

*The following is another collaboration project with Venus McNaughty. Below you'll find my original **Sexual Wishes** short story. After the *** begins another scene with Lacey. The original version was written by Venus McNaughty, and I have edited it to better fit where I would like to see the story go.*

However, if you'd like to read Ms. McNaughty's original text without my edits you will find it after the ### - there are some interesting ideas in there that would be fun to explore in a later alternate take, but right now I have different plans for Lacey and Rachel.

Enjoy!

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SEXUAL WISHES

Lacey squirmed as she felt her wet labia spread and her sopping pussy fill up.

Seated at her desk, surrounded by coworkers, with no man anywhere near her, it was indeed an unusual sensation. She hadn't gotten used to it, and she never would.

That was her first wish, after all.

"Hmm, what three wishes would improve my sex life?" Lacey had read off the screen almost a year ago to the day. It'd been so long since she had seen a pop-up ad that its appearance was actually amusing, especially its simple text-only nature.

"Well, obviously, I wish that anytime I have something like a dick in me it feels like the first time," Lacey smiled. She'd leaned back in her chair smiling at her smart thinking.

Today, Lacey leaned back in her chair taking deep breaths. The first time she'd fucked, she'd spent all day building it up. Her slit had been absolutely soaked when she and her then-boyfriend finally got down to it in his dorm. So now, the moment her pussy felt anything pressing against it, her crotch became a gushing river - and tight as could be.

"Hmm...for wish number two, I wish whenever a lover of mine slips their dick inside I'd feel every bump, ridge, and girth of that hard cock within my pussy."

Lacey leaned forward and puckered her mouth as the phantom cock plunged four inches within her - then pumped back and forth in another two. There were two unforeseen consequences of that second wish.

The first was that she'd not specified that what the lover was slipping into had to be HER pussy. She'd soon learned that if someone she had fucked then fucked someone - or something - else, she'd feel it. Every little sensation was radioed straight to her wet canal.

Channeling normal sex felt like any other time Lacey had fucked. But the sensations would change if that cock was in an asshole, mouth, or some sort of toy. Her vag wouldn't physically change, but Lacey would never get used to the sensations of teeth, jiggling rubber, or a moving tongue between her legs.

The second issue was that she hadn't said they had to be a CURRENT lover. Anyone she'd ever had sex with the wish considered a lover, and any time they had sex Lacey felt it - sometimes more than one at the same time!

She had quickly stopped adding names to the list.

Lacey closed her eyes and bit her lip. The phantom cock was increasing its pace, clearly getting closer. She rummaged for a pencil and clamped her teeth down on it just in the nick of time.

"And of course, I wish that whenever my lover cums, I'd have an orgasm twice as satisfying!"

"Uhg...yefff...fuuuck..." Lacey's eyes rolled back and her body went to jelly, as her teeth drove deep divots in the pencil. She was so thankful she hadn't stupidly wished to have a "screaming orgasm" or something every time. She certainly had plenty of those, but most of the time the intensity was just short of overwhelming her control.

Lacey let her head hang down over her desk, her body recovering from the afterglow. She let the pencil fall from her mouth and clatter to the desk, a bit of spittle following it. She could smell the deep musk lofting up from her skirt and chair.

This was why she brought extra underwear to work.

And why she had bought better pop-up blocker software. ***

As Lacey slowly recovered she hoped that no other former lovers were about to have sex. She had to meet her coworker, Rachel for a coffee break at the little café down stairs. It was a bitch to try to drink a beverage if an orgasm was coming on. Lacey had tried to avoid social outings with coworkers, but she begun to develop a reputation and she hoped some boning time with Rachel would help improve how some of her coworkers thought of her.

"Ready to go?" Rachel asked, standing at the corner of her desk in her glorified work-out black pants and low-cut halter top, with her thick red buckle emphasizing her big hips and small waist. The tight lycra clung to her bountiful booty, emphasizing her assets. She was half Black and half Hispanic, and she was all curves and valleys in all the right places.

Lacey looked down at her wavy blonde hair and her flowery sun dress. They couldn't be much different if they tried.

Lacey stood up, picking her dress from sticking to the front of her panties. She didn't have time to change and had only brought seven extra pairs of undies today, as she hadn't done laundry yet this week. She hoped she didn't have too much of a scent around her – it was hard for Lacey to tell, some days.

They walked down the stairs, chatting amiably about office gossip.

"Girl! Did you hear that good looking accountant down on the third floor is boinking the secretary, Doris?" Rachel said.

Lacey looked at her quizzically, "Doris, the one with the 1950s glasses, that Doris?"

"Yep, hot-and-heavy. I heard on my way up in the elevator that someone saw them coming out of the copier room, just a few minutes ago," Rachel said, and then laughed, "I suppose they were really cumming *in* the copier room..."

While Rachel was smiling at her own pun Lacey was thinking, *Oh shit*. The account in question had been a quick fling at an office party shortly after Lacey had started, and he was counted as one of her “lovers.” She assumed he was the one whose afternoon delight she had just been feeling.

Lacey wondered if there was any way for her to find one or the other of the copier-room-lovers someone outside of the office to be interested – someone they’d see after 5. These orgasms during the work day were brutal, but at least this one she might be able to do something about.

As they walked down the stairs Lacey’s panties were sticking to the little curly hairs of her trimmed bush as her cream dried. She tried to fall behind Rachel and disengage the sticky hair from her panties, because walking downward was pulling the hair with every step, but each time she moved a hand towards the elastic of her panties Rachel would turn to ask her opinion on some rumor. Lacey bit her lip and put up with the tiny tugs.

When they got down to the café the atmosphere was familiar. Lacey scanned the café for potential work mates who might be in here at the same time – she wanted to know how much trouble she could be in if Doris wanted another go in the copier room.

“Tall black, please,” Lacey said over the counter. The barista was an attractive young man and Lacey felt a very natural warmth swell up between her legs as she took in his tight collared shirt and slim butt-hugging slacks. Lacey took a deep breath and was thankful that she didn’t think she was the barista’s type.

“Sure hun, just take a minute,” the barista smiled. She could see Rachel nearly melt as she saw the pearly whites.

“Medium cappuccino for me, thanks,” Rachel smiled, her eyes going wide and her face dropping a little. She leaned forward and brought her arms together so that her breasts bulged up from the cut of her halter top. The barista smiled, but his eyes didn’t linger anywhere on her for long.

“I’ll have that at the end of the counter shortly,” the barista grinned, and he left to let a thin little sprig of a girl tally up their orders. Lacey could see Rachel’s body slump slightly, some disappointment that she hadn’t gotten a more flirty response.

After paying and picking up their drinks Lacey motioned to Rachel to sit in the booth to their left, within best view of the front door. The booth offered more cover if Lacey had to deeply touch herself to try and control any orgasmic sensations. It didn’t really help to hold her clit, or to push down onto her pussy, but it gave Lacey some sense of control.

Lacey poured a hefty amount of sugar into her coffee, stirring it violently to make sure the granules dissolved. She was burning off so many calories with the orgasms that she couldn’t gain an extra pound at this point. A great side effect of the phantom orgasms was that she didn’t have to diet anymore.

A downside was that she was exhausted quite often.

Lacey was sipping her coffee and looking directly at Rachel. She cursed to herself for not getting cream. Her throat was hoarse from moaning, and Lacey had recently started adding cream to dull the bite of the coffee, but Rachel’s presence had distracted her back to old habits.

Lacey wondered what Rachel would say about her phantom fuck sessions. Rachel certainly wasn’t shy about sex, but magically transmitted orgasms could be a little much to accept. But Lacey was getting to the point that she felt she needed to share her secret with someone.

Just then Lacey squirmed helplessly as she felt her drying labia suddenly spread. Her pussy quickly became a sopping mess, her juices reinvigorating the bits that had almost dried up.

Lacey sat up sharply as she felt a thick shaft push inside her, filling up her hot canal and spreading it wide.

Oh NO. Not here. Not now.

There was no way to control it. And with Rachel here, staring right into her face that was already flushing and contorting, there was no way to cover it up.

“Rach, let’s play a game. Let’s see who...can moan like *Sleepless in Seattle*...no, that’s the wrong Meg Ryan movie...umm...*When Harry Met Sally*, you know the bet they had at the diner? Let’s make everyone think we are having orgasms! Whoever...has the quietest orgasm...buys coffee next time...” Lacey gasped, barely holding it together as the sensations began building and her pussy began feeling tighter.

“Uh, no way, girl. I’m up for a bit of teasing, but there are people we work with in here! We can’t do that!” Rachel said exasperated and looking around.

“Well, I am doing it,” Lacey said. It was the best plan she had and she was going to go with it.

“Oh, yeah,” Lacey continued, as she felt her pussy tightening like it was the first-time. The sensations were getting stronger. “Ahh...” The phantom cock was popping out and popping back in, as if being rubbed from the ass to the clit in a lazy, stimulating fashion.

Lacey leaned over the table, gripping it hard on the edge with one hand. And she reached down to put pressure on her clit with the other hand. Rachel was staring aghast and Lacey really needed some sense of control this time as she clamped her lips together to hold back another moan.

“Oh, my God, yes, yes, YES, just like that,” Lacey shouted. Everyone’s attention became trained on her but she couldn’t care at this point.

Lacey leaned forward, hiding her face in her bent elbow, hiding the puckering of her mouth as the phantom cock plunged just past the labia into her sopping wet hole by six inches - then pumped back and forth in rapid succession, over and over, deeper and deeper.

“You are embarrassing...” Rachel started to say, looking around at the shocked gazes of the people in the café and putting her head down a bit to avoid being seen. She was drinking her cappuccino in big gulps, as if she’d want to run out in a hurry unencumbered.

But nipping at the corners of her mouth was a smile.

Lacey looked up at Rachel, helpless against the sensations, her face a mask of pleasure and unbidden desire. She reached over, cupping her hand over Rachel’s bare hand to try to apologize as words began to fail her.

“I am...sorry,” Lacey said, pausing when the sensations got too intense on her clit, “I can’t...help...it.” Lacey closed her eyes and bit her lip. The phantom cock was increasing its pace, clearly getting closer and closer. She was blushing beet red, not because of the attention down below but because she was humiliating herself in front of someone who had legitimately tried to be her friend.

Suddenly Rachel began moaning. Lacey hadn’t noticed it a first, but by the time she looked up to see what was going on Rachel was shouting, “Oh yeah, yes, just like that, keep it just...like...that!”

Embolded Lacey straightened up, letting her legs slide forward and her knees open. She tried to keep her volume down, and reminded herself that she really *wasn't* competing with Rachel.

“Oh, yea....yeah....ye...” Rachel was practically shouting from her seat, rolling back her eyes as if trying to find the front of her mind.

“Uhg...yeh...fu...fuuuck...” Lacey's body went to jelly, as her teeth clamped down on her lip in surrender. She felt the sensation of an explosion in her and she barely contained a high pitched squeal.

“Oh YES! OH YES!” Rachel continued on for a moment, rolling her head around so that her hair fell forward and dragged over her breasts. She looked up through her fallen locks and smiled through them at Lacey.

Lacey started to recover and exchanged glances with Rachel, her own smile intermittently peeking out along her lips as she began to comprehend all that had just happened.

Rachel sat up slowly, adjusting the mess that had been made of her silky ebony. She actually had sweat on her brow and under her chin.

“What was in THAT coffee?” Rachel exclaimed loudly, her eyes wild and curious, a smile drawn up sharply along one side of her mouth.

“Umm...” Lacey didn't know what to say. She had always avoided being around anyone when it happened, always doing her best to hide that this was happening to her. No one would believe her if she told the truth, but she certainly didn't expect a reaction like this from a lie.

Lacey looked at Rachel, with her big boobs and her tight clothes and that big bubble butt drenched in sweat from her performance. She had clearly drawn her cues from a past fondly-remembered experience.

“You said this place had the best coffee, and you were *right*,” Rachel smiled, stretching and letting her body bulge against the straining material. Lacey realized that Rachel was actually enjoying all the eyes on her.

Rachel stood up and tossed her empty cup into a bin behind their booth. She then turned back around and leaned over. From Lacey's viewpoint Rachel's hefty breasts rolled forward within the halter, and anyone watching from the other side of the café got a good view of her tightly wrapped ass.

“You're more fun than I expected. And you owe me a drink,” Rachel smiled, giving a wink as she added, “But let's make that a beer, okay?”

With that Rachel stood straight and strutted away, Lacey and everyone else in the café staring after her.

Lacey just sat dumbfounded for a few moments, completely oblivious to any looks she was getting from the other patrons. She kept her legs open, hoping that the new juices hadn't stained her dress too much. She sipped at her coffee, then smiled.

Someone had actually tried to help her. In a weird and unexpected way, for reasons not fully understood, but still...actually trying a little outreach had been good.

Lacey went to take another sip of coffee when her body squirmed again, the edge of the cup just missing her lips. She felt her still wet labia spread and her sopping pussy fill up once more.

Oh, no. Really? Not again... Lacey was sure this was the accountant, she'd come to recognize patterns in some lovemaking. She wasn't prepared to have another performance in the café, especially not *alone* this time. She ran out of the café as quickly as her bowing knees would let her, dropping her only half empty coffee in the bin as she stumbled along.

Lacey ran for the stairs of the parking garage, where she would find some privacy – maybe even make it to her car. Her feet were unsteady on the steps so she clasped the hand rails as she went, every time a wave of pleasure made her weak and trembling, she would pause and pant.

Every little sensation was radioed straight to her wet canal, so she tried to brace herself when the pleasure got too intense. She finally had to stop on a landing, the sensations getting too strong to safely continue towards her car.

Lacey felt every bump, ridge, and girth of the hard cock within her pussy. The phantom phallus was increasing its pace, clearly getting closer to its release point. Lacey fully collapsed weakly onto the cold tiling, unable to stand. Her flowery sun dress spread all around her. She sank down so that she was leaning back on one of the steps while sitting on another. The sensations were too intense. She couldn't do anything further.

Lacey sent one hand to her clit, jilling it intensely in time with the sensations rolling through her body, and the other hand slipped under her dress and bra and clasped a breast. She bounced her ass up and down on the cold step, her back rubbing along the ridge of the stairs. She'd probably have a slight bruise later but for now she didn't care.

In mere moments Lacey was shouting out her orgasm, her cries echoing up and down the stairs. As the sensations washed away she took deep breaths, her hands clasped around the railing and her head hanging heavy in the crux of her elbow.

She couldn't do this anymore. Not alone, anyhow.

Lacey thought about the beer she owed Rachel. Maybe that would make it easier to share her story.

The panting woman also hoped it would make it easier to believe.

THE END

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SEXUAL WISHES

Venus McNaughty's Unedited Scene

As Lacey slowly recovered, she hoped that no one else who had ever been her lover was about to have sex.

She had to meet her coworker, Rachel for a coffee break at the little café down stairs. It was a bitch to try to drink a beverage if an orgasm was coming on, everyone would think she had Parkinson's Disease.

“Ready to go?” Rachel asked, standing at the corner of her desk in her glorified work-out black pants and halter top, with her thick red buckle emphasizing her big hips and small waist. The tight lycra clung

to her bountiful booty, emphasizing her assets. She was half Black and half Hispanic, but she was all curves and valleys in all the right places.

Lacey looked down at her wavy blonde hair and her flowery sun dress. They couldn't be much different if they tried.

Lacey rose to a standing position, picking her dress from sticking to the front of her panties. She didn't have time to change and had only brought seven extra pair of undies today, because she hadn't done laundry yet this week.

They walked down the stairs, chatting amiably about office gossip.

"Girl! Did you hear that good looking accountant down on the third floor is boinking the secretary, Doris?" Rachel said.

Lacey looked at her quizzically, "Doris, the one with the 1950s glasses, that Doris?"

"Yep, hot n heavy. I heard they just did it in the copier room, just a few minutes ago," Rachel said.

Oh shit. Lacey had been lovers with the accountant. She assumed he was the one she was just feeling. Somehow, that felt a little 'closer' than most of her phantom orgasms. Lacey made a mental note to tell Doris that the accountant had herpes or something to get them to break up. These orgasms during the work day were becoming brutal.

As they walked down the stairs, Lacey's panties were sticking to her bush hair as the cream dried. She tried to disengage the sticky hair from her panties, because walking downward was pulling the hair with every step.

When they got down to the café, the atmosphere was familiar. Lacey scanned the café for potential work mates who might be in here at the same time. The waiter who looked like Christian Slater and acted like Ru Paul approached them and introduced himself as their server.

He always cracked Lacey up. He was very flamboyant, with the hand swoops and the cat-walk swish to his hips. Lacey was usually alone, so any odd behavior she exhibited would be play acted between them so that no one really paid attention. Everyone usually just thought that Lacey was his friend and that they were joking around. She always sat at his table and tipped well.

"Two please," Lacey said, eyeing his tight fanny in his skin-tight dress slacks as he passed by them.

"Sure hun, just seat yourself, I have to deliver this and I will be right with you," Christian Slater-like said.

Lacey motioned to Rachel to sit in the booth to their left, within best view of the front door. The booth offered more cover if Lacey had to deeply touch herself to stem off any orgasmic sensations. It didn't really help to hold her clit, but it sometimes made Lacey think that she was dulling the sensations.

They each ordered chocolate milkshakes, instead of coffee, because they were on special. Lacey was burning off so many calories with the orgasms that she couldn't gain an extra pound at this point. A great side effect of the phantom orgasms was that she didn't have to diet anymore.

Christian Slater-like waiter came over and delivered their milk shakes. When he sat the milkshakes down, his shirt gaped slightly flashing a delicious bit of smooth hairless chest. Lacey licked her lips at the sight.

Lacey was sipping her chocolate milk shake and looking directly at Rachel. The thick gooey coldness was so soothing to her throat, which was hoarse from moaning. Lacey wondered what Rachel would say about her phantom fuck sessions.

Just then, Lacey squirmed helplessly as she felt her wet labia spread and her sopping pussy fill up. Oh NO. Not here. Not now. There was no way to control it. And with her friend Rachel here, no way to cover it up.

“Rach, let’s play a game. Let’s see who.....can moan like Sleepless in Seattle...No, that’s the wrong Meg Ryan movie...umm...When Harry Met Sally, you know the bet they had at the diner? Let’s make everyone think we are having an orgasms!” Lacey said, barely holding it together as the sensations began building and her pussy began feeling tighter.

“No, Girl. There are people we work with in here! We can’t do that!” Rachel said exasperated and looking around.

“Well, I am doing it,” Lacey said, just as their check was delivered by the waiter.

“Oh, yeah,” Lacey said, as she could feel her pussy tightening like it was the first-time. The sensations were getting stronger. Ahh, the phantom cock was being rubbed from the ass to the clit in a lazy, stimulating fashion.

Lacey leaned over the table, gripping it hard on the edge with one hand. And she reached down to put pressure on her clit with the other hand. Sometimes that would dull the sensation and help her cope. She really needed some help this time as she clamped her lips together to hold back a moan.

“Oh, my God, yes, yes, YES, just like that,” Lacey shouted. Everyone’s attention became trained on her but she couldn’t care at this point.

Lacey leaned forward, hiding her face in her bent elbow, hiding the puckering of her mouth as the phantom cock plunged just past the labia into her sopping wet hole by six inches - then pumped back and forth in rapid succession, over and over, deeper and deeper.

“You are embarrassing me,” Rachel said looking around at the shocked gazes of the people in the café and putting her head down a bit to avoid being seen.

Lacey looked up at Rachel, helpless against the sensations, her face a mask of pleasure and unbidden desire. She reached over, cupping her hand over Rachel’s bare hand to try to apologize as words began to fail her.

“I am....sorry,” Lacey said, pausing when the sensations got too intense on her clit, “I can’t....help....it.”

Lacey watched in amazement as Rachel’s face began to turn into a mask of sensations as well. She went through several facial expressions in rapid succession, from confusion, to disbelief, to pleasure.

Lacey closed her eyes and bit her lip. The phantom cock was increasing its pace, clearly getting closer and closer. The sensations were shared, so that took the edge off, but they were still extremely strong.

Rachel could feel the phantom cock as if it were inside her tight, hot channel as well. Rachel, put her head down on the table in helplessness, her embarrassment forgotten, giving herself over to the sensations.

Rachel began moaning and shouting, “Oh yeah, yes, just like that, keep it just....like....that,” Rachel shouted, not able to contain herself as the sensations washed over her.

“Uhg...yeh...fu...fuuuck...” Lacey's eyes rolled back in her head and her body went to jelly, as her teeth clamped down on her lip in surrender.

Rachel felt the same sensation of a deep orgasm, “Oh, yea....yeah....ye...” Rachel gasped as the front of her mind went numb and all of her senses were heightened. Little sparks of color and light were like fireworks behind her closed eyes.

Lacey started to recover first. She moved her hand to stop clasping Rachel's hand.

Rachel sat up slowly, her silky ebony hair a mess, with sweat on her brow and under her chin. A little spittle was still smeared on the side of her face.

“What was THAT?” Rachel demanded, her eyes wild and curious.

“Umm...” Lacey didn't know what to say. She didn't know that the phantom orgasms could be shared by touch. She had always avoided being around anyone when it happened. And she hid that this was happening to her. No one would believe her anyhow.

“Answer me,” Rachel said, “You touched me and I felt something...umm...” She whispered, “I have never felt before.”

Lacey looked at Rachel, with her big boobs and her tight clothes and that big bubble butt.

“You mean to tell me that you have never had sex before?” Lacey asked incredulously, her addled brain finally coming back on line.

Rachel whispered hoarsely, “Was that sex that we just had? You touched my arm. I thought there was...umm...something more to it than that...” She said, “I thought, oh, never mind what I thought.”

Lacey was dumbfounded. Not only could the phantom orgasms be shared with anyone she touched, but her racy friend who always talked about everyone else's sex life...was a bonafide VIRGIN.

“Yeah, there usually is a bit more to it...” Lacey said beginning to smile.

Lacey squirmed again as she felt her wet labia spread and her sopping pussy fill up.

Oh, No. Not again. Lacey was sure this was the accountant. This felt close like the one that had happened in her office.

“You pay the bill!” Lacey said, “I have to go!” She ran out of the café as quickly as her bowing knees would let her.

Lacey ran up the stairs, clasping the hand rails as she went, every time a wave of pleasure made her weak and trembling, she would pause and pant.

Every little sensation was radioed straight to her wet canal, so she tried to brace herself when the pleasure got too intense.

Lacey had to make it to the third floor. She had to get to the accountant before he kept...

The sensations were getting stronger.

Lacey felt every bump, ridge, and girth of his hard cock within her pussy.

The phantom cock was increasing its pace, clearly getting closer to its release point.

Lacey collapsed weakly on the stairwell, unable to go any farther. Her flowery sun dress spread all around her, and she was leaning back on one of the stairs while sitting on the other. The sensations were too intense. She couldn't go any farther.

Lacey kept one hand on her clit to try to minimize the sensations rolling through her body and the other clasped on her breast.

Lacey heard someone running up the stairs really fast, huffing as they went. She peered around the stair return to see that it was Rachel coming up at a rapid pace.

Rachel stopped in front of Lacey, bending over, mostly out of breath, barely able to talk, "Touch me again," She said.

So, Lacey did. She touched her friend's hand, sharing the phantom cock sensations until they were both weak with exhaustion and in need of fresh undies.

Lacey's wishes might have isolated her for the first few weeks at the beginning, but now, she was probably going to be more popular than a rich friend with a wine cellar.

THE END