

Out of Curiosity

A TG story by Alloner

Valentine's Day is, along with Christmas, perceived as nothing but a trick to get people into a consumerism frenzy, after all, it's the only day during which a single rose can cost you up to 15 dollars. However, while Christmas is something you can take care of from afar (buying gifts, that is), Valentine's Day sort of implies that face-to-face situation, right? What's the point of sending that giant Teddy bear to your crush's workplace if you are not going to meet her later so she can reject you for being cheesy. Well, believe it or not, during the pandemic a lot of sex shops stayed afloat by implementing some sort of delivery, don't underestimate the hornyness of people trapped in their homes for more than a week.

But of course those kinky shops couldn't all afford to send their stuff via UPS or any of those fancy companies, most of them reached out to the average delivery person looking to make some extra dough during the most trying times of the past 10 years. And of course, a lot of mistakes ensued, logistics can be a tricky business, and for your local small sex shop it might take them years to master it.

For quite a few years, Valentine's had been just another day for Blake, far from motivating him to try again, those two years of lockdowns and restrictions had pushed him into a very pessimistic attitude towards dating and even life itself, the only exciting moments he had in life were opening packages; funkopops, LP's, smart lightbulbs, he *had* to buy anything and everything to keep his sanity. That's why when he came back home and found a squashed package waiting for him by his door, he didn't even care to read the label, he just got into the usual process: box on the kitchen's counter, box cutter, slash the sides then a long horizontal slice and get the goods... Except that time it wasn't anything he had actually bought...

Packed in a flimsy cellophane baggy were a bunch of red things; Blake frowned as he tried to make sense of the shapes, eventually ripping apart the already damaged baggy... Two heart stickers with some fluffy things attached to them, a scrunchie of some sort and... A thong... A red, small thong. Blake's brain slowly made the connections, they weren't stickers, at least not normal stickers and the scrunchy wasn't a scrunchy... Was that a joke? Had to be... Some asshole from the office must've thought it was a funny thing to do, Blake tried to read the label only to realize it was nothing but a handwritten note with what he assumed was his address. Then he realized, the delivery person must've misread, if such horrible handwriting could even be read to begin with, the address and had somehow ended up at Blake's place.

So there was no remittent, no phone number, no business card or anything to send the package back and judging from the contents, the delivery had costed the person more than the kinky kit itself. Blake sighed as he placed the items back in the box and walked towards the trash bin, but just as his foot stepped on the pedal and the lid opened, a thought crossed his mind...

What do they feel like?

Why not? He had gotten them for free, why not fool around for a little and then throw them away, no one would ever know...

The tassels were, of course, the stars of the show, Blake couldn't help but laugh at himself as he looked in the mirror, the fluffy strings dancing from side to side. Spinning them was surprisingly difficult and keeping the rhythm was an unexpected challenge for the man who inadvertently spent almost 30 minutes trying to break his record of consecutive spins. But just as he decided it had been enough, with the sting of embarrassment poking him on the back of his head, he looked at the rest of the "outfit".

Why not... Just a quick look...

Blake kept playing for a few more minutes in front of the mirror, the undersized thong barely covering his crotch and the tassels swinging with every move... It was the first time in years Blake was having fun during Valentine's and for some reason, the more he fooled around in front of the mirror, the more comfortable he felt with it. Without noticing, Blake was pulling off some suspicious moves in front of the mirror...

That's so fucking hot...

He thought...

Of course... For a girl, right?

Rogue images flashed in Blake's mind... Breasts... Hips...

Look at you... You make Valentine's worth it...

All the other girls are going to be soooo jealous...

These boobie thingies were like, the best investment ever....

“And now! On the main stage!”

Here we go...

“Don’t let her petite figure fool you! Give it up for Bailey and her boob dance!”

Valentine’s is like, such a fun holiday, right?