**Egg**

by FrogtieFirbolg

*Shopping at the mall. A remote vibe inside me. The control in his pocket. Why did I agree to this?*

It was a lovely lazy morning, except for the anticipation. I was apprehensive, but he was ecstatic.

He nibbled my nipples and ran his fingers between my legs until I was wet. He licked my clit and inside me – he never could resist – but this morning he was a tease. When the first little noise of pleasure escaped my lips, he left me hanging with one last caress as he stood up. He started putting his clothes on. I'd put on panties, pants and bra before he wandered back around to my side of the bed, pushed me back down, and took it all off me again.

Then, when he knew I was close, he stood up with a sly grin and headed into the bathroom to brush his teeth. He came back and did it again two more times before I managed to get all my clothes on and my hair brushed and braided. I did half the braiding with my jeans around my ankles, his hands squeezing my ass, and soft kisses being planted everywhere between my legs. He let me pull up my panties and jeans when I was done with my hair, only to pull them back down again ten seconds later after sitting me on the edge of the bed.

I knew it was only going to get worse. There was already a small wet spot on my panties, just from all the teasing, but with the day he had planned, they'd be soaked through. My pants around my ankles for the fiftieth time, he treated himself to one long lick that went in and out and around, but then he lifted up my legs until I was on my back and poured a generous amount of lube right inside me. That was a bit cold, and it left me feeling very wet indeed. From a box under the bed, he retrieved the egg vibrator – a little purple device about the same size and shape as a chicken's egg – turned it on, and slid it inside until only the little pull-cord dangled from my twitching pussy.

He turned the egg off almost immediately, put the little remote control in his pocket, and pulled my underwear up himself as soon as I stood up. The morning was over, and we had all sorts of plans. I could feel the odd weight of the egg inside me, along with the squish of lube, all held in by underwear and jeans. I grabbed my jacket and slipped a liner down into my panties.

All morning I kept expecting him to turn the vibe back on, just to tease me with it. To watch my legs wobble as I made tea and a quick egg for breakfast. But he didn't.

By the time we headed out, I had nearly forgotten about the egg. Right up until I was sitting in the car watching him lock the front door. I was actually leaving the house with it inside me, and suddenly the feel of it inside was at the front of my mind again. He got in the driver's side and started the car. When we stopped to turn at the first corner, he reached into his jacket pocket and turned it on.

It was just the lowest setting. It didn't make me start or writhe, but it was very insistently present, interrupting any thoughts I had. We were both very quiet as we drove.

I had known that he had every intention of using the vibrator today while we were out. That he would make it a torture of it, if at all possible. But doing was so different than knowing. I tried to ignore the vibration and relax. Difficult, since we were driving past all sorts of people and places. Not that they could know anything at all, or were even paying attention to us, but they were there.

He turned the vibrations up just before we got on the freeway. Enough to make me hold my seat a bit tighter. After a few moments, he turned it up again. That intensity made me moan a little, but as soon as I made that involuntary noise, he turned it off.

First, we went to the mall. Clothes shopping is a sort of private ritual for us on holidays. The first store we went in, I could feel the egg with every step I took. I was sure he'd turn it on while I was distracted by the clothes and knick-knacks. I could even feel the little pull-cord pressed against my skin under my panties. I had to look to make sure it wasn't sticking out, even though I knew it wasn't. Couldn't be. Then I was paranoid that people had seen me looking. He didn't turn the vibrator on at all while we were in that store.

But he did turn it on while we were in the next one. I went in the changing room to try on a shirt, and he turned it on all the way. I kept thinking he'd turn it off, just continue teasing me, but no. I just leaned against the wall and shuddered for at least a minute or two, trying very much to stay quiet while the vibe did what it was made for. I did not remember to try on the shirt.

Coming out of the dressing room after that was an act of will. The smirk on his face told me that, for as long as he'd let the egg run that time, he knew it had to have been far more than a tease.

And after that, he was merciless. He turned it on once or twice in every store, usually just for ten or twenty seconds. In one place, when I started looking through a stack of so-called 'ugly sweaters' that were actually quite nice, he turned it on as I bent over to find the right size in the stack. I was so startled, so off guard that I lost my balance trying to stand up too quickly. He caught me as I tipped backwards, but he just lowered me to the ground and turned the egg to a higher setting.

He watched while I looked up from the floor saying 'nnn' and 'heyo' and other awkward meaningless things. When I started to get carefully to my feet anyway, he turned it up again, so I sat carefully back down instead. I started to think he was just going to stand over me until I was orgasming in the middle of the store. He looked mesmerized. But he turned the egg off before it happened. After that, I just sat on the floor a while, looking through the lower shelves.

All told, I got one of those sweaters, a couple of nice shirts, and a box of penguin Post-Its. Really, I was so distracted the whole time, it seemed like a miracle that I managed to pick out and buy anything at all.

We stopped for coffee before we left the mall. He turned it to a setting that made me abandon the line and find a seat as far in the corner as I could manage. Maybe he would have turned it off if there had been more people, but the relatively private corner I'd found was a mixed blessing. He didn't turn it off when he came to the table to wait for our order, just changed it to a low random pulse that left me feeling wet and jumpy. He didn't turn it off when he came back with our drinks, just changed it to a constant medium pulse that kept me on edge. He'd been using that a lot, once he figured out how it affected me.

He didn't turn it off when he finished his drink. I was still trying to finish mine, but instead of letting me do that, he switched the egg to the highest pulse and watched me ride it out as quietly as I could manage. In the corner of the coffee shop, I wasn't really that quiet. Not anything as quiet as I would have liked. There was a lot of gripping the table, gripping the chair, and saying 'oh no no no no' while I rocked back and forth. But the rest of the coffee shop wasn't that quiet either. Nobody paid us any attention.

He just sat and watched me, transfixed. I was starting to wonder what would even make him decide to turn it off this time. Was he going to leave it on until someone noticed? Until I was spent? That might be a long time. But eventually, he turned it off just to stand up and go throw away his empty cup. I looked wildly around the room as I came down, alone in the corner while he trashed his cup and contemplated the muffin case. Nobody was looking back at me, though. They were all involved in their own conversations or computers.

We looked around in a chocolate shop before we left, since he hadn't been interested in the coffee shop snacks. It was a small, well-lit room with all the shelves by the wall, so I knew he wouldn't dare. A little paranoia haunted me anyway, but salted caramel made up for that.

He did turn the egg on as we headed back to the car. A vibration setting that made it inconvenient but not impossible to walk, at least with a little help. It was a rule for the day that we wouldn't speak about the egg at all unless I wanted to safe-word out of the whole game. But we were definitely going to speak about it tomorrow.

For now, we were going to lunch and the bookstore. Then a movie. He had kindly picked one I was only a little interested in. Then we were going to have a very nice dinner--if I lasted that long. It had better be a very nice dinner indeed.