

All Together Now

by Pan

Chapter 1:

"Well," Lord Mason DeGraves said with a cackle, "this was not exactly what I expected when I placed the advertisement..."

"We're two couples," Jake replied defensively. "That's all you asked."

Lord DeGraves looked like he could have been a hundred years old, despite his spry movement. There was, however, a twinkle in his eye that could have belonged to a much younger man. The two couples sitting in front of him stared at the billionaire, unsure of how to take him.

"Yes, yes," he replied with a wave. "Don't fear, you're all perfectly eligible. Tea?"

Anita, Jake's wife, shook her head. She were seated, somewhat awkwardly, on Jake's lap - when they'd entered DeGraves' office, he'd explained that he only had two chairs, and the tone in his voice had suggested somewhat of a challenge, one that no one was willing to back down from.

Not with so much money on the line.

Beside them, Anita's high-school friend Megan was just as awkwardly perched on her partner Jane's knee. Megan and Jane both nodded, and Lord DeGraves pressed a button on his intercom.

"Two teas, Bethany. Nothing for you?"

Jake didn't realize that DeGraves was talking to him - he'd grown distracted by the odd lighting in the room. On the ceiling there was a chandelier, peculiar in itself, but on their host's desk was a small desk-lamp, with a silver pendant hanging beneath it, spinning slightly, the light reflecting off it ever so oddly...

"Jake!" his wife hissed, and he looked up, slightly flustered.

"What? Oh, sorry. No, nothing for me."

Lord DeGraves nodded.

"Just a whisky for me, Bethany. And have a glass of water yourself."

Anita and Megan looked at each other with one eyebrow raised. What sort of a man had to *instruct* his staff when to drink?

"Now," Lord DeGraves said, slamming his hands down on the desk and making the rest of the room jump. Jake's attention had once more been on the small pendant, but he moved his focus to the wrinkled face of the richest man he'd ever encountered.

"You're here because you saw my ad. Two couples, one month, one hundred thousand dollars."

"Each," Jane said firmly, and Lord DeGraves nodded.

"Each. I'm sure you're wondering what you need to do for that kind of money, and I'm sure you've heard some horror stories, but rest assured - like everyone who comes in here, you'll have to do relatively little to earn your money. Ah, Bethany."

Everyone turned as a young woman entered the room, dressed in an erotic parody of a French maid's outfit. The front hem barely rose above her nipples, and from the way her bosom strained against the black fabric, it was clear that she wasn't wearing a bra. There was a hole in the centre of the dress, exposing Bethany's midriff, and the bottom half flared out, ending just - only just - below her ass.

For the second time that day, Jake was broken out of a reverie by his wife's harsh tone, but this time he knew he deserved it. Even aside from her ridiculous outfit, Bethany's curves made her one of the sexiest women Jake had ever seen, and it was clear that Anita's position on his lap had enabled her to observe exactly how attractive he found the young maid.

Jane and Megan, meanwhile, exchanged an amused glance. They had long agreed that jealousy was dangerous, and instead turned spotting attractive women into a game of sorts.

As Bethany served the tea, Lord DeGraves continued.

"Before I can tell you my conditions, however, I'm going to ask you some questions. If you lie - and trust me, I'll know if you lie - your chances of the money disappear. Do you understand me?"

The murmur of voices from the two chairs opposite him indicated agreement.

"Excellent. You first, young man. On average, how many times a week do your wife and you make love?"

Jake was embarrassed to find himself blushing, but after a

brief glance at his wife for her approval, he answered.

"And the lady sitting on his lap..."

"Anita," Anita said coldly.

"Anita, yes. Would you agree with that?"

"Two or three times a week - that sounds right to me."

Lord DeGraves stared Anita in the eye for long enough to make her uncomfortable, but she accepted the challenge, and never broke eye contact with the old miser. Eventually, he seemed satisfied with her response.

"Excellent. Ladies, same question."

There was a brief pause as Megan and Jane looked at each other, but almost as soon as they made eye contact, they turned to the old man and answered simultaneously.

"Five times a week."

The sight of Jake's eyebrows flying up in shock made Lord DeGraves cackle with laughter. He calmed down, and as Bethany poured his whisky, blatantly fondled her exposed buttocks. To Jake's surprise, the young maid simply smiled in response.

"So as a quartet, you would have sex on average...maybe four times a week?"

"I suppose so," Anita said.

"Approximately," Megan confirmed.

"Very well. Here is my proposal - for the next month, I want you to make love to your partners four times a week. Do any of you have any sexual relationships outside of your partners? No? Good. For the next month, none of you are allowed to make love with anyone outside this room. And not just make love - until our contract reaches an end, you can't have sex with, fuck, indulge in intercourse with, or even fool around with anyone who isn't currently present."

There was a pause as Lord DeGraves took a sip of his whiskey. The assembled couples sat and watched him, confused looks on their faces.

"Is that it?" Jake asked, and was met with a slap on the chest from his wife, and a wide grin from Mason DeGraves.

"It is not. No - here's the rub. For the next month, you *must*

make love four times a week. And each time any of you make love to your partner...all four of you have to be in the room.

There was a long, stunned silence as everyone processed what Lord DeGraves had said. Bethany finished serving teas and left the room, Jake's eyes desperately trying not to follow her as she did.

Finally, Megan spoke up.

"Wait...what you're saying, your Lordship-..."

"Call me sir. I like it when a pretty young thing calls me sir."

"What you're saying, *sir*, is that when Jane and I make love... Anita and Jake have to be there too?"

"That's the gist of it, yes. Sexual contact of any kind. If you're doing anything more than kissing each other on the lips, your friends have to be in the room."

"And vice-versa."

"Quite right. For efficiency's sake, you could all fuck at once, but I'll leave the logistics of it up to you."

"And if we do that for the next month..."

"Then you'll walk out of here with four hundred thousand dollars."

There was another long pause, broken up only by the sounds of sipping. Jake was again staring into the pendant as he considered the offer they'd just received.

"Can we think about it overnight?"

This time it was Anita who broke the silence, drawing Mason DeGrave's attention. His eyes travelled up her body, somehow seeming to strip her of the sensible shoes she was wearing, the long skirt and the white blouse. Only when he reached her blue eyes, framed by her long blonde hair, did he reply.

"You can even take the contract to read over, on one condition: no sex tonight, of any kind. Come back tomorrow with your decision. Bethany will let you out."

"Thank you," Anita replied, and a smile appeared on Lord DeGrave's face as he watched the swish of her long skirt.

He could already tell that this was going to be a fun one.

###

"Look, if you guys don't mind, I don't mind."

"I mind!"

"Yeah, I've got to admit...it's a bit weird."

"Sure, it's weird...but it's also a hundred thousand dollars. Each!"

There was a pause, as each of the four sitting around the table thought about what they could do with four hundred thousand dollars.

After leaving the manor, the four had agreed to meet up that night and think about it. And as soon as they'd arrived at Jake and Anita's house that night, Jane and Megan had agreed to the deal. Anita, however, was still holding back, and so Jake knew he couldn't openly admit his enthusiasm for the idea, else he'd make her look like a spoilsport.

"Two hundred thousand dollars, honey...think about it. We could make a deposit on the house, and still have enough left for a trip. Anywhere you wanted to go..."

"Megan, honey, would you give us a minute?"

"Sure thing."

As Jane and Megan walked to the door, already mentally spending the money, Anita turned to her husband.

"Jake - would you really be okay with this?"

"It's a month. Sixteen times. If someone said to you, 'Hey, I'll pay you over *ten thousand* dollars to have sex in a room with your friends', you'd do it without hesitating."

"No, I wouldn't. Besides, it's not just doing it once. A whole month, Jake - they're our best friends. How will we ever look them in the eye again?"

Jake's eyes dropped back down to the surprisingly simple contract that Lord DeGraves had sent with them. A smile slowly spread across his face.

"I've got it."

"What?"

"Look at this - the contract doesn't define sex."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, how do you define sex? It's not that easy, especially when...you know, lesbians are involved."

"Okay..."

"**And** it doesn't say anything about masturbation. So how about this: for the next month, none of us have sex. Four times a week, we get into a room together, and behind blankets, we...I dunno, touch genitals for a few seconds. We don't do anything with each other outside of that room, and whenever we feel the need, we take care of it ourselves."

Anita's eyes widened as Jake spoke, and by the time he was finished, her grin was as broad as his.

"So we..."

"Exactly! We win on a technicality. All we have to do is avoid having sex for the month, and we walk out of there with four hundred thousand dollars of the old pervert's money."

"Jake," Anita said with a smile, "you may be a genius."

"I'll let the others know."

"Wait..."

"What's wrong, sweetie?"

"I mean...a whole month..."

"Honey, don't take this the wrong way, but for a hundred thousand dollars, I'd stop having sex with you for a year."

"A year?"

Anita raised one eyebrow, and Jake smiled as he backpedaled.

"Did I say a year? I meant a month and one day. No more!"

Anita grinned.

"That's better. Okay love - go tell the others."

As Jake got up, Anita's eyes fell down to the contract, and her thin lips moved quickly as she read it.

###

That night, as Jake went to turn off the light, he was surprised to find Anita's hand slowly snaking down his body.

"Honey, what are you doing?"

"I don't want to go any longer than I have to without feeling you inside me..."

"But you remember what Lord DeGraves said. If we have sex tonight..."

"I read over the contract, Jakey. It doesn't say anything about not having sex the night before the contract is signed. Besides...he'll never know..."

As Jake began his retort, Anita's hand found what it was looking for, and her husband's objections died in his throat.

What harm could it do?

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Chapter 2:

As Bethany bent over to serve Lord DeGraves his tea, Jake tried as hard as he could not to look at her plump, red, exposed nipples. In turn, Anita watched him carefully not looking, and Lord DeGraves watched the both of them.

"So, none of you made love last night?"

"No sir," Megan replied immediately, and Anita nodded in agreement.

"Hmmm..." was the old man's only reply, and as he sniffed the air, Anita found herself tensing. He couldn't smell sex, could he? No, that wasn't possible - her and Jake had enjoyed a long shower together that morning, cleaning off the evidence, and making use of their last opportunity to enjoy each other's bodies for the next month.

Jake swallowed nervously, and Bethany turned around and threw him a wink. Had her boobs grown since they'd been there the day before? Surely that wasn't possible.

He tried not to think about it. He tried not to think about anything, just in case Lord DeGraves could somehow read it on his face.

Megan and Jane had switched positions since the previous day, with Jane now on Megan's lap. Lord DeGrave's attention moved

to theirs, but they met his gaze with beaming smiles as they sipped their teas, and he was soon forced to grin back at them, exposing his yellow, slightly pointed teeth.

"Very well," he said. "Today's the 17th of May - I've dated the contract accordingly. We'll meet back here on the 17th of June, and if you've followed the terms of the agreement to the letter, you'll walk out of here with the money."

A look of confusion came across Anita's face, and as Lord DeGraves stood up to dismiss them, she spoke up.

"Aren't you going to give us tracking devices, or install cameras or something like that?"

"No," the old man responded shortly, his attention back on his buxom French maid.

"Then how will you know if we've followed the terms of the contract?"

"Oh," Lord Mason DeGraves said, and in that moment the lecherous old man was suddenly very frightening, "I'll know."

As soon as they were out of the manor, Jane's organizational skills came to the fore.

"Right," she said, "Four nights a week. Now, thanks to Jake's brilliant plan, it won't take long. We normally have dinner together on a Tuesday anyway, so we can easily make that one of the nights...-"

"Oh, shoot," Anita said. "I've left my phone in the manor."

"Do you want me to come with you?" Jake asked, but his wife shook her head.

"No no, you take care of this. My diary's on your phone as well - it won't take two seconds."

"Okay," Jake reluctantly agreed, and turned back to the conversation.

"Now, does it have to be a night?" Megan asked. "Because Jane and me are free on Saturday mornings..."

###

As Anita approached the large doors of the manor, they swung open before she could even reach the knob.

"Hello?" she called out, but the only response was the echo of



her own voice. She quickly managed to navigate back to Mason's office, but just as she was about to knock, a sound coming from the other side of the office door made her pause.

A flush rose to her cheeks as she realized what it was, but just as she'd convinced herself to come back tomorrow, the old man's wheezing voice rang out.

"Come in!"

Anita froze.

"I, uh..."

"What is it?"

"It sounds like you're busy! I'll come back later!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake..."

There was the sound of a slight scuffling, and again Lord DeGraves called out to her.

"I'm decent. Come in, you silly girl."

Still bright red, Anita pushed the door open to find Lord DeGraves wearing a dress shirt and an unbuttoned pair of pants, while Bethany lay across the old man's desk completely naked.

"Oh!" Anita cried, and Lord DeGraves rolled his eyes.

"You'll be seeing a lot more than that in the next few months, trust me."

"I just...my phone..."

"Bethany, be a dear and roll over?"

The naked girl obeyed her master with a smile, and Anita stepped forward, trying as hard as she could not to look at the girl's ample assets.

"Pardon the smell," Lord DeGraves said with a leer, and suddenly the smell was all that Anita could notice. "Yes...it's a distinctive one, isn't it? The smell of sex. No matter how hard you try, it's impossible to mask."

Anita picked up her (now slightly sticky) phone, and when she turned to go, found Lord DeGraves blocking her path. One of his bony arms reached out and grabbed her face.

"You do know what I'm talking about, don't you?"

"Lord DeGraves, sir...please, I didn't..."

"The sweet, sweaty, salty smell of sex. It's pungent - like those flowers that give off the scent of rotting meat to attract flies. But they don't smell exactly like rotting meat, do they? They just have the feel of it, the general tone, but it's never quite right. The smell of sex is like that - it's distinctive. They tried to bottle it for a while, make a deodorant that smelled like sex. But you can't do it - it's natural, and you can't replicate it in a lab."

Anita was staring into the old man's eyes as he raved, flecks of spittle flying off his tongue. His mouth was moving, but his eyes were perfectly still.

He sniffed, and she watched with horror as his nostrils flared slightly. She could practically feel the particles that Jake had left behind that morning escaping her, leaving her through her pores, through her orifices, being drawn to Lord DeGraves' powerful nose, telling him exactly what she'd done, exactly how she'd lied to him...

"That's the thing about sex," he continued, the blood vessels in his eye throbbing almost audibly. "It's not like anything else. No matter what you do, you can never get what sex gives you...it's a rare treat like that. A gift. It's one-of-a-kind, and it should be treasured..."

He dropped his arm, and suddenly the room (which had seemed so small to Anita just a moment ago) opened up again, and she felt like she could breathe.

"And that's why I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Sex is a rare treat, and Bethany is incredible at it. Unless you'd like to stay and join us, of course..."

"Thank you," Anita said, her smile completely unconvincing. "But I should..."

"Ah yes. I'm sure they're wondering where you've been."

When Anita returned to the others, she was surprised to find that DeGraves was right.

"I went in and came straight back," she explained, confused by their concern. Her husband exchanged a worried look with their friends.

"You've been almost forty minutes, sweetness."

Anita's brow furrowed. She'd gotten slightly lost on the way out - the sounds of Bethany's moans had filled the halls, and Anita had momentarily been distracted by them, trying to work out if Bethany was incredible at faking, or if she really had a thing for old, rich men.

"That can't be right..." Anita replied, confused. Her brain felt foggy, and the sound of Bethany's pleasure was still ringing in her ears.

"Don't worry about it," Jane said, seeing her distress, and quickly explained the schedule they'd planned. "So, I guess I'll see you at ours tomorrow night, for our first orgy!"

Jake and Megan laughed, but Anita just frowned, distracted by what she'd just seen, smelled...and heard.

###

"What do you think happened in there?"

"You know Anita," Megan replied. "She's gotten lost at the food court before. I'm sure she just..."

Megan glanced over at Jane, and lost her train of thought. Even after all their years together, she still found herself getting distracted by her girlfriend's form. She was exactly Megan's type - a little short, a little chubby, with a dazzling smile and eyes she could lose hours in.

And that wasn't the only part of Jane that she could lose hours in.

She knew the next month was going to be hard. She was used to pinning Jane down as soon as she got home, watching her lover's face blush as she slowly unbuttoned her clothes, watching her mouth fall open as Megan's tongue began exploring her body...

Jane smiled as she continued driving the two of them home. Megan's intense gaze was something she was used to, but never tired of. She was sure that it was going to be a challenge to refrain from letting her girlfriend take her for the next month, but she was equally sure that they were up to it. Jane had spent two months in Europe a few years ago, and they'd worked out alternative methods of keeping the other satiated.

Physical intimacy was nice, of course, but it was far from the only option.

"Mmm?"

"What?"

"I'm sure she just what?"

Megan smiled.

"I have absolutely no idea."

"Do you think they'll crack?"

Megan forced her eyes away from the slight flush on Jane's neck, and looked at the road

"I'm sure they'll be fine. Well, I'm sure Anita will."

"And Jake?"

Megan rolled her eyes.

"He's a *man*."

Jane pursed her lips.

"Don't be like that. You like Jake."

"Of course I do. Doesn't mean I don't know what he is. If he loses us that money..."

"He won't," Jane replied confidently. "I mean, come on. It's just one month."

###

That night, Anita lay awake in the spare bed, staring at the ceiling. She and Jake had agreed to sleep in different rooms, just to avoid any risk of temptation. On one hand, it felt a bit ridiculous - Lord Mason had no way of keeping track of where and when any of them had sex...but on the other hand, four hundred thousand dollars was a lot of money, and it was only a month. Thirty days.

It was only thirty days.

Anita didn't normally masturbate - her sex life with Jake was robust and healthy, and kept her completely satisfied. But before they'd met half a decade ago, Anita had been a virgin, and extremely familiar with pleasuring herself.

As she moved one hand back and forth over the light fuzz between her legs, her other hand reached up and clasped her throat. Being choked was a fetish that she'd never been able to bring herself to share with Jake, but just holding her neck

as she played with herself was enough to increase her heart rate and get her juices flowing.

Soon, her folds were ready to part, and she slipped a finger between them. She shut her eyes, and thought of her beautiful husband Jake - she imagined him pinning her to the bed, his strong, dominant body above her, controlling her, owning her, taking her...

But to her annoyance, her mind kept flitting back to what she'd seen in Lord Mason's office that morning. Anita had never been interested in women in the slightest - when Megan had come out to her in high school, she'd briefly questioned her own sexuality, but her attraction to men was too strong for her to seriously consider any alternatives.

At that moment, however, she found it difficult to get the image of Bethany's naked body out of her head. She'd looked so full-figured, so womanly - she was everything the female form should be. Huge, full breasts, curves that most women would kill for. Anita hadn't been able to avoid seeing everything as she lay on the desk, fully exposed.

It took a few minutes for Anita to realize that she was stroking her wetness while thinking about another woman's body. She shook her head to clear the images, tightened her grip on her own neck slightly (though not enough to cut off her air supply or leave any marks) and brought her attention back to her husband.

Yes, Jake. He was probably in the other room right now, stroking that long, handsome cock of his, thinking about her. Thinking about how good it felt when she kissed him, when she jerked him off. Thinking about how good it felt when she went down on him, sucked his cock...not like one would go down on a woman. No, that was a totally different procedure.

With a woman like Bethany, who was shaved, it would probably be easier. Jake had never said anything, of course, but when he went down on her (which he did frequently and enthusiastically) he regularly had to stop and remove hairs from his mouth. No, if Anita were to go down on Bethany, there would be no need for that. She could insert two fingers into that beautiful wet cunt, and slowly lick up and down her pussy lips, until her clit came out of its shell and demanded some attention...

Again, Anita had been stroking her clit for several minutes before she realized that she was thinking about Bethany again.

*Damn it, she thought. Okay, focus.*

Fucking. Though they both loved going down on each other, that was what she and Jake did best. They were just always so in rhythm - she'd frequently joked that it was like his cock was custom-built for her opening.

Getting a cock custom-built was certainly possible. One night, after a few too many glasses of wine, Megan had confessed to her that, though she was as gay as they came, she'd always loved being pounded with a strap-on. Jane was bisexual, and one of her boyfriends had actually given her a custom-made dildo of his cock for a birthday present one year. She'd added it to their repertoire of strap-ons, and even Megan had agreed that it was a pretty magnificent cock.

If she had a strap-on made of Jake's cock, surely it wouldn't be cheating if another woman fucked her with that. After all, it would be him inside of her (in a manner of speaking), even if it was Bethany wearing it, pulling her hair and fucking her with Jake's cock. Long, hard strokes, spanking her, choking her...

Anita had almost reached orgasm when she realized that she'd done it again. Every time she tried to get off, she was thinking about Bethany. As if it wasn't enough that she couldn't *fuck* her husband, apparently now she couldn't even think about him as she came...

With a sigh, she pulled her hand out of her panties and rolled onto her side. Maybe a good night's sleep would be enough to wipe the images of Bethany's curvy, sweaty, naked body from her mind. She could try again in the morning...with the shower head.

With a smile, Anita fell asleep, her mind filled with images of showering with Bethany and demonstrating for her exactly what the shower head could do...

###

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Chapter 3:

"Thanks so much for having us around, Anita."

"Not at all, not at all! It's my pleasure."

"Should we...should we alternate?"

"Fuck that."

"Jane! Language."

"Megan, honey, two things. Firstly, these two have heard me swear before. Secondly, after what we're going to do tonight... after what we're going to do *four times* a week for the rest of the month, I'm they can cope with a swear word."

"Yes, but...-"

"And thirdly...-"

"I thought you said it was only two things."

"I'm bisexual, my love. You know how fickle we can be. Thirdly, I am not interested in cleaning up for guests twice a week. Are you?"

"...yes, okay. Point made. Do you mind if we just use your place every time, Anita?"

"I'd love that."

"So, is everyone ready?"

"That keen, Jake?"

"Oh god, no! No, I meant coffee."

"I know. I'm just teasing. None for me, thanks."

"Me neither."

"Thanks, my love, but I'm good as well."

"Oh. Well. Uh, in that case...is everyone...ready?"

"This time do you mean..."

"Yeah. Yeah."

"Okay."

"Jane, stop giggling."

"Oh come on, Anita. It's a funny situation."

"Is it?"

"We're about to traipse into your living room, sit on couches with our partners, cover ourselves with blankets, and awkwardly rub genitals for a few minutes."

"Ha!"

"Jake!"

"She's right, hon. It *is* pretty funny."

"Well, I'm as ready as I'll ever be!"

"Lead the way, Megan."

"Do you...do you have a preference?"

"I'll take the green couch."

"Maybe we should arrange them so that they're, y'know. Facing away from each other."

"Yeah, that's a good idea. Do you want...-"

"No, Jake. I know that we're only *women*, but Megan and I are capable of moving a couch."

"Okay, okay. No need to burn your bras."

"I'm not wearing a bra."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"What?"

"Nothing, honey. That just seemed to...come out of nowhere."

"It's just you and the girls. It's not like I'm going live on TV and confessing it."

"I, for one, could stand to hear more about this lack of bra situation."

"Jane!"

"What?"

"Inappropriate!"

"Megan, my love, I'm going to remind you for a second time - once we have moved these couches, we are going to sit a few



feet away from each other while I caress your genitals, and Jake caresses his wife's. I don't see the harm in talking about Anita's soon-to-be-fondled tits."

"I just thought it would be easier."

"And right you are, Anita. Right you are."

"Honey, how much have you had to drink?"

"I just had one glass. I thought it would...take the edge off a little."

"Megan, take a note. After one glass, Anita is happy to talk about her tits."

"Ha ha ha. Come on, everyone, let's get this over with."

"Honestly, Jake, I didn't think you'd be the one to stop the three-woman tit conversation."

"Reluctant though I am, I don't want to stretch this out any more than we have to. Everyone ready?"

"Ready."

"Let's...let's get fondling."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Everything okay over there?"

"Yes, Anita. My hand, you'll be glad to know, is firmly nestled between Megan's legs."

"Jane!"

"Sorry, love, but it's true. How are things over there?"

"Good, good. Jake's on top of me, and...um..."

"Yeah, we probably don't need to talk while we do this."

"Thank you, Jake."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"When do we know that it's been long enough?"

"Probably not the first time you've heard that, hey Jake?"

"Ha ha ha. Anita's right though; we can probably stop."

"Well done, everyone."

"One down. Fifteen to go?"

"That's right."

"Well, let's hope they're all this awkward."

"Trust me, Megan, they definitely will be."

###

"I can't believe you," Megan grumbled as they drove home.

Jane rolled her eyes.

"Honey, no matter *what* we do, it's going to be awkward. That's the point. That's exactly what the old perv wants."

"Yes, but you didn't have to..."

"What? Joke around?"

"Yeah."

Jane smiled, and her hand reached out and rested on Megan's thigh.

"Come on, honey. At least I didn't get drunk and start talking about my tits."

Megan was forced to laugh.

"Yeah, that was...I've never seen Anita acting like that."

"It's a weird situation. I'm not surprised that someone has cracked."

"Still. I'd rather you didn't..."

Jane interrupted with a smile.

"Is it possible," she said slowly, keeping her voice calm.

"That your frustration is stemming from...y'know. Your

frustration?"

Megan sighed.

"Yeah," she said, after a reluctant pause. "Yeah."

"Jesus Christ, woman. It's only been two days!"

"I know," Megan said, reaching out and touching Jane's thigh.  
"Two days too long..."

That night, Megan had just finished tucking herself into bed, when she was surprised by a knock at the door.

"Hey," Jane said, poking her head around the corner. "I brought you something."

Megan managed to catch the small vibrator before it hit the bed.

"Oh?"

"Yeah," Jane said, opening the door to reveal the blue lingerie she was wearing. "I know we can't, y'know...but that doesn't mean we can't fool around."

"Oh?"

"The contract was very clear," the scantily-clad woman purred, slinking into the room and sitting on the end of the bed.  
"Sexual contact. If I'm sitting all the way over here, and you're all the way over there...that's not contact. That's just two lesbians touching themselves."

A smile slowly spread across Megan's face.

"Oh..."

"And maybe while we do," Jane continued, "I'll happen to talk to you about some fantasies I've had over the years. Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

"Of course not," Megan said, slipping the vibrator between her lips to moisten it. "That's just polite conversation."

"Exactly," Jane smiled. "Now, did I ever tell you the one about the extremely sensible young woman, and the bisexual slut who kept getting her into trouble?"

"No," Megan purred. "But I'm dying to hear how it goes..."

###

Lord Mason DeGraves, to Anita's eyes, seemed to be a man who was extremely hard to shock. And yet, for the second time since she'd met him, the old man looked completely taken aback.

"You mean to tell me..."

"That's right," she said, averting her eyes and staring at the floor. "The night before we signed the contract...my husband and I had sex."

Anita looked up in alarm at the strange noise. It took her a few moments to realize what it was.

The old man was...laughing.

"You mean to say," he cackled, "you're just...you're just coming here and *confessing*?"

"Yes," she said again, tilting her head to the side in confusion. "I feel terrible. We should never have lied to you; it's been eating me up inside."

For the next few minutes, Lord DeGraves wheezed and spluttered with amusement, as Anita watched. Finally, when he was done, he took a deep breath and sat back in his chair.

"Well," he said, the delighted, wicked grin never leaving his face. "This is a new one."

"What is?"

"I've never had someone actually *confess* before. That's..."

He paused at the look of confusion on her face.

"Never mind. Young lady, I appreciate you coming in and telling me. That was a bold move."

"It doesn't invalidate the contract, does it?"

"No, no," Lord DeGraves said, waving her concerns away. "No, you'll still get your money. Provided everyone abides by the rules, of course."

"Of course," Anita replied. "No sex without being in the same room as everyone until the end of the month."

A knowing gleam entered the old man's eye, and he pressed a button on his desk.

"Actually," he said, his voice suddenly as soft as silk.

"Technically, that's not what the contract says..."

"Oh?"

Bethany entered, wearing a French Maid outfit, and pushing a trolley. On it, Anita could see a pot of tea and a copy of the contract.

"Tea?"

"No, thank you."

"You've been so good," Mason leered. "Maybe..."

Again, he cut himself off.

"No tea, Bethany," he said. Picking up the contract, he handed it to Anita.

"Read clause three."

"Um..."

"I promise," he said gently, "you've done nothing wrong."

Anita cleared her throat.

"Clause three," she read. "A. The undersigned shall not partake in physical sexual contact of any kind with their partner without all four signatories being present. B. The undersigned shall not partake in physical sexual contact of any kind with *anyone* who is not a signatory or a witness. C..."

"That's enough," the old man interrupted.

"I don't understand," Anita said. "It says that we can't have sex without all four of us being present."

"No," Mason leered. "It says that you can't have sex with your *partner* without everyone being there."

It took a few seconds for Anita to understand what the billionaire was saying. Her eyes widened, and she re-read clause three of the contract twice more.

"So you're saying..."

The old man remained silent.

"I can only have sex with Jake while Megan and Jane are there, but if I wanted to have sex with *them*..."

"Or the witnesses," Lord DeGraves cackled, and Anita flipped

the page.

There were two witnesses to the contract - Lord Mason DeGraves, and Bethany.

"Oh."

Anita didn't say a word for several minutes, processing the new information. The only sounds in the room were Lord Mason's heavy breathing, and the ruffling of Bethany's French Maid outfit as she crossed and uncrossed her legs.

Finally, the old man broke the silence.

"Well," he said, standing up with a satisfied grunt. "Can't dilly-dally around here all day. Men to see, dogs to discuss. Bethany, I trust you can...take care of Anita?"

When Anita looked up, DeGraves was gone.

###

"Come in, come in!"

"Anita! You're in a...good mood."

"Don't worry, I'm not drunk. Sorry about last time, by the way."

"No, no. It's fine. Whatever we can do to get through this, right?"

"Jake's just taking the roast out of the oven, so...-"

"Actually..."

"What?"

"We ate before we came."

"Oh! Oh. I thought this was going to be..."

"It was going to be, but we realized that...well, four times a week. If we make an evening out of it every time, we're never going to get anything else done."

"Okay! Sure. That makes sense. Do you want us to put it in tupperware?"

"No, no. Keep it for yourselves."

"Got it. No problem. So...let's go straight to the lounge-room, shall we?"

"Thanks, Anita. We should have warned you."

"It's absolutely fine. I promise."

"Didn't put the furniture back?"

"Well, no. It's like you said - four times a week! Who wants to do that work every time?"

"So...shall we..."

"Jake! They're here!"

"Hey girls! Dinner is almost...-"

"They already ate, honey."

"Oh! Okay, no problem. Would they like...-"

"Keep them."

"Ah. Well, seems that we'll have leftovers tomorrow."

"Thanks for understanding, Jakey."

"No worries, 'Janey'."

"Please don't call me that."

"I won't if you don't."

"Come on guys, this is already uncomfortable enough. Let's keep it pleasant."

"Sorry, Jake."

"No prob-..."

"...-ey."

"Ha ha ha."

"Sorry. I've just been, y'know. A little on edge."

"Just remember: a hundred thousand dollars. Each."

"Believe me, darling, I think about it every day."

"Same couches as last time?"

"Perfect."

"How has your week been?"

"Good, good."

"You guys...struggling with it at all?"

"Jane!"

"Just asking."

"Not going to lie, it's been tough."

"Anita, have you been struggling?"

"Hmmm?"

"With the...arrangement. Been having a tough time?"

"Oh, no."

"No?"

"Hmm?"

"You're not having any problem with it at all?"

"Jake, honey, don't sound so upset. It's just...it's different for women."

"Not for us, it hasn't been."

"Well, maybe you're right. Maybe I've been having a lot of trouble with it."

"Anita, are you okay?"

"I'm wonderful, thank you. Is everyone ready to begin?"

"Yes."

"Whenever you're ready."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"What's that?"

"Uh, nothing. I was just talking to Anita."

"What about?"

"Jane!"



"Megan, my hand is buried in your snatch, and I'm pretty sure that Jake is rubbing his junk against his wife's junk. Is it *really* crossing the line to make conversation while we do this?"

"Yes!"

"Yeah."

"No, I don't think so."

"Thank you, Anita! What were you guys talking about?"

"I was telling Anita how much I...miss touching her."

"No you weren't, Jake. You were asking why I shaved."

"..."

"..."

"Okay, sorry. You two were right. Let's not chatter while we do they, hey?"

"*Thank you, Jane.*"

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Okay, that's got to be long enough. See you guys tomorrow?"

"Yuuuuup."

"Yeah."

"See you then!"

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."

"Yess..."

"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 *actually* 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 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..."

All Together Now

by Pan

Chapter 5:

"Oh, hey Megan. You know it's not..."

Megan laughed, breezing past her high-school friend. "Yes, Anita. I know it's not the night that we're not due to come over and fuck on the couch beside you."

"Megan!"

At the sight of her friend's blush, Megan rolled her eyes. "What would you call it, Ms Prude?"

"We're just...you know. For the contract."

"Ohhhhh, is *that* why we're doing it? You know, I'd totally forgotten."

Anita returned her friend's eyeroll. "Yeah, yeah, okay, you

don't have to...-

"I thought we'd just all abruptly decided to start getting together and bump uglies four times a week for no reason at all."

"Are you done?"

"Yeah," Megan replied, poking out her tongue playfully.

"So what's up?"

"I had a crazy idea," Megan said.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," she said, ignoring the worried look in her friends' eye. "I thought that, y'know, we could hang out even when we're *not* pretending to have sex next to each other, to fulfil an old man's weird fantasy."

"It is weird, isn't it?" Anita said, wrinkling her nose. Megan shot her a flat look.

"Yes, Anita. Yes, it is definitely weird. That fact has never been in dispute."

"You want some wine?"

"Jesus, Anita, it's not even three."

"That's not a no..."

Megan shot her friend a firm look. A look which was, technically, still not a no.

Forty minutes later, the two women were most of the way through a bottle of wine.

"I don't want to know!" Megan said, firmly covering her ears.

"Yeah and I wasn't going to tell you," Anita said with a giggle. "Not the specifics."

"I can't remember if this has ever come up, but I'm gay, my friend. Hearing about your husband getting off, even without 'the specifics', is firmly T-M-I."

"Well I don't care, I'm going to thank you anyway. Talking dirty to him across the room was a great idea. It's helped a lot."

"I'm glad," Megan said, lowering her hands and shooting a warm

smile at the blonde woman sitting opposite her. "Seriously, anything that gets us through this. Can you believe it's barely been two weeks?"

"Uh huh," Anita replied, a somber note appearing in her voice.

"What's up?"

"I didn't do the math when we signed the contract," she said with a sigh. "I just..."

"What?"

"It's Jake's birthday tomorrow."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. And...I know it's dumb, but we always...do something new on his birthday."

"Something...new?"

"In the bedroom."

Megan wrinkled her nose. "Like what?"

"I thought you didn't want to hear about it," Anita giggled.

"Oh! Yeah, definitely not. Gross."

There was a brief silence, until the brunette lesbian tentatively broke it with a question.

"Hang on, haven't you been together for like a decade now?"

"Uh huh. Eight years."

"So how can...how can you do something new every year?"

Anita grinned, a surprisingly saucy look on the small woman's innocent face. "You sure you want to know?"

"No," Megan sighed. "But you know me. If I know I don't know something...I gotta know. So, yeah. Out with it. I'll just have to scrub my brain with bleach when I'm done."

"More wine might be the solution," Anita said, topping up Megan's glass.

"More wine is *always* the solution," her friend replied, raising it to her lips. "So, go on. Spill."

"Well, our first time was on his birthday. And then the next

year, I let him cum on my tits."

"Ew."

"Actually, not so bad. Unlike the year after, when I let him cum on my face."

"Ew."

"Yeah, I wasn't so into that. Anal, of course..."

"Should I ask?"

Anita giggled again, and took another sip of wine.

"Let's just say that one is...still in rotation. Five year was a big one, that's when I stopped making him use condoms."

"Wait, he was still using condoms after *five years*?"

"Well, yeah. I was on the pill, but STIs are still a thing."

"Jesus you're sensible."

Anita tilted her head to the side. "I'm going to take that one as a compliment."

"You do you, boo."

Sixth year was the first time I gave him head..."

"You're *kidding*," Megan said, choking on her wine.

"I am," Anita said, her straight face disappearing in another burst of giggles. "No, we did that on like the third date. Although, sixth year was still head. Except I..."

She blushed, and Megan leaned forward. "I had no idea that straight people had so many limits."

"...I let him film it," Anita admitted. "And that information does *not* leave this room."

"And what about last year?"

"Anal again," Anita said, her blush deepening. "But...the other way around."

"Oh. Oh!"

"Yeah, that was a bit of a bust. Neither of us were into it. Glad we tried it, but yeah - a total flop. So that's why I was kind of excited for this year."

"What were you going to do?"

Anita straightened up, and shot her friend a cheeky stare. "You're very interested for someone who is sooooo gay."

"I know, right?" Megan said. "You can blame the wine, the twelve days without sex - not that I'm counting - and the dirty talk for that one."

"The dirty talk?"

"Oh, yeah." Now it was Megan's turn to blush. "Jane's not as gay as me, so I've been...jesus, I can't believe I'm telling you this."

"I just told you seven years of the most embarrassing things I've ever done, Megs."

"Fair."

Megan took another big sip of wine, then turned her big brown eyes towards her friend.

"So when I talk dirty to Jane, I've been..."

"...what?"

"Well, she's into guys. So in the dirty talk...I've been including guys."

Anita's eyebrows shot up.

"Jane is into guys?"

"What did you think 'bisexual' meant, my sweet?"

"No, I mean...I dunno. I never really thought about it."

"Yeah. And can I tell you something *really* weird?"

"I'll be offended if you don't," Anita said, staring at her friend intensely.

"I'm sort of getting into it."

"Whoa!"

"I mean, don't get me wrong, I *definitely* don't want to... y'know. I just like how much she likes it. Does that make sense?"

"Sure," Anita said with a soft laugh. There was a long pause, and both women were aware that the tone in the room had

shifted. The giggles were gone, and it felt more like a wine-filled confession booth.

Megan took a deep breath, and Anita's attention was drawn to her friend's lips. Had they always been so pink? Had they always looked so soft?

They reminded her of Bethany's. Anita had spent a *lot* of time thinking about Bethany's lips over the past ten days.

"So," Megan said. "Before I melt through the floor with embarrassment, tell me - what were you planning for this year?"

"Oh," Anita said, reddening at the question. "It's dumb. I did this massage class after hours last month, one night a week. I have this oil, and I was going to...well, you know. But now, that's all off the table."

"Yeah," Megan nodded. "I'm not a lawyer, but I'm pretty sure a happy ending would count as 'sexual contact'."

"Exactly. So now I've got to ruin a birthday tradition."

"That sucks, Neets. I wish I could help."

Megan narrowed her eyes. A strange look had come across her friends' face. It reminded her of something - of someone - but she couldn't quite place it.

"Well," Anita said quietly. "Maybe you can."

---

"Oh!" Jane said as she walked inside that afternoon. "I didn't expect to find you here."

"I live here," Megan said, her voice still slightly slurred. Jane raised one eyebrow.

"The car wasn't outside. You been sitting here and getting drunk alone? Cos I'm pretty sure I should be reading that as a cry for help."

"I went to Anita's," her girlfriend confessed. "And got a liiiittle bit drunk. Took a cab home. I'm fine now."

"I love you, my darling, but you're not fine," Jane teased with a grin. "You're such a lightweight."

"I'll have a coffee. Sober me up."



"Or I could just have two shots," Jane replied, slipping off her heels. "Y'know, catch up."

Megan blew her girlfriend a kiss. "I love you."

"I love you too," Jane said. "And I thought we could talk."

"...about what?"

"No," Jane said, unzipping her skirt and letting it fall to the floor. "I thought we could *talk*."

A huge grin spread across Megan's face.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," Jane purred. "You left me hanging last time. You were sitting on Reny's face, and his hard cock was throbbing in my hand. How am I meant to know what was going to happen next?"

"You know the rules," Megan said. "You cum, that's where the story ends..."

"Well," Jane said. "I've been thinking about it all day, and I think I've cracked it."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. I've used my Sherlock Holmes-level powers of deduction, and worked out exactly what happened next."

A smile slowly spread across Megan's face, and she moved one hand between her legs.

"Oh yeah?"

"Uh huh," Jane nodded. "He grabs your hips. He moves your soaking wet pussy down, until it's wrapped around his dick. Am I close?"

"Mmmmm..."

"You know, for a gold star lesbian, you sure are into my ex-boyfriend's cock."

"It's not like that," Megan said with a groan. "It's just... don't make it weird."

Jane pulled a small pink vibrator from her purse, and gently tossed it across the room. "Oh, honey. Things are going to get weird. Especially when you feel him throb inside you, and realize it's because my tongue has found his balls..."

Twenty minutes later, both women were panting with exhilaration.

"Well that was a good time," Megan said, her voice thick with satisfaction.

"I know, right? Maybe when this is all over, we should invite Reny over."

"N-no," Megan said. "I told you, this is...this is just us fooling around. Because of...you know. It's not...I'm not..."

She trailed off, avoiding Jane's gaze.

"I'm sorry," both women said at once. Jane held up one hand, and Megan let her speak.

"I'm sorry," she said again. "I don't...I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I just never expected it. It's a whole new side of you. One that I very, very much like."

"I wish I could touch you," Megan sighed.

"Me too."

The two women smiled at each other, until Megan's eyes lit up.

"Speaking of weird, you'll never believe what Anita asked me to do."

"What?"

"Make out with her."

"What!? Anita? But she...wait. Did you turn Anita?"

Megan waved her hand dismissively at her girlfriend's impressed look.

"Ha! I wish. No, nothing like that. Friday is Jake's birthday. She thought he'd like it."

"I'll bet he would. Right up until he realizes that it just lost us four hundred thousand dollars."

"That's the thing," Megan said, sitting up and staring into her girlfriend's eyes. "It doesn't."

"What?"

"Yeah, she showed me the contract. There's a loophole. Technically, you could have sex with Anita any time you like."

"Don't tease me."

"No, I'm serious. You could make out with Anita, I could fuck Jake. We could both go back to the Manor and double team the old man - as long as we didn't touch *each other*, we wouldn't be in breach of contract."

"That's not what the contract said."

"It is, actually. We can't have sex with our partners, or with anyone who isn't in the contract. Everything else, legally speaking, is fair game."

Jane slumped back, her mind spinning.

"Wait. So Anita wanted you to...put on a show with her?"

"Basically, yeah. Would you like that?"

Jane's moan of pleasure was more than enough of a response.

"So...what'd you say?"

"No."

Jane moaned again, but this time in disappointment. "Megan, don't be such a cunt-tease."

"Anita's my best friend, it would just be too weird. Besides, who wants to be shown off like a piece of meat like that?"

"I dunno," Jane replied, her hand moving back between her legs. "It sounds kind of hot."

"Gross."

"I mean, can't you imagine it? Anita's mouth against yours, her hands roaming over your body."

Megan rolled her eyes, but her girlfriend continued unabated.

"Jake's eyes on you, devouring your body. You know that the next time he gets off - probably the next time he gets off for the next year - he'll be reliving this moment. Thinking about it. Imagining you..."

Jane trailed off, and Megan leaned forward.

"Sounds like you've given this a lot of thought."

"No," Jane protested weakly. "It just...c'mon, you have to admit there's something kind of hot about the idea. What if it was Reny?"

Megan's eyes fluttered briefly at the thought, before they snapped open.

"Oh!"

"What?"

"You should do it!"

"What? No!"

"Yes," Megan said excitedly. "Yeah, this is great. You should totally do it."

"How does it make more sense for me to do it than you?"

"Well for one, you're into Anita...-"

"I am *not* into Anita. Not really."

"And you are apparently very into this idea..."

Jane opened her mouth, but no sound came out.

"This way, Jake gets his birthday present, you get your shot with Anita, *and* she owes you one."

"Megan, I'm not..."

Jane trailed off again, and a strange expression came across Megan's face. For a moment, Jane thought she recognized it - like she'd seen the exact same look on someone else, quite recently - but before she could place it, her girlfriend had thrown her the pink toy.

"What if I ordered you to?"

Jane narrowed her eyes.

"What?"

"What *'ma'am'*," Megan growled insistently.

Jane stared at her girlfriend for a moment, then - as if something other than herself was controlling her hand - picked up the toy and moved it between her legs.

"When we go to Anita's house tomorrow, you're going to wear what I tell you to, my little pet. You're going to do what I tell you to. And you're going to love it."

A soft gasp escaped Jane's lips.

"Yes...ma'am..."

---

"Hey guys! You're here early."

"Yeah, Jane really didn't want to be late."

"Oh, shut up."

"Anita's still in the shower. Sorry, we weren't expecting you to be...are you okay?"

"Hmm?"

"You both seem a little off."

"Oh, yeah. Sorry, we didn't get much sleep last night."

"..."

"..."

"...Jake?"

"God, that was the weirdest thing."

"What was?"

"Sorry, it's just..."

"C'mon, Jake. Spill it."

"For a moment, Megan, you...I could have sworn, you looked exactly like Mason DeGraves did when we signed that contract."

"Wow. Such a flatterer."

"No, I didn't mean..."

"Nice one, Jakey. Comparing my face to a man who's a bazillion years old."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

"She's kidding, Jake."

"Oh! Haha, I'm sorry. I'm a little spacy today."

"You're all good. Can we come in?"

"Of course! Come right on in."

"You moved the furniture back?"

"Yeah. Anita insisted. It's my birthday, so...-"

"Oh, happy birthday!"

"Happy birthday, Jake!"

"Yeah, thanks. Not a big deal, but you know Anita is with birthdays."

"Oh yeah."

"Ah, here she comes now."

"Hey guys! Megan, I got your text. I'm so excited."

"What text?"

"Jakey, just sit down here. We have a little surprise for you."

"Uh, don't you want to get dressed first?"

"What's wrong, Jake, you don't like the towel look on your wife?"

"No, Megan, it's just that..."

"The towel is exactly what I want to wear for this."

"Anita, what are you...-"

"Just sit down here, my love. I promise, you're going to like this."

"Okay..."

"Jane?"

"Come on, Jane. Get up there."

"Yes ma' -...Megan."

"Okay, so Jake, you know for your birthday I normally get you... a special present."

"Uh..."

"Well, because I can't do that this year, I recruited Jane to help me."

"Anita, you don't have to...-"

"..."

"..."

"..."

"...wow."

"Wow is right, Jake. That was, like, the hottest thing I've ever seen. What did you think, Jane?"

"Um. Uh. Yeah. That was...that was pretty good."

"Did you like it, honey?"

"Uh, yeah. I mean, I'm surprised Jane agreed to...well, you know. But yeah, if it's okay to say..."

"C'mon, Jake. We were all in on it. No one's gonna get mad at you here."

"Well then, yeah. I'd have to agree with Megan. That was probably the hottest thing I've ever seen. Although isn't it a little...-"

"The show's not over yet, hon."

"Oh! Uh, that's okay. You don't have to...oh, wow."

"Oh my god."

"Anita, your towel!"

"We're all grown-ups here, Jake. Now, Jane, let's...mmmm..."

"Whoa, okay, we should probably..."

"Hang on, Jake. Give them a minute."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Mmmm...happy birthday, hon."

"Uh, yeah. Wow. I...there are literally no words."

"C'mere, Janey."

"Mmm."

"Uh, thanks, Jane. That was...I mean, you didn't have to..."

"It's your birthday, Jake."

"Haha thanks, but I mean..."

"Seriously, don't worry about it. We were just messing around. Wanted to give you a birthday you'd remember."

"Well, yeah. I can promise, there is no chance of me ever, ever forgetting that. Now, we probably should move the furniture back. And Anita, you should, um..."

"What?"

"You're still not, uh, dressed."

"So?"

"So I appreciate the gift, but we should probably, um..."

"Oh. I mean, is there really a point? When we're about to..."

"I'm sure everyone would be more comfortable if you put on some clothes, sweetie."

"Speak for yourself, Jakey. Me and Jane are fine with it. Aren't we, Jane?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Uh, okay then."

"Now come on. Let's get the room back together, and then we can...well, like we do every time."

"Anita, have you got the other end?"

"Uh huh."

"And...lift..."

"There we go."

"Okay, everyone ready to go?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Well then, let's do this. And for the first time, it won't be the weirdest part of the evening. Uh, not that I'm complaining."

"Just don't expect it every year, okay Jake?"

"I promise, that was enough to last me a lifetime."



"C'mon, hon. Let's do this."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Anita!"

"Lot of noise coming from your couch there, Jakey."

"Yeah I, uh...Anita is..."

"You guys don't mind, do you? It's his birthday."

"No, that's fine. Since it's such a special occasion.""

"No, seriously, I don't want to...ah! Oh, Anita, no, I don't..."

"Don't you like it, Jake?"

"Of course I do, honey, but...we have...they're just over the...-"

"I'm sure they don't mind. Do you, guys?"

"Go on, Jake. You're the birthday boy. You've earned it."

"Please. I'll almost be offended if you don't."

"Uh, okay. I mean, thanks, I guess. You really don't have to...-"

"C'mon, Jake. Be a man already."

"I, uh...I...oh! Oh! Oh..."

"Mmmmm. Happy birthday, Jake."

"Yeah, happy birthday."

"And many happy returns."

"Uh, thanks. All of you. Sorry if that was...weird."

"Jake, seriously. The old man who's paying us four hundred thousands dollars to do this is the one who made it weird, not you. You deserve to get off on your birthday."

"...thanks, I guess."

"It's okay, Jake. Calm down. Jane and I can stay in the room

if you want a second round."

"No! No, thanks. But that's fine. We'll see you in a few days."

"Looking forward to it."

All Together Now

by Pan

Chapter 6:

"Honey, you're speeding."

"I'm not speeding," Jane snapped, lifting her foot slightly. "I just...I want to get home."

"Oh yeah?"

Megan grinned at her highly-strung girlfriend. "Something you want to...talk about?"

"Yes," Jane growled. "Very, very much."

"Mm-hmm," Megan said, putting her arms above her head and stretching. "Can't wait."

Jane's girlfriend only had to warn her not to speed twice more before they got home - in record time, to no one's surprise. As soon as they crossed the threshold, Jane sat firmly on the couch, and pointed to the armchair in the corner of the room.

"Sit," she ordered hungrily. "Toy. Now."

Megan raised one eyebrow. "So you're the one giving orders now, are you?"

Jane's face immediately shifted, from a look of demand and need...to one of complete and utter submission.

"Please," Jane whined, and Megan decided to cut her girlfriend some slack. Pulling her toy out of her handbag, she threw it to Jane, then sat on the armchair.

"So, what did you want to talk about?"

"Oh, *god*," Jane purred, as she moved the small vibrator between her legs. "Megan, that was like, the hottest thing ever."

"I'm not sure how insulted I should be by that," Megan replied, her lips twitching with amusement.

"Are you saying I'm wrong?" Jane said with a groan. Her eyes had rolled back into her head, and her entire body was trembling with need.

"No," Megan admitted. "No, that was pretty much the hottest thing ever. I had no idea you were such a little exhibitionist."

"I'm normally not. But that was...god, that was something else."

Megan began running her hand up and down her own body as she spoke, enjoying the tingling sensation caused by her touch.

"And then Jake, afterwards..."

Jane blearily returned her focus to her girlfriend.

"You liked that, did you?"

"Mm-hmm," Megan admitted. Her left hand was on her throat, her right on her thigh. "The sound of him fucking Anita. His thick cock, sliding in and out of her pussy. The noises he made...the sounds he made while fucking the woman who'd just made out with my Jane. My property..."

"It was super fucking hot," Jane agreed. "But he didn't fuck her."

"What?"

Megan blinked twice, as though she'd almost forgotten that Jane was in the room.

"She just gave him head. She wouldn't fuck him while we were in the room."

"No, you're right. That would be weird. But giving head to someone while your friends are right there...her lips, wrapped around his meaty cock..."

"It's different," Jane said insistently, and Megan was once more snapped out of her reverie. She rolled her eyes. "Uh huh. Sure it is."

"Seriously. She wouldn't do that."

"Why not? She was already naked, and I think we could all tell how turned on she was..."

"Uh-uh," Jane said, shaking her head. "It was just oral."

"Well whatever it was, it was hot as hell."

A grin appeared on Jane's face.

"You really liked that?"

"Uh huh," Megan said. One of her roving hands had moved between her legs, and she was cupping her pussy as she stared at her girlfriend, writhing around on the couch. "He was probably thinking of you, y'know."

The loud moan that left Jane's mouth surprised them both.

"He was fucking his wife. Getting head," she corrected, at the sound of Jane's protest. "But even as he was cumming inside Anita, he was thinking of you."

"Oh, god..."

"After we left, he probably got off again. He probably touched himself, imagining you. Imagining that you'd been as naked as his wife..."

"God, wasn't she hot?"

"Imagining that he'd been in her place. Kissing you. Touching you. Imagining that he'd been the one getting you so wet. So hot and bothered..."

Jane let out another long, shuddering groan.

"He might be touching his cock right now," Megan continued. "Rubbing himself, stroking himself, imagining you naked. Imagining you on your knees in front of him. Imagining you, making out with his wife. Making out with him. Or making out with - oh, fuck - me..."

Again, Jane's eyes opened. Her girlfriend was sitting on the armchair, lost in her fantasies. Despite it being Jane's turn with the toy, she could tell that Megan was close to orgasm.

She picked up where her girlfriend had left off.

"Maybe he was imagining you with his wife," she said, her voice husky. "You're probably his exact type."

"Oh!"

"Maybe he's getting himself off right now, wrapping his hand around his big, thick cock, as he imagines you're the one

touching him. You're the one blowing him. Swallowing his seed. Fucking him..."

"Fuck!" Megan panted, her hips thrusting as she came. "Oh, fuck."

As her girlfriend's orgasm subsided, Jane grinned at her. It seemed some new desires had been unlocked in her girlfriend, and she couldn't wait to explore them further.

"Wow," Megan finally said, when she'd come down from her high. "That was, um..." "Talk later," Jane pleaded. "After we've done me. Please..."

Returning her girlfriend's smile, Megan nodded.

"So I believe Jake had one hand wrapped around his cock, picturing you kissing his wife..." "Mmm, yes..."

---

In actuality, Jake was fast asleep, in another room from his wife.

Anita, however, was wide awake.

This, she knew, had been Jake's best birthday ever. Watching her make out with another woman...and then watching her make out with that woman again, but naked. Butt-naked.

Then, blowing him on the couch. It had been the perfect gift: she would struggle to top that one next year. But she'd been so generous, so selfless...she hadn't gotten off herself.

In fact, except for Jane's lips on hers (the bisexual woman had been too shy to actually move her hands to Anita's naked body) and Jake holding her head while she blew him, she hadn't been touched all evening. And Anita wanted to be touched. Needed to be touched.

She couldn't touch her husband, not without Jane and Megan there. And as much fun as it had been, she obviously couldn't drive around to Jane and Megan's and continue what they'd started...

That would ruin their friendship. And if Jake ever heard about it, it would ruin her marriage.

But there was someone else she could visit. Someone who she was sure would be discreet. Someone who, from everything she knew about them, would welcome the young woman's touch.

Someone who she hadn't been able to stop thinking about for days.

As soon as the thought entered the blonde woman's head, she was slipping clothes on. She didn't even question it as she sneaked out of the house, started the car, and began driving.

What she was doing was technically cheating, one could argue. But not really, right? It was just...finding release.

She needed release, and she couldn't risk the money. She couldn't risk her friendships. She couldn't risk her husband's feelings.

He'd been fine with her making out with Jane. Yes, that had been for his birthday, but...the principle was the same, right? If it was with another woman, it wasn't cheating.

Jake had all but approved of her making out with Jane. He probably would have been fine with her going...further.

So how was this different?

It was just touch. Just sex. Pure and simple. And it wasn't like it was with another man. It was just...it was just..

A half-hour later, Anita was in front of the DeGrave manor. She'd only been there twice, but somehow she knew exactly where to go. The gate was ajar - strange, for such a huge, ornate gate to be left open at this time of night, but Anita didn't question it.

She parked, slipped through the gate, and made her way not into the main house itself, but around the side.

As soon as she turned the corner, she could see it. But despite seeing it, she didn't truly see it. She didn't see what it looked like, what the structure was clearly modeled after.

A kennel.

It was a casita, a little house outside the house. It was much smaller than the manor, but still huge - slightly larger than Jane and Megan's one-bedroom apartment.

She'd never been here before. She hadn't seen it on either of her previous visits. But somehow, Anita knew exactly what was inside. *Who* was inside.

There were two huge doors leading into the kennel, and - just

like the gate - they weren't fully closed. Anita approached the huge kennel, and pushed the door open.

There, inside, was what she'd been dreaming of. There, alone, was who Anita was going to find relief with.

It wasn't cheating. It was just...

Bethany.

In the center of the room was a huge, circular bed, and Bethany looked up with a soft smile to silently greet her visitor. The maid was wearing nothing but a long, flowing robe. Her hair cascaded over her shoulders and down her chest. Despite being the first room in the casita, this was clearly Bethany's bedroom.

"H-hello," Anita said nervously.

Bethany didn't say a word, but Anita knew that she'd been waiting for her. Her eyes were fixed on Anita's body, her smile warm and inviting.

Slowly, the young blonde woman approached her. Bethany didn't move as Anita came closer. Instead, the maid continued to gaze at her, the same small, beautiful smile on her face.

"May I?" Anita asked, after a moment's hesitation. Bethany nodded, and Anita awkwardly clambered onto bed. "I, um, I couldn't sleep, and so I..."

With a single finger to the blonde woman's lips, Bethany silenced her. Anita moaned at the contact - until it happened, she hadn't realized how desperately, how utterly she wanted Bethany to touch her.

She wanted Bethany to touch her everywhere.

But she didn't.

Instead, Bethany simply gazed at the beautiful woman lying in front of her. Anita was slightly older than Bethany, but she knew that didn't matter. Age didn't matter. Words didn't matter.

Nothing mattered except the two women, sitting on the bed. Anita had slipped on a t-shirt and some shorts before sneaking out; Bethany reached out and caressed the fabric, making contact with Anita's neck as she did. Her fingers were cool against Anita's warm skin.

Anita couldn't believe this was happening. This woman...this gorgeous, beautiful, statuesque woman...she was touching her? Her?

Anita looked into Bethany's eyes. There was no doubt in her mind: the maid was telling her that it was okay. That this was right.

With a soft moan, Anita leaned forward and kissed her. She'd never kissed a woman before that day, and now here she was, kissing her second.

She hadn't kissed anyone but her husband in half a decade, and she'd increased that number by 300% within just a few hours.

But this was nothing like kissing her husband. This was nothing like kissing any of ex-boyfriends. It wasn't even like kissing Jane, although that was closer. It was...it was like coming home.

Without a word, Anita removed Bethany's robe. She'd seen the woman's skin before - flushed and naked, when she'd interrupted her coitus with Lord DeGraves. But this was different. This was for her.

"Beautiful," she whispered, leaning forward to kiss the maid once again.

Bethany smiled, but still didn't make a sound. She just laid back, her body exposed for her visitor.

If Anita's friends could've seen what she was doing, they would've been shocked. If Jake had seen what she was doing, he would've been furious - or incredibly turned on. Or both.

But there was no one there to see what she was doing. Even Lord Mason DeGraves respected the sanctity of his maid's kennel. There was only the two women, enjoying each other's bodies. There was no one to hear the gasps of pleasure that Anita made, the groans that came from deep inside her.

The way she screamed Bethany's name, again and again, with a guttural need that she didn't know she was capable of.

There was no one to witness the two naked women, tangled up in each other, bringing each other to the heights of pleasure, again and again and again...

And when they were done, they curled up to sleep on the circular bed, flushed, naked, and deeply satisfied.