

Friday, January 26. 2007

High Score

Dorothy hesitantly pushed open the door to the sex boutique, and heard the little electronic chime announce the arrival of another customer. She'd been afraid to simply walk in, even though her friends had told her it was a high-class store in a nice part of town. With the door open, she took a quick glance around the room, and realized the shoppers walking up and down the aisles were all ages (though, clearly, all adults), male AND female, and most of them dressed well and even fashionably. They could be office professionals, doctors, lawyers, salesmen and saleswomen. Definitely not the shabby, all-male clientele Dorothy associated with the words "adult store." This place suited "upscale suburbia" very well, and she realized she would blend in with the crowd just fine.

A few more steps brought Dorothy through the doorway. She let go of the door, allowing it to close, and began browsing the products in one aisle, glancing at the packaged dildos, toy handcuffs, and black oval masks -- trying to look interested, but not TOO interested. There seemed to be a mild scent of perfume all about the place, almost like those stores that sold fancy soaps and bubble baths, and Dorothy found that somewhat soothing, even relaxing. Much more so than the Christmas music playing in the background, just like every other store this time of year. She was so tired from trudging through the mall from one shop to the next. Searching for the perfect gift for a friend or a relative. So tired. Feet aching, mind numb from all the bright displays and twinkling lights. She wanted a break from holiday shopping -- wanted to set all that aside and do something really special, for herself. Something unusual. Even daring.

Dorothy picked up a bright pink rubber butt plug, tightly shrink- wrapped in plastic. Not quite the direction of "daring" she had in mind, though she found her eyes running over some of the other appliances, taking in the large variety of colors, shapes, and sizes. Some of them looked absolutely gigantic, making the one in her hand seem tame and ordinary by comparison. She set the plug back down on the shelf, hoping nobody had noticed her staring. Looking up, sneaking a glance at the other shoppers, Dorothy realized some of them probably felt as awkward as she did. Certainly precious few of them were comfortable enough to go marching up to the counter, several dildos in hand, and start chatting up the salespeople at the register. She could just imagine. "Is this all you've got? Perhaps in the back, you have something a little more -- oh, I don't know... geometric? With square edges? Or perhaps a corkscrew shape?" She smiled a little, relaxing a bit more. Her sense of humor always helped her feel more comfortable.

She saw that all of the walls had displays of clothing, draped on hangers or worn by mannequins. Teddies made of nearly transparent material, with little ribbons. Negligees with feather boas. Garter belts, stockings. Wigs. Running through the spectrum, all the way to tight catsuits, leather corsets, boots, and "clothes" that were nothing more than strips of vinyl linked by rings and buckles. Hmmm... intriguing. But clothes are most interesting if you're going to show off to someone else. Dorothy wanted something all for herself. Private. Yes, something she could do all alone, or maybe with somebody else -- but it would be her choice, either way. She walked down another aisle, thinking some more about those butt plugs and dildos.

And at the end of the aisle... she saw it. The sex rider.

Oh, it didn't really look like all that much. Not a test of one's bravery, like some of the Gargantuan vibrators on the shelves nearby. It looked like a large bolster pillow on the floor, covered with vinyl, with a dildo sticking up out of it, a remote control to one side. So simple. But Dorothy had heard about these. About how they wiggled, and circled, and vibrated. Touching all the right places. In all the right ways. She walked toward the display, looking at the rider. Looking at the pictures nearby, of a woman seated on the cushion, clearly deeply impaled by the dildo, fondling her breasts. A look of rapture on her face. The small table nearby held a collection of dildos and plugs -- clearly the dildo could be removed and replaced with other attachments of different shapes, sizes, configurations. Dorothy smiled again as she thought about the corkscrew...

"Can I help you miss?"

Dorothy nearly jumped! She hadn't noticed the saleslady walking up behind her. It was hard to tear her eyes away from the machine on display, hard to direct her drifting thoughts toward anything else. But she turned -- and found herself caught by the saleslady's eyes. They were a deep green. Like sea water. Like a forest. They seemed to spin...

"I... I was..." Dorothy tried to remember why she was looking at something. What she was looking at. Something. The woman was taller than her, and had long, blonde hair.

"You were relaxing," the saleslady said. "Drifting... and relaxing... It's been a long day, and you're tired..."

"Yes," Dorthy replied. Almost whispering.

"Tired, and sleepy, and looking for a way to relax," the saleslady continued.

"I was..." Was she trying to remember something. The saleslady's eyes were so pretty. Her voice so soothing. She knew exactly how Dorthy felt, what she wanted...

"Let yourself relax some more, because it feels so good," the saleslady continued. "Just let go and drift down. That's right. Your eyes are tired. Tired. Let your eyes close. Just for a moment."

Dorthy's eyes seemed to shut, oh so gently. It felt so good. Just to stand there, not moving, and listen.

"And listen to my voice. That's right. Relax. You want to relax. You want to let go. And relax. You are now completely relaxed, and focused on my voice. That's right. Now, listen carefully. Because I'm going to tell you something very important. Something you're going to like a lot! In the back room, I'm going to demonstrate how this sex machine works. You want to be at that demonstration. Don't you? Nod your head yes!"

Dorthy's head gently bobbed down and up, twice.

"Good girl! You find yourself VERY aroused by this machine, don't you? You're starting to feel wet between your legs. Nod your head yes."

Dorthy nodded again, and tightened her thighs together, wiggling a little. The voice knew exactly what she wanted.

"Listen carefully, now. Tell me your name."

"Dorthy."

"Good. Dorthy, you're getting so aroused by this machine, you want to try it out yourself. Don't you?"

Dorthy's mouth went dry. She started to say, "Yes" -- but could not speak. She nodded her head again.

"Well, I'm going to help you, Dorthy. Listen carefully. I'm going to count to three. When I reach three, you will wake up, and follow me into the back room, where I have a machine just like this, all set up. And you will be unable to resist sitting down on it. Do you understand?"

Dorthy was trembling, now. She couldn't wait to get onto the machine. Her mouth hung open, slightly, and she nodded again.

"Good girl. On the count of three, now. One, slowly coming around. Two, eyes starting to open. And three, wide awake."

Dorthy seemed to lose her balance for a moment. She looked at the saleslady and smiled, a little embarrassed. The blonde woman smiled back, her green eyes glinting, almost mischievously. She crooked her finger for Dorthy to follow, and turned. With a quick backward glance at the sex machine, Dorthy followed the saleslady through the curtained doorway, into the back room.

Inside, there were rows and rows of shelves, reaching from floor to ceiling. All of them filled with boxes of more dildos, lubricants, and sexy costumes. Dorthy was amazed at how much inventory there was, ready to replenish the shelves out front or be sent out for orders received by mail or the internet. The perfumed scent of the shop was not as strong, here. Instead, it mostly smelled like cardboard boxes, and a little dusty. She followed the tall woman past shelf after shelf, listening to the click, click, click of her boots echoing in the little warehouse. Shortly, they arrived at a room near the back, with an open doorway. The woman entered, and turned, looking back at Dorthy, gesturing an invitation to enter the room. Dorthy hesitated. She could see it was just the break room -- a small table and a couple of chairs, a sink with a coffee maker and a rack of tea bags on the counter. Then she saw the vinyl-covered bolster cushion on the floor. Her knees felt weak. And her mind felt tired again, swimming, relaxing. The wetness between her legs -- where was that coming from? She wanted nothing more than to sit on that cushion.

"Come on in, Dorthy," the saleslady said. "Sit down. And RELAX!"

Dorothy walked through the doorway, set her purse down, and stepped over to the cushion. She straddled it, one leg on either side, and began to lower herself onto it. For some reason, she found herself lifting her dress as she did so, settling her crotch down onto the smooth, cool surface -- separated from her skin only by the thin material of her panties.

The saleslady walked toward Dorothy, and pulled one of the chairs closer so she could sit directly in front of her. "That's right, Dorothy," she said. "Just relax. Let your mind drift again. I'm going to help you relax, now." She held up a shining crystal pendant, that dangled from a thin chain, spinning it gently. The pendant caught the brightness from the lights overhead, and threw little flashes of sparkling colors into Dorothy's eyes. "Watch the crystal, Dorothy. And listen to my voice. Let it relax you deeper and deeper. Let your body relax onto the cushion. The cushion of the sex rider. It feels so good, doesn't it? You just can't wait for me to turn the machine on. Can you?"

Dorothy's head shook slowly back and forth, this time. No, she couldn't wait. She began rubbing her crotch against the cushion, feeling her clitoris harden. Feeling the cool vinyl become warm against her skin.

"That's a good girl. This is going to feel SO good! Now watch the crystal. Watch as it spins. Watch as you listen to my voice. Watch as you feel yourself become sleepy. Relaxed and sleepy. Sleepy and relaxed. Every time you see the crystal and hear my voice, you will find yourself becoming relaxed, just like this. Relaxed, and aroused, feeling the cool, smooth surface of the machine pressing against your pussy. You're so horny, now. You are just dripping! You can't wait any more." The woman snapped her fingers. "Hear that click? That was me turning on the machine. Feel the dildo, now. Pushing up, out of the machine. Pushing up into you. Mmmm, it's so thick! But you are so wet, that it slides in, easily."

Dorothy could feel her pussy lips being spread, and the intruder impaling her -- so big.

Another snap of the fingers. "Now I'm turning on the vibrator. The machine is starting to hum, and twirl, and circle and buzz inside your pussy. Doesn't it feel good?"

Starting to pant, now, Dorothy began thrusting her hips downward against the cushion. Pumping down onto it, wiggling her hips. Her eyes began to close, as she stared into the crystal, and raised her hands up to her breasts, just like the woman she'd seen in the picture.

She scarcely noticed it when another woman entered the room, and stood near the saleslady, watching. Dorothy scarcely noticed -- but she did not care.

"That's right," the saleslady said. "Pump your pussy down onto the dildo. Feel it thrust and wiggle and buzz inside you. Bringing you closer and closer to orgasm. Closer and closer!"

Dorothy was pumping harder, now. Squeezing her breasts, grabbing her own nipples through the cloth of her blouse, through her bra. The saleslady looked up at the other woman, and they nodded to each other, smiling. Then she looked back at Dorothy, while continuing to spin the crystal. Watching the little slut humping the cushion was getting her so excited, the saleslady began rubbing her own thighs together. Her free hand began wandering around her own body, touching and stimulating herself, while she played with the girl's mind.

"Now, Dorothy, I want you to look up at the wall. Can you see a display there, with some numbers?" Dorothy looked up, her eyes not quite open. "You can see it -- a big digital display, with big red numbers. Like we use in the store that says Now Serving Customer Number... And right now, it says zero-zero. Can you see it?"

Dorothy pumped and panted -- but she nodded her head.

"Good girl. This display is attached to the sex rider. And do you know what it counts? It counts orgasms."

Dorothy moaned. The word "orgasm" sounded so good! She was almost there!

"But one more thing, Dorothy," the saleslady said. And again she snapped her fingers. "That's me turning on a very special feature of the machine! You see, Dorothy, that dildo is special. It's gently electrified. And as soon as you get close to orgasm, it's going to turn on the electricity -- and make your pussy NUMB! You won't be able to feel a thing! You won't be able to cum! Do you understand, Dorothy?"

Dorothy's eyes went wide, realizing what she'd just heard. She nodded her head, still unable to speak, biting her lip. She pumped her hips, unable to stop, and dug her fingers into her breasts.

"Yes, your pussy will go NUMB -- and your orgasm will be transferred. You know what transfer means, Dorthy? The machine will transfer your orgasm to ME. Instead of YOU cumming, it will be ME cumming."

Dorthy moaned again, thrusting, pumping. So close!

"That big, red display is going to count orgasms. But it's not going to count YOUR orgasms. It's going to count MINE! You're so close, aren't you Dorthy."

Dorthy nodded. Pumping. Squeezing.

"Closer... and closer... NOW," the saleslady said. "Cum NOW -- oh, but you can't. I am cumming!" And she was. The saleslady squeezed her thighs tightly together, and she felt the orgasm rippling through her own clitoris, her belly -- wave after wave, cresting over and over.

As Dorthy approached orgasm, she thrust her hips down, HARD, against the cushion, pausing her pumping only a moment.

"You are trying so hard to cum," the woman continued. "But your clitoris has gone completely numb. Your pussy has gone completely numb. You can feel the gentle hum of the electricity inside your pussy, as your orgasm passes. As it passes to ME. See the display, Dorthy. Look, as it changes from zero-zero to zero-one!"

Dorthy looked up at the blank wall, certain she saw the display. Saw it changing. And moaned, frustrated.

"Oh, that felt so good!" the saleslady cried. And it had. "It felt so good for ME to cum. But YOU did not! Now, listen to me, Dorthy. The dildo has stopped being electrified. The feeling is returning to your pussy. The numbness is gone. Feel the dildo thrusting and spinning inside you again!"

Dorthy started pumping her hips again. Her little pink tongue was sticking out through her shiny lips.

"Watch the crystal. Mmmmm, the crystal flashing, and the dildo pumping in and out of you. Feel so good! Getting closer and closer to another orgasm! Closer!" Dorthy pumped harder. "Closer!" And harder. "Cum NOW -- oh, but the electricity turns on again. You can't cum! I'm cumming! See the display flip to zero-two!"

Dorthy moaned and bucked, trying to get the feeling back in her pussy. Trying to go over the edge. Squeezing her breasts hard, trying to cum from ANY sensation. But she just couldn't do it!

"The electrification is gone. You can feel the dildo again, Dorthy. Feel it pumping into you. Getting closer and closer to number three." Dorthy whimpered, wiggling, pumping. "NOW! Cum NOW! Electrified. You can't cum! Oh, MY pussy feels so good! Mmmmm! Zero-three!"

Dorthy bounced on the cushion. Her eyes squeezed shut. She shook her head, tossing her hair back and forth, so it fell in tangles around her face.

"Electrification gone. So close again. Number four! Electrified! NUMB!"

Dorthy twisted her torso back and forth, shaking, squealing.

"You can feel again. Closer and closer. Number five! NUMB! Feeling again. Closer. Number six. NUMB!"

Tears were running down Dorthy's face, now. Humping, bucking, bouncing, whining. Whimpering in little gasps.

"Seven!... Eight!... Fifteen!... Twenty-seven!... Thirty-five!"

Dorthy had become quieter and quieter as the number progressed. Humping even the tiniest amount brought her right to the edge of orgasm -- where she lost it, every time. Her eyes opened, blindly, staring up at the crystal. Staring into the flashing lights. Staring up at the display. Wiggling her hips ever so gently. Cum. Numb. Count. Pump. Cum. Numb. Count.

"Forty-three!... Fifty!"

Dorthy was no longer moving. Now, she simply listened to the words. Listened to the commands. Cum. Numb. Count.

Cum. Numb. Count.

"I'd say you've won the bet," the saleslady's friend said, patting her shoulder.

The blonde looked up at her, smiling, and wiggled her eyebrows. "I'll be by to collect, later," she replied, clearly enjoying her triumph. "I think it's time to grant this little girl some release!" She turned back to Dorthy, and snapped her fingers again. "Dorthy, I have just turned off the electrics. You can feel the dildo again -- and this time, you can go all the way. You can cum!"

Instantly, Dorthy doubled over on top of the cushion, pumping wildly down onto it. Up and down, up and down. Squealing, whimpering. Curling into a little ball on top of the cushion, face pressed firmly against its cool surface. Dorthy squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples, shaking. The waves of orgasm ran up and down her body, through her legs, between her legs, up through her breasts and her arms. Up her back in ripples, in shivers. Up her neck into her head, where they felt like a scream -- a scream muffled by the cushion against her face. She sat there, curled up, shivering and pumping and moaning for several minutes, mindlessly engulfed by spasm after spasm -- as if finally experiencing all the orgasms that had been counted, but that she hadn't been able to feel. Finally she became quiet again. Quiet and relaxed. Just lying in a little heap on the cushion.

"Good girl," the saleslady said. "Just drift here a moment. Let it all go and relax."

Dorthy rolled her head to one side, still lying on the bolster cushion. Almost hugging it, her eyes closed. She inhaled a deep breath and let out a contented sigh, a big smile on her face. Her bottom wiggled a couple of times, seemingly of its own accord, expressing joy and contentment.

"Very good," the blonde said. "Now I'm going to count to three again, and you're going to wake up. You're going to feel relaxed and refreshed. Invigorated. All tension gone. Ready now... One... Two... Three." She snapped her fingers.

Dorthy's eyes popped open, and she sat up on the bolster cushion, feeling a little disoriented. She looked up into the saleslady's eyes -- jade-green, sea-green, forest-green -- and she felt so good, so comfortable. Then she realized she was still sitting on the sex machine, skirt hiked up around her waist. Dorthy looked down a moment, feeling a little embarrassed, then concluded that after what she'd been through -- with what she wanted, what she NEEDED -- embarrassment was no longer a consideration. No longer important. She looked back up into those deep green eyes.

"Oh, that was good!" Dorthy said, finding her bottom wiggling again. Awkwardly, she rocked forward and stood up, still straddling the cushion. She lifted one leg and stepped back, swaying for a moment till she got her balance. She looked down at the machine, and was surprised to find there was no dildo -- not even a hole for one. Her panties were still in place, and soaking wet. What had happened here, she wondered?

"You liked that, did you?" the blonde asked. One eyebrow arched, and she smiled.

"Oh, yes," Dorthy replied, not quite sure what she remembered of the experience. But feeling so relaxed and energetic at the same time. "I'd... I'd like to buy one of these, please!"

"Well," the blonde explained, her smile growing wider, "I don't work here. I'm just visiting my friend Rebecca, who owns the place." So, she wasn't a saleslady after all? Dorthy was feeling even more confused. "You can call me MzDominica."

"Um, pleased to meet you..." Unsure what to do, Dorthy held out her hand. Somehow, a gentle girl-girl handshake seemed too formal a greeting, but she couldn't think of anything else. She felt Dominica take her hand and draw her close -- finding herself gazing again into those arresting green eyes.

"You're a very good subject, you know," Dominica said.

"Subject?" Dorthy found herself thinking of kings and queens. Surely that couldn't be what this fascinating woman meant.

"For hypnosis," the tall blonde replied. "Erotic hypnosis is my specialty." She continued to hold Dorthy's gaze. "And you respond very, VERY well."

"Oh..." Dorthy was finding it hard to think -- but now everything made sense. There hadn't been a machine after all. It was like a dream. A very sexy dream. She glanced back down at the bolster cushion on the floor. That's all it was...

"Cum!" Dominica commanded. "Cum NOW!"

Dorothy thought to herself, "Yeah, right!" almost laughing out loud. But then the familiar waves began to grow in her still-wet pussy, and she felt her knees going weak. The orgasm spread out from her belly, and her hips pushed forward, while she gasped, holding onto MzDominica's hand for balance. She turned her gaze back toward Dominica, somehow seeing the glittering crystal pendant flashing in those bottomless green eyes.

"Stop!" Dominica commanded. And the waves immediately ceased, surprising Dorothy with how suddenly they disappeared -- leaving her at the crest of a powerful spasm, now halted and unfulfilled. "A little post-hypnotic suggestion, there. Did you like that, too?"

"Can I see you again?" Dorothy blurted out. The tone of her own voice surprised her -- she sounded pleading, almost desperate.

"Of course, baby, of course," Dominica replied. Somehow -- like a magic trick -- she produced a business card, seemingly from nowhere. It was a mini-CD, with a picture of her gorgeous green eyes, and a link to her website. "There's a free trance on there." She pressed it into Dorothy's hand. "Listen to it. And if you like what you hear, you'll know how to contact me."

Dorothy found herself nodding again, taking the card. Trying to remember why she had come into this shop in the first place. Ah, yes. An adventure. Something for herself. Well, she certainly had found THAT, hadn't she? The card suddenly seemed all the more precious...

"Though I DON'T work here," Dominica continued, "I should ask... ARE you still interested in the sex machine? I'd hate for Rebecca to lose a potential customer!" She looked at Dorothy as if her answer mattered, but was not of earth-shaking importance.

Dorothy thought about it a moment, realizing that everything she'd just been through had been without the machine. Without a REAL machine, anyway. But also realizing that her pussy was both soaking wet and seemingly on fire. Her response had been without any idea more than a guess of what the machine REALLY felt like. Imagine what it would be like under hypnosis... if she really knew... for sure...

"Yes!" Dorothy almost shouted, acting more like a little girl in a candy store than a woman in a sex shop. "Yes, I do. I want to know what it REALLY feels like!" Dominica looked just a tiny bit disappointed. "And then come back to you. For more!"

MzDominica's smile returned, as she considered this new angle. "Then we'd better go out to the front, and talk to Rebecca," she said. "But first, girl -- I think you'll want to freshen up a bit. This way." She beckoned to Dorothy, who picked up her purse. Then Dominica led her out the door of the break room back into the warehouse, then around the corner to the restroom.

Dorothy pushed the door open and walked inside. She took one look in the mirror, and after a brief gasp of mild horror, began to laugh at herself gently. Hair disheveled, mascara streaks running down her cheeks, lipstick smeared. Oh, yes -- an adventure indeed. She ran some water, rinsed her face, and towed off some of the worst blotches. Then she opened her purse, pulled out a brush, and started setting her hair to rights, before repairing her make-up. Just as she was applying fresh lipstick, Dominica pushed the restroom door open a crack.

"CUM!" she said. "STOP!"

Dorothy spasmed, jerking the lipstick upward, leaving a smear on her right upper lip. She darted a look at Dominica that -- she hoped -- expressed a tiny bit of exasperation as well as amusement. She pulled out a towel and wiped the smudge. Dominica let the door close, and Dorothy could hear her chuckling outside.

Dorothy wondered what she was getting herself into. And then pushed the whole question aside. Wasn't that what an adventure was -- experiencing something new? Why spoil the surprise by trying to figure it all out ahead of time?

She inhaled a deep breath, blew it out, and did a last check in the mirror. Not perfect, but serviceable. At least she didn't look like a hired slut at the end of a big stag party. At least she fit in again -- on the outside -- with all those office administrators and doctors shopping the aisles of this fancy adult store. Boutique. Dorothy laughed, quietly, wondering how many of them felt just like her, inside -- or wished they did. Wished they could let go, and enjoy the adventure.

"Are you ready in there?" Dominica's voice came from outside, accompanied by a knock on the door. A knock! As if she needed permission to enter, someone who could do what she had done with the simple words cum and stop. "Are you ready?"

"Ohhhhh, yes!" Dorothy replied. "Yes, I am!"

She squared her shoulders, grabbed her purse, and turned smartly toward the door, as if she were marching off to embark on a world tour. Another deep breath, and she pulled in the door and exited. Dorothy immediately found her gaze again caught in Dominica's eyes -- and both of them smiled.

A journey of discovery.

An adventure.

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Posted by jessicablank at 05:43