The Egg

by mich\_1 Â©

I was surfing the net last night I came across a new web site. It was

quite interesting and had a shop where you could buy sex toys.

One toy was a remote controlled egg. A small cylinder shape, 2 or 3

inches. This was inserted into the vagina. There were no wires but a

wireless remote control operated it. Honest. Anyway this got me thinking.

One day to show how much you love/trust your lover you go out. You are

wearing a short black skirt. Under the skirt you are wearing silk knickers

but you have first inserted the egg, kept in place by the knickers.

You have given the control to your lover. He can turn it on, off and

control its speed. On a slow speed it is almost silent but on high gives a

discernible hum.

When you first go out you pretend to be alone, your lover walking behind

you. You get on a bus. He sits behind you. He waits until the bus fills up

a bit. A young woman, 21ish, sits beside you. He turns the egg on. Just

slow at first

This is easy; you can control yourself so far. After 4 or 5 minutes you

close your eyes. You are beginning to sweat. The woman asks you if you are

ok. You manage to reply.

Suddenly the egg is turned off and nothing happens for a moment or two.

Then it is turned on, this time a medium speed. The bus is noisy and you

are sure nothing can be heard but you are having trouble controlling your

breathing. You start panting slightly. One hand drops to your lap but you

can do no more than leave it there because the woman keeps looking at you.

Then the egg is turned up to full speed. You gasp. The egg is very loud

and the woman must be able to hear it.

Just when you are on the edge of an orgasm, the bus reaches your stop and

it is turned off. You get of the bus, your lover behind you again.

So they both got off the bus. You are concerned, were you right to trust

me? But there is no turning back now.

There is a park up ahead. It is a sunny day so you turn in, it is bound to

be quieter than the street and you do not know if you could continue

walking if the egg was switched on again.

You lay down on a patch off grass and pretend to sunbathe. Suddenly you

are aware that your mobile is ringing in your bag. You answer.

"Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes" you reply

"Well it is a hot day so why don't you remove your skirt and blouse" and

the phone go dead.

You think about this, it is a public park but people would see more on a

beach and you are very turned on by now. You remove your skirt and blouse.

You are now wearing a pair of white silk knickers and a matching, if

slightly lacy, bra.

You lay there for a few minutes, your eyes closed. Nothing happens and you

start to enjoy the sun warming your body.

Suddenly the egg awakes, very low, barely discernable at first. Although

the park is quiet nobody can hear the egg hum. You had come down from your

sexual height; the bus trip was now a memory. After a couple of minutes

your vagina is bit wet. Will this show through your knickers? The egg

speeds up just a little.

You turn over onto your tummy. Perhaps this will dampen the sound and hide

any stain on your knickers. The grass tickles your tummy. You rest your

head on your hands but you are really putting your hand over your mouth to

stifle any gasps you know will be coming.

The egg speeds up a little more. To you the sound is deafening.

Your lower body is trembling. You want to yank the egg out and have a cock

thrusting inside you. You are now almost at orgasm. You are biting your

hand to keep quiet.

The egg moves up to full speed. It is no good you cannot stop yourself.

Waves upon waves of orgasm rack your body. Despite biting your hand a

scream escapes your lips.

Slowly the egg recedes until it is once again quiet. You lay there for a

few moments, catching your breath. Every now and then your body trembles.

You know that you cannot go through that again today. You sit up and get

dressed. But what if the egg is switched on again. You look around. No one

seems to have noticed anything, except for your lover sitting nearby.

You turn to face him, your knees slightly apart so he can see your

knickers. You remove your knickers and then take out the egg, the movement

of your hand hidden by the skirt. You wrap the egg in your knickers and

quickly put them both in your bag.

You stand up and walk out of the park. You look over your shoulder. Your

lover is following but now he has no control over you.