

All Together Now

by Pan

Chapter 4:

“I want to suck on your fingers.”

“We can’t...”

Jane smiled at her girlfriend.

“Shhh.”

“Mmkay.”

The room filled with a buzzing sound, as Megan turned the small toy on.

“I want to suck on your fingers,” Jane repeated. “I want to take two of them in my mouth. Run my tongue across your fingertips. Between your digits.”

“Yesss...”

“My soft, wet tongue, on the sides of your fingers. I want to coat them with my saliva. Gentle, firm, sucking. Insistent.”

“Do it...” Megan moaned, staring wantonly at her girlfriend, sitting across the room, her body writhing.

“I want you to feel my mouth on your skin. My teeth, nipping gently.”

“Oh god, Jane...”

“I’d move from your fingers to your neck. Do you want to feel my mouth against your neck?”

“Yes please...”

“Say it.”

“I want your...your mouth on my neck.”

“I’m going to bite your neck. I’m going to bite you so hard, I leave a mark. Everyone will be able to see what I’ve done to you.”

“Mmm...”

“Everyone is going to see that you’re mine, that you’re my wet little slut. Your workmates, your friends - Anita.”

“Ungh!”

Jane bit her lip and blushed. The pair had no secrets from each other; her lover knew how attractive she found Megan’s high-school friend, and would often tease her about it.

Or bring it up when she was the most turned on, use her embarrassing secret to get her off.

“Anita’s going to know what I did to you. She’s never going to look at you the same.”

In truth, Anita was reasonably open-minded. But when Megan was using her for dirty-talk, she was the most conservative of prudes...and Jane loved it.

“She’s not going to see Jane any more; she’s just going to see a horny, dripping slut. My slut.”

“Yesss...”

“She’s going to put one hand between your legs, and check to see how wet you are. She’s going to slip a finger inside you, confirm that you’re nothing but a dirty little whore.”

“Oh god...”

“And then she’s going to show you that she’s wet as well. You’re going to be the first woman to touch her shaved cunt, staring into her eyes, knowing that she’s judging you.”

“Fuck. Fuck!”

As Jane began convulsing in orgasm, Megan smiled at her. She’d never met someone with whom she was so sexually compatible. She wasn’t attracted to her old friend herself - she’d had a brief crush in high-school, but Anita had made it very clear that while she was in complete support of Megan and her lifestyle, she had no interest in women.

But she knew how much talking about straight-laced Anita turned Jane on, and Megan was happy to do most anything to turn Jane on.

Especially because she was always so willing to return the favor.

It wasn't long before Jane had recovered from her orgasm. With a wicked grin, she threw the vibrator across the room.

"Put it to your nose," she commanded, taking on the dominant role that she sometimes pulled out in bed. "I want you to smell me."

"Yes, ma'am," Megan replied, a shiver of pleasure running up her spine. "Whatever you say, ma'am..."

###

The next morning, Megan was surprised to find herself with company on her train ride into work.

She came in late on Thursdays, and it was rare for there to be more than five or six people on the entire train; she could typically find an empty carriage, and enjoy twenty minutes of solitude before starting her day.

But two stops after she got on the train, more than a dozen women joined her. She was staring out of the window, a half-smile on her face as she remembered Jane ordering her to spank herself - five days into the month-long experiment, she was glad that they'd found a workaround.

She wasn't sure she'd be able to trust herself without a reliable way to get release. Hell, she might have resorted to making Jane use their four-times-a-week trysts with Jake and Anita to get her off.

The train had stopped at Gilliestone Station, and Megan turned around to see why it was taking so long, her eyes widening as she saw her carriage slowly filling up with tall, buxom blondes, one after another.

Even stranger, none of them sat down. They just filled the aisle, each of them dressed completely differently...yet strangely similar.

Megan narrowed her eyes. If she hadn't known it was late May, she would have sworn it was Halloween - each of the blonde women was dressed in what could easily pass as a 'sexy Halloween' costume. All the classics were represented - sexy nurse, sexy police officer, sexy teacher. There was even a sexy nun.

They were all wearing heels, short skirts (or, in the case of the sexy soldier, extremely short camo shorts), and showing more cleavage than Megan and her girlfriend had combined. Once they found their position in the train, they each took on a 'pose' - one leg in front of the other, eyes staring vacantly forward, mouth slightly open.

Megan wasn't typically a fan of the dumb bimbo look, but even she couldn't help but find something eerily erotic about the situation.

And then, just before the doors closed, he entered.

Lord Mason DeGraves.

"Hello Megan," he said with a leer. "How's the month treating you so far?"

###

"So what did you talk about?"

"That's the weird thing - he just asked me a few questions, seemed happy with the responses, and left."

"What'd he ask?"

"Just whether or not I'd broken the rules."

"And what did you tell him?"

"The truth, of course. I told him that I hadn't touched Jane sexually, that we hadn't had any...physical sexual contact. We didn't break any of the rules."

“Hang on...”

“Mmm?”

“Why did you pause?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, why did you say it like that. And why is Jane blushing?”

“Guys, if you two have cost us our chance at the money...”

“Geez, everyone, calm down. We didn’t break any of the rules.”

“Then what...-”

“We haven’t broken any rules!”

“Jane, it’s okay. Anita, remember how the contract didn’t specify what ‘sexual contact’ meant?”

“Yeah...”

“Well, Jane and I have...found a loophole. Oh, don’t look at me like that Jake - we’re not doing anything that could even remotely jeopardize the money.”

“What’s your ‘loophole’?”

“It’s nothing, really. We just...talk dirty to each other.”

“...”

“What?”

“I was just running that through my head. I guess that as long as you don’t have actual...y’know, contact.”

“We don’t.”

“Yeah, okay. I guess that’s fine. I mean, I guess we’ve been talking to each other while we’re...y’know.”

“Yeah, but that isn’t *dirty* talk.”

“Maybe it should be.”

“Megan!”

“Just a joke, sweetie. Anita, you know I’m just kidding, right?”

“Yeah...”

“Anyway, we should get started.”

“Hang on...”

“What?”

“Who were the girls?”

“Who?”

“The blondes.”

“Oh, the old pervert said they were a cheerleading team. He’d paid them ten grand each to let him dress them for the next week.”

“God, he really does have money to burn, doesn’t he?”

“I mean, from what I saw, he was getting his money’s worth. God they were distracting. I ended up missing my stop.”

“I thought you said you only talked for a few minutes?”

“Yeah, but...yeah. Huh. Time flies when you’re surrounded by sexy women, I guess.”

“Speaking of which...”

“Jake!”

“Just a joke, Jane. Now, do you want to do this?”

“Yeah. I guess so.”

“Let’s do it.”

###

The girls were silent on the drive home that night. ‘Sex night’ had gone for a little longer than normal, but with less conversation than the previous nights. As usual, the two

women had touched each other, but this time...

Something had been different.

Jane was never surprised to find her girlfriend wet, but tonight she'd been practically dripping. And rather than the gentle fondling that they'd agreed to, Megan had been more... aggressive.

Passionate.

Jane had been shocked to find Megan's thumb on her clit, and doubly surprised when Megan had slipped a finger in-between her girlfriend's pussy-lips, a wicked grin on her face. She clearly hadn't wanted to make her Jane cum - although they both knew she probably could have - but had just been teasing. Playing.

Enjoying the rare 'sexual contact' they were allowed.

Nervous about embarrassing herself in front of their friends, Jane had tried to glare Megan down, but she'd either ignored or misinterpreted her girlfriend's signal, leaning in to take Jane's mouth with her own.

For a moment - just a moment - Jane had closed her eyes and allowed herself to enjoy it. Her girlfriend's body pressed against hers, their tongues exploring each other's mouths, Megan's hands working wonders between her legs. She'd even reached up to tug on Megan's pubic hair - something she knew her lover enjoyed as a part of early foreplay - when it had happened.

A loud moan from the other couch.

The sound of Anita's arousal had been enough to break even Megan out of whatever sexual spell she was under, and the busty woman had pulled back, her eyes wide.

"Uh..."

"Sorry," Anita said, her voice thick with lust. "I, uh..."

"I guess I just don't know my own skills," Jake said, his attempt at a light tone betrayed by the sound of embarrassment in his voice.

"No worries," Jane said, embarrassment making her voice an octave higher than normal. "I think we were probably done anyway, yeah?"

"Yeah," Jake immediately agreed, and after a few moments to get redressed, the two women were in their car, making their way back to their house, not saying a word.

When they reached their driveway, Jane finally broke the silence.

"Megan," she started, but before she was able to finish her thought, her girlfriend turned to her, that intense look in her eye once more.

"I can't wait to get you in the bedroom," Megan said.

Jane wanted to ask if everything was all right, but it was clear that Megan had one thing on her mind, and - even ten minutes after leaving their friends' house - Jane was still throbbing from her girlfriend's touch.

They could get each other off from across the room, and *then* talk.

###

"Please, Jake," Anita begged. "I need it, and I know you need it to."

Jake stared at his wife, turned on and confused in roughly equal measures.

"Anita, you know I'm not good at dirty talk..."

"You'll do great," she purred. "Please..."

A smile slowly passed across Jake's face.

"But...I thought you weren't having any trouble?"

"What do you mean?"

"I thought you weren't struggling with the arrangement, remember?"

"Please, Jake? The feeling of your hard cock against my wet cunt, it reminded me of how much I need you. How much I need a *man*. Please, honey..."

Jake's eyebrows shot up at the crude language emerging from his wife's mouth. She had never exactly been a prude, but it was still odd to hear her use such lewd words.

"You can talk to me about anything you like," Anita said, her large blue eyes staring up at him imploringly. "You can talk to me about fucking me in public, or dressing me up like a cheerleader, or sharing me with your boss..."

Jake shook his head at that one, and Anita's mouth curled into a naughty grin.

"...or about sharing me with another woman. You'd like that, wouldn't you Jakey?"

"Don't call me Jakey," Anita's husband replied automatically, but his cock had stirred at the idea of Anita making out with someone of her gender.

"Wouldn't you like to imagine me making out with a woman in front of you? You could tell me about what you'd like to watch me do, who you'd like to see me with. Maybe Jane... or Megan..."

"...or Bethany."

Jake's eyes widened at the last suggestion, and his eyes dropped.

"Fine," he mumbled reluctantly. "I'll talk to you while you get off. But then you have to return the favor."

"Of course," his wife said, taking his hand and enthusiastically leading him to the bedroom. "Whatever you want, my love."

###

"Your turn."

"God, you're eager."

"I just can't wait to get you off. You're such a little slut."

"Slow down, darling! You know you can't just jump into it like that. Start with something more tactile. The sensations."

"Sorry, Jane. I'm just excited. Okay. Close your eyes."

"Okay..."

"I'm going to put a hand on either side of your face. Move my lips towards yours. Then I'm going to hesitate, so you can feel the warmth of my breath, the quiver of my lips."

"Mmmm..."

"I'm going to run my thumb across your lower lip, feel the warmth of your face, and I'm going to kiss you."

"Yess..."

"Holding you tight, I'm going to kiss you. I'm going to take your mouth with mine. I'm going to dip you, like I did on our second date. You're going to be heady from my kiss, from my passion for you. I'm going to taste your tongue, your mouth, leave you tingling all over..."

"Mmm-hmm..."

"My hands on your waist. Your hips. Under your skirt. Feeling your bare skin. I'm going to touch your sides, grab them firmly. One hand on the side of your neck, one on your waist. You're going to feel me - can you feel me?"

"God, yes..."

"I'm going to read your mood by the way you move your tongue. You're going to feel my passion in my mouth, in my hands' grasp, on you. My perfect creature. My lover. God I adore you..."

"Fuck yes..."

"Do you want someone to join us?"

"..."

"You're blushing, my pet. Do you want someone to join us?"

"Unghh...yess..."

“While I’m kissing you, touching you, stroking your perfect behind, can you feel their breath?”

“Mmmm...”

“Behind us, watching us, filled with lust.”

“Please...”

“They bite your neck. You can feel their rough stubble against your skin. You can feel their hard cock, poking into-...hey! I didn’t say you could open your eyes.”

“What the hell are you doing?”

“I’m getting you off, my love.”

“Megan, I know you’re not into guys...”

“No...but I know that *you* are. So close your eyes, and...”

“You don’t have to do this.”

“Shh. Shh. Honey...I want to. Close your eyes.”

“Megan...”

“Please.”

“...fine.”

“He’s pressed against you from behind. You can feel him, hard as a rock. His cock, threatening to burst through your pants. Reny’s cock. You haven’t seen him since college, but he’s still so hard for you.”

“Oh, god...”

“Tonight, the two of us are going to share you. You’re going to get both of us off, and we’re going to return the favor.”

“Yes...oh fuck, Megan...yesssss...”