

# Adventures in Toyland

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It's been a month since I've seen him. The reunion was sadly short lived. Too much time has passed. Too much water under the bridge. People change and what they want changes as well. But I do miss him - and the way he made me feel.

Before him, I'd been celibate for almost four years. Long story - bad relationship leading to dark and lonely times. He healed me, brought me into the light again. Sexually speaking, he found a side to me I never knew I had. I'd never felt so hot, so raunchy - or so exhausted! But we can't be together anymore.

So I need to find myself another man. In the meantime, I've decided that I'm not going to deny myself the pleasures of the flesh. No more shutting myself away, behaving like a nun. I went to a friend's hen night last week and bought a little toy! It's called "The Rosebud" and is an egg-like object with two prongs which vibrate at several levels. And I've decided that tonight, I'm going to take it for a test ride!

I've had a nice, long soak in a hot bath with a glass of wine and I'm all relaxed. I'm already slightly hot because I've been thinking about him, about the hot sticky times we had. I've lit many small candles in my room and put a vase of roses on the bedside table. I let my towel fall to the floor and look at my body in the full length mirror.

I'm still in good shape for my age. My small breasts are still pert and quite firm. My stomach is virtually flat - but so it should be the amount of sit-ups I do! My bum is still my favourite part of my body. Not a trace of sagging - smooth and tight like when I was a teenager. And my legs still toned and shapely, though I wish they were longer.

I'm so turned on - just looking at myself. I can feel my heart beating and the heat between my legs starts to build. I sit on the edge of my bed and slowly massage body lotion all over. Starting with my arms, I feel all along my shoulders, down to my elbows, to my wrists and between each slender finger. I lean forward and move on to my legs, stroking my feet and calves. Even the jagged scar on my knee appears sexy - a reminder of a sporting injury from many years ago. I firmly massage my thighs, not daring to go too high or touch the soft, sensitive flesh at the very top.

I raise my head and look at my reflection. It's me - but a new me. A reborn me. A much sexier me. And I feel so hot! I put more lotion on my hands and lower them to my stomach. It doesn't betray my child-bearing. No stretch marks, no sagging. I sweep my hands up and down but I want to take my hands between my legs so badly. I can see it in my eyes - desire, lust, want, need!

My nipples are already erect, waiting for me. Small, pert breasts which feel warm and inviting in my hands. I twirl the nipples between my fingers. They're beautiful - dark and proud and quite large considering I'm only a 34B. Boyfriends have loved them - one almost to obsession, suckling them till they hurt.

I can feel my heart racing through my chest and I'm unable to wait any longer. The pounding between my legs has to be attended to - now! I slowly take my hands down my abdomen and part my thighs. I'm so wet, I can see my lips shining in the mirror. Earlier, while bathing, I shaved all my hair off - and now I can see all that I am. I'm so close to coming and I haven't even touched myself!

I take my legs wide and have a close look at my labia. Glistening in the candlelight, dark red with arousal. Creased and complicated but bare as the day I was born. I softly stroke a finger along the the outer ridges. A few ripples run through me and I gasp. I can smell my juices and breathe them in.

I watch myself as I use two fingers to part my lips. They are so wet and I slip two fingers inside. I thrust them gently up and down then bring them to my mouth. I savour the moment as I lick my own juice. This is me, how I taste - warm, strong, musky. I start to stroke all along the length of my folds, watching how my body reacts. I raise one hand to my breast and gently massage it while I move my other hand to my aching clit. I'm so close now and I moan loudly as I rub my clitoris. My wetness is such that my fingers slide everywhere and I hear squelches as I rub my lips together.

I lie back on the bed and spread my legs as wide as I can, continuing to work my fingers. I'm so, so wet that they slide all over the place. I try to calm down a little but I need to climax. My clit is throbbing and swollen but I'm too wet. My fingers keep slipping off!

That's when I remember my new toy and I quickly reach under the pillow where I'd hidden it before. I part my lips and place it between them so it sits just inside my entrance. The prongs are resting against my clit, ready to take me into orbit. I'm trembling as I look in the mirror. Glowing, breathing hard, eyes wild like an animal. I switch it on and shudder as its vibrations run through me.

I lie back again and place my hand over it, pressing it hard into me. The buzzing runs all the way along my folds and drives me crazy. I want to come, I want to come so badly! The prongs hit me just where I need it and my clit doesn't know what's hit it. I'm gasping, groaning, moaning and writhing all

over the bed. When I climax, it's going to be massive and I'm shaking in anticipation.

I imagine those prongs are his tongue - flicking me and eating my pussy as if he was starving. I can feel it - the knot of tension building in the pit of my stomach. I turn the setting up a level and the vibration increases in speed and intensity - as do my moan and gasps. My legs are going wild, thrashing and wriggling.

The vibration echoes along every nook and cranny and even inside me. The build-up continues and I feel myself tensing, ready to explode. I scream out as orgasm after orgasm crashes through my body. Bang! Bang! Bang! One after the other. Relentless! Strong, violent orgasms. My body convulses and my thighs crash together. My vaginal muscles contract so powerfully that I almost fire the toy out! I hold it there to keep the tremors coming. Throb after throb of sheer ecstasy as I still climax until I can't bear it any longer.

Sweat runs down between my breasts, matched by the flow of juices lower down. I take the vibration back down, still feeling the pulses in me. Exhausted, I switch it off and put it to one side and slip two fingers inside. I'm still twitching strong enough to grip them and I can't touch my clit - its ultra sensitive! I press a hand on my stomach and I can feel the throbs deep inside me. My chest rises and falls as I struggle to catch my breath.

I sit up and look in the mirror Look at me!! Is that really me - that creature? Flushed. Shaking. Barely able to breathe. I can see the moisture running down my legs and a pool of juice on my bed. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see "The Rosebud", still slick with my juice. I pick it up and rest it in the palm of my hand. I just sit there, looking at it. My little toy. And I start to laugh and laugh, unable to stop.

I say "My new toy. Money well spent!"