It was dark, but a light came on automatically as we entered. The curtain fell closed behind us.

I glanced at the walls and saw that every inch is hung with dildos, vibrators, and all sorts of shocking toys. I'd never seen anything like this. I looked at the floor.

The gorgeous girl slipped an arm around my waist, hand resting on my hip. Yeah, it felt good. I can admit it, it felt nice.

"Look," she said, turning me toward her. This motion made the arm that was around me pull me close. Our bodies are nearly touching, and I could feel the heat from her. I tried to look down, but she placed her other hand under my chin and lifted it. "I will have to get back to the desk shortly. If you want my help picking something, you're going to have to look at things. You came in here to buy something, right?"

I tried to nod, but she was holding my chin. "Yes," I whispered, "But I've never...been in a place like this before. Forgive me if I'm a little shy."

"Your boyfriend usually does this sort of shopping, huh?" she laughs, but there's something in her eye. It reminded me of when guys ask "your boyfriend" questions to get you to say you don't have one so they can hit on you. Somehow it bothered me less from her.

"I don't have a boyfriend," I told her, and I heard more words spill from me. "I never have, actually. I've never been interested in a guy yet. So my friend dared me to come in here and buy...a..vibrator. She says if I'm not going to date I need something to keep me satisfied. And..um, that I'd be in a better mood if I, you know, had...some..cock, even if it's rubber." I could feel the heat radiating from my face, and knew I must be bright red. Why had I said so much?

She laughed, and the motion brought her forward so that our bodies did touch, from pelvis to chest, and I froze, stiff. I didn't pull away. I couldn't. I wished she's stop and go away, and I wished she'd stay here, with her body pressed to mine, forever. I wished...I wished I could think clearly enough to have some idea what I wished.

She stopped laughing, and she did pull away. "I'm sorry," she said, and she truly did sound contrite. "I didn't mean to laugh at you. I really didn't. It's just your friend thinking you need \*cock\* to improve your mood. I mean, yeah, an orgasm can heal your stress and improve the hell out of your demeanor, but you hardly need \*cock\* for an orgasm. I'll help you pick out some good stuff, and I'll give you an employee discount, how's that?"

"Oh..okay." I managed, and she took my hand and began leading me around the small room.

A bell rang, and I realized someone had just come in the door. "Oops," she said. "Let me take care of this, and I'll be right back with you."

She slipped through the curtain, and I could hear her talking to another customer, greeting him- it was clearly a man- and telling him to look around and to take his time. I looked around, too. She had deposited me in front of a variety of dildos, despite her claim that this wasn't what I needed, and I was surprised at the vast array of choices available. The one directly in front of me was glow-in-the-dark, and next to it was one that looked like real flesh. The one above seemed to have two heads, and was curved in a sort of 'C' shape. There was even a bright purple one. I took that down to look at it.

Purple is my favorite color, okay? That's all.

From behind me, I heard "Nice choice." I spun in shock, but it was just the girl from the counter. Still, I blushed and quickly tried to return the toy to the rack. My fingers fumbled and it fell from my hands. The girl was at my side.

"You're going to have to get over this shyness," she said, firmly but gently. "I'm Karen. What's your name?"

"I'm Steph."

"There now. Not strangers anymore. You know, I know a way to get a girl over a shy streak. I've locked the front door behind that last customer and put up the closed sign. We have as long as we need." Karen told me.

Surprisingly, just exchanging names did make her seem less intimidating and more like a friend. As she slipped her arm around my waist again, I asked, "What makes you say that one's a nice choice? It actually seemed pretty plain to me, compared to the others."

"It's not strictly a dildo," she explained. "It vibrates. You should get it, and also-" here she paused in her speech to stretch up and take something from the top shelf- "one of these." Her hand slid down from my hip. If I hadn't known better, I'd've thought she was feeling me up...I would've sworn her hand was on my butt. But that didn't make sense at all. Surely she was just being friendly.

I took the package she offered. It held a silver-colored, bullet-shaped item, no longer than my thumb, and a tiny remote with a dial instead of a button. She reached past me to remove another item from another shelf, and the back of her hand brushed my breast. I told myself again that it was pure accident though I realized there was no question that her other hand was definitely on my ass now, slightly stroking. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to tell her to stop, nor to simply step away from her.

This time she handed me a small bottle. I barely had time to absorb the word 'tingling' on the front before she was off to the opposite wall, leaving me behind and feeling sorry to lose the contact. There, she gathered two pairs of fuzzy handcuffs, and two packages with things I didn't recognize.

"This should do it." she said. "Let's go." I followed her toward the curtain, and on out to the counter.

"Now," she said, "because we cannot accept returns on these, we must make sure they work before we can sell them. I'm sure you won't mind..."

Unsure what she meant, I nodded.

With a box cutter, she slit open the package holding the purple dildo. She pulled it from the plastic and held it up. I knew I was blushing. She slid her hand along the length, giving a little twist at the end. The head popped off in her hand. She produced two batteries from a box behind her, and after inserting them, screwed the head back on and flipped the switch. The thing began to buzz.

"Looks like it works." I said, my mouth dry.

She beckoned for me to come back behind the counter. I obeyed, numbly. She pulled me to her, pressing our bodies together again, hot and sweet. Her mouth found mine, and I felt a little moan escpae my lips as she parted them with her tongue. Her hand was at my throat, unbuttoning my shirt, and then it was inside my shirt, squeezing, massaging, rolling a nipple between her thumb and finger. I had no idea what I was doing, but my body was responding. My back arched to press my more tightly against her, and my hands stroked her back and that perfect tight butt in the jeans I could only dream of squeezing into.

She toka step away from me and pointed at my jeans. I knew what she wanted, and for some reason, I obeyed, my fingers going straight to the zipper. It was beyond my control to stop.

The jeans were tight and I had to bend over and push them down. When I did, I felt her run the tip of the toy along the crack of my ass and I thought I'd die right there. She laughed at how I jumped, and I suddenly became aware that the store had big open front windows and anyone outside could see in.

I tried to say something but somehow instead it came out as, "What if someone COMES in?" and she laughed and said she didn't mind if they did. I vaguely realized that from what she'd said earlier, her response should've been more along the lines of "They can't. I locked the door, remember?", but I couldn't manage to say anything.

"I told you, I know how to fix a shy streak," she whispered in my ear, and then her mouth took mine again, her fully clothed body blocking my mostly nude one from view of anyone outside the window.

She pressed me against the counter, and the toy was in her hand. "So, shy girl," she whispered, "Why aren't you wearing panties?"

"I..they show, under these jeans. Even the tiniest thong makes a line, they're so tight. I almost think I couldn't fasten them if I wasn't shaved."

"Trust me, I noticed the shave." she said. "Is it as smooth as it looks?"

Without waiting for an answer, she stroked one hand across my hairless mound. My eyes closed, and I could not stop the soft sound of pleasure that escaped my lips. I felt something press against my mound, parting the lips there and stroking gently, and opening my eyes I saw that it was the purple toy. She slid her thumb across the switch, turning on the motor and causing the play cock to start its vibration.

She stroked it along my slit, now dripping wet. I glanced up and saw a man walking past the window. Unfortunately, at that same moment, he saw me. He turned and stared in shock. Karen had stepped off to one side of me, and her body was no longer blocking mine. He could see every inch of my exposed body. My jeans in a pile on the floor by my feet, my shirt open and hanging from my shoulders. My nipples, exposed and hard in the cool air, and my puss, without even a hair to hide it, being pressured open by the vibe, surely giving him glimpses of the pink flesh inside.

"Karen!" I gasped, and she followed my gaze. Spotting the man, she smiled sweetly and waved to him, pointing toward the door. "Don't invite him in!" I cried, but she returned her fully attention to me now, and with her kissing me, tweaking my nipples with one hand, and teasing my begging pussy with the vibrator in the other, I hadn't the ability to protest further.

The door opened and the man entered, two others behind him. I could only assume they'd been with him, perhaps intending to wait in the parking lot, and when his attention had been diverted from whatever building he'd intended to enter to this one, he'd called them to join. The three stood just inside the door and watched Karen tease me with the toy, withdrawing it as I arched my hips for it, so that it always just barely touched me.

After an enternity, she stopped and stepped away from me, leaving me gasping, unsure whether to put my clothes on and run, or to beg her not to stop. She didn't leave me to make the decision, though. She took her box cutter and began to open the package with the silver bullet-shaped item in it. She wuickly opped a battery in, and pressed me back onto a wooden stool against the wall. Her skilled hands went back to work. She began to fuck me with the purple vibe, moving it in and out of me, giving me only about an inch of it, and with the smaller vibe she began to circle my clit, coming near but not quite touching.

"Please..." I moaned.

"Oh...you want...more?" she asked.

"Yes..no...yes, yes I do!" I cried out.

"But there are men watching! I thought you were shy. I thought you wer the kind of girl who'd beg to be allowed to dress and leave now. Do you really want me to stroke this little vibe across your clit and make you jump and moan for these men to watch? Do you really want every inch of this big purple cock in your hot wet little pussy, for them to see how you like it and hear how wet and gooey you are? That's what you want?"

"Yes, yes." I moaned. "Please, I have to have it."

"Then you'll have to say it." she teased. "Tell the men you want them to watch you cum, and tell them what you want me to do to you."

I looked at the men, and I knew I had no choice. "I want you guys to watch me cum. I'm so horny. I want her to fuck me with this dildo, slam it to me, and I want her to stroke my swollen, hot clit with that little silver thing, and I want to cum right here in front of you all."

I wasn't clear on the exact words, but I can tell you that their responses were in approval of this plan of action.

Karen began to slowly slide the whole didlo into me. I arched my back to take it more quickly. I needed it now. I couldn't wait. Compliantly, she began to move it faster, harder. Her other hand was skillful with the little silver vibe, bringing me right to the edge pof orgasm, then pulling it away for the fraction of a second I needed to back down, building up to an ever-greater high.

You know how hard it is to pat your head and rub your stomach at the same time? I assure you, Karen would be able to do it.

"Now?" she whispered.

"Now." I affirmed, and she moved harder, faster, as I slipped over the edge, into what must've been a record-breaking orgasm. I shuddered and shook, crying out and bucking, and I could not believe how hot this was, a woman I'd met only minutes ago making me cum in front of strangers. When the spasms subsided, I sank back onto the stool, unable to recover any modesty to stand and cover myself. By the time I recovered and stood, Karen was selling similar dildos and vibes to each of the men, and offering instructions on how to enjoy them as much with their wives or girlfriends as she and I just had. As they left, she came over to me and took me in her arms, kissing me passionately.

Nothing could ever be the same.