

Christmas Shopping for My Husband

by Pan and BurroGirl18

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a present was present for my loving spouse.

I don't normally leave things to the last minute. Like, I'm not the world's most organized woman, but it's not like waking up six days before Christmas and realizing that I haven't gotten anything for my brand-new husband is a habit.

It's our first Christmas together as a married couple, and my new hubby, perfect man that he is, probably already got me something amazing. A robot that cleans the dishes, or... wait, that's just a dishwasher.

You know what I mean. He's probably gotten me something better than a dishwasher.

A friend of mine suggests I get him something...sexy, and I can't get the idea out of my head. So when I pass the store with the blacked out windows, a sign promising "EROTIC GIFTS" in green-and-red letters...well, how can I resist?

Making sure that no one is looking, I open the door and slip inside.

The first thing I see is dicks.

Dicks, dicks, dicks, in all shapes and sizes and colors.

I'm not a total prude - yes, Frank has been my only lover - but I've, y'know. Watched porn.

Once.

So it's not like I've never seen a dick before.

But walking in and being accosted by *so many* dicks, all at once - it was like being slapped in the face. By dicks.

I immediately have second thoughts. This is a bad idea. I can just get Frank a golf set. He doesn't like golf, but whatever. I can figure something out.

Maybe he can learn to love golf.

"Umm...I think I have the wrong door," I say, blushing as I see the man behind the counter staring at me. I'm wearing a big winter coat and a pink knit pom pom beanie - he must just be able to see my blonde locks and a pretty face, red from the cold outside.

He's tall. Heavysset, but not fat - he makes me think of a bodyguard, or a wrestler. Glancing down at me, a gentle smile appears on his face.

"It must be freezing outside," he says. "Why don't you come in and warm yourself up for a few minutes? I know the area well, I'm happy to direct you to where you need to go."

I nod, too embarrassed to speak. It's a kind offer, but I can't. There's just...there's too many dicks. Too much sex, all at once. I'm flustered and overwhelmed; I need to go.

Just as I'm about to open the door, I see some people walking by. I realize the windows aren't blacked out, just darkened - you can't see in from the outside, but you can see out from within. I can't walk out while there are *people* there. They'd see me step out of a sex shop. What would they think? They'd probably think I was some slut, buying a huge dildo or something.

No, it's far better to wait for them to pass by before I leave.

"Thanks," I mumble. "It's pretty chilly outside."

The man behind the counter is staring at me, and suddenly I feel warm. Taking my hat off, I let my golden locks fall free.

It doesn't stop him from staring.

"Where were you heading, Goldilocks?"

He's handsome. Intelligent-looking. Definitely doesn't give off a pervert vibe. I guess I imagined a creepy fat dude running the store, or a goth chick, covered in tattoos.

"Just Christmas shopping," I smile. My eyes run up and down the man's arms. Well, I

wasn't wrong about the tattoo part.

"If anything catches your eye," he says with a chuckle, "I'd be happy to show you what I've got."

His laugh is deeper than I'd expect from his voice, and I flush red, still uncomfortable by the number of dicks surrounding me.

"Ummm...I don't think these are the right kind of toys for my 3-year-old niece," I say, trying to break the awkwardness with a joke. The man smiles, revealing pearly-white teeth.

"Well, maybe something for yourself?"

My face grows even more red. "Yeah, you know, I was actually shopping for my husband." Better to make it abundantly clear that I'm taken.

"Ah," he grins. "And have you got a gift for the hubby yet?"

"No. I'm terrible at figuring out what to give people, and he's especially hard to please. He doesn't really have a hobby or anything..."

I trail off as the man's eyes dart up and down my body. Normally, I'd be offended, but something about the shopkeeper...he doesn't seem dangerous. Or lecherous. His gaze isn't sleazy, it's...professional, I guess?

"Well, since you're hiding from the cold anyway, why don't I show you some things your husband might like?"

I glance back at the window. There's still a steady stream of people outside.

"Sure, why not. I think I have a minute." I chuckle uncomfortably. "Just until I warm up."

Exiting the counter, the man moves towards a wall at the back of the store. I trot after him before even realizing that I'm doing it.

The wall is black, like the windows, but covered in lacy, brightly-colored lingerie: red, pink, purple, blue. "What's your husband's favorite color?"

I'm shocked to find that I have no idea. "I...I don't know," I stammer. "We've never talked about it."

"How about you?" the man replies, gliding over my embarrassment. This guy is a real salesman. "What's your favorite color?"

This one I know. "Red."

The large man plucks a set of red lingerie off the wall. Before I know what's happening, he's pulled my coat open, and is holding the underwear up against my sweater and pants. "This might fit. There's a change-room out back; why don't you try it on?"

I glance at the skimpy clothing. This is exactly what I came here for - a sexy outfit for my husband. So why am I suddenly so hesitant to take it?

"You think so?"

"I'm sure your husband will love it."

"Well, if there's one thing he's passionate about, it's me." I chuckle nervously. It's true - Frank has hardly been able to keep his hands off me for the four and a half months we've been married.

Maybe this *is* the perfect Christmas gift.

"Now that's a present he'll be excited to unwrap."

I smile back, wondering if he's trying to flirt with me. No way. He's just doing his job, acting nice to make a sale.

I take the lingerie and go to the back; it's less of a change-room, more just a booth separated by a curtain.

This store really isn't focused on saving on heating bills - it's a pleasure to shuck my coat, my thick sweater, my two additional shirts. Taking off my pants and leggings, I'm soon down to my underwear.

It's pretty timid, compared to the fancy stuff in my hands - just some plain panties and a bra. Still, I have to admit - even without expensive lingerie, I'm pretty happy with my figure.

"Are you doing okay in there?"

I look up. Crap. The curtain didn't close all the way - I can see the shop attendant through the crack. Still, he shouldn't be able to see me - it looks like he's adjusting stock.

"Yeah," I reply. "Everything's fine."

I try to close the gap, and then can't help but spend a few more seconds admiring myself. Yeah, my own body is probably the best present I could give to my husband. Especially if I spice it up with a hot outfit.

Taking off my bra and panties, I check out the new lingerie. It looks nice - doesn't leave a lot to the imagination, but covers just enough to create a little mystery.

It fits almost perfectly, except for my boobs. I can barely cram them into their cups; they look like they're right on the verge of spilling out.

#bigtitsproblems, I think. They never make clothes for busty petite girls...

"How does it look?"

I jump. The strange man sounds like he's directly outside the curtain.

"Ummm...it's nice. It's just a little...small. At the chest." I reply nervously.

"What do you mean?"

"The bra part. I'd need bigger cups."

There's a pause. "I think I'd have to see, to understand what you're talking about. My girlfriend normally handles the lingerie - my specialties are toys and novelties."

I sigh. Obviously I can't let a stranger see me in this. I'm starting to get excited at the idea of my new husband seeing me in it...

"It's okay; I'll just try on another one."

"Of course." His voice is completely professional. "Would you like me to pass one to you? Save you from having to get completely redressed."

"Sure."

He has a girlfriend, I tell myself in relief. *See? You were worried for no reason.*

After a brief pause, his hand reaches through the door, holding a new set of lingerie, this time in black. The bra looks much larger, but the bottom half is just a thong.

I take it quickly, uncomfortable wearing so little next to a stranger's arm, as if his hand had eyes. Against my own instincts, I try it on - *I never wear anything this revealing*, but... well, it's for my husband. Plus, it's Christmas!

The bra fits perfectly. The thong too, really highlighting my ass.

"Oh, wow," I say without thinking.

"Ma'am? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, it's just...it's really pretty." It's the most neutral word I can think of to describe the view to a stranger without sounding too flirty.

"I'm sure you look great," the salesman says, his soothing voice wafting through the curtain. "May I take the items you're not using?"

"Of course," I reply automatically, continuing to stare at myself in the small mirror.

After a brief pause, the curtain moves to the side, causing me to jump.

"What are you doing??" I shriek, trying to cover my body up. I have too many curves and not enough arms, and I can see the man's gaze moving up my body approvingly, until his eyes finally reach mine.

"Collecting the lingerie you're not using," he says calmly, a smile in his eyes and a hint of levity in his voice. "It needs to be washed before it goes back on display. For hygienic reasons, you understand."

Right. Duh. Silly me. By not handing them back, I gave this stranger permission to come

in and take them.

“Uh, sorry, I just...”

I trail off in embarrassment.

“Absolutely fine,” he replies slickly, gathering up the rejected lingerie and giving my new outfit another glance. “Although...”

“What?”

His tone worries me enough that for a moment, I forget that I’m allowing myself to be ogled by a stranger. I even move my arms, allowing a better view.

“As I said, I’m not an expert, but my girlfriend has told me lingerie that looks as good as that can be mighty uncomfortable after half an hour or so. How’s it feeling?”

“Umm...good, I think? It feels pretty comfy so far.” I adjust my bra as I say that, blushing slightly as I see how much it makes my flesh bounce.

“I’m about to take my lunch break. Unless you have somewhere to be, may I suggest that you try the lingerie for the next twenty minutes or so, make sure it stays comfortable? It’s completely up to you, but if you’re wearing that as a surprise for your husband, you don’t want to end up itchy and irate if he’s running late.”

I’m taken aback by his kindness. I was ready to buy this lingerie, but he was actually willing to risk the sale just to make sure I get a good product.

Of course, that’s exactly what a salesman would do if he wanted a customer to return and make further purchases. Not that there’s any chance I’d ever come back to a store like this. I’m going to get the underwear and get out, never to return.

“That’s very kind of you,” I smile. “I think I have half an hour or so. I’ll just get redressed and I’ll be right out.”

He returns my smile, but it doesn’t seem to reach his eyes. “Of course. Although...wearing those heavy clothes might not allow you to feel if the lingerie is getting itchy. I’d recommend wearing it by itself, just to be sure. I’m going to close up the shop for lunch, so you won’t have to worry about anyone else coming in.”

I smile at the man, my eyes flashing. “That would be really nice, actually. I already feel very naked - I don’t want to be put on display for your customers, too.”

The man chuckles.

I realize that my hands are still trying - somewhat pointlessly - to cover up my body. “You must see this every day,” I say, trying to convince myself that this is okay. “I’m just not too comfortable dressed like this around anyone but my husband.”

“Oh yes,” he replied immediately. “When the change-room is busy, some people will just change in the store. It’s all very casual around here. Let me get those for you.”

The salesman picks up my clothes, and takes them with the worn lingerie. I give him a nod of thanks before I’m quite sure what’s happening.

“Um...”

I can hear the ‘click’ of the door locking; when I step out of the change-room, I see that the OPEN sign on the door has been turned around.

“You’re welcome to come hang out in the store,” he says, already behind the counter once more. “Would you like some of my sandwich?”

“I’m not really hungry,” I reply timidly. I’m suddenly very aware that I’m wearing nothing but a black thong and sexy bra, and my clothes have been taken away from me.

“Thanks, though.”

As the man unwraps his sandwich, his focus shifts back to me, and I can’t decide which way to turn. I don’t want to turn my back on him, knowing how little of my ass these panties hide, but in the brighter light of the main store, I’ve noticed just how see-through the bra is.

I find myself twisting my body uncomfortably as I look around the store, trying to pass

time. "Have you worked here long?"

"A few years now," he replies, taking a big bite of a sandwich filled with red meat of some kind. "Aren't you glad you came through the wrong door? Your husband is going to lose control when he sees you in that."

"I hope so," I grin, avoiding eye-contact, hoping the man's gaze is directed squarely at his sandwich. "It's not that our love life needs it, but spicing things up a little every now and again never hurts, right?"

There's that deep chuckle again. "Too right. My girlfriend once surprised me with that exact set. I tore it off her."

My eyes widen, and I watch him swallow the last of his sandwich. I blush as we make eye-contact, and turn around, trying not to jump as I realize I'm standing beside the wall of dildos once more.

"Any of those catch your eye?"

"Oh, no!" I say, my blush deepening. "I was just looking around. I've, um, never been in a sex shop before. If you couldn't already tell."

"So you normally order your toys off the internet?"

I jump as the salesman's arm casually brushes against my elbow. How did he get over here so fast?

"Umm, no. I don't have any toys. I mean, my husband and I tried one of those vibrating rings one time, that you put on the guy's...thing. But that's all."

I'm beet red, and not just my face. I can see it spreading out across my chest and collarbone. This outfit removes any chance I have of masking my embarrassment.

"That's quite unusual," he replies. Despite his professional tone, I can't help but feel he thinks I'm a freak. "Do you want me to talk through some of what we have available?"

I can't help but giggle nervously in response. He smiles at my reaction, clearly back into sales mode. "I mean, I have time, right?"

"So, how do you normally masturbate?"

My eyes widen at the question. He asks so casually, like when he asked what my favorite color was. I guess it makes sense - he sells sex toys. It's only normal for him to talk about this stuff. It's like talking to your gynecologist, right?

"I...well, um, I just use my fingers. I mean, I used to. When I was a teenager. I haven't really masturbated in a while. Since, well, since Frank and I met."

The man shakes his head disapprovingly. I feel like I'm two inches tall. How did I get a question about *masturbation* wrong?

"That's not good," he says slowly. "Masturbation is a normal, healthy part of any sexual relationship. This might be why you felt the need to spice things up in the bedroom - if you're exclusively getting your needs met by your husband, he might be feeling a lot of pressure."

"You think so?" Frank never once complained, and he could always make me cum. But what if it was slowly becoming a chore for him? He could burn out, like those people who work their ass off at a dead-end job.

"Absolutely," the man nods.

I suddenly had a brand new thing to worry about. Hooray.

"When you masturbated, did you just stimulate your clitoris or was there penetration involved?"

"Mostly just my clit," I reply automatically, my head spinning at the newly-implemented fear. "Frank was the first who was actually like...you know. In there."

"And do you find that you normally achieve orgasm while your husband is inside you, or exclusively during foreplay?"

My blush returns as I tune back into what we're talking about. "Um, well. Uh..."

Heck, I've said this much. Might as well give the man everything he needs to do his job. Not that I'm going to buy anything except the lingerie, of course.

"I normally achieve orgasm from the friction between us when I'm riding here," I say, trying desperately to keep my voice steady. I'm a grown woman, not a teenage girl - there's nothing wrong with discussing sex in a mature, clinical fashion. "But I read in a magazine that it's completely normal, that not all women have vaginal orgasms."

Of course, it's still a little weird to be discussing this stuff with a total stranger. Wearing nothing but skimpy lingerie.

In the middle of a sex store.

He nods thoughtfully in response, with all the dispassion of an accountant conducting an audit. "And one last question - how much do you enjoy the fullness of your husband's cock inside you?"

"I, uh..."

I have no idea how to answer that. Despite his professional tone, I now feel practically naked.

I mean, I *am* practically naked.

"A lot?" I eventually stammer in response.

"Excellent!"

He claps his hands loudly at his response, a sharp sound compared to the sound of his low voice. He reaches out and picks up a 9-inch rubber penis, and hands it to me. I take it out of reflex. "I think this might be for you, Goldilocks."

"Ummm...I...I don't think my husband would feel good about himself seeing me with something of this size."

I try to joke, to make it less awkward, but my eyes can't leave the dildo. It's different to the other ones on the wall - it's much more realistic-looking. It has the veins and small details of a real penis. And it *feels* like holding a real penis.

I almost feel like I'm cheating just by holding it. I've never held a cock other than my husband's. He was my first, and I assume he'll be my last.

"Well, I didn't want to give you anything bigger, and obviously you wouldn't be satisfied by anything smaller. But this one, I thought would be just right."

My eyes boggle at the idea of anything *bigger*. "I don't think this could fit inside me," I chuckle nervously, suddenly noticing that my hands have been running up and down the rubber penis as I hold it.

The salesman raises his eyebrows. "Oh! I'm sorry, I just assumed..."

He trails off, and I'm unable to help myself.

"Assumed what?"

"It's a silly assumption, really. I just assumed that...well, with a body like that, you would have ended up with..."

He shakes his head and doesn't finish his sentence. "I'm sorry."

"That's okay," I say, puzzled by the unfinished thought.

"How big is your husband? Maybe we have something of his size."

"I...well, I don't know exactly. Let me see if I can find something."

I scan the wall for a dildo that looks like it's Frank's size, but they all look bigger. Glancing to the side, I find something. "Here."

The salesman purses his lips.

"He's...more thick, of course."

"Of course," the man says, his lips twitching as he looks at the shelf where I picked it up from. I follow his eyeline - the box for the toy says '4.5" Anal Vibrator'. Ew! My eyes widen as I realize what I'm holding.

“So obviously we don’t sell any dildos that small,” he says, interrupting my thought. “But...well, there’s one thing we could do.”

“What?”

I’m still holding the 9-inch dildo in one hand, and the anal vibrator in the other. It looks so tiny by comparison.

“A lot of people like to get toys made in the shape of their loved ones, so we sell molding kits. You could take it home, use it to make a cast of your husband’s erection, and then we can create the toy from that.”

“That sounds expensive.”

“Oh, no - aside from the cost of the molding kit, you only pay for the PVC used, so you might actually *save* some money this way.”

“You can do that?”

“Absolutely,” he smiled, and I see his eyes gleam with excitement at making a sale. “In fact, the one you’re holding right now is based on me. We used it to test the kit, but it’s actually been quite a good seller for us.”

“What??” I immediately throw the dildo away like it was burning hot. The man catches it with quick reflex. “Why didn’t you tell me that before??? I can’t believe I was touching your penis this whole time!”

Did I really just touch another man’s penis? No. No, it’s not like that. Sure, it might be *shaped* like his dick, but it’s not a real dick. It’s a rubber dildo. I wasn’t touching an actual cock. There was nobody attached to that penis.

I force myself to calm down. It’s just a toy. Yes, it’s a toy dick. Yes, it’s a toy of *this man’s* dick, but that’s still all it is - a toy.

“I’m sorry,” he says. “I didn’t mean to offend.”

“No,” I sigh. I can’t stop staring at the dildo. It looks absurd, even held by your big hand. “I’m sorry - I shouldn’t have overreacted.”

My eyes flick down. How can he even keep something that large in his pants? Jesus...if that’s really an exact replica, he’s...he’s *huge*.

I’d always thought those dicks only existed in porn.

“Not a problem.” There was that salesman smile again.

He throws the dildo from one hand to another, a half-smile on his face. Oh, god, did he notice me checking out his pants?

“I...I’m sure to you it’s very normal,” I say. I can’t stop looking at the monster. It’s so...mesmerizing. In a, like, freak of nature kind of way. “But I’ve never met someone and then...and then...”

I trail off, my eyes still affixed to the toy. Not because I like it, or anything. Just because...wow.

“Of course,” he says smoothly, wagging the dildo as he speaks. “It’s completely understandable.”

“I’d be more comfortable if you put that thing away,” I say, a note of irritation entering my voice. “I’m happily married. I’m-...I’m not supposed to be around, uh, other peoples’ junk.”

“Remember, it’s just a toy.”

I nod, embarrassed, still staring at the man’s cock.

“When we make a mold of your boyfriend’s cock, it’s not like he’d be cheating on you if you loaned it to a friend, is it?”

“Well, no. But that’s...I wouldn’t.”

I managed to force myself to stop looking at the PVC penis in the stranger’s hand. I turn, rolling my eyes as I’m once more met by the wall of dicks.

It's a sex store. I guess I shouldn't be surprised to be so surrounded by...well, sex.

"Every toy is based on someone, after all," the large man says, gesturing at the wall. "Is a woman cheating every time she uses one of these?"

I try to change the subject, and pick up an oddly-shaped dildo. It's smaller than the one based on the salesman, but still significantly larger than the anal vibrator in my other hand. "Who's this one based on?"

"Quasimodo," he quips. "Tragic case."

I laugh out loud before stopping myself. He smiles back at me, still holding that damn 9-inch dick.

My face turns red. Okay, he has a good sense of humor. Still, handing me his cock was a dick move. Literally. I shouldn't let him off the hook so easily.

"But of course, if you're uncomfortable with this particular item, there's plenty more I can show you."

Grabbing me by the arm with the same hand he's holding the dildo, the salesman moves me to another part of the store. I try to ignore the feeling of the dildo brushing against my bare skin as we walk.

"This is our vibrator range," he says, back in full sales mode. "As you can see, we have everything from your standard bullet vibrators to discreet toys, to the more...advanced models."

I raise my eyebrows at that.

"Advanced models?"

I can't stop glancing at the hard-on that he's carrying.

Why is he still carrying that?

"Let me show you." Grabbing a flesh-colored item that looks like it could be a cooking implement, he steps forward to plug it in and hand it to me. The box says HITACHI MAGIC WAND.

"Cute hand blender," I say, putting down the anal vibrator and looking at the strange item.

"The switch is on the side."

I turn it on, and the head starts vibrating, startling me slightly. "Oh, wow."

Touching the tip with my finger, I can feel the vibration through my whole body. "Oh, I see - this is like a neck massager, isn't it?"

"Sort of," he smiles. "It's for women to pleasure themselves."

His eyes flick down to my breasts, which I suddenly realize are jiggling with the vibrations. Suddenly aware of a strange tension in the air, I decide to lift it.

"Or we could have a sword fight," I grin, holding the wand up against the fake cock, as though we were two Jedis having a standoff.

Laughing, the salesman strikes a similar pose. "I think you'd win," he says, glancing at the toy in his hand. "I have a powerful tool, but the Magic Wand is something else. Although in tandem..."

He cuts himself off.

"I'm sorry," he says in response to my inquiring look. "I was about to say something far too personal."

I shouldn't ask, but my curiosity is killing me.

"What?"

"Oh, I really mustn't say."

I know I should let it go. I'm dressed in lingerie in front of a complete stranger holding a dildo of his own penis, while the sex toy in my hand makes my boobs vibrate.

If my husband could see me now...

“I can handle it,” I say, unable to help myself. “I promise not to be offended.”

“Or tell my girlfriend that I told you?”

I shrug. “I’m never going to meet her.”

“Well, I was just going to say that my girlfriend is like you - she enjoys the feeling of a hard cock inside her, the feeling of being completely *full*.”

My eyes flick to the toy in his hand as he speaks.

“But her favorite position is when I’m inside her” - he gestures graphically with the toy - “and she’s using the Magic Wand at the same time. She says *those* orgasms are completely out of this world.”

I’m sure I’m red from head to toe. And for some reason, I feel out of breath.

“Uh...”

I knew I shouldn’t have asked. How does one even respond to that?

Sensing my embarrassment, the salesman continues talking, trying desperately to avoid an awkward silence.

“Of course, that’s not to say she doesn’t enjoy regular sex as well. I don’t want to give the impression that we don’t have normal, relaxing intercourse as well. Sometimes while we’re watching TV, I’ll slowly fuck her for an hour or two. Her orgasms will be less intense, but she’ll have half a dozen of them before I cum inside her.”

He smiles as he talks, clearly trying to put me at ease. Unfortunately for him, I have a *very* vivid imagination. “Please stop talking about your love life,” I stammer, as soon as he pauses. Now all I can see is that big...penis sliding in and out of some...pussy, and it’s...no. I can’t get wet. Not in front a stranger. Not dressed like this.

What if I decide not to get the thong and it’s all sticky from my juices? No. Stop.

“Of course,” he replies smoothly. “We’re not here to talk about me, we’re here to talk about you.”

I nod, grateful for the subject change.

“A lot of women prefer masturbation that reminds them of intercourse. When I’m out of town or working late, my girlfriend will often use the Hitachi and this toy in combination. What’s your favorite way to have sex with your husband?”

I close my eyes and take a deep breath. Everything suddenly became...a lot.

“I get that you’re a very open person,” I say, my eyes immediately drawn to the plastic cock in your hand as I reopen them. “I guess that comes with the job. I’m just...I don’t even talk about sex with my posse.”

“Don’t think of this as talking about sex,” he replies, his soothing voice helping me relax. “I’m just a professional, trying to do his job. It’s like talking to your doctor - you wouldn’t feel ashamed talking to a medical professional, would you?”

“I guess not. But...I’m pretty sure my husband wouldn’t be happy if he knew I was chatting about our sex life to a hot guy wearing skimpy lingerie.” I laugh awkwardly. Wait. Did I really just say hot guy?

“Then we’re fine,” he smiles. “I’m not a hot guy wearing skimpy lingerie.” Reaching into his pants, he pulls up the band of his underwear. “Boxer-briefs, see?”

I try not to allow my mind to conjure up an image of the dildo pressing against a pair of boxer-briefs.

“Doctors, lawyers, priests, and sex-shop workers. We all have to swear a solemn oath of confidentiality. I promise, no one will know what we discuss here today - I could lose my license!”

I frown at his words. “I didn’t know sex stores needed a license.”

“Of course,” he says, reaching out and touching my hand with the still-buzzing vibrator in it. “You think I could handle this kind of heavy machinery without qualifications?”

He winks at me, and I raise my eyebrows. Is he...flirting with me?

No, he has a girlfriend. He's just trying to put me at ease.

And I'm relieved to find that it's working.

"Next you're going to tell me you had to pass an exam before you were handed *that* by mother nature," I smile, trying to join in on the joke (now that I finally get it).

Whoops. Went a bit too far. Fortunately, he doesn't seem offended.

"It can get pretty hard," he grins back. "But I'm pretty good at handling it."

I laugh, despite myself.

"But seriously - what's your all-time favorite sexual experience?"

"I...don't know. I've never really thought about it."

"Try."

I do. Sex with Frank has always been good. But...nothing really stands out.

"Any preferred positions, or toys? I imagine that for you to enjoy your husband's..."

He coughs.

"...you would have to be pretty experimental."

"Positions...well, I like to be on top mostly, so I can...ummm...grind."

The man nods.

"So the benefit of this model," he says. He's still holding my hand, and standing quite close. "is that it can be used in a variety of different positions. But if you're after something a little more discreet - and portable - I'd probably recommend a bullet vibrator."

Bullet vibrator. He said that before. It sounds like something you'd use to shoot a sex fiend.

"Of course, you'll still want something to achieve that feeling of fullness..."

The comparison to a medical professional is quite apt; he sounds like a doctor diagnosing a patient. As he trails off, the toy in his hand waggles again, drawing my attention to it.

My eyes widen as I realize what he's suggesting.

"I guess a little more stimulation wouldn't hurt sometimes," I say, refusing to take the bait. "I mean, the vibrating ring was nice, but the batteries died too fast. I liked the feeling, and I think Frank did too."

The distraction works - on me. I barely notice that I'm opening up to him.

"I think this would be perfect for you," he says, leaning past me to pick up a small vibrator. I suddenly understand why they're called 'bullet' vibrators. "At least, when you're with your husband. It would stimulate the feeling of grinding in any position, and it definitely shouldn't make him jealous."

As he moves past me, the toy in his hand briefly makes contact with my cheek - just for a moment.

"And the battery life is great - this is the one my girlfriend has, and we've gone for more than three hours without any issue."

"Careful with your cock," I chuckle nervously. "You almost hit me in the face with it."

I blush as he waggles his eyebrows flirtatiously. "You didn't mention that in the list of things that you like..."

I turn the Hitachi Wand off, set it on the shelf, and take the bullet vibrator. The vibration is much lighter, more delicate. I move it up and down my wrist, feeling momentarily like I'm sampling fragrances at the mall. "I don't know about this one. I like the vibration, but it's too metal-y. Like a tiny robot penis."

"Yes, that's one of the downsides of the... 'less threatening' models. It's a little different when you're using it through clothing. Press it against your bra, see if that feels any better."

I nod. Just a quick check. Nothing weird about that.

“Uhhh...ah!”

I accidentally put it right against my nipple.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?”

Is it the sudden burst of arousal from the toy against my nipple, or does his voice suddenly sound...softer. Warm. Deeper than it’s been so far.

Seductive.

“It’s...ticklish.” I distort the truth.

“Imagine feeling that while your husband is slowly sliding in and out of you, filling you up.”

“I’m not shopping for me, I’m shopping for my husband.”

“The more pleasure the woman feels, the better time the man has as well. Trust me.”

“Maybe I’ll plant the idea in his head, so he can surprise me with one on our anniversary.”

The salesman is suddenly standing so close, his eyes boring into mine. “I’m not really supposed to do this,” he says softly, “but if you wanted to see what it feels like down there...”

His eyes flick down to my black thong.

For a moment, I’m tempted to say yes, to give into those dark eyes, to my base instincts. But reason overcomes me, and I shake my head.

“Uh, no. I’m not going to do *that* right in the middle of your shop.”

All of a sudden, he’s completely professional once more, standing an appropriate distance away, his eyes sparkling. “Of course not. It was just a suggestion. But I do think you should get this for use with your husband. Now, let’s talk about a gift for *you*.”

“I thought this was the gift for me.”

He chuckles, a low throaty laugh. “No, no. You said it yourself - you can’t be satisfied unless you have that delightful sensation of *fullness*. No, for you we want to try something...”

“I never said that! You’re putting words in my mouth.” I’m starting to sound defensive as I let him place his hand on my bare back and gently push me back towards the wall of dicks.

“How would you put it?” he asks, suddenly all earnestness and easygoing blinks.

“Well, not that way. Not like some...nymphomaniac.”

“Of course not,” he nods. “I do apologize - I never meant to imply such a thing. Different people just find satisfaction in different ways; that’s all I meant. My role is to satisfy your unique urges.”

I try not to imagine him satisfying my urges.

“You say that like it’s abnormal for a woman to like having sex regularly.”

“Oh not at all - enjoying sex is the most normal thing in the world. But...well, like a priest or a doctor, people confide in me a lot here. The most common complaint I get from men is the *pressure* that comes from being their wife’s only source of sexual satisfaction. You said you didn’t masturbate, and so I’m interested in helping. For the sake of your marriage.”

The wall of dicks is looming over me, staring down.

“I still think I should discuss it with Frank before I buy a replacement for him,” I mutter.

The large man’s laugh in response is loud, louder than I expected. “A replacement! Oh, Goldilocks, this is no such thing. A toy could never *replace* your husband. When you go for a walk by yourself, are you *replacing* a family road trip? Of course not! It’s supplementing the relationship, not supplanting it.”

“You’re a very good salesman,” I say with a dry laugh. “I feel like you’ll only let me

leave if I'm carrying a bag of dicks with me."

"Just one," he replies, then mutters something under his breath. It sounds like 'and a half, if you...' but I can't make out the rest. Before I can ask him to repeat himself, he gestures at the wall.

"Here's the selection," he says, and I stare at the array of plastic facing me. "Please, be honest - I can't help you unless you're totally honest. Which one calls to you? Out of all the toys, which one are you most interested in?"

"I mean..." I look at the colorful display of dildos on the wall. None of them really grab my attention. I glance back at the one you're holding for a second. "Maybe I should get the molding kit, you know. I really liked that one."

There's a brief pause, and I realize what I just said. "The look and feel, I mean. The texture, not the...size."

All of a sudden, it's back in my hand. "Tell me what you like about it. I'm sure I have something similar in stock."

I hold it awkwardly, trying not to think about its origin. I really do like the feel of this one in my hand. "It's just...the other ones would look like I was having sex with an alien. This one seems more natural. Approachable."

"Tell me what you like about the texture, specifically." A small crease appears in the handsome salesman's forehead. He's back to doctor mode, like he's a professional trying to do nothing but solve a problem.

Like it's not a toy modeled after his own dick that we're talking about here.

"The way you can feel the veins running across it, as if it was a real penis," I say, wrapping my hand around the shaft, unconsciously starting to stroke the dildo.

"Yes, it's a very popular model."

"I just wish it wasn't so big," I say with a sigh, my cheeks blushing as I hear the desire in my own voice. Fortunately, the salesman doesn't seem to notice.

"Do you like the taste?"

"What?"

"The taste."

"You want me to...taste it?"

"Of course." He looks perplexed by the question.

"Why?"

"If you're going to be masturbating with a toy, you want to make sure you like the taste."

"...you have some weird ideas about masturbation. I don't have a tongue...down there."

"Right, but you'll still want to know what it tastes like."

"I will?"

"Of course," he smiles. "Picture this: you've spent the entire day teasing your husband - wearing an outfit like the one you're in now, giving him flirty looks, suggestive glances. Maybe even dirty talking to him, whispering in his ear."

The salesman leans forward, and suddenly his voice is in my ear.

"I can't wait to get you alone, you're not going to walk straight for a month'."

A shiver runs down my spine. Before I can say anything, he leans back again.

"It's having its desired effect, and your husband is a walking boner, but you've turned yourself on as well. You know that if things go on this way, you're going to lose control and jump him before the sun even goes down, and you were looking forward to absolutely rocking your spouse's world tonight. You discreetly grab your toy and make it into the bathroom, only to realize that you didn't bring any lube. Now, you don't want a toy of this size to go in dry, so you quickly swallow it down, just enough to get it wet enough to bring

you off.”

I stare at him, not sure what to say.

“If you hate the taste, that’s going to completely kill the mood.”

His voice is practically a seductive rumble. I realize it’s been deepening throughout his entire hypothetical.

“You quickly get yourself off in the bathroom, spend the rest of the night teasing your husband, and take him into the bedroom for one of the best nights of his life. Doesn’t that sound fun?”

“I guess.”

“My girlfriend did that for me,” I smile, looking past you in memory. “She teased me for fifteen hours straight. We did *not* sleep that night.”

“I’m still not putting this in my mouth,” I said, looking at the toy. “Not until I wash it.”

“There’s a sink out back,” he nods.

Wait, what did I just say? I have no intention of putting this man’s...thing...in my mouth. Even if it is just a toy.

Ever!

“Hold onto it for now,” he says, sensing my hesitation. “There’s something else I want to show you.”

He lightly takes my shoulder and guides me to a part of the store that doesn’t seem to have any plastic at all. Like a New Age store, it’s all candles and oils.

“Oh wow,” I say with a giggle. “I never knew sex shops had a romantic side.”

This secluded corner looks more like a classy candle store, and I can feel my tension dissolving in soothing candle scent.

“Sex is about more than just the physical aspects,” the salesman says, his hand never leaving my shoulder. “It’s about passion, love. Romance. You love your husband, right?”

“Very much,” I nod in agreement.

“Sex is just another way to express that love. I’m sure he never loves you more than when he sees you on your knees in front of him, his cock in your mouth as you look up at him.”

His words were crude, but his tone was casual. Tender, almost.

“I guess so,” I smile. The salesman’s low, comforting voice in my ears is like ASMR.

“And I’m sure you feel the same way when he’s inside you, or when you’re laying back on the bed, his head between your legs...”

“Uh-huh.” I bite my lips softly, imagining a dimly-lit bedroom with rose petals everywhere, my husband waiting for me in nothing but a white towel.

“One thing we offer is new ways that couples can show their love for each other, ideas they’d never come up with on their own.”

“Really? Like what?”

“Like this,” he smiles, picking up a bottle of massage oil and adding a drop to his hand.

“Oh!”

My eyes widen as he begins applying it between my shoulder blades, but I begin to relax as I realize he’s not doing anything inappropriate. His touch is firm but gentle; just enough pressure that I can feel the smoothness of the oil. He’s being very careful not to stain the lingerie.

“Mmmm...”

A soft moan leaves my closed mouth as the soothing oil is spread against my tense muscles.

“Nice, isn’t it?”

His hands begin to move lower.

“Uh...it feels nice, sure. I’m just sure about...ahmmm...”

My objections turn into a moan as he begins to massage my lower back.

“It’s really tense there,” I say, pointing at my neck and hoping he’ll take the hint.

His fingers are rough, but not in a bad way. Coarse. Textured. They hit my neck’s pain points, gently easing the knots, and I relax. He wasn’t going to do anything inappropriate, I tell myself. He’s just showing off the product.

“What’s your favorite scent?”

I close my eyes, giving myself over to the massage and whisper back “Lavender.”

One of the large hands leaves my neck, and I hear the ‘click’ of a lighter. A few moments later, I’m surrounded by the gentle smell of lavender.

I can’t believe how relaxed I am. I’m in the middle of a sex store, wearing less than I’ve ever worn around anyone who wasn’t my husband, allowing a stranger to massage me...and I feel as comfortable as I do when I’m alone in bed.

After a long moan, I smile. “If you weren’t trying to sell me stuff, I’d think you were trying to seduce me.”

“The oil is called Desire,” he replies, his voice seamlessly transitioning into the smooth patter of a salesman. “Want me to add a bottle to your purchase?”

“What the hell. Let’s just hope my husband’s hands will feel this good with the oil,” I grin.

Did I really just say that? I’m starting to sound really flirty. And how much have I committed to buying so far? If I don’t get ahold of myself, I’m going to leave with half the store.

“And, of course, it works with more than just hands.”

“What do you mean?”

“All of our oils work as lube, too. You won’t need to saliva on your toys if you have Desire handy.”

“Oh good. So if I buy it, you won’t make me taste your rubber dick?” I waggle the dildo as I speak, hoping my joke will lift the tension from the romantic massage.

The salesman gives a polite chuckle, and I feel my gut drop. That was inappropriate. What am I doing, joking about tasting his...thing? This scent is making me go crazy. And these enormous hands...mmm. It feels so good.

I can’t wait to get home to my husband.

“Seriously though, I do recommend you taste the toy before you buy it. As I’m sure you can understand, we don’t allow returns. Would you like any other candles beside lavender?”

“Hey,” I protest lightly. “Who says I’m buying candles.” *Or the toy.*

The massaged continues in silence until I sigh in defeat. “Do you have Cherry Blossom?”

“Of course,” the salesman says with a smug purr. I close my eyes, enjoying the massage.

“There’s one last section of the store I should show you.”

“Fine,” I sigh, opening my eyes. “What else are you going to sell me?”

The salesman removes his hands from my back - where I hadn’t noticed they’d been straying dangerously close to the black lingerie I was wearing - and moves a hand to my waist. He gently guides me to the only corner of the store I hadn’t visited yet - a wall covered in black leather.

“Tell me, have you ever been tied up?”

My defenses are completely dissolved at this point, and I answer honestly without hesitation.

“Well, I...uh...one time, we tried it. But Frank didn’t really like it - he said it made him feel like he was raping me.”

The shopkeep's eyes widen at my comment, but he's almost immediately back to smooth patter and soft smiles.

"There's different ways to do it," he says, removing his hand from my waist and picking up a soft silk handkerchief. "May I have your wrists for a moment?"

"What are you planning to do?" I ask, holding one hand out. One part of me is nervous; the other part, curious.

"Both wrists, please," he smiles, revealing his sharp white teeth.

My other hand is holding his dick - I look around for somewhere to put it down, but there are no shelves in this corner of the store, so I place it between my thighs, closing my legs to hold it, and put my other wrist out.

"I hope you're not a serial killer," I laugh nervously.

"I am, but don't worry about it," he grins in reply. "You're not my type."

He deftly loops the handkerchief around my wrists, ensuring they can't be separated. "How does that feel?"

"A little tight. But it doesn't hurt. It's very soft, actually."

"This is a very popular item. My girlfriend loves it. And even though your wrists are constrained, the rest of you is free to move."

His hand lightly touches me on the shoulder, the side, and briefly on my thigh. "It's all the pleasures of bondage, but shouldn't make your fiancé feel like you're completely helpless."

"Husband," I correct, but the salesman isn't listening. Instead, he picks up what looks like a black rod with two loops on the end.

"Of course, when my girlfriend and I play, she likes to have her legs restrained as well. Want to try it?"

That thing looks a lot scarier than the silk handkerchief. "Uhhh, no thank you. I think this is quite enough."

"Not a problem," he smiles, moving to another section of the black leather wall. "How do you feel about collars?"

"I'm not really into that kinky stuff," I say, while toddling around like a penguin, trying not to drop the penis between my legs. As I move around, it slides up, and is now resting against my pussy. "I mean, hands getting tied, that's fine, but BDSM stuff is just too much."

"Of course," he nods. "Some people get into the whole lifestyle - my girlfriend's collar represents my complete ownership of her, her utter devotion and submission to me. Every time she feels it against her neck or sees it in the mirror, it reminds her of her purpose in life."

I nod in response.

"And then, some people just like the look of them. Like this one."

I suddenly feel a soft piece of leather around my neck. Placing a hand on each of my hips, the large man guides me to a mirror I hadn't noticed in the corner.

"A lot of people wear this one just because they think it's cute."

"Oh!"

I look in the mirror, surprised. Far from the black leather that I had been imagining when I heard the word 'collar', the salesman clasps a sweet purple piece around my neck. It has several pink lace bows, and while it does have metal studs, they don't look even remotely threatening.

He's right; it looks cute.

"This is kind of pretty," I agree.

"And of course, you wouldn't have to do anything with it, but this one does come with a free leash."

I watch our reflections as he loops a purple leash into the back of the collar.

“My husband would think I went crazy if I came home with all this stuff,” I chuckle. The mirror shows a funny image - my hands are tied together in front of me, as you tower over me, holding my leash. “I think he’s expecting me to arrive home with a bag of groceries.”

“Well, he doesn’t need to know about all of it.” He reaches out and lightly toys with the charm on my collar as he speaks. “Some of it can be for him, and some of it can just be for you.”

“I’m not sure walking myself around on a leash would be too much fun,” I joke. The man’s deep chuckle returns.

“Of course not. That isn’t what I was thinking of.”

His eyes flick down to the rubber toy between my legs.

“Oh.” I pause for a second. “I don’t think I’d be able to hide something this big from him.”

Okay, I did not just say that. What is happening to me? I’m joking with a complete stranger about the size of his cock? I need to get out of here, now.

“You’d be surprised at the small places it can fit into.”

My eyes widen at the subtext of his flirty remark.

“So, um, I think the twenty minutes have passed. I can get back into my clothes now - I don’t feel any itchiness whatsoever.”

“That’s great,” the large man says, clapping his hands in delight. “I’ll ring everything up for you.”

He strides towards the counter...

“Uh...”

...without noticing that he still has my leash in his hand.

As I toddle behind him quickly so I don’t choke, his cock is rubbing against my pussy, and I’m shocked to notice I feel...wet.

Very wet.

Oh god, when did this happen?

It must have been when I was thinking about Frank earlier, wearing that towel, surrounded by candles and rose petals.

Yeah, that’s it. I got aroused thanks to the scene in my head.

God, I hope he doesn’t notice anything when he packs the panties up for me.

When we reach the counter, the man finally notices that he’s still holding my leash.

I mean, not *my* leash. *The* leash.

“Oh Goldilocks, I’m so sorry - I wasn’t thinking.”

He grabs my shoulders and pulls me towards him, unclasping the leash. “My girlfriend always has such a sore neck after she’s walked like that - here, let me get that for you.”

Before I can assure him that I’m fine, he’s grabbed my shoulders and turned me around. My body is right up against his as he starts massaging my neck and shoulders again, less gently than before.

It’s a firmer, deeper massage.

I begin to object, but my concerns are dissolved by the massage. God he’s good at this. Why is he working at a sex shop, when he could be doling out massages for a living?

It did start to hurt a little when I was pulled. I think to myself, trying desperately to justify sticking around for a massage instead of just leaving.

“As an apology,” he says, his voice low and thunderous, “I’ll give you this oil for free. It’s a little more expensive than the other one; it’s called Lust. The texture changes a little as it heats up.

“It’s mostly designed to be a lubricant, but it works great for massage.”

“You’re very kind,” I smile, thinking he’s going to put it in a bag, but within a second it’s on his hands, and the next thing I know, he’s rubbing it into my skin. “Ahhhhhhh...”

I look at the clock. I’ve already spent like 40 minutes here. I just wanted to quickly pick up some lingerie and get out, and now I’m getting massaged by the handsome store clerk while *wearing* the lingerie.

I mean, by the not-as-ugly-as-you-imagined-someone-would-be-who-ran-a-sex-shop store clerk. Yeah, that sounds about right. “Uhhmm. Didn’t you say your girlfriend was coming after lunch break?”

“She’ll be back any minute,” he replies casually, moving my bra straps out of the way as his massaging hands continue their dance across my shoulders. “Unless her car has broken down again. It’s been on the fritz lately. I wish I could help, but I’m useless when it comes to engines. Are you a car person?”

“No, not really. Frank is.”

Somehow, engaging in non-sexual chit chat calms my nerves about the situation.

“Makes sense.”

My bra straps are now completely off my shoulders, dangling by my sides. The man’s huge hands are roaming all over the upper half of my back, spreading massage oil and freely exploring.

“My girlfriend likes NASCAR, but I’ve never seen the appeal. Still, I watch that with her and she watches the Superbowl. We make it work.”

“Frank’s not really a sports fan. He does watch a lot of politics though. Sometimes I wish he would watch sports, because at least there are hot guys there.” I laugh.

“Hang on,” he says with a tut. “Some oil is dripping down your back.”

My eyes widen as he undoes the clasp of my bra. “My girlfriend is the political one between us, so I mostly keep up to date from her.”

“Oh.” I squeal uncomfortably, but his low voice talking calmly about his girlfriend quickly calms me down again. I hold my tied hands to my chest to keep the bra from sliding down.

The shopkeeper’s hands are now roaming up and down my entire back, pausing occasionally at my neck and my shoulders. They’re moving faster than I’d expect from a massage, but not in a bad way. As he rubs the oil in, I can feel the texture changing - it was slightly sticky at first, but it loses that the more it heats up.

I start to moan, barely realizing at first. The warmth of the massage is getting to me. As more oil is poured on my neck, some of it drips down the front, slowly flowing down to enter my cleavage.

“Careful,” the man warns, wiping his hand clean on my stomach and pulling the bra - and my hands - away from my tits. “You want your husband to think the lingerie is brand new when you show it off to him.”

“Uhhh...”

My breasts are now fully exposed, but...he’s standing behind me. Surely from his perspective, he can’t see anything. Or can he? He’s so tall, after all...

I lift my hands back up, to cover my nipples. They’re fully erect - I can feel them against my wrists, even through the handkerchief.

The bra falls to the floor as the massage continues, the salesman chatting idly about his girlfriend and her family. He shifts, and suddenly I can’t tell whether that’s the rubber dildo between my legs or...something else.

Either way, thinking about the hard cock so close to my pussy completely derails my thoughts. His words get blurred, and I stop paying attention to the conversation. Something about his in-laws. Who cares.

The toy is nine inches. That means...

I try not to think about it.

As the massage continues, the man's massive hands are roaming around my entire back, my sides. On more than one occasion, I can feel him touching my sideboob - is he getting more adventurous with time, or is it just my imagination?

I'm feeling warmer and warmer. My body is basically in heat as the stranger's hands wander around it. A soft moan leaves my mouth the next time he grazes the side of my tit. I definitely need this oil at home. I should really get home. This is getting out of hand.

He's massaging my stomach, my lower back, my underboob, my neck. His firm hands are confidently rubbing every part of my exposed skin as he prattles on about nothing. I'm positively coated with Lust.

I start to worry - how will I get dressed, covered in so much oil? What if his girlfriend suddenly shows up, and finds me here in my panties, lubed up with my hands tied? Oh, god.

I'm so wet, too. I need a shower. Does this place have a shower? Can I ask to use it?

As I'm asking myself these questions, more oil is poured over my collarbone. It flows down, towards the expensive silk that's covering my breasts as I hold my tied hands against them.

"Cover yourself," he says gently, moving around to my front. Before I can object, before I can do anything, his eyes flick up and down my body and then widen. "Oh, no..."

"What?"

"Some of the oil has gotten onto the front of your panties. They're soaked - practically see-through."

I look down - he's right. Well, sort of.

Yes, my panties are soaked, but not because of the oil. There's a clear line on my belly where the oil stops, which means the wetness he's seen is not Lust. It's... well, *lust*.

Fuck.

I have to do something before he realizes what you're looking at. "Oh no," I say, quickly wiping my stomach like I'm trying to stop further damage - in fact, I'm just spreading the oil so the line is less obvious.

After I do, I realize that I just exposed my breasts without thinking. *God*. No man but Frank had ever seen my breasts, and now...

Now, the list consists of one, Frank and two, a random sex shop attendant.

"Careful," the random sex shop attendant says, hooking his fingers into the sides of my panties. "Let's not allow these to get any more lube on them."

He stares into my eyes as he slowly, gently pulls them down. I'm frozen, like a deer in the headlights.

No man has ever seen my kitty before. Just Frank.

Now, Frank and a random sex shop attendant.

I try to close my legs defensively, but the fake dick is still between my thighs. It's thick enough to prevent me from completely hiding anything. I lower my hands to cover my kitty, but since they're tied together, I can't cover both my pussy and my boobs.

In a panic, I alternate between them, inadvertently giving the random sex shop attendant the opportunity to take a good look at both.

"Relax," he says with a smile, gesturing to the wall of pornographic DVDs. Thank god he didn't try to sell me any of *those*. "It's nothing I haven't seen before."

For reasons I can't explain, I nod. He's right. There's nothing he hasn't seen before.

As if he was waiting for my nod, he resumes his massage. Now that he's standing in front of me, it's somehow more intimate than it was before.

My hands are back on my boobs. "I'm not used to men seeing me this way," I say,

almost apologetically. "Other than Frank."

"Relax," he smiles. "I'm a professional."

Again, I find myself nodding, and he launches into another tale of his girlfriend's brothers, humorously poking fun of their various quirks and foibles.

"Ummm...do you have, like, a shower in here? I think I should rinse off the oil before I get dressed."

"Nothing like that," he says, shaking his head. "Just the sink." His hands move down to my waist.

"That's, uh...not good." I look down at my lubed-up body. There's no way I can just put my clothes on like this.

"How about I text my girlfriend, tell her to bring a towel when she comes in?"

One of his hands has moved up to my side. The other is straying dangerously close to my exposed pussy.

"Alright," I reply sheepishly. "I just hope she won't find it weird, me being here naked, covered in...y'know. Lube, and all."

"Just part of the job," he replies with a chuckle, before looking me earnestly in the eyes. "So since we have some time...I feel like I have a responsibility to you."

"What kind of responsibility?"

He nods at the toy between my legs. "As you can imagine, we don't take returns on certain items."

"Oh, ummm...that's fine. I mean, that makes sense."

"I wouldn't feel right if I sent you home with it and it wasn't a good fit for you."

My eyes widen. I never even agreed to buy it, and he's suggesting...no. He can't be. I can't do that. Not here. "I can always re-gift it. I have plenty of female friends who'd be happy to have this." Or I can throw it out. Not that I'd tell him that.

I glance at it. It really is something. It'd be a real shame to throw it out.

Looks like I'm buying it, I realize with a sigh.

"I'd recommend against re-gifting it," he replies, shaking his head. "It's a hygiene thing."

His hands are on my chest now, gently kneading. High enough to be safe, low enough to be nervous, firmly massaging my soft skin.

"I'll be sure to wash it properly," I say, staring into his deep blue eyes.

"I'm sorry, but as a salesman, it's my duty. I can't let you leave with that toy, Goldilocks, until we know that it's not too big, not too small - just right."

"Too small? I'd be surprised if I could take half of that thing."

I glance down at the monster, and then gasp as the salesman grabs me by the waist, picks me up, and deposits me onto the counter. My bare ass is on the glass top, my hands still tied in front of me.

I suddenly realize that I'm completely naked and tied up in the middle of the store, alone with a man twice my size.

He could do anything to me.

Anything.

"Only one way to find out," the large man says with a smile, reaching down and tugging the toy out from between my legs.

"Oh! Uhhhh. I, ummm, I can try myself, you know. Without assistance. And without an audience."

My tone is worried. I can't do something this intimate in front of a stranger.

Heck, I'd struggle to do it in front of *Frank*.

"Excellent," he grins. "I'm just going to wash up in the back room. I'll come back and

check on you in a few minutes.”

I nod, relieved. “Can you please untie me first? It’d be a lot easier that way.”

“Of course.”

As he unties me, I again realize I’ve been panicking over nothing. He’s been nothing but professional - he’s not some kidnapper, he tied me up to demonstrate the product. I practically asked him to.

To allow him to untie me I have to lower my hands, uncovering my breasts, revealing my erect nipples. His large hands take longer than they should to untie the silk - like he’s wilfully fumbling with it to get to enjoy the view for longer.

God, what is wrong with me? I keep projecting the most horrible allegations onto this innocent man.

When my hands are finally free, I put them back over my breasts.

As the shopkeeper steps away, he runs one finger lightly down my arm, leaving me alone with the dildo.

I still can’t believe how exposed I’ve let myself be today. The only man who’d seen my developed body naked was my high school sweetheart, Frank...and now here I was, in front of a stranger, stripped from my clothes, covered in lube, as turned on as I’d ever been.

I could never tell my husband about this.

Am I really going to do this? I grab the toy, feeling it with my hands. My heart is beating very fast.

I don’t have to. I could walk away, right now.

Except the salesman has my clothes. I’d have to shoplift a set of lingerie to avoid walking the streets naked...and even then, I’d be walking the streets in a set of see-through lingerie.

No, that’s not an option. Which just leaves...

Oh, god. What have I gotten myself into?

I pull my legs up the counter and spread them. I start touching myself lightly. Jesus, I’m so fucking wet.

Despite being so wet, I put some lube on the dildo - the sheer size of it is simultaneously impressive and terrifying. As I spread the Lust around the shaft, I give the penis a gentle massage. It feels so realistic. If I shut my eyes, I could seriously be giving a handjob to a stranger.

I put the head of the penis against my vulva, spreading my lips. I start gently rubbing the toy on my pussy.

As it touches my clit, I moan out loud. Maybe too loud.

Biting my lips to keep quiet, I point the head of the penis at my opening and slowly insert it.

What am I doing? It’s a cock. I’m putting another man’s cock inside me. Is this... cheating?

No, no, no. You cannot cheat with a sex toy. And it’s just a toy, technically, right? Oh God, it’s so thick, I can already feel it stretching me. He can’t be this big. He must have just lied. Typical male ego. Yes, it’s just a toy. It cannot be his. It cann— aahhhhhh.

I moan again, loudly, as I push the head further inside. I can’t believe how good it feels. It’s so much more...intense...than Frank’s penis. I can’t stop moaning as I slowly move it in and out of my vagina, pushing it a quarter of an inch further each time. I try to keep my sounds as quiet as I can; I don’t want anyone hearing my sex noises. I don’t want the owner of this glorious, enormous cock to hear the pleasure it’s bringing me.

But the more aroused I get, the less control I have over my body. I close my eyes, no longer able to hear myself. My hand starts moving on its own. My hungry pussy, gobbling up

the monstrous toy, inch by inch. Just a tiny bit more, I think each time. Just ahhhhh tiny bit. My body is craving it. It's been craving it for the past thirty minutes, ever since I got aroused, ever since I was shown the toys and the lube and the strong hands started roaming around my flesh. Fuck.

"Is everything okay?" the deep voice says, directly into my ear.

Startled, I open my eyes, and assume a defensive position, covering myself as best I can. The toy, meanwhile, is lodged in my pussy where I left it, mid-thrust. "What are you doing here???"

"I thought I heard you crying out in pain," the salesman says gently, resting one hand casually on my thigh. "When women aren't used to the size of a new toy, it's quite common for them to injure themselves. I wanted to make sure you were all right."

"I am!" I reply, frustrated. All but two inches of the dildo are almost inside me. I can feel it slowly sliding out as I glare at the interrupting salesman.

His eyes flick down my exposed body. His hand moves on top of mine, still atop the likeness of his cock. Neither of us say a word as he begins slowly, firmly guiding it back inside me, using a different rhythm than I was using before he entered the scene.

Rather than smoothly gliding it in and out, he's penetrating me with short thrusts - quick enough to make me gasp, but with enough of a pause to allow me to adjust to the girth before the next thrust.

"Ahhh," I moan out loud. "Staaahp. What are you—"

The tendons in my hand tense up as he forcefully guides it, but with each thrust, my muscles become more relaxed, showing less and less resistance.

His left hand is resting on the nape of my neck - he begins massaging me again, removing all the tensions that his surprise presence have built up. His other hand is holding mine, continuing to push the toy in and out. As he fucks me with his fake cock, the salesman voice comes out again.

"Do you see how good this model feels? It's filling you up nicely, isn't it? We pride ourselves here on ensuring that every customer is satisfied."

A ripple of pleasure goes through my naked body as he says 'satisfied'.

"You're going to get a lot of joy out of this purchase, Goldilocks - I guarantee it."

I slowly close my eyes as the pleasure takes over once more, moaning "Yesssss" in response.

As he continues penetrating me with the rubber dildo, more and more is entering me each time. "It's almost all in, Goldilocks," he whispers directly into my ear. "Do you want more? Do you want the whole toy inside you?"

"Uhhh-haaahhhh," I moan while nodding. My free hand is no longer covering my breasts, but fondling them. "I want it all," I whisper between moans.

His hand moves from my neck to my mouth, two fingers lurking just outside, gently tracing my lips. His other hand is continuing its stuttering penetration - a sudden thrust in, a slow retraction, again and again.

With my surroundings blurred, thoughts are racing through my head. This is not cheating. I am not cheating. This is just a product test. He's just a professional. He's been around naked women all his life. Being this exposed in front of him...it's like going to male gynecologist. There's nothing sexual about it.

Well, it is kind of sexual, but in a professional way. It's like talking about sex with your psychologist. It's intimate, sure, but he's just doing his job. This man is fucking me with a dildo shaped like his own penis on the counter in the middle of a sex shop, but it's completely normal. Frank wouldn't understand it, of course. But I'm not being unfaithful. It's all about customer satisfaction. As long as I'm not returning the favor. As long as it's not mutual.

As long as it's not mutual, I'm not cheating.

"It fits, Goldilocks," he says proudly. The last inch of the toy is buried in my wetness.

"Not too big, not too small - just right."

"It's soooo big," I moan.

"You like it?"

"Yesss."

"Good girl," he says. "Now that I've demonstrated that it fits, let me show you what this baby can do."

He deftly pulls the toy almost entirely out of me, then slides it back in, again and again, with an increasing pace. With one hand, he's fucking me with a replica of his own cock, while his other hand continues to stroke my face and lips.

I'm writhing in pleasure on the glass counter as he fucks me. My moans echo throughout the store. In fact, they're so loud, passers-by on the street could probably hear them if they listened carefully.

For the first time, I notice the security camera pointed straight at me. I close my eyes again, too far gone to care.

Suddenly, without warning, the salesman pulls the toy out of me entirely.

"Don't stop," I gasp.

A puzzled look appears on his face. "But...you know that it fits. And you definitely know that you like it."

I want to cum so badly, but I can't say that. I can't. Making me cum is not part of his job.

But I know I can't go home this turned on.

"Didn't you say I should test it for twenty minutes, to make sure it stays comfortable?"

"That was the lingerie," he replies with a patient smile. "And we tested that, remember?"

"But...what if I'm allergic to the PVC it's made of?" I say, desperately trying to come up with a reason to justify continuing. "I think we should, umm, make sure that everything's all right."

He frowns. "It's unlikely, but that's a pretty simple test." Moving the toy to my mouth, he rubs it gently around my lips, mimicking the movement of his fingers earlier. "Oral sensitivity to a PVC allergy has the fastest symptoms."

His other hand is resting casually on my breast. I can feel his pulse - it's slow. Calm. A stark contrast to my racing heartbeat.

"On second thought..." I say, trying to back out of the test I proposed, but when I open my mouth, he pushes the rubber dick inside.

"Mmmphfff!"

We stare into each other's eyes as he slowly sides the long toy into my mouth. It goes further than either of us were expecting.

His hand is idly caressing my breast, as if he hasn't even noticed, lightly playing with my erect nipple. That can't be professional. Or is it? Maybe it's totally fine with the usual customers. He's so casual, he must think it's fine. I should tell him to stop. Just politely remind him that I'm married. Surely he'll understand.

Then I remember my mouth is stuffed. I can't say a word. Fuck, my nipples are so sensitive.

After a few minutes of watching me drool around the plastic cock, he pulls it out. "Does your mouth feel tingly?"

I try to focus on my mouth. All I can detect is the taste of rubber mixed with my own juices. "Not really."

“Good,” he nods. “No allergies.”

He moves the toy down to my breasts, and starts running the head up and down between them.

“Does your husband ever tittyfuck you?”

“No,” I reply. At this point, I’m an open book. He could ask me anything and I’d answer without hesitation.

“Your breasts are really quite magnificent,” he says, pinching one of my nipples. “I know my girlfriend often uses this toy for that.”

I sit there passively as he begins sliding the toy between my breasts, pushing them together. It feels like a clear excuse to lay his hands on my tits, but I’m not objecting.

Why am I not objecting?

I can feel his rough palms against my hard nipples as he periodically flicks and tugs at them, groping as much of each breast as he can.

“Is this still for the allergy thing?” I ask, after several minutes of letting him feel me up with his strong hands.

“No,” he answers frankly, staring me in the eyes. “Just part of the full product demonstration?”

“What else does the full product demonstration contain?” I ask, as he continues playing with my tits. I have no idea why I’m letting him touch me like this, but I feel too aroused to voice a concern. I just want that dildo back inside my pussy.

I just want to *cum*, so I can finally go home to my loving husband and escape this den of sin. This cave of sex.

This store of temptations.

“Have you ever been with a woman?”

“No,” I answer without hesitation. I feel like my whole body is throbbing. “I mean, I kissed a friend once in high school. But I was very drunk, and it was for a bet.”

“These custom-mold toys are very popular with lesbians,” he says, holding the toy up. I wipe some drool from my chin.

“I’ll bet,” I say, sizing the toy up once again. One of the salesman’s hands moves from my tit to my thigh, and begins casually stroking it.

These toys must be popular with any woman, I guess. Though if lesbians liked big cocks, why were they lesbians in the first place? The thought distracts me from saying anything about the enormous hand gently playing with the skin near my kitty.

“You can get an attachment that turns them into a strap-on,” he says, picking one up from the shelf. “If you had a girlfriend, she could wear this and fuck you with it.”

His hand moves up my leg, and makes contact with my pussy, one finger gently parting my lips.

“Maybe I could ask my husband,” I giggle, wondering if I’m really joking. It felt so good having that big toy inside me. Maybe I could ask him to wear it every once in a while.

No, that would never work out. He’d get self-conscious about his size.

“Would you like me to show you?”

“Sure,” I shrug, as another finger slips between my lips. He’s slowly pumping two fingers in and out of me as we stare into each other’s eyes. I don’t even register what’s happening at first; I feel the pleasure first, before I realize what’s causing it. He’s doing everything so casually, like he’s so used to being around sex toys and horny women, it doesn’t even strike him as odd.

“Great,” he smiles. “It’s a nifty feature.”

I realize I’m blushing, like a high school girl being noticed by my crush. *Get it together, girl.*

His finger rubs against the wall of my vagina, and a short, loud moan escapes my mouth. As if aware for the first time of what his hand is doing, he removes his fingers from my wetness, casually licking them clean before attaching the sticky toy to the strap-on.

Okay, I tell myself, this is clearly crossing a line. What am I even still doing here? I have a husband, for god's sake.

"Here we go," he says, his eyes distracting me from my intention to leave. He truly has remarkable eyes.

"What are you—"

Before I can finish my thought, I realize the answer. He's attached the toy to the outside of his pants. Without warning, he leans over, positions the cock at the entrance to my hole, and thrusts forward.

"Ahhh!"

He grabs my waist as I moan loudly, a half-smile on his face as he fucks me with my toy, his massive girth filling me up. He's not being gentle.

This must be how he fucks his girlfriend, I can't help but think, before the pleasure overtakes me.

"Oh godddd..."

He's really fucking me now. Earlier, a replica of his dick was inside me, his hand moving it. But this...now it's attached to him. I'm being fucked by the salesman, as though we were having real sex.

Is this cheating?

No. It can't be. It might be modeled after him, but it's not *actually* his penis. He doesn't feel the sensations of being inside me. If it's not mutual, it's not cheating. He's just part of the toy. It's just masturbation. A weird form of masturbation, sure, but it's not like he's *actually* inside me. Oh god, it feels soooooo good.

I can't take my eyes off his face as he pumps and grunts. This is the closest thing to being with another man without really doing it. Maybe I should cherish this moment. It's not often that you get to fuck Prince Charming without actually being unfaithful.

One of his hands reaches up and crudely paws my breast, kneading and pulling at it, taking my nipple roughly between two fingers. I'm suddenly aware that I'm completely naked, coated in lube, in the middle of this store, while the salesman is fully clothed.

"So as you probably noticed earlier," he says, the salesman voice returning - now with a little more huffing, as he repeatedly thrusts inside me, "one of the great things about this particular type of PVC is the perfect friction it creates. Doesn't that feel great?"

"Yesss. It feels amahhhhzing," I pant. Even if I wanted to stop him from playing with my breasts, my body is too weak and overcome by pleasure to be able to fight. Instead, I just let him fondle them like he owns them.

"It's easy to wash, too."

With every thrust, the toy is all the way inside me. His other hand moves up to my throat, grasping it lightly as he fucks me, his eyes boring into mine, his mouth still spouting sales facts through a smug half-smile.

"Lust is the best kind of lube to go with this, but if you're wet enough, lubricant isn't necessary, even when you're using it as a strap-on. Are you wet enough?"

I nod obediently, my loud moans filling the room.

"Are you nice and wet?" he repeats, slightly tightening his grip around my neck.

"Yesss, sir," I reply, the words slipping out obediently before I can even register them.

"Are you enjoying this?" he grunts.

I nod violently once more, biting my lips. Oh god, I hope his girlfriend doesn't show up now. This would be a tricky one to explain. I need to cum before that happens.

I need to cum, to break the spell this man has somehow cast over me.

“Good girl,” he smiles.

With a grunt, he releases my tit and throat, pulls the toy all the way out, and starts unbuckling it. “So that ends the product demonstration,” he says, unscrewing the toy from its strap-on holder. “Would you like to add this accessory to your purchases today?”

“W-what?” I ask, panting heavily. No no no. He can’t stop now. He got me so close twice now. He can’t stop at the last second again. No. I have to cum. If I can’t cum, I know I’m going to go crazy. “That was it??”

He makes eye-contact with me, a puzzled expression on his face, a smile in his eyes. “Did you have any more questions about the product?”

“I... uhhh... yeah. I have to know what it feels like to... uh...” Jesus, this is so embarrassing. He must be doing this on purpose.

“I just need to know what it feels like to cum while it’s inside me,” I say, my voice barely louder than a whisper. “You know how a woman’s, um, vagina tightens when that happens. And, well, it’s quite big, so I need to know if it’s painful when I cum. You know. Before I can make the purchase.”

I try desperately to justify my desire, appealing to his salesman sensibilities. He throws me a patronizing smile.

“Goldilocks, it sounds like you just want me to make you cum. You know I can’t do that; it wouldn’t be professional. I’m just here to demonstrate the products.”

We both glance over at the pile of purchases I’ve stacked up so far. “At this point, I feel like I’ve demonstrated everything our products can do.”

My face gets red. God, he must think that I’m some sort of sex freak, asking for free orgasms like they naturally come with every purchase. I feel so stupid. I’m ready to die of shame.

“Except...”

My ears shoot up like a curious dog’s. “Except what?” I ask, quicker than I’ve ever asked any question ever.

Picking up the bottle of Lust, he continues. “I haven’t shown you the most common use of this product. If you’d like...”

He trails off, and my heart leaps. He used it to massage me earlier, but left the room before I put any on the toy. He probably thought I was wet enough to take the rubber dildo without any lube.

I guess I was.

Still. If I can just get him to fuck me with the toy again, I *know* I can cum. Then I can finally go home with my toys and forget this ever happened. If I ever need a refill, I’ll order more lube online.

“I’m interested,” I say shyly, and he nods.

A rap at the door attracts my attention. Is it the salesman’s girlfriend?? Please, no. The timing could hardly be worse.

No, thank god. It’s a customer. He wants to come in - I see his shadow lean close, his hands above his face, trying to look through the darkened glass. Oh, god - I hope he can’t see me. He shouldn’t be able to.

After a few seconds, the shadow beyond the door gives up and walks away. I hear a zipping sound, and turn back to the salesman - a hungry look appears in my eyes as I see a familiar sight. The huge dildo, staring at me as he lubes it up. The shiny liquid makes it look so much more realistic.

“Ready?”

“Uh huh,” I pant, as he lines the dildo up. I take one more look at the beauty before it

disappears inside me. So big. So detailed. So fucking *real*-looking.

Wait, I don't remember the veins being painted.

Suddenly, I see something in the corner of my eyes. Something big. Something cream-colored. I glance over. It's the dildo, still covered in my white juices. No.

No!!

I look down, and watch the salesman's penis disappear inside me. My vaginal walls pulsate against the intruding erection. His hands return to my breast, to my throat. He smiles down at me.

"Do you feel the difference?"

Oh. My. Fucking. God.

He's inside me. He's inside me for real now. I have another man inside me. My pussy is no longer exclusive to a single man, to the love of my life. My high school sweetheart. The man who took my virginity. The man who I vowed to be faithful to for the rest of my life. With one thrust, that loyalty has ended. I let another man take me, take my innocence. Take my pussy and make it his. Bury his big cock so deep inside me that Frank's small penis could never reach.

It wasn't rape. I let this happen. No, more than let - I asked for this. I teased him all day. Prancing around in that sexy lingerie, letting him see me naked. Touch me. Playing around with the replica of his penis. Having it inside my mouth. Fucking it. Making him see his big penis repeatedly disappear inside me as my moans of pleasure filled the room.

Denying him the feeling of my tight pussy, wrapped around his actual cock. I let him virtually fuck me. I asked him to. I wanted him to make me cum.

But I was selfish. I wanted a freebie, a cheating loophole. But I teased him for too long. I begged him for more, more, more. He asked to show me how the lube was actually used, and I agreed.

He had to know the feeling. He had to fuck me. For real.

"I can't believe this is haaaahhppening," I pant. "Ffffuck..."

Why does this feel so good? Why does cheating on the love of my life give me so much pleasure?

Will I ever be able to go back to Frank's inferior penis? Or am I ever ruined now by this man who has awakened desires in me I never knew existed?

"As you can feel," he grunts, "the lube feels quite different when it's on a real cock."

His hand is cupping my breast, my nipple between two of his fingers. As he thrusts in and out, I can feel his hand firmly holding my plump tit. Owning it. Owning me.

The hand around my throat is providing pressure, but not enough to cut off my airway. Just enough to remind me that he's completely in control here.

"Toys are nice," he says, staring into my eyes, "but obviously they're no substitute for a real man's dick."

"Oh god. Yesss. It feels so much better," I moan. All my inhibitions have been thrown out the window. Am I really doing this? Am I really letting another man know how much I enjoy his penis? No, I have to make this right. I'm a customer. This is not about his dick, it's the lube. He's showcasing the lube now. "I'll need to get two bottles of this lube," I pant. "Ahhhhhh."

As we continue copulating, I can see him starting to lose control. His eyes lose focus, his smirk fades, and he starts to fuck me with all his strength, grunting as he pounds into me. His grip on my breast gets firmer, and his hand tightens slightly around my throat.

I wrap my legs around his body, not letting him get too far away. I'm nearing orgasm, and this time *nothing* will stop me from climaxing.

I'm already cheating on my husband; I might as well get some satisfaction from it.

“I’m going to cum,” he pants, dropping the salesman façade. “I’m going to cum inside you.”

No! No, that can’t happen. He can’t cum inside. I can’t let him spurt his seed into my kitty. Frank’s kitty. I need to go home to him, and I can’t have a stranger’s semen leaking out of me. Staining my panties. Creating evidence.

But we can’t stop now. Not until I’ve cum. I have to cum before him. I have to cum quickly, and make him pull out.

His thumb is rubbing my nipple, his skin surprisingly rough for someone who works in retail. His pupils are narrow, his breathing short. The counter is well-lubricated; every time he thrusts into me, I slide half a foot, then back again when he pulls back.

I can feel him getting close.

“Wait,” I pant desperately. “Cum on my body. Please. Shower me in your seed. Just... let me cum first.”

“The great thing,” he grunts, “about this lube...”

“...is how...”

“...it mixes...”

“...with cum...”

“Ohhh godddddd.”

My body starts trembling as I reach my climax, my orgasm triggered by the feeling of the enormous penis twitching inside me, shooting its load deep in my pussy where Frank has never been. I can feel his cock pump again and again, filling me up.

When it’s finally done, he pulls out.

“This is the best part,” he says, his salesman voice returning. “The taste.”

As I feel him gently touch my face, I expect him to move my head towards his cock. I hope that being directed like this will make me feel less guilty somehow, like it’s out of my control. But that’s not what happens. Instead, I feel my head move on its own, following that sweet smell like it’s a dessert I can’t say no to.

I look up into his sexy eyes as my mouth makes contact, and I can finally taste it.

It. Tastes. So. Fucking. Great.

“Nice, isn’t it?” he asks, smiling down at me.

I chuckle. What am I even doing? “It’s sweet,” I say in between licks, before taking in the entire head.

Despite the fact he just came, I can feel his cock beginning to plump up again in my mouth. Before long, it’s back to its full glory, standing proudly erect in front of me. As the head of his cock hardens in his mouth, he reaches down and - just like before - starts casually playing with my pussy, like one might stroke the hair of a loved one.

I enjoy giving a slow blowjob for a minute, proud of my abilities as I feel him getting hard from my treatment, before a noise at the door gets my attention. Someone’s coming in!

“Don’t worry,” the salesman says calmly, “it’s just my girlfriend.”

“What??” I say, panicked. “She can’t find us like this!”

“It’s fine,” he says, his eyes boring into mine as he gently moves my mouth back to his cock. “It’s fine.”

I can feel my already-flushed skin growing redder as, against my best judgment, I find myself continuing to pleasure the huge cock in my mouth. I close my eyes with embarrassment, pretending I’m not there, trying to escape by focusing on the task at hand. Well, at mouth.

“Hey honey,” the man says, and I close my eyes tighter. This isn’t happening. This isn’t happening. Focus on the cock in your mouth.

Despite the fact that I’ve only ever been with Frank, I *know* I give good head, and I try

to lose myself in my oral administrations.

"I brought the towel. Who's this?" She has an Australian accent. I don't want to know what she looks like.

Focus on making the man cum. Make the man cum, and then you can go.

"This is Goldilocks. Do you mind ringing up her purchases for me?"

"No worries."

"The first bottle of Lust is free. Did you want a second one, Goldilocks?"

"Mmm-hmm," I reply, beet red, answering the man whose cock is filling my mouth and throat.

The salesman's finger is between my legs again. I moan around his erection, unable to get more than half of it in my mouth at once, using both hands to stroke the parts of his shaft that I can't swallow down.

I'm completely nude, covered in lube and sweat, sucking off a stranger while he fingers me, his cum pouring out of my pussy, his girlfriend just a few feet away, a collar around my neck.

"Thanks," he growls, as the cash register begins printing its receipt. The heels click clack away again. There are three fingers pumping in and out of me, and my body is starting to respond.

"Okay Goldilocks, you're all set!"

I open my eyes in shock. His girlfriend has disappeared to a back room; we appear to be alone once more. She's done an impressive job of quickly cleaning up the mess we made of the counter, too.

Is this something they've done before?

"Goldilocks? We really need to reopen the store. Christmas is one of our busiest times of year."

"Oh," I say groggily. "Um. Towel?"

I really want to cum again, but I can't tell him that. If I get home before Frank, I know that I'm definitely going to be using some of my new toys to help take the edge off.

He withdraws his hand, and passes me the towel. "Cash, or credit?"

"Cash," I say, looking around. My clothes are in a pile beside my purchases, my purse on top.

"\$556 all together," he says, and my eyes boggle at the amount. Nothing we looked at had prices listed.

"What??"

"You got a lot of premium stuff," he says with a shrug. "Believe me, I'm sure you'll get good use out of it. And think about how happy it's going to make your husband."

I close my eyes and count to ten, trying desperately not to think of my husband.

"I don't have that kind of cash..."

"We take card," he says, but I shake my head. I can't have this place appearing on our bill.

"Ummm..."

I smile, tilting my head slightly to the side.

"Is there any other way I can pay?" I ask shyly.

"Of course," he nods. "We take check, though it's a bit of a bear to process."

"One with little less paper trail, I mean."

He narrows his eyes, confused. "Cash is probably the easiest way to manage that."

"I mean, is there...anything else I can do?"

The shopkeeper smiles at my words, and my heart sinks. No, of course not. I've already done it all for free.

Heck, I practically paid him for the privilege.

And I can't even say I regretted a single moment of it.

"I'll tell you what," he says kindly. "I don't normally do this, but you seem like the honest sort. What if we set up some kind of a payment plan? Pay what you can today, and then come in each week to pay the next installment."

My eyebrows shoot up at the suggestion. I was never, ever planning to return to this sex den. I couldn't.

"What do you say?"

I finger the collar around my neck. Glancing down at the lube-covered lingerie, the dildo coated in my juices, and the half-empty bottles, I realize I don't have much of a choice.

In response to my small nod, the man smiles, his face lighting up.

"Great," he says, putting one of his huge hands out to shake mine. "I'll see you in a week. Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve," I whisper in response. What am I committing to?

"I can't wait," he says warmly.

Neither can I.

"Wear the collar," he says in a low growl, and I nod.

"Yes, sir."