

# ~ A Perfect Fit ~

by DS Bauden

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**Disclaimer:** None really necessary. This is the latest story to be extracted from my brain.

**Sex:** Oh yes! This is a PWP!

**Warning:** DO NOT READ AT WORK J

**Dedications:** To Tri- Thanks for your patience my loyal Tiger... To Joyce and Kay - Thanks for all of your help, you guys rock!

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## A Perfect Fit

By

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Trina drove her Honda through the crowded expressway, bored to tears. Her days were mindlessly filled with television shows, rented films, and reading trashy novels. Since her layoff four months ago, she hadn't been able to find work anywhere. The economy had made sure that she would be home for quite some time. Trina was looking for excitement, some adventure to release the energy that she had internalized over the long weeks.

'I need to venture out and do something I've never done before. At this point I don't care what it is. I need to do something,' she thought exhaling an exasperated breath.

She noted her surroundings as she passed several stores along the highway. As the buildings passed her by, she noticed a light gray structure on the right-hand side of the road. The word written on the roof of the building read *Quality*.

"Oh, I remember hearing about that place. Nothing but porno tapes and sex toys," she thought.

"Well, let's go see what that place is about. I've never been inside one of those stores. No better time than the present."

Trina exited on the ramp heading towards the video shop. As she neared the driveway, she noted several cars in the lot. A man was leaving the establishment as she pulled in. He was dressed in a suit and tie clutching a plain brown paper bag.

'I wonder if his wife likes those movies, too,' Trina thought to herself, then she snorted, "Yeah right, she probably has no idea he comes here on his lunch break."

She pulled into an open parking spot and turned off the engine. She contemplated whether or not she would actually go in. She ran her fingers through her short blonde hair and checked her appearance in the rearview mirror.

"Fuck it, just go, Trina. You've been sitting on your ass for four months looking for something to do. Here's your chance to do something. Now, go!" She chastised herself for her nervousness.

Trina finally got out of the car and walked up to the main door. She took a deep breath and walked in. The stale air was the first thing that assaulted her senses; the next was the quiet. Many patrons were perusing the shelves in the video area, but treating the space like a library. No sounds were made except for an occasional whisper. Trina wondered if she was indeed in the right place.

'It's a fucking porno shop, what's with all the silence?' she thought incredulously. 'They're making me *more* nervous than I was when I entered, as if that were possible,' she added.

She looked around at the counter area and noticed the clerk behind the desk. He was a very average looking person wearing blue jeans and a flannel shirt. His eyes were a deep brown and had a sparkle in them when they met hers.

"Can I help you out, Miss?" He asked.

"Actually, I'm just going to look around if that's okay," she stuttered.

"First time?" He smiled gently.

"Am I that obvious?" Trina looked at him with a tiny smile edging her lips.

He stepped closer to her but remained behind the counter. "Well, you aren't too bad, but I'll keep your secret safe. Let me know if there's anything that you're looking for. I'll be glad to help. I know how weird this may sound, but..." he called her closer as to conspire with her. "I know this place like the back of my hand... no pun."

Trina snorted and gave a genuine smile to the friendly clerk. "Thanks, I appreciate it. I um... actually, would like to know where your um..." She stopped and nervously moved her hands trying to convey without words what she was looking for. "You know... where your *vibrators are*?" she finished with a victorious whisper.

"Sure, if you go around this rack of magazines, you'll see them straight away," he said while pointing.

"Thank you, I appreciate it. I'm also grateful that you're not making fun of me, I don't think my face could bear being any redder," she said with a giggle.

"Don't worry about it. I get new comers in here all the time. I was one myself; I know how nervous you get. By the way, my name's Mike if you need some help."

"Thanks, Mike. I'll let you know. I think I'm just gonna look though."

"Have fun," he smiled.

Trina worked her way around the rack of magazines and saw the huge display of sexual toys displayed on the wall.

"Jesus, look at 'em all," she whispered to herself out loud.

"I know, isn't it incredible?" A deep voice invaded her ears sending chills down her spine.

She turned around and slowly looked up to find a set of blue sparkling eyes staring back at her.

"Excuse me?" Trina asked unable to breathe.

"I was agreeing with your statement. It's an incredible display of toys," the stranger said matter-of-factly while gesturing to the wall.

"Oh... um... yeah it is. I've never... um, seen anything like it," she stammered.

A low deep chuckle was her response. "First time here, eh?" the stranger smiled mischievously.

"What makes you say that?" Trina said trying to sound less flummoxed.

"Kind of the whole 'deer in the headlights' look you had when you first walked in." She bent down closer to Trina. "It kind of gave you away," she whispered into her ear.

"Busted," she said while laughing. "I've never been to a store like this. I've always wanted to, but never got around to it. I guess today was the lucky day," she explained while watching a small grin appear on the taller woman's face.

"Lucky indeed." The smile remained on the woman's face as she looked up and down Trina's smaller frame. Trina picked up on her eye movement immediately and felt herself blush and become irritated at the same time.

"Just what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm just wondering which body part of yours was in need of these implements." Her voice was deep and hoarse and was sending all kinds of pleasurable jolts throughout Trina's body. "I could think of a few places that would feel great after..."

"I don't think that's ANY of your concern," Trina stopped the woman mid-sentence not wanting to hear the last part.

The taller woman immediately threw up her hands in defense. "Hey, I was only trying to help. I've used a few of these things and I know what they can do and especially what they feel like. If you don't want my advice, I'll make myself scarce, don't worry. I didn't mean to cross any boundaries. See ya."

The woman retreated to the other side of the wall and pulled a couple vibrators down to inspect them. Trina began to feel badly about jumping all over this woman.

'I'm just so damn nervous. I never act like that. I should really apologize. I was kind of rude to her.' She mentally scolded herself.

Trina slowly walked back towards the enigmatic woman and stayed next to her until her eyes moved down to rest on Trina's in question.

"Hi. I just wanted to apologize. I can see you were just trying to help. I didn't mean to freak out on you like that. I'm kind of nervous if you couldn't tell. You just don't know what kind of people come in here, you know?" Trina rattled on to the amusement of the dark haired stranger.

The woman placed her fingertip on Trina's lips gently stifling any other apologies. "Don't worry about it. I kind of get overly excited about these things. I wish more women would come to places like this and learn what makes them feel good. It would make sex so much easier, you know? No more guessing games. They'd just be up front and tell me what they liked and what they didn't."

The woman moved her finger away from Trina's mouth and caressed her cheek before returning it back to her side. Trina barely suppressed a sigh as she felt the woman's touch against her face. She swallowed several times trying to find her voice again. This woman was making breathing alone difficult.

The dark haired woman turned and faced the wall, removed one item and handed it to Trina.

"I think you'll like this one," she said with a sexy smile.

Trina looked at the box and blushed. *Mr. Shimmie with G-Spot stimulator.*

"Um... thanks?" Trina coughed out turning her face impossibly redder.

"Careful where you put that now," the tall woman whispered hotly into Trina's ear as she walked towards the backroom and disappeared behind the door.

"Whew..." Trina breathed out. She found herself extremely aroused from this woman's forwardness. As much as she wanted to think she was only being helpful, she had a feeling her mysterious "helper" was hitting on her in a big way. As much as she didn't want to think about that woman, the more she wanted to find out more about her.

She went up to the front to find Mike to ask him if she worked at the shop. "Hey Mike?"

"Hey there, you find anything?" He stopped and noticed the box in her hands. "Oh it looks like you've found a winner. That's a popular item here."

"Oh... um... " Trina stuttered forgetting she still had Mr. Shimmie in her grasp. "Another person here suggested it to me. Do you have an employee here, a woman, very tall, beautiful, wearing all black?"

He smiled in recognition of the woman in question. "No, that was just Mac."

"Mac?" Trina questioned.

"Yeah, she's a regular here. I think she owns almost one of everything on that wall. She's no stranger to pleasure," Mike smiled at Trina's wide-eyed expression.

"Wow, she comes here alone then eh?" Trina lightly probed.

"Yep, at least once a week. She's always looking for new stuff. Mac's one of the most openly sexual people I've ever met. But she's safe as hell. Always parades safe sex stickers on her bike and stuff like that. She's an advocate for that shit. Can't blame her though," he finished.

"Mmm... so she comes in alone?" Trina asked again before she could take the words back.

"Well, now that you mention it, yeah, she's usually alone. Why do you ask?" Mike smiled knowingly at Trina. "No, don't tell me. I haven't met any woman that hasn't fallen for her. She's hot, no doubt about that, but only bats on the women's team, unfortunately for me."

Trina digested the information and looked at her hands holding *Mr. Shimmie*.

"You know... we have those in the back there so you can try them out."

Trina's eyes went wide again hearing Mike's words. "What? Really? I mean, isn't that like non-hygienic?"

"Well, first of all, you use condoms on them so they don't get that way, and we clean them after you leave. It's not sterile, but it's clean, I assure you. Just go in the back through that door and you'll see some rooms. I think your lady went that way anyhow."

"She's not my lady, Mike. I'll think about it, though. At least I'll know beforehand if I like this enough to buy it."

"That's the point. We don't take returns on those items. This way, it works out for everyone." He smiled warmly at Trina as she contemplated whether or not to go and find Ms. Safe Sex.

"I bet I'll find her back there." Trina said with conviction.

Trina walked back towards the back door and took a deep breath. She knew once she went there, there was no turning back. She grabbed the door handle and opened the door. She walked into the hallway and noticed three doors on either side of the hallway. She knew Mac was behind one of those doors. That thought alone brought an incredible sensation between her legs.

"It's now or never," Trina said quietly to herself.

Trina tiptoed to the first door on her left and listened closely. She didn't hear anything so she moved to the next door. Behind this door, she heard a man grunting and felt the warmth of her cheeks increase. She decided to try the door and across the hall. Again, she heard nothing so she went to the next door down hoping to find Mac. Behind this door, she heard humming. When she heard the voice, she knew she found who she was looking for.

Trina took a deep breath and lightly knocked on the door. The humming immediately stopped and the door in front of her opened. Trina was now face to face with Ms. Safe Sex. Trina's body was on fire once she looked into those deep baby blues. After they made contact, she knew she was helpless to look away.

"I wanted to... um... maybe I could ask..." Trina's question was stopped by warm wet lips covering her own. She sunk into the kiss never remembering feeling as high as she did right now. Mac's tongue was hot and demanding as it entered Trina's mouth. Trina couldn't suppress the moan that escaped her throat. Her desire for Mac was unbelievable.

The box forgotten as it fell from Trina's hands as she brought them up to Mac's neck pulling her harder inside her mouth. Mac groaned into Trina's mouth and pulled their bodies closer. Their thighs were entangled and their torsos sensually moved against one another. Mac felt Trina's erect nipples rake against her clothed chest and decided they needed to take their display out of the hallway. She reluctantly pulled away from Trina's probing tongue and rested her forehead against the smaller woman's.

"Baby, we need to move this in here. As much as I want you, I don't want to put on a show for everyone to see." Trina nodded and moved towards the doorway stepping on *Mr. Shimmie*.

"Shit! I crushed it. Well, I guess it's mine now."

"That's not a bad thing, darlin'," Mac saucily smiled and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Yeah, what if I don't like it?"

"Oh you will..." Mac growled as she lunged for Trina again pulling her inside the room and pressing her up against the closed door. They stared into each other's eyes for a brief minute when Trina began to speak.

"I can't believe I'm doing this. I've never done this before. Ever."

"Are you sorry you're here?" Mac challenged.

"No..." Trina whispered.

"Good, I hate when women deny themselves pleasure that they so desperately deserve. It's just so

fucking sad when that happens. You sure you're not going to deny yourself the pleasure I can give you?" Mac taunted in Trina's ear while pressing her thigh between Trina's legs.

"Oh, God..." Trina breathed unable to stop her hips from pressing into Mac's leg.

"No, it's Mac actually, but I'll take that as a no," Mac husked.

"I know..."

"What's that, darlin?" Mac asked as she added more pressure to her thigh.

"Ooooh yeah... I said I knew what your name was... I... mmmm... asked Mike at the counter." Trina began to move against Mac's leg with abandon.

"You like that huh? Mmm... good. You feel great, baby, keep going just like that." Mac said as she began to knead Trina's breasts with both hands. She used her thumbs and forefingers to tease the nipples that were already rigid from excitement.

Trina's hips were moving faster and faster with each passing second. She would've kept going but Mac pulled away leaving her frustrated at the loss of contact.

"What's wrong?" Trina asked.

"Nothing, baby. Don't you want to take your clothes off first? It feels so much better naked." Mac started to undress before Trina's widening eyes. She slowly undid the buttons on her black shirt while pulling out her shirttail at the same time. Trina watched in fascination as this woman stripped out of her clothes revealing the most luscious body she'd ever seen.

"My God, Mac, you're so beautiful," Trina said in awe.

"Thanks, darlin. I'm glad you think so. Now c'mere. I know there's a gorgeous ass hiding under these perfectly fitted jeans. I want to see it up close and personal," Mac said as she licked her lips seductively at Trina causing another wave of arousal to build between the blonde's legs.

Trina's hands were shaking as she unclasped her jeans in front of the sexy stranger. Mac stood in front of Trina feeling her trepidation. She placed her hands on top of Trina's and moved them to the side. Mac took Trina's jeans in her hands and pushed the material down the muscular thighs. At long last, she removed them from Trina's legs with nimble fingers, while Trina removed her shirt and bra.

"You are a beauty, baby," Mac commented. "Come over here." Mac took Trina's hand and led her to the other side of the room where a makeshift cot was. The cot was actually a mattress resting on a tabletop, resembling a doctor's examining table. The table had drawers in it that contained toys, lubricants, condoms and towels. Disposable towels.

Mac opened a drawer and let Trina look through its contents.

"You see anything in here you'd like to try?" Mac whispered hotly into her ear.

Trina leaned back into the source of heat and nodded mutely.

"Show me," Mac whispered again.

Trina reached in the drawer pulling out an average sized dildo with a stimulating base for it's wearer's clitoris.

"So you want me to fuck you? Is that it?" Mac said hoarsely as she caressed the insides of Trina's thighs.

"Yes," Trina forced out. "So badly... I need you inside of me," she husked.

"I'll take care of you, baby. I promise. Just let me find... ah, here we go," she said as she found a harness to stabilize the dildo with.

Trina turned around resting her butt against the table and looked into smoldering blue eyes. She leaned forward and captured Mac's lips in a burning kiss that brought their bodies together quickly. They moaned simultaneously at the contact of naked skin. Mac began nipping and sucking at Trina's throat and neck while Trina tried to remain standing on wobbly legs.

"Oh, please, Mac. I need you..." the hungry woman pleaded.

"As you wish," she said with a devilish smile. "Get up on the table," she commanded.

Trina turned around and put one knee up to climb the tabletop when large strong hands stopped her midstride. Trina was about to ask what was wrong when she felt a warm tongue trail her ass cheeks and dip into her crease. Mac's hands held Trina steady as she tongued and licked both wet orifices with abandon. Trina moaned loudly and couldn't help pushing her ass into Mac's face.

Mac pulled away slowly and whispered, "I knew this ass was gorgeous, I just never imagined you'd taste so fucking good."

Trina moaned again and ground her body into Mac trying to feel the contact that she was missing. "Please take me, Mac. Take me to a place I've never been."

"Oh, don't worry, baby. We'll get there. Bring your leg back down here, I'm going to fuck you, right here, right now."

"Yesss, please," Trina begged.

Trina leaned towards the table while resting her elbows on the mattress. She heard snaps and buckles being hurriedly fastened and then a deep sigh came from behind her. Mac had positioned the phallus in the harness and it was now rubbing against her clitoris as she tugged on it making



sure it was in place. She removed a condom from its wrapper and rolled it on. She was ready.

"Are you ready for me, baby?" Mac asked one last time while positioning herself behind Trina.

"God yes... please take me now," Trina pleaded while resting her head on her forearms.

Mac slowly bent to adjust to her lover's smaller stature and gently entered her.

"Ooohh," Trina gasped.

"Are you okay? Let me just stay here so you can get used to me being in there. If it's too much, I want you to tell me, then I'll come out," Mac gently reassured.

"OK," Trina breathed out letting her body adjust to the toy deep inside of her.

"How are you, baby?"

"I'm really good." "Really good?"

"Yes, I'm ready for you, now."

"Alright, here I come," Mac said as she kissed the back of Trina's neck.

Mac started thrusting slowly inside and out of Trina's sex. Trina moaned constantly while moving her hips along with Mac's. The taller woman grabbed onto her hips as she began to speed up her ministrations.

"Oh yeah, God baby, you feel good," Mac husked as the dildo slid against her clitoris sending jolts of pleasure throughout her body. She moved her hands upwards and held Trina's shoulders as she watched the dildo move in and out of her lover. She watched in fascination as the shaft disappeared into wet channels over and over again. This aroused her even more.

"Mmm..." Trina couldn't form words. She was experiencing more pleasure from this one stranger than she had with all of the partners in her life. Her breathing was ragged and she tried grabbing onto Mac's hips urging her to move even faster. Mac pushed her hands back to the table and reached around Trina with both arms. She trailed fingertips up Trina's stomach down to her thighs and back up again.

Mac rested her fingers in Trina's wet pubic hair parting her labia with both hands. With two fingertips she began to play with Trina's clitoris, as her other fingers kept her lips apart. Trina was rocking into Mac, moaning in ecstasy at the feelings coursing through her body.

"Oh, Mac... so good... so good..." she panted as she bit her bottom lip.

Mac's body was on fire with immeasurable sensations. Her hips were thrusting wildly driving the dildo deep inside Trina and stroking her clitoris simultaneously. Sweat was beading on her back

as she moved in a delicate rhythm with her blonde companion.

Trina's body arched as she tried to ward off her inevitable release. *God,, not yet, please.* She begged. *This feels too good to end so soon.*

Little did she know that the same words were floating through her taller lover's mind. Mac's body began to shake as her hips provided the necessary momentum to send her over the edge, taking Trina right along with her.

They both groaned and panted as their climaxes ripped through their bodies. Trina's body matched every last thrust that came from Mac's gyrating body. Her fists grabbed the material of the mattress as she felt Mac's fingers milk the last of her orgasm from her clitoris.

With one final thrust and grunt, Mac leaned heavily against Trina's back and held her tightly. Sweat had begun to pour off of both their bodies making their contact very slippery and even more erotic.

"Oh, baby, that was incredible," Mac finally got out as she began to kiss Trina's back and shoulders.

Trina swallowed a few times trying to form into words what she had just experienced. "I've never known such pleasure in all my life, Mac... I guess I just needed someone who actually knew what they were doing," she giggled lightly.

"You were magnificent, baby. You felt so damn good."

The two women remained in their positions for many moments. Neither one ready to end what they'd shared.

Finally, Mac slowly removed the toy from Trina's body earning her a spasm from the movement and a whimper of loss from Trina. She took off the harness as Trina rested her upper body on top of the table while trying to catch her breath. Mac's legs were still shaking from the over-exertion so she grabbed a towel and threw it on the seat of a chair before sitting down.

"My whole body is shaking," Trina said weakly.

"Mine too. C'mere baby. I'd really like to hold you for a minute."

Trina stood and turned to find Mac staring at her with desire on her gorgeous features once again.

"What?" Trina teased.

"You're just so fucking hot, baby. I could do this all day," she said honestly. "I would love to find out how many different things you'd like me to do to you. Or how many different ways you'd like me to take you."

Trina straddled Mac's lap facing her. She gently traced Mac's jaw line with her fingertip on both sides of her face. Mac's arms instinctively went around Trina's waist and loosely rested her intertwined fingers against her back.

"You're very beautiful, Mac. I hope you hear that often," Trina whispered as she continued to touch Mac's face with her fingertips. "I'd love to find out what you can give me. If this is a preview of your talents, I can't wait to get you into a more comfortable setting. Care to take me home?" Trina ducked her head trying to hide her blush.

Mac sought out Trina's lips pressing herself into the smaller woman's center as their tongues made contact.

After several moments, Mac took Trina's face in her hands and brushed away an errant strand of hair.

"What's your name, baby?"

"I love when you call me that, but actually my name is Trina."

"Well, Trina, it's wonderful to meet you. Now, if you'd get your gorgeous naked ass off of me, we can leave that much sooner," Mac kidded as she gifted Trina with a toothy smile.

"So you'll take me home, then?" She asked with hope filled eyes.

"Yes, I'll take you home, and then I'll take *you*, again..." she kissed her. "and again..." she kissed her again. "until you beg me to stop... and then I'll take you again."

Trina smiled shyly as she got up from her companion's lap. They both began to dress once their clothes were located, separated and turned right side out.

"Well, I wanted to do something different for a change today. I'm glad I found you to do it with," Trina said with a genuine smile.

Mac leaned down and lightly kissed Trina's lips. "Me, too."

Mac cleaned up their mess as Trina watched her every move. She wanted this woman again, very badly. She couldn't wait to see what other pleasures Mac could give her.

"Ready to face the world?" Mac smiled brightly.

"Yep, let's go." Trina said as she grabbed the vibrator she had to buy.

The two women walked out of the back room and smiled as Mike gave them a knowing smirk. They approached the counter with *Mr. Shimmie* and a pack of batteries in hand.

"I trust you liked this one?" Mike smiled.

"Actually, I don't know yet. I found something else I wanted to try first," Trina said shyly as she looked at Mac leaving Mike to wonder which she was referring to.

"Okaay, let me just ring this up, and you two ladies can be on your way," Mike said as he began to ring up Trina's purchase.

"Wait!" Trina shouted as she ran towards the wall of sexual toys. Mac and Mike watched as the woman quickly scanned the wall looking for something in particular. She grabbed a couple of items and ran back to the counter with her booty. "Here, I'd like these too, please," she smiled confidently as she handed Mike the familiar dildo and harness.

Mac chuckled as Mike rang up the items. "Are you sure this is what you want? You know we don't take these back."

"Oh don't worry, I know it's a perfect fit," she said as she looked up into amused blue eyes.

Mike looked up questioningly at Mac and she just shrugged as the transaction was completed.

"I'll see you next week, Mikey," Mac waved as she led Trina towards the door.

"Take care you two," he said back as Trina said her good-byes as well.

The two women went outside and breathed in the fresh air. They looked at each other for a moment, then Mac turned to hold Trina's shoulders with both hands. "You sure you want to go home with me? I mean, you don't know anything about me," she stated the obvious truth.

"I know all I need to know, for now," she said with certainty. She released Mac's hands and walked to her car and opened the door.

"Ok then, follow my lead?" Mac asked as she approached her purple Harley.

"Yeah, I'm good at that," Trina called out as she sat in her car and rolled down the window.

"Yes, you are," Mac said to herself as she revved her engine and slowly pulled out of the parking lot with Trina hot on her trail.

**The End**

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