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SHORT STORY CATEGORY

They Get Lonely Too

by Deacon Redwood

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They Get Lonely Too

Deacon Redwood

Maria gripped her sheet so hard her knuckles turned white as her orgasm engulfed her. Christ, she'd never come so hard with a toy before.

The Mini G-Spot Vibrator she'd bought online last week had arrived two days ago and she'd had trouble keeping her hands of it since.

She sat naked, propped up against her headboard, knees raised and feet flat on the bed. Slowly releasing her grip she raised her hand to her face which, like the rest of her felt hot and flushed and slick with perspiration. Catching her breath, she dropped the hand down over her heaving chest, shivering as she brushed a sensitive nipple.

She reduced the intensity of the vibrations but held the pink toy inside herself a while longer, letting the plastic buzz against her g-spot for a few moments more, enjoying the sensations as her soft pussy walls contracted and then released their slippery grip on the shaft. With a deep sigh she slowly withdrew the toy from herself. She rested it lightly against the length of her pussy, enjoying the soft vibrations against her clit. Her body shuddered slightly as an orgasmic aftershock ran through her.

She became aware of the wetness on her inner thighs and realised she must have ejaculated again, maybe that was why her orgasm had been more intense than usual. God, this toy was something else. Better than any man!

She raised the toy to her face. Her juices were smeared around the red plastic. She could smell her tangy scent and brought the toy to her mouth to lick the shaft, tasting herself upon it.

As she began to lower the toy, she heard a very small voice say, "Give us a cuddle then!"

She stiffened. Was someone in the house with her? She gently placed the toy down, her ears alert for any alien noise.

"No, stop! Don't put me down! I just want to be held for a bit!"

Incredulously, she realised that the voice was coming from the toy. She dropped it and jumped off the bed. This had to be some kind of joke! That, or she was going nuts.

"Don't be scared," came the voice again. "You weren't scared of me a minute ago, were you? You were all over me then."

Maria furrowed her brow, climbed back on the bed and tentatively picked up the toy. "That's better. See? Nothing to be scared of!" it said.

She studied it carefully, looking for a hidden speaker or, well, any kind of explanation at all. Feeling a little foolish she said, "Hello?"

"Oh, hello," it said a little sarcastically. "I think we're somewhat beyond the getting to know you stage, aren't we?"

"What? How?... what are you?" she stammered.

"Well, I think you've pretty much got the idea of what I am. I'm your new sex toy; my job is to make you feel amazing. I can buzz away on your clit as good as any rabbit." It spat 'rabbit' as if it were a dirty word. "But, as you seem to know, my real gift is for rubbing your little g-spot until you come so hard you see stars. And, if I do say so myself, pretty bloody good at it I am too! Thing is..." it tailed off.

"Yes, what?" asked Maria. This was all too weird - she may as well just go with it.

"Well, sometimes I get lonely, too. Just like you do. It'd be nice to be held once in a while, maybe stroked a bit after I've done my job. I have feelings too you know, I'm not just some bit of plastic to discard when you're done using me!"

"Okay, sorry!" cried Maria a little indignantly.

"It's not your fault. I just couldn't hold it in any more. I hope I haven't ruined anything. Please don't stop using me, I love being inside you and the feeling when you start to squeeze me as you get turned on. It's like a big, warm, wet hug and kiss rolled into one. You realise I made you squirt today?"

"Yes, I noticed," Maria smiled.

"Now that's job satisfaction!" it exclaimed proudly.

"Yes, you do make me feel wonderful..."

"Excellent, could you just show me a little affection afterwards then? Then I'll give you the time of your life! I don't ask much; just don't throw me in that dark drawer as soon as we're done. Please?"

"Okay, anything else?"



"No, just a little affection afterwards and that'll be lovely. Although..." it paused, "If you want to do that licking thing again next time I really won't object..."

"Well, we'll see." She gave the tip a little kiss. "So...you ready to go again?"

"Honey," it chimed, "For you, I'll always be ready!"