

The Object of Her Desire

The next night, Dave was busy with his part time job at the gym. John came over, instead.

“Did you open it?”

“Open what,” Jenni said, pretending she didn’t know.

And John grinned, pulling her head into his lap and stroking her hair as she opened her eager mouth. He knew she had.

After John left, Jenni lay in the tub, staring at the ceiling, baby powder scented bubbles slipping down the one long leg she extended over the edge of the tub. Her short geometrical black bob was still dry. This was a luxury bath, not one where she planned on getting her whole self wet. Just the important parts that needed attention.

As her hand slipped down one thigh, and into the cloudy water, Jenni found herself thinking of the box under her bed.

What would it feel like?

John had gotten her the anal toy as a gift. He said he couldn’t always be there for her, and he knew Dave didn’t come close. And he said the anal toy was better for her, less intimidating than the large and oversized dildos and dongs he had seen at the store he worked at every night.

John was almost ten years older than her. He should know.

Dave was her age, twenty-three. He wouldn’t know.

Jenni’s hand was not enough tonight.

Maybe the toy should come out.

After she dried herself off, Jenni sat naked on her bed. She stared at the toy. It didn’t stare back.

She looked at the bottle of lubricant John had provided, and then read the directions, pretending interest. Unscented, and safe with latex condoms.

She chewed her lip.

Then she opened the bottle up and dropped a single glob on the tip of the toy.

She watched as the glob smeared itself down one side, landing on the butterfly base or handle, and moving through one of the grip holes onto the sheets of the bed.

Jenni stared, frowning.

Tonight was not the night.

The next night, Dave took her out dancing. As she bumped against the male population that paid her adoration, she felt her body tingle. She needed something new. John was watching from across the dance floor, and when she caught his eye, he raised his glass and winked at her. She grinned back.

Tonight was the night, come hell or high water.

Back home, Dave was amorous, but not amorous enough. As soon as he passed out on the bed, Jenni reached under the bed frame and pulled the box from its hiding place. She crept to the living room and poured herself the last glass of wine from the bottle Dave had chilled when they got home.

Sitting naked on the couch, Jenni lay the toy against one of the cushions, giggling quietly to herself.

“Ahem. My name is Jenni. And you belong to me.”

The toy said nothing.

“Dave is my steady boyfriend. He’s asleep right now, so don’t be loud, okay?”

She cackled to herself, then covered her mouth, trying to be quiet. She was sitting on her couch talking to a blue phallus. It wasn’t even a real cock shape. It was smooth, no ridges, and had barely a slight bulge in the middle of its short length.

“John gave you to me because I was bored. I hope you don’t disappoint him. Or me.”

She took a long swig of the red wine, and accidentally dribbled some of it onto her chin and chest. She sputtered and put the glass back on the coffee table.

“Well now look what I’ve done!”

Giggling still, Jenni used one finger and smeared the wine on her chin, squinting her eyes at the toy.

“Pardon? You want to help me clean up? Alright. That sounds safe enough for a first date.”

She picked the toy up, and ran the tip of it over her chin, then let it fall down to her chest. She dragged the rounded edge slowly between her breasts.

For some reason, she found herself panting.

She imagined John’s heavy tongue lapping between her breasts, moving over her skin from nipple to nipple. And as she imagined that, she moved the toy in a circle first around one nipple, then the other.

But that didn’t feel right. It felt good, but not right.

This wasn’t John’s tongue, at all.

So Jenni put fantasy aside, and wallowed in the reality of the feel of the very warm toy slipping through the trail of wine, down over her smooth belly, to tease at her privacy.

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