

Expiration Date

by Pan.

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It wasn't until after the first few times she'd used it that Stella found the expiration date.

Stella had never even heard of a dildo 'expiring' before. Presumably every product had a date when it would stop working – the heat death of the universe, at worst. But expiration dates were something she was accustomed to finding on food, or medication, or any other item that needed to be regularly replaced or replenished.

On a sex toy? That was a strange discovery. Especially because it was coming up less than a week after she'd bought it.

The fact that she'd even been looking at the packaging at all was strange. She'd had to find it in the trash – not even the trash inside her house, she'd had to go outside and sort through the recycling to find the box that the dildo had come in. It was a "Mega-Lover 556" – a corny name, but the girl at the store had given it a glowing review, and...

Well, ever since she'd broken up with Andrew, Stella had been in the need for a dildo.

And boy had it delivered. It was an unassuming item, a slim purple toy, not cartoonishly long or large. A little girthy, just the way Stella liked it, and it had a pleasant weight to it.

But then she'd used it.

She'd used it, and she'd used it again that night, and she'd used it the next morning as well. And after she'd used it three times, the toy bringing her to a howling orgasm (literally, she'd always been loud in bed, even alone) each time, Stella had been compelled to go and find the box – she'd forgotten the name and brand as soon as she'd brought it home, and she needed to know more about this toy that had brought her such pleasure.

There was no website, no contact details on the box – just a brief description of "the indescribable pleasures this toy will bring you" (the standard patter she assumed all sex-toys used had), and then...sure enough, an expiration date. The eighteenth.

An expiration date on a dildo.

After checking that there were no other clues as to why this dildo felt so much damn *better* than any other toy she'd ever owned, Stella went back inside to get herself off once more before work.

She enjoyed her job – she was a barista at a local coffee shop. She met a constant stream of new people, was friends with her co-workers, and had about as much fun as you could reasonably expect to have in a coffee shop.

Andrew had been a regular customer; she'd hoped that he would have had the diplomatic sense to find a new coffee shop after their breakup. He hadn't...but, in fairness, this one was a mere two blocks from his house. And it was large enough that she could just let one of her co-workers serve him, and avoid the awkward conversation.

But just seeing him in the first place was awkward enough.

Stella was itching by the time her shift ended. She couldn't wait to get home and...well, and fuck herself with her toy once more. Her ass twitched as she closed her register, remembering the feeling of it pushing into her. Her nipples hardened, poking out against her top, at the thought of how good she'd felt, throbbing around it. She bit her lip as she locked up, imagining how much fun she was going to have tonight.

Just her and the new toy.

Stella lay on her bed, a thin sheen of sweat covering her body. Her thighs were trembling and her fingers were slick as she gripped the bed frame. She could still feel the aftershocks from the orgasm she'd just had, pulsing through her body. The toy had been buried in her pussy, and it had made her scream – loudly. And now she lay there, spent, her body wracked with small aftershocks of pleasure.

It wasn't until she rolled over to look at her phone that she realized what she'd done.

She hadn't just spent the night after work fucking herself with her new toy. She'd gone to sleep after two, three – had it even been four? – of the strongest orgasms she'd ever had...but the next day had been a day off, and with the toy just sitting there, looking at her...

Well, who could blame her for treating herself with another mind-blowing cum, first thing in the morning?

Except it hadn't just been one. She'd spent the day in bed, getting herself off over and over. She'd lost track of how many orgasms she'd had; all she knew was that she'd started to feel like a toy herself, her body pushing itself to its limits, unable to stop, unable to stop using the toy on herself.

And she didn't even care. Her brain felt empty. All she wanted was to be filled up again and again, until she felt like she couldn't breathe from the pleasure.

Only now that she'd decided – finally – to take a break had Stella noticed that it was late. Not even late afternoon. It was night.

She'd spent her entire day off in bed, playing with herself until her mind was blank, her body weak.

Her toy was still sitting there on the bedside table. She felt compelled to use it again, even now.

Stella had planned to do laundry, some cleaning, *something* on her day off. But instead, she'd

just cum so hard and so often that she'd literally lost track of the time.

She hadn't even eaten!

Her body was trembling. Her skin was sticky with sweat. She felt as though her very core was burning with the need for more pleasure, more orgasms. And she knew, somehow, that as long as she had the toy, she would get them.

So Stella went into the kitchen, wolfed down some food...and then returned to bed. Returned to the pleasure that the toy brought her. Returned to the state of bliss that she experienced each and every time she moved that small, perfect toy inside her.

She didn't want to wake up the next day. Her body felt exhausted, her mind sluggish. She needed to sleep. She needed to get her energy back.

But Stella had work, and so she forced herself up, forced herself to get dressed and ready for the day.

One perk (no pun intended) of working at a coffee shop is the unlimited supply of free coffee, and Stella needed it to get through the day. It was like she had a sex hangover; all the pleasure she'd been having for the last few days had left her body feeling empty and exhausted, and she needed caffeine and sugar to get through her shift.

But when she returned, she'd have some 'hair of the dog', as it were. When she got back home, she knew that the dildo would make her feel better. She *knew* it would.

What she hadn't noticed, leaving for work that day, was that it was the eighteenth. The day her dildo expired.