

BAD

Vibrations

When Valentine's Day presents go wrong

By Kimberly Gadgette

The candlelight flickering, I looked deep into my lover's beady eyes. *Not unlike the two discarded olive pits on my antipasto plate.*

We had just finished splitting our Valentine's dinner at my favorite Italian restaurant. At first I was surprised when he suggested sharing a single appetizer, followed by a few shared strings of linguini with basil. But once he explained his reasoning, it seemed highly considerate of him. He argued that overindulgence on heavy veals, cream sauces and dessert would only weigh us down,

sweater, Babe," he said, adjusting one of the cuffs on the gray cashmere sweater I'd given him for Valentine's Day. "It feels as soft as you do."

I knew I'd probably spent too much on the gift. (I splurged by going to one of those upscale department stores, ones that add a possessive, extra "s" to their names. Stores like Saks, Bloomingdale's, and Barneys. Note there's no ending "s" in Target, K-Mart or JC Penney. "No extra letter, ma'am, and we pass the savings on to you.")

We undressed and jumped into bed. "Babe," he whispered in my ear, his hands expertly caressing my naked body. "Are you ready for your present?"

In the low light of his bedroom, he reached over to his nightstand and pulled out a seven-inch, red, roto-shaft, jellied, rabbit-eared vibrator. The kind with the pearls in the center. But something aside from a card was missing. Hey, where was the wrapping? The ribbons? The box? What, no sanitary bubble pack? No accompanying picture of Jenna Jameson, claiming that this particular vibrator was her personal favorite?

I was speechless. Not at the vibrator itself. But at its condition. Even in the dim light, I could see that one of the rabbit ears looked slightly chewed. And were some of those pearls in the center of the shaft actually turning yellow with age? He turned it on, and after a few motorized burps and spits, it arthritically began to reel. He brought it closer to my body.

"Wait!" I leaped out of bed and flipped on a light. Like a police officer, I barked, "Hand it over."

"Babe? What's the problem?"

Touching the gummy surface, I cringed. A vibra-holic from way back, I knew the difference between gummy and sticky. Sticky, as in used. Unclean. I held the red thing between my thumb and forefinger as far away from my body as possible. "You've used this on other women, haven't you?"

He looked wounded. "You think I would do th—" "Yes."

He was caught. He had nothing to say. Both his head and dick hung limp with shame.

I could have just left—but he deserved something more. I lightly kissed his mouth. "Never mind—I appreciate the thought. I'm going to get some water. I'll be right back." I dashed into the kitchen and opening the refrigerator door, I grabbed the hot sauce. As fast as possible, I doused the used red invader with Tabasco, knowing that between the low light and the red color, it would blend in beautifully.

I returned, putting the vibrator on the nightstand closest to me. I purred something about wanting to bring my man back to life first. Massaging his cock with one hand, I played with his anus with the other, as he moaned and groaned with pleasure. "Are you ready for me, big boy?" Before I gave him the chance to answer, I flipped him over like a flapjack—and shoved the literally red-hot poker up his ass.

For a second, he was thrilled. But worse than any hemorrhoid, the unpleasant burning sensation followed in mere moments.

His screams accompanied me as I quickly dressed.

I left him writhing in the bed with one last comment, "Since you refused to burn a hole in your pocket for me—the least I could do was help you burn it somewhere else."

