**Tonya the Toy Pt. 01**

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Naturally curly red hair, blue eyes, freckles, and the carpet did indeed match the drapes. At least they did at the start of the semester. She had begun shaving two weeks in though. How do I know this? She had been exposing herself to me during classes. She wasn't brazen about it. She didn't look at me or in any way acknowledge it was happening, but when she was seated in the risers her legs were spread for me to see under her skirts. She would close them when anyone but me was at the front of the class but as soon as I was alone in front she would spread them again. It was like it was some sort of game. I learned not to stare but I did enjoy the view whenever possible.

With this being the last class of the semester, I decided that I would ask her about it.

"Everyone have a good break and I'll see some of you next semester. Dismissed. Oh, Miss Thomas, could I have a word with you regarding your final paper before you go?"

She worked her way down to the front of the class while her classmates happily shambled out of the room. I let her stand for a minute and pretended to be reading something before looking up.

"I'm going to miss your shows, Tonya," I said looking her in the eyes.

"I'm glad you've enjoyed them, Professor," she replied with a bit of a blush. She shifted back and forth on her feet and glanced down then back up at me with a sly smile.

"I can't imagine why you do it," I said. "Your work and grades are top notch. You don't need to influence me to aid you, so I thought that now that the semester is over, I'd ask you why you sit there class after class exposing yourself to me."

"The first time was just a lark," she said with surprising confidence. "But I discovered I liked it, I mean I liked exposing myself to you and you didn't seem to mind. And that just led to all kinds of outrageous fantasies which just made me want to do it more. I really can't believe I'm having this discussion with you, to tell you the truth."

"I would really like to discuss this with you more," I replied. "but, I have another class to get ready for. Would you like to come to dinner tonight?"

"I dunno, that would be, well...okay," she said, finally smiling at me again. "I think I'd like that."

"Great," I said as I jotted down my address on a post-it and handed it to her. "See you at seven. Oh and no need to dress up. Just wear what you are wearing now."

The doorbell rang at precisely seven. While she was wearing the same outfit, she'd done a bit extra with her makeup and she looked spectacular and I told her so. She blushed and thanked me then I led her into the living room where my wife, Megan, was relaxing with a glass of wine. Tonya started when she saw her, but Megan looked up with a charming smile.

"So this is the saucy minx who's been making you randy this semester?" she asked.

"Oh— Uh— hi," Tonya stammered.

"Yes, this is Tonya," I said. "Tonya, this is my wife, Megan, who has been wanting to thank you."

"Thank me?" Tonya asked.

"Why yes," my wife replied. "I've been wanting to thank you for turning my husband back into the horn dog he used to be. I hadn't realized how little sex we had been having until you turned up the heat and we started having sex almost daily. So, thank you."

"You're...uh...welcome?" Tonya said.

"Great," I said. "Let's talk about this while we eat. I'm starving and Megan's lasagna is to die for."

The first part of dinner was spent exclaiming how good the food was. On my second serving I brought the conversation back around.

"So tell us about some of those fantasies you mentioned after class today, Tonya," I said.

She choked and quickly recovered.

"Yes, we'd really like to hear about them," Megan chimed in.

"Well," Tonya said while she blushed slightly, "They started out all about showing myself off and, well, just kind of evolved from there. Just normal fantasies, I guess."

"Tell us about them," my wife prodded.

"Oh simple things like being Professor Martinson's plaything after class and things like that. This is really embarrassing to talk about but I got so, uh, excited when he called me down after class today."

"Megan and I have a little proposal for you," I said. "There's no pressure and you can certainly say no but we'd like you to at least think about it."

"We appreciate what you've done to rekindle our sex drives," Megan interjected, "and we'd like to offer you a role in our lives. On a trial basis of course."

"Oh—," Tonya stammered. "What kind of role?"

"We'd like you to live here during break and be our toy. We would look at you and play with you and generally show you a good time. You would be naked at all times and do what we say. So what do you think?" Megan asked.

"That sounds very, uh, exciting," Tonya replied. "Let me think about it. It's kind of a big step to go from showing the Professor my pussy during class to being a toy."

"Of course you can think about it, and we won't be offended if you say no," I said.

Dinner continued mostly in silence with Tonya lost in thought. Finally though, as she put her cutlery down she looked at us and said "Okay."

"Okay?" I asked.

"Yes. It's not like I had any plans during break anyway and this just seems like an opportunity I shouldn't pass up and if it doesn't work out, well it doesn't work out but we will never know unless I try so, okay. When would you like to start?"

"How about now?" my wife asked.

"Now?" Tonya asked nervously.

"Sure. You won't need extra clothes so let's just start now. Take your clothes off and join us in the living room," Megan said.

We stood up and Megan and I went to the living room while Tonya went to the bathroom to disrobe. I did a small rearrangement of the furniture, moving an armchair in front of and facing the sofa where Megan and I sat. We were very excited about our new toy and chatted light heartedly while we waited for her to appear. Soon she was standing in the doorway, nude.

She was very cute while she stood nervously in the doorway. She was freckled down her chest and had the most delightful a-cup breasts with tiny nipples that pointed slightly upward. I was a sucker for red hair and Tonya's naturally curly hair framed her face well and highlighted her boldly blue eyes. She was, as I had already observed, fully shaved.

"Come in, come in," Megan cried. "Let's get a good look at our new toy."

Tonya walked over to our sofa as Megan stood up to take a look at her. Tonya stood there while my wife walked around giving herself a full viewing of our new toy's body. She blushed and looked down while my wife looked at her. Megan caressed Tonya's hip and lifted her chin to look into her eyes.

"Yes, I think you'll do nicely. Have a seat in the chair facing us and put your legs up on the arms. Let me get a look at that pussy you've been showing Max all these weeks."

Tonya seemed almost grateful as she sat down and spread her legs onto the arms of the chair. This was familiar territory, after all. She was amazing to look at as she sat there completely open to us. Not so surprisingly, she was also wet and visibly aroused. I just sat and stared for a few minutes while I considered all of the things we were going to do with her over the next week. Megan moved in for a closer look at Tonya's pussy.

"You were right, Max," Megan said. "She's got a gorgeous pussy. She's all wet and aroused too. It's going to be a fun week. Let me just play with her a minute. I'd like to see her cum."

Megan knelt down between Tonya's legs and with one hand spread her pussy lips apart and with the other she started rubbing Tonya's clitoris. Tonya moaned and pressed herself into my wife's hands. She was clearly incredibly aroused and it wasn't very long at all that she came with a low moan and the quivering of her thighs. She looked at me and blushed but maintained eye contact. She clearly enjoyed being looked at and came quite hard while I watched her. After her orgasm subsided my wife stood up and sat back next to me on the sofa. We watched Tonya begin to recover and look at us looking at her.

"Wow," she said. "Just wow. That was amazing and I'm just so turned on sitting here spread out like this."

"That's great, Tonya," I said. "Now we need to go over some of the rules for this week." She nodded and I continued. "First, you won't wear any clothes at all this week. You will stay naked and when you are sitting we expect you to have your legs spread wide and your pussy on display. We'd probably best get you few towels to sit on since your pussy lubricates so well.

"Now let's talk safe words. Everything we do is consensual and you agree to be here but may decide to leave at any time. That being said, if we are doing something that is getting just a little too intense and you need to slow down or back off a bit, just say "yellow" and we will do just that. By the same token, if you just really can't take it anymore and need something to stop, just say "red." Those are both fairly universal safe words."

"Also," Megan jumped in, "we aren't going to call you by your name this week. We are going to call you Girl. It's just an affectation we like. So for the rest of the week when we say Girl, that's you."

"The next point," I said, "is that you do what we say and after we may talk about how you felt and what you liked or didn't like. This way we get to know how you react and this lets us make it even better for you. So if I were to say 'Girl, play with your tits while you sit there' then you should do just that. If you don't do what you are told, we will have to come up with some way to punish you. It might be a spanking, or a task you have to perform. Let's hope we don't have to, though, okay?"

Our girl nodded. She had been listening attentively and her pussy had continued to lubricate while she sat there.

"Also, we will probably display you to a few select friends. You will be expected to be happy, attentive, and seated spread open for everyone to see. Just like you are now. Some of them may play with you or ask you to play with yourself while they watch. We think you will have fun. Now, any questions?"

"If I am just Girl, what do I call you guys?"

"Let's see," I replied. "Mr. or Mrs. Martinson would do, Professor, Sir and Madam, or Daddy and Mommy if that's what you feel like. We aren't picky just don't use our first names. Just a couple of other quick things. Whenever you cum please say "cumming" to announce your orgasm. Also, you are only allowed to have orgasms while someone is watching you or touching you. We are in charge of your orgasms now and you aren't allowed any without our knowledge. You will, at times, be teased mercilessly but not allowed to cum or at other times be forced to continually cum until you are begging to stop cumming. At other times, like now, I want you to touch yourself and give yourself five orgasms while we watch.

"Go ahead dear," Megan said. "Cum for us."

Our girl only hesitated a moment before rubbing her clit firmly with her right hand fingers. It wasn't long before she said she was cumming and she did. She didn't stop, however, she kept stimulating herself and soon came again, and again, then twice more. Each orgasm more powerful than the one before. Each causing her thighs to quiver and shake, shaking when she came. She announced each one too and in the end she sat panting before us with a rose flush over her freckled chest, smiling happily.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Oh my god, I've never done anything like that before. It was amazing. I came so hard and all the while watched you watch me. I guess I really am an exhibitionist."

"There are far worse things to be," I said. "We have a particular fondness for exhibitionists here, don't we Megan?"

"Indeed we do. I think you found a good one, Max. The girls like this that get super turned on are the best. Her swollen dripping pussy is a dream come true. It's going to get so abused this week, isn't it?"

"I don't think abused is the right word," I replied. "It's certainly going to experience far more pleasure than she thought possible, I'm sure. What do you think, Girl?"

"I think I really want to come," she replied. "I think I'm more turned on than I've ever been in my life and all I can think of is being naked in front of you and being your toy. Please, sir, can I come?"

"What do you think?" I asked Megan.

"Well, Girl," Megan said, "if we grant you this request it sets a bad precedent. I must say, though, that I wouldn't mind watching you cum again. How about this? Max will play with your pussy and make you cum now, because you asked, but you won't be allowed to cum again until much later. Or you can just wait and cum when we decide to let you. What will it be?"

"I really need to cum now, Madam."

"Well okay then. It's going to be a long night for you. Max, make our girl cum," Megan said.

I knelt down in front of her while she watch me hungrily. I was amazed she hadn't tried to reach for herself as turned on and just plain horny as she looked. I ran my first two fingers down between her pussy lips, picking up a bit of her lubricants before I started rubbing her clit. She didn't last ten seconds before she practically yelled "cumming" and shook long and hard with the tremors of her particular type of orgasm. I cupped her pussy with my hand while she came and lifted my hand as her orgasm subsided. It was amazing to have felt her contractions under my hand while she shook.

"That was amazing!" our girl exclaimed.

"I think we can all agree on that," I added. "Girl, you better go pee and get ready to be played with again. Come to our bedroom. I'm going to tie you to the four poster bed so we can tease you for a while.

"Oh!" she said. And she did.

"Please, please, please let me cum," our girl pleaded. "I really need to cum. Please let me cum. Please!"

We had been teasing her for over an hour at this point. I had tied her arms to the two posts at the head of the bed then pulled her feet up over her head and tied them there as well. This left her pussy raised and proudly open along with great access to her asshole. We had been using a vibrator and our fingers on her the entire time and she'd been begging to cum nearly the entire time as well. We did have one accidental cum when we got started but that's normal when you've not played with someone before and don't know their reactions well yet. Over the course of the next hour we had learned quite well all of her signs of impending orgasm and prevented each one just at the edge. We'd let her cool down a minute then take her right back up to that edge before stopping again. It was driving her insane and her pleas for orgasm were getting more and more desperate.

"We did give you the choice," Megan said. "You chose to have your orgasm then instead of letting us decide when you would cum. If you had let us, you would have cum many times already but you chose otherwise. This is the price you have to pay for trying to take charge of your own orgasm."

"Please, it won't happen again. Please I really need to cum. I'll do anything. You can shove things in my ass. You can have me gang banged. You can cum inside me again and again. Please just let me cum."

"I'll make you a deal," I said. "We'll put the vibrator on your clit and hold it there while you cum. However we won't take it off for 20 minutes. We'll see how intense your orgasms get. Deal?"

"Oh god yes, deal."

"I get to do this," Megan exclaimed. She grabbed the Hitachi Magic Wand and put it against our girl's clit then turned it on.

"Cumming!!" Girl shouted. And cum she did. If she hadn't been tied I'm not sure how we could have kept the vibrator in place. Megan didn't lose contact though and soon our new toy announced she was cumming again. And again...and again. After a few minutes she started to become a bit incoherent then the only thing she knew was that she was cumming. This lasted for a few minutes before her orgasms became overwhelming. Her entire body shook while she came and she started begging for it to stop.

"No more, no more, no more..."

"No more what?" Megan asked.

"No more cums, please no more cums. Oh god no more no more no more," she cried as she came and shook again.

"What do you think, Max," Megan asked me. "No more?"

"I think at least one more," I replied with a chuckle.

"Noooooooooo...," Girl cried as she came one more time, shaking the bed with her orgasm. Megan turned the vibrator off after that and our toy nearly cried with relief. We untied her and tucked her between us in the bed where we both held her as she fell asleep. Then Megan and I quietly fucked next to our sleeping nude toy. Okay, maybe not so quietly, but our girl slept through it.

It was the start of a very fun week.