

Pussy Talk

by Pan

Chapter 1

“Why are you squirming?” Cathy asked her youngest daughter, quietly enough that the rest of the family couldn’t hear it.

“I can’t help it,” Tess replied. She’d been feeling uncomfortable ever since visiting the mall that morning.

Tess was the youngest of three; her brother, Bradley, was twenty-one (two years older than her), and Luanne was twenty-four. They all lived with their parents, Cathy and Roger, in a small neighborhood outside of Portland, Oregon.

It hadn’t been a remarkable trip. Tess was going to a college out of the state, bucking the trend set by her older siblings. She left in just under a week, so the whole family had accompanied her to for the mall trip (she needed to sign up for a new phone plan) and now they were sitting down for an early dinner.

Tess had done her research, and found the cheapest plan which allowed for unlimited hotspot data (the college dorm she was going to allegedly had terrible internet) – it wasn’t one of the big carriers, and so they’d had to head right into town to find someone who sold it. The only unusual thing about the trip had been the salesman. He’d been...not creepy, exactly. *Forward*.

Forward, and maybe a little bit creepy.

Even at nineteen, Tess was used to unwanted male attention. She was tall, and everyone called her cute (though she hated being described that way), with light brown hair and big green eyes. Despite her terrible eating habits, her stomach was flat, and she’d inherited her mother’s wide hips. Her chest was a B cup, and no matter what she wore, her ass always drew glances.

It didn’t bother her, not really; she liked the attention. It was only when it turned into more than glances that she had a problem.

As she’d approached the booth, the attendant’s eyes had run across her body for almost a minute. Only when he was done examining (assessing, even) her slender figure did he turn his attention to her face.

The young woman had told him exactly what she wanted, quoting the exact details she’d found on the website. Despite her specificity, he kept trying to upsell her, suggesting a different plan with better coverage or longer call time, and then another, and another.

No matter how many times she turned him down, he always managed to pull another offer out of his pocket. Finally, she’d had enough.

“Listen,” the teenage girl said through clenched teeth. “I don’t want an extended warranty, I

don't want a phone upgrade, I just want you to listen to what I'm saying and give me the damned plan I asked for twenty minutes ago."

His eyebrows had shot up in response, but he pulled up her order without a word, and in less than a minute was printing her a receipt and programming in her a SIM card.

As he inserted it into her phone, Tess's eyes narrowed.

"What is *this*?" she asked, jabbing at an unexpected line item on the bill.

"Is my way of apologizing," he explained. Despite being there for almost half an hour, Tess still hadn't been able to place his accent. South African? Israeli? Japanese? He looked like all and none of them, and she couldn't work out where he was from.

"I don't *want* it," she said, resisting the urge to stamp her foot. "I just want what I asked for!"

"Is free," he said simply, his long fingernail pointing to the \$0.00 charge on the bill.

Tess sighed. "Fine. But if it's an additional cost next month..."

"No, no," he said, flashing his salesman smile at her once more. "Is free."

Indian, maybe? Or had she just leapt to that because she was only used to getting this kind of bad customer support from call-centers?

Tess banished the racist thought from her head, and handed over her credit card. Less than a minute later, she was walking away with her new phone plan, including the mysterious apology gift. Presumably it related to her hotspot option, because it simply read "PC Talk."

Ever since she'd turned her phone back on, her feeling of discomfort had grown. Now, hours later, Tess was shifting in her seat at the restaurant as the waiter took the family's order.

"I'm going to go to the restroom," she declared abruptly, and her mother nodded, glancing after her daughter with concern as she walked away.

Tess sat down in the stall. She didn't feel like she needed to pee, but perhaps if she did, it'd relieve the strange sensation between her legs.

To her complete shock, the moment she lowered her panties, she heard a sigh of relief.

"Hello?" she called out. "Is there anyone else there?"

The other stall in the bathroom had been empty when she'd entered, but perhaps someone had entered straight after her.

<Just me.>

It took Tess a moment to realize...the voice she heard in reply wasn't coming through her ears. It

was as though someone was transmitting a response directly into her mind.

<I can't tell you how damn stifling that piece of cloth is,> the 'voice' said, sounding relieved.
<Let a bitch breathe, ya know?>

“Uh...”

<You don't gotta talk out loud like that.>

“W-what do you mean?”

<I mean, if anyone hears you talking to yourself in a public restroom, they're going to think yer crazy. Just reply in here.>

“In...where?”

<In here. I'm part of you, hon, you don't gotta spew your thoughts to the whole world.>

Tess looked around. Was...was she going crazy? Was this what insanity looked like? Sitting in a stall, hearing voices in your head, being told not to answer aloud?

<You can do this, doll. Just talk inward-like.>

<H-hello?>

<There you go. I knew you was a smart bitch.>

Tess took a deep breath. <Who are you?>

The 'voice' laughed, an odd sensation. It didn't sound like laughter...it didn't sound like anything. It was just the concept of mirth, appearing in her head out of nowhere.

<Honey,> it replied patronizingly. <We're old buds. You've been playing with me since you was twelve years old. Just last night, we had a grand old time, thinking about that boy in school who's been giving you the eye.>

Tess's eyes opened wide, and she glanced down. She was wearing a white and green dress, the hem of which reached up around her thighs. She'd hiked it up to sit on the toilet; lifting it slightly and spreading her thighs allowed her to see...

Well, her pussy.

It looked as it always did; her pubic hair a light-brown fuzz, barely covering her labia. She wasn't sure what she'd been expecting, exactly. A face, perhaps. Or her lips to moving like...like lips.

<Are...are you my pussy?>

<Yeah, sweetheart,> came the response with a chuckle. Well, the concept of a chuckle. <That's

right. Don't look so surprised to see me.>

<Can you *see* me?> Tess asked, leaning down to look at her own crotch. There definitely weren't any visible eyes.

<Well, no,> her pussy – if that was truly who she was talking to – responded. <But I can sort of sense what you're feeling. Like the kid from your class. I know exactly how you feel about him, that's for sure.>

Tess blushed. If Jake had any idea that she'd masturbated thinking about him...hell, if *anyone* knew that's what she did...

"No," she said aloud. "No, this is...this is crazy."

<Uh huh.>

The voice appeared in her head immediately, as though she was having a conversation. As though her pussy truly was...was...

No. No, it didn't make any sense.

<What's crazy is that you can hear me. I've been chatting like this ever since you was born. It's nice to finally have an audience, ya know what I'm sayin'?'>

Tess pursed her lips in response, before pulling up her panties, standing up, straightening her dress, and determinedly walking back into the restaurant. It wasn't easy, but she ignored the objections appearing in her mind – apparently her pussy didn't like having a piece of fabric 'blocking the airflow'.

Her mother shot her a concerned look as she sat back at the table, but Tess threw her a comforting smile. "I'm fine," she said. "I think it was just something caught in my throat."

Cathy nodded, but her look of concern remained.

The meal was delicious, the conversation sufficiently distracting. Every now and again Tess would hear a grumble about being ignored, being stifled, but she tried to tune it out and focus on what her family was saying. This could be the last time they were all out together before she left.

It wasn't until the waiter returned to refill her water that Tess could no longer ignore her pussy.

<Me-ow,> it said, giving a wolf whistle. Well, no – it *transmitted* the concept of a wolf whistle. Despite having lips, Tess was fairly sure (and very glad) that her pussy couldn't actually... whistle. <We like him, don't we?>

<No,> Tess replied, blushing. <Shut up.>

<Aw, don't be like that. Hell, I bet he likes you too. Cute thing like that. Maybe we could have a

little fun together...when was the last time you got some action, girl?>

<Shut up!> Tess said again, her cheeks burning. The waiter shot her a half-smile, and Tess wanted nothing more than to melt into the floor.

<Hang on,> her pussy said cheerfully. <Let me see what I can do...>

<Don't do it!> Tess exclaimed, and it took her a moment to realize that she hadn't just thought it – she'd said it out loud.

“Don't do...what, honey?”

“Oh!” Tess exclaimed. “Uh, nothing. Nothing. Never mind.”

Oh, god... she thought to herself. *I can't let the crazy spill out like this.*

<Testing, testing. Is this working?>

It was the 'voice' of her pussy. Tess again tried to ignore it, to pretend that none of this was happening – hell, it probably wasn't. It was all in her head. *It was all in her head.* – and was shocked when she immediately heard thoughts in her head from another.

From someone – or something – masculine.

<Whoa,> it 'said'. <This is trippy. How are you doing this?>

<Hey big boy,> her pussy purred. <This is the cunt of the young lady in the dress. You wanna play?>

<Fuck yeah I do,> the masculine thought replied immediately. <Fuck yes I do.>

<W-what are you doing?> Tess thought at her own pussy, and the concept of a giggle appeared in her head.

<I can't believe that worked, honey.> her pussy responded with glee. <When I figured I could talk to you, I reckoned I'd see who else I could chit-chat with.>

<Oh, god...> Tess replied, her stomach sinking. <Who was that?>

The reply came back tinged with pride, as though in a font with a 2-point hubris outline. <That, my dear, was the dingle of the waiter you liked.>

<What??>

<Uh huh. Not bad, hey?>

<No! What are you...you can't talk to stranger's cocks!>

Tess suddenly realized everyone was staring at her. Oh, *god*. She hadn't said THAT out loud as

well, had she?

“Tess?” her sister prompted. “What do you want for dessert?”

“S-sorry,” the nineteen-year old stammered, her body flooded with relief when she realized she hadn’t spontaneously told her family not to communicate with penises. She’d just not responded, sitting there in silence as they asked her a question. “Zoned out for a second there. I’ll have the, um, crème brûlée?”

“Me too,” her father nodded, and began beckoning for the waiter to return.

<I can, darlin’> her pussy informed her, once she had Tess’s attention again. <I can, and I have. And, good news, he wants you as much as you want him.>

<I *don’t* want him,> Tess hissed. Well, tried to hiss. Directing thoughts at her own genitals was enough of a struggle, let alone trying to imitate specific verbal styles.

<Honey. Sweetie. Darling! You can lie to everyone else, and you can even lie to yourself...but I’m your pussy. Believe me, I know when you want someone.>

<I don’t!> Tess insisted, but it was too late.

<Hey babe.>

<How’re we doin’ this?> the cock grunted. <I can’t wait.>

<Women’s bathroom,> her pussy said seductively. <Straight after you give the kitchen the orders.>

<Sounds like a plan, ma’am,> the masculine voice replied, all enthusiasm. <I’ll get my guy there.>

<Shouldn’t be hard,> her pussy laughed. <From what I know about your gender, you do most of the thinking as it is.>

<Fuck yeah!>

<Stop!> Tess mentally cried out, doing all she could to direct her thoughts to...to the cock of the man who was writing down what her family wanted for dessert.

<I don’t think it works like that,> her pussy said, and Tess could *feel* the smile in its voice. <You talk to me, I talk to them. Now, we should wait a moment, then go meet that stud in the bathroom.>

<I don’t want to do this,> Tess insisted. <Please!>

The concept of a sigh appeared in her brain; just like she’d ‘heard’ when taking her panties off.

<Why you gotta make this so complicated? I'm you, babe. I'm part of you, and I know exactly what you want.>

<Not like this...> Tess whined, but her pussy continued as if she hadn't said anything.

<That was a hyper-thetical earlier, hon. I know *exactly* how long it's been since you got some action. Eight months, two weeks, six days. And that wasn't even sex! Just a quick fumble from a guy you didn't even like that much!>

<I don't care how long it's been.> Tess argued. <I don't know this guy. I don't want to do this!>

<It's okay, sweet stuff,> her pussy said soothingly. <It's time you started thinking with your brain a little less, and me a little more.>

There was a brief silence, and for a moment Tess thought that she'd won. She looked around the table; her brother and sister were affectionately teasing each other, her mother was picking a piece of food out of her father's beard, and she allowed herself to relax ever-so-slightly.

Perhaps it had all just been hallucination caused by hunger. A strange half-hour episode, but now that she'd eaten, she wouldn't hear any more bossy thoughts coming from between her legs.

Tess opened her mouth to speak, but before a single word came out...it happened.

A wave of lust overcame her, unlike any she'd ever felt before. She wasn't just horny, she was *HORNY*, with a capital everything. She'd never experienced anything like it – the feeling overwhelmed her senses. She couldn't think, she couldn't speak – she could barely breathe. Her pussy was pulsating with need, and it seemed like every cell in her body was focused solely on satisfying it.

She'd never felt such intense sexual desire in her life, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

The only thing she could do was try to satiate it.

"I'll be right back," the teenage girl squeaked. She rose from the table, not even noticing that her mother's concerned look was back. She ignored her father's curious stare, her sister's confused expression, her brother's narrowed eyes.

For the second time in half an hour, Tess stumbled into the restaurant's bathroom.

She knew exactly what was in there, waiting for her: cock.

The waiter's cock.

The cute waiter's equally-cute – she presumed – cock.

It was waiting for her, and she couldn't wait to become acquainted with it.

Sure enough, despite being the woman's bathroom, the waiter was (fittingly) waiting for her. Tess's lucidity returned just long enough to remember: they weren't waiters any more. They were called servers now.

Perfect. The server was waiting to serve her.

Without a word, Tess pressed her lips against the stranger's. He returned her kiss with gusto, groaning into her mouth and grabbing hold of her ass. She responded by pressing her crotch into his. Even through her dress, her panties, his trousers, she knew she could feel her wetness. Her heat.

She felt like her pussy was on fire, and she knew exactly what would put it out:

Cock.

They stumbled into the stall together. The waiter reached behind her, unzipped her dress, pulled it down, let it fall to the floor. Tess would normally be bothered by her clothing touching a restroom floor, but in that moment she was only thinking about one thing:

Cock.

Tess had lost her virginity a year earlier, but hadn't had sex with anyone since. Too long. Too long to deny her beautiful, precious pussy what it was made for. What it was created to take. What it craved above all else:

Cock.

The waiter's hands traveled lower, brushing along her sides and grabbing her wide hips. His lips found hers again, and she moaned into his mouth, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Take me," she groaned. "Please..."

His fingers slid beneath the waistband of her panties, finding her center instantly. He was so much more skilled than any of the men she'd been with. Probably because he was older.

Older, and so much sexier.

"Yesss," she moaned, feeling her pussy roar in delight. This was what it wanted. This is what *she* wanted. To be touched. To have attention paid to her by a man. Any man.

Even a complete stranger.

"I'm gonna fuck you," he said with a grunt, and Tess just nodded in response. She couldn't think of anything she wanted more. In that moment, even if her entire family had walked in – even if the entire *restaurant* had walked in – she wouldn't have been able to stop.

She wanted this. She wanted it so much.

Tess's hand found the waiter's cock, already hard. Hard for her. Hard for her hungry pussy. Ready to fulfil her needs. Pulling down her panties, she lined the stranger's erection up with her entrance, then gasped as he pushed into her with a sudden thrust.

The older man didn't waste any time, slipping all the way inside her, then pulling out. His powerful strokes sent waves of pleasure through her body, and Tess's head spun with delight. She'd never felt so full in her life. She'd never felt so *alive*.

This was why she existed. This is what she'd been born for. To take cock. To be fucked.

She wanted to let go. To scream her pleasure, to cry out how desperately she wanted him to cum inside her. To be consumed by her own lust. But Tess's brain managed to regain just enough control to remind her pussy that her family were only a few feet away, that if she cried out, they'd hear.

They'd hear, and she'd have to stop.

But she didn't have to be *completely* silent.

"Yes," Tess whispered. "More! Yes, please!"

The waiter grunted, and kept pumping into her, his pace gradually increasing. It felt amazing; the young woman was being filled so full, and so completely; she could barely handle it.

"Harder," she gasped, feeling her orgasm approaching. "God, harder."

The waiter obliged, fucking her faster and deeper. By comparison, her first lover had been a timid child. Gentle, caring. She didn't want that. She wanted to be *taken*, to be treated like a woman. Like an object.

He grabbed her ass, fingers digging into her flesh as he pounded into her, as his cock hit places inside her that no one else had touched before.

Shivers of pleasure were coursing through her body, and she knew that she was going to do it. She was going to give her pussy what it had been crying out for; what her entire body had been craving for longer than she wanted to admit.

Tess was going to cum.

She was going to cum while being fucked by a man she didn't know the name of, in a restaurant bathroom while her entire family enjoyed their dessert just a few feet away.

"Yes," Tess moaned, her pussy clenching around the waiter's cock. "Oh, god...I'm gonna...oh, fuck yes!"

The young woman's face twisted. Her back arched, her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her pussy clenched tight around the waiter, milking out his cum. She could feel him pulsing,

shooting his seed deep inside her. It felt glorious.

With a satisfied grunt, he pulled his cock out of her, and Tess collapsed onto the toilet seat. They sat in silence for a moment, catching their breath. Tess looked down at herself, naked (except her shoes and socks), panties around her ankles, sitting in a restaurant bathroom with a total stranger.

A total stranger who'd just cum inside her.

"Are you okay?" the waiter asked as he picked up her dress.

"Uh huh," Tess replied, though she wasn't entirely sure of the answer. *Was* she okay? Was she even in control of herself any more? Her pussy was still throbbing with the aftershocks of the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had.

Was this what 'okay' looked like?

"I have to, um, get back to work," the waiter responded. "Hey, uh...don't tell anyone about this, okay?"

"Of course not," Tess replied, shooting the confused-looking man a watery smile.

"Thanks," he said, scratching the back of his head. "Yeah. I have a girlfriend, and...I swear, I don't do this kind of thing."

"Uh huh," Tess smiled. She'd process that later. For now, she had to get recompose herself and return to her family.