Toys

by Chrissie39©

My husband, like most men, is a gadget freak. He likes nothing better than some

new toy. It makes Christmas and birthdays very easy for me -- well, that was

until he started to buy his own toys.

Before I go any further I had better introduce myself. I'm Sally, 39, slim

(after that diet I should be) and I can still get into my wedding dress. My

vitals are 34E-24-36, a bit of an old fashioned figure, but the curves are in

the right places. If only I could lose a bit more off my bum! I'm married to

Chris, 43, six feet six in his socks and oh so handsome. He still only has to

look at me with those big brown eyes to make me feel weak at the knees.

Yes, we are as much in love as the day we married. I was 18 then and that's a

long time to remain infatuated with the same man. But he turns me on all the

time. His only fault (if it can be called a fault) is he has this slight

inclination to be masterful. This is probably because I compliment him by being

very submissive, so in all those years have never challenged his authority.

Back to the subject of his toys; as I said, I love to buy him gadgets for

presents - things like the remote controlled indoor helicopter he got for

Christmas this year or anything for his beloved computer is always very welcome.

However, he has developed a liking for sex toys, not for himself but for him to

use on me.

Now don't think I'm complaining - it can be a lot of fun to be driven to

countless orgasms with a rabbit or have that butterfly strapped to my pussy for

hours at a time keeping me on the verge of climax till he takes it off and,

well, you know exactly what don't you? The whole point of writing this account

of his toys is to tell you about his latest find, a remote controlled egg.

For those not initiated into the wonderful art of sex toys an egg is just that,

an egg shaped plastic sphere that inserts into your pussy. The remote

radio-control can be used several yards away to start, stop, increase the

sensations, and to change the program. No, not the TV programme; it has several

different modes from a soft vibration, to a throbbing wild thing.

At first it was fun for him to be in another room and, suddenly, the egg would

start to vibrate deep inside me, sending wonderful sensations through me, making

me long for his big hard cock. He has brought me to orgasm with this thing

several times and he has made me beg him to take it out and 'fuck me', a word I

would never use except in those circumstances.

All this is a bit tame for this site you may be thinking, however I am just

getting to the real story of this egg and my husband's domination of me

sexually.

We were going to a dinner/dance one night. It was his company 'do' just before

Christmas. He bought me a fantastic trouser suit for the occasion, silk and very

flattering. I felt very pampered and sexy wearing this designer outfit, the

trousers flared from the knee and the sleeves likewise from the elbow. The pants

fitted my new slimmer bum so tight it made my bum look quite exposed. I only

ever wear a thong so no visible panty lines.

On that evening we were in the bedroom getting ready to go out. I had showered

and done my hair. My makeup as good as I was able to make it and, yes, looking

in the mirror I was quite pleased with the overall effect. As I was about to

step into my new lacy thong with matching bra he had brought home for me that

day, he said "Wait a minute", and opened his bedside drawer.

I wondered what on earth he had got me now, but when he brought out the egg I

looked at the clock and said "We don't have time to mess around with that now,

wait till we come home."

That wicked look he sometimes has crossed his face as he replied "We have all

night" and, sitting me on the bed, he moistened the egg with his mouth and

inserted it deep inside me. Now I know I should have objected but I am well

aware of how persuasive he can be, so just accepted his will. We finished

dressing and as we left the bedroom he slipped the remote control into his

pocket.

As we sped along the motorway to our rendezvous he turned it on, making me

squirm in the seat, my heart in my mouth as I knew he would be giving me thrills

with the egg all night. I would be absolutely gagging for it by the time we got

home. He had used it on me in the most inappropriate places before but only on

our own, never in company. How on earth was I going to handle it?

By the time we had reached the venue I was almost climaxing. He had turned it on

and off several times, not just for his amusement but for my pleasure as well.

It was a formal dinner so we sat opposite each other at the table with alternate

male and female guests; I sat between his boss and another man whom I hadn't met before.

My husband's boss is a lecherous old man with a terrible reputation in the

office for leering at the young females at every opportunity. It was general

knowledge that he would take every advantage of his position as the managing

director to get into their knickers. The stories about him and any girl silly

enough to submit to his advances were rife and some of them were probably true.

Before the soup course had been served he had turned that thing on a couple of

times. I was sure the buzzing could be heard by the men sitting either side of me.

I kicked him under the table as he flicked the switch in his pocket, making me

tense my tummy muscles as another wave of sensations swept through me.

All through dinner he kept it up, holding me in suspense just short of

climaxing, watching my eyes for that tell tale sign and stopping just in time. I

was trying so hard to keep up a conversation with the other people at the table

but had to keep biting my lip to stop myself from crying out in ecstasy.

At last the dinner was over. I was able to speak to him and I begged him to let

me go to the ladies room and take it out, but he said "No it stays in all night,

you love it really." He was right. I did love the feelings it created inside me

but not here in mixed company where I was conscious of the position he held and

how I was supposed to behave.

The tables cleared and the band on went stage. His boss came up and said "May I

have this dance with your charming wife Chris?" Cheeky old bugger, he could have

asked me! I had danced with him before; he was good sweeping me across the floor to the applause of the assembled company.

I don't want to sound immodest but I can dance pretty well. We made an

impressive couple as he waltzed me round the room, until that is my darling

husband turned that damn thing on again. I had momentarily forgotten about that

egg, it made my knees go weak, faltering in my steps, almost falling over. Thank

God he didn't keep it on for long - only a few seconds, but that was quite

enough. I was going to have words with him.

As his boss walked me back to our table he asked if I was alright. "You look a

little flushed," he said, sounding quite concerned.

I sat down beside Chris asking him to come outside with me, he smiled and said

"Can't you wait till we get home? Do you want it in the car park?" I totally

despair of him at times. He thinks sex is the only thing on my mind. He's not so

far out, but at this moment I could kill him.

Telling him I needed to talk to him urgently, he escorted me out to the car

park; I told him it was just too much when he almost made me come on the dance

floor with everybody looking on and his lecherous old boss holding me. "Please,"

I begged him, "Let me take it out." He promised not to switch it on again if I

left it in. Am I a complete fool or what!? I knew as well as he did it was an

empty promise; he couldn't resist the opportunity to turn me on, especially in

this room crowded with his work colleagues and their wives. I couldn't believe

it he actually didn't turn it on again for ages. Perhaps my entreaties had

worked, as the evening wore on and several of the older staff left for an early

night.

The band slowed the tempo and most couples were just smooching around the floor.

He took me in his arms and we joined the throng weaving around to the strains of

some old love song. His hand left my back for a moment and the effect of those

delightful pulses hit me again, sending shivers down my spine and some very

naughty sensations through my body. His arm returned into place on my back.

How long was he going to leave it throbbing in my pussy? He didn't seem to care

that it was driving me to distraction, bringing me closer to orgasm by the

second.

He held me as the first spasm of orgasmic pleasure swept through me. If he

hadn't have been holding me tight I would have collapsed in an orgasmic heap in

the middle of the dance floor. Still he didn't turn it off; the feelings were

getting greater as I went into a full climax in his arms, hanging on to him for

support. I kept biting my lip to prevent myself from crying out in orgasmic

pleasure and when the music stopped he switched it off and helped me to my seat,

a quivering wreck. I tried to scold him but it was like water off a ducks back,

he just smiled and said "So you didn't enjoy it then," knowing how much I love

to come.

The last waltz struck up. He led me onto the floor and, as we stepped onto the

hardwood, one of his friends and his wife whom we often get together with as

friends met us. Mike asked if he could have a dance with me. Smiling in his

cheeky way he said "How about a wife swap." His wife Gill slapped him playfully

and moved into Chris's arms.

Mike swept me onto the floor. Again he was a much better dancer that my hubby

who almost totally lacks any sense of rhythm. As we swayed to the music I just

knew what would happen any moment....and it did. I felt the thing inside me

start to buzz gently at first, but get stronger as each second slipped by. Then

it changed tempo. Chris might not be able to understand music very well but he

knew just how to play my tune. I had no choice but to cling to Mike as if my

life depended on it. He looked a little shocked because I'm normally quite well

behaved, never drinking too much and so always in charge of my emotions.

Was that crazy man of mine going to make me come in someone else's arms? Quite

possible! He has been that reckless at other times but never in a place like

this, with me in another mans arms.

Forget the formal dance hold; my arms went round Mike's neck just hanging on for

dear life as that egg brought me closer every second to another climax. Was my

dearest going to stop it in time? Did I really want him too? Was I so turned on

by the events of the evening? Had I lost my inhibitions enough to want to have a

full blown climax in the arms of a virtual stranger? The choice wasn't mine; it

was entirely his, the bad man. I groaned as the first tingling sensations crept

into my pussy. He wasn't going to stop, should I run for my life or just hang

onto Mike? Whatever was he going to think of me obviously having an orgasm in

his arms in the middle of the dance floor? Whatever he thought I was not really

aware of his reactions as my knees went weak and my body strained to stay

upright. My wicked husband had made me come while dancing with another man.

Mike was worried about me. I think he thought I had fainted, at least I hoped

that was what he thought. What if he knew just what had happened while he was

dancing with me? He led me back to the table offering all sorts of comforting

advice, "Put your head between your knees," he said "if you feel faint."

He got me a glass of water, thinking it would revive me; I needed a big whip to

thrash my husband not a glass of water. I was really angry with him, wanted to

smash him in the mouth for what he had just done, but as he led Gill back to her

table he smiled at me with that wonderful boyish charm, making my tummy turn

somersaults. He knew he could get away with anything he liked with me; just

giving me that smile, knowing it would melt my heart.

Goodbyes all round, lots of kisses from friends and some who were drunk enough

to think they were bosom pals and out to the car. He didn't say anything till we

got on the road. Then he smiled at me saying "Well did you enjoy that?"

"Some of it," I replied.

"Oh, which bits didn't you like," he asked, as innocent as a baby.

I said "You shouldn't have done that to me when I was dancing with other men"

He said "So you don't like orgasms any more? That's a pity because I thought you

might like several more before you go to sleep tonight". He knew I couldn't deny

I had enjoyed being made to climax in public; he had done it before but not by

remote control and not in some other man's arms. He looked across at me and

switched that egg on again. As I tensed in the seat he said "Shall I turn it off

then?"

I managed a strangled "No."

Within a mile, even at motorway speed I was thrashing around in the seat as wave

after wave of pure orgasmic pleasure swept through me. I was as turned on as I

have ever been. He pressed a button and the seat gently let me fall back into a

more comfortable position, almost laying down, giving me room to stretch my legs

as my orgasm soared through me. After about five or six miles of constant

orgasmic bliss he turned it off, saying "You need a rest for a while." Yes, I

thought, about a week would be good. But knowing him, as I do, a few minutes

till he dreamed up something else was about my limit.

Off the motorway onto country roads he drove with his usual care, till we came

to a very nice picnic area. He turned into the car park, stopping the car near

one of those cross legged tables with the seats fixed on either side. There were

other cars scattered round the area, but none close to where he parked. I

thought they, like us, were enjoying a little passion in the outdoors. How

innocent must you think I am?

It was a beautiful summer's night; well early morning actually, the moon giving

enough light to be able to see quite clearly. I thought at last he's getting

romantic!

He got out and held my door open for me, helping me out of the low sports car.

My light cream silk trouser suit looked almost luminescent as I stepped into the

moonlight. Leading me to the picnic table he took me in his arms holding me

tight to his body. I could feel the bulge in his trousers as he held me tight.

He lifted me up so my bum was on the table and then proceeded to take my

trousers down, slipping them right off my feet, taking my shoes with them. Then

my thong, he pushed me back gently till I was laying on the table top, my pussy

bared to his view. He reached into his pocket and turned that damn egg on again.

Slipping his fingers into my wet pussy as the egg started to work its magic on

my body, his fingers crooked to find my "G" spot and his thumb on my clitty. I

didn't care we were exposed in the open. I wanted satisfaction. I needed his big

hard cock inside me. All my anger at his embarrassing me throughout the evening

was gone, evaporated, with my longing for his cock.

As you can imagine it only took seconds for his combined efforts with the egg to

bring me to orgasm. Oh, what a fantastic feeling as it sort of crept up on me

then at the very last moment it hit me so hard, making me cry out with lust as

it ripped through my shaking body. I was screaming at him to fuck me. "Stick

your cock in me now." All sorts of obscenities were leaving my lips; things I

would never say at any other time. "Please, oh please fuck me now", I cried.

But my pussy was still full of that damn egg. He pulled it out by the little

cord that still dangled out of me. The feelings it caused after being inside me

for hours were not as you might imagine - no relief, just an empty feeling. It

made my desire for his cock even greater, I was still begging him for it as he

dropped his trousers and presented his straining cock to my lips. As he pushed

it into me I climaxed yet again.

How many times had he driven me over the edge this evening? But more was still

to come. I heard him say "We have an audience." I opened my eyes to see several

men with their cocks in their hands watching as he drove his cock deep inside

me. To shouts of encouragement from the dirty old men he fucked me so hard I

climaxed again and again, my body just responding to the onslaught of his

wonderful cock. He lifted my legs over his shoulders allowing him to penetrate

even deeper. The shouts of "Go on, mate fuck the little whore hard, give it to

her deep" and "Fill her with spunk." Terrible words to a woman of my breeding

but turning me on just the same. One of them was close enough for me to be able

to see his foreskin jerking back and forth over his shiny knob.

I just knew he was going to come over me, and for a fleeting moment I thought

about my wonderful new silk suit. The top was still on me, was he going to shoot

his come all over it. But a slightly harder thrust took all thoughts of silk

suits out of my head as he gripped my thighs giving him leverage to power his

huge cock into my so responsive pussy.

I think I must have fainted for a few seconds as I suddenly realised he was

coming deep inside me, his cock pulsating with the intensity of his own orgasm.

I got not one but three of them shooting their hot come at me, not over my

precious suit but right into my face. I closed my eyes but couldn't shut my

mouth as I needed more air that I could take through my nose. I was gasping for

breath but getting copious amounts of spunk instead, as they emptied themselves

all over my carefully made up face. One of them actually asked if he could have

a go! But thank goodness Chris said "No she's not for sale or hire," letting my

legs down and helping me to get something like dressed.

Driving the rest of the way home in silent contemplation, I didn't know what to

say. What on earth can you say to your husband when he has kept you on the brink

of a climax all evening in a crowded room, then made you come in stranger's

arms, finally fucking you in public?

There is only one thing to say. "Thank you darling."

PS: In a phone call from Gill on Monday, she said "Mike was really worried about

you, he said it was as if you had come in his arms."

"Yes," I replied, "I must admit it sort of felt like that!"