**Unusual Toys**

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**Unusual Toys Ch. 01**

I couldn't deny it: I was horny as hell and needed to do something about it. It was mid-afternoon on a beautiful spring day and I had the whole house to myself. I had just come home from school and knew my parents would both be at work for the next few hours. I could spend that time taking care of my problem... but I wanted to be inventive. I wanted to be creative. I didn't want to just sit there and touch myself, but I didn't have any vibrators, dildos, or toys meant for sexual pleasure.

I'm an 18-year-old girl, about 5'4, slim build, with long brown hair that falls in waves down to my B-cup breasts. I'm about to graduate high school, and the days at school seem to just go on and on anymore. I can't help but daydream and fantasize while my teachers drone on and on. My sex drive has increased monumentally in the past few months, especially since senioritis started kicking in. I need to get laid, but I'm just as happy giving myself pleasure while I don't have a steady sexual partner.

I've mostly been fantasizing about getting myself off during school. Something about that gets me so hot I can't stand it. Sometimes, I'll go to the restroom and consider touching myself there, but I just haven't gotten the nerve to do it yet. I'll even clench my legs together during class when I get horny, considering stroking a finger over my clit when no one is looking... Some day soon, I know I'll do it. I want to before I leave that damn school. I'm just paranoid about getting caught, so I haven't done it just yet. Maybe closer to graduation...

Today was one of those days in which I nearly started touching myself during class. It was English class, which I have last period with the notoriously hot teacher, Mr. Radowski. He's a new teacher, just barely out of college, in his mid-20's, and has shaggy brown hair and blue eyes. All of the girls in my class practically fall all over him, but, to my knowledge, he's never taken the bait. I'm pretty sure he's engaged, but that doesn't stop anyone from trying. After all, who can blame them? He's gorgeous.

Anyway, I had woken up horny today, but it had mostly died down until I got to his class. Hearing his deep voice as he lectured us on themes in Hamlet started up my sexual frustration once more. I stopped paying attention to the lecture itself and zoned into simply hearing the cadence of his voice, the way it rose and fell during a sentence, the way he pronounced each word so carefully, watching his beautiful lips come together to form each word... In the present moment, I began sweating all over again just thinking about it. The second I left class and headed out to my car, I knew I'd spend the afternoon playing with myself.

I was wearing a short skirt with a camisole and a cardigan along with flip flops on my feet and a pearl necklace around my neck. I took off my backpack and flip flops, rushed up to my room, closed and locked my door (just in case), and looked around my room. I wondered to myself what I could possibly use besides my hand to fuck my sweet little pussy into a few raging, much needed orgasms.

In the meantime, I took off my cardigan and camisole, then my bra. I slowly trailed a finger across my collarbone and down to my right nipple, rubbing in a circular motion around my nipple, which stiffened immediately. I repeated that motion on my left nipple. Then, I took both of my hands and pinched both of my nipples at the same time, gasping in a sharp inhale. As I trailed my left hand back up across my chest and collarbones, I suddenly got an idea... my pearl necklace. I unhooked my necklace and placed it on my bedside table before stepping out of my skirt and sitting on my bed.

Once I got on my bed, I took my necklace from my bedside table and slowly trailed it down the front of my body, all the way down to my pussy, which was still covered by my lace panties. I gently dragged the necklace up and down the front of my pussy, making sure it touched my clit each time. Little gasps of pleasure escaped my mouth as I teased myself with my necklace, loving every brush of each pearl across my clit. When I couldn't stand this any longer, I took off my panties and continued dragging my pearl necklace across my pussy. I was so wet, my panties were nearly soaked from my pussy juices. Feeling naughty, I brought the panties up to my mouth and licked the wet spot I left, tasting my own bitter juices. I smiled and giggled to myself, continuing to tease my clit with the necklace all the while.

I then switched from using my necklace to rubbing my clit with my middle finger. I suddenly had an idea. I took my necklace and folded it in half as far as it could go without breaking the connections between the pearls. Then, I sucked on the necklace to get it wet enough to stick in my pussy. Some of my juices were already on the necklace because of how wet I already was while it was dragged across my pussy. I savored every drop of myself as I sucked on the pearls. I then brought the necklace down to my pussy and slowly started to insert it into my pussy, feeling each pearl caressing the inner walls of my vagina. I moaned in pleasure as the necklace dove deeper and deeper into me, feeling each individual bump deep inside me. Finally, I got all of the necklace inside of me. It gave me a sensation of fullness that was unlike anything I've ever felt before. I went back to playing with my clit while the necklace was still inside me, sucking my fingers and then rubbing my clit with them in a circular motion. I panted, rubbing faster and feeling the pearls in my vagina press up against my G-spot as I got closer to coming.

I didn't want to cum without fucking myself with something, and I couldn't fuck myself with the pearl necklace, so I grabbed one end of the necklace and slowly started to pull the necklace out of my pussy. Feeling the bumps of the necklace as I pulled it out of me almost made me cum, but I stopped myself each time I was nearly there. Once I got the entire necklace out of my pussy, I licked my pussy juices off of it and dragged it across my clit and nipples, my entire body tingling with pleasure and my building orgasm.

Thinking fast, I looked around my room to find something to fuck myself with. I spotted my hairbrush on my dresser and immediately jumped up and grabbed it. The handle would do... and it made me really hot thinking about using my own hairbrush, like I was 14 again. My hairbrush had a fairly thick handle, though it wasn't a very long handle, and the style of the brush itself was ovular.

I went back onto my bed with the hairbrush, propped myself up, and sucked on the handle of my brush. Once it was wet, I slowly stuck it in my pussy, moaning at the feeling of being full again. I pumped the hairbrush handle in and out of my pussy a few times, then accidentally pumped a third of the bristles into my pussy. Part of me enjoyed the pain of this, but I thought I could probably do better than that. I grabbed my pearl necklace again, sucked it, and shoved them back in my pussy as far as they could go. I shoved them deeper and deeper until I could not longer grab them unless I put my hand inside my pussy. Then, I took my hairbrush and slowly put as much of the handle as I could into my pussy. I immediately felt resistance from the pearls, but I was so horny, I just kept going until I could fit the entire hairbrush handle into my pussy. I then started fucking myself with the hairbrush and fucking the pearls further into my pussy. This sensation was incredible, feeling the pearls shift around the walls of my pussy every time the handle pushed them deeper into me. I screamed as I fucked myself faster and faster, and my pussy made squelching sounds from being so wet. I was leaking all over my bed, covered in my own juices.

Suddenly, I felt my orgasm building once more. It felt as though I would probably squirt this time from the pressure that was building deep within my pussy. I continued fucking myself hard with the hairbrush handle, managing to push half of the bristles inside me, trapping the pearls towards my cervix. I screamed in a beautiful mixture of pleasure and pain, pinching my nipples with one hand and fucking myself with the other. When I felt my orgasm build up so much that it almost burst, I stopped fucking myself and dropped my hairbrush. With that hand, I found the end of my pearl necklace so far in my pussy I almost couldn't reach it and pulled it a tiny bit out of my pussy. I spit on my other hand and used it to roughly and vigorously rub my clit in a front-to-back motion. I moaned uncontrollably and loudly, sitting just on the brink of orgasm. Then, all at once, my orgasm overtook my body. As I rubbed my clit, I was forced to pull my necklace out of my pussy. The force of my orgasm caused the necklace to practically be ripped out of my pussy as I squirted all over my hands and bed, screaming and writhing in self-induced pleasure. I then took my hairbrush and shoved nearly the entire brush, bristles and all, into my pussy again and again until I brought myself to another squirting orgasm, covering my bed in juices. I brought the brush to my mouth and tasted myself once more as my pussy quivered in a post-orgasmic haze, laying in my own dampness.

I smiled as I lay on my bed, feeling dirty in an amazing way. I had plenty more ideas for more self-induced pleasure escapades, but I heard the sound of my mother's car crawling up the driveway, so I hastily put my clothes back on, turned over my bedspread, and cleaned myself up before she could find out what I had just done. I giggled as I put back on my pearl necklace, smelling slightly of my pussy. I couldn't wait to carry out some more of my own masturbation fantasies.