

Make a Wish – Part 2

The call went about as well as expected. Mary-Anne hadn't even picked up the first three tries and had greeted him with a decidedly sharp "fuck off" when she finally did. He'd tried to explain, to asked her to come over and talk to him but she'd just laughed.

"Look, I don't know who you are or why he's put you up to this sick joke but trust me girl, he isn't worth it."

The dial tone was as good as a slap in the face. He had no idea where she was staying, with a friend most likely. He'd racked his brain trying to think of her friends' names and addressed but came up a complete blank. Once again shame burned through him, how did he not even know her best friend's name for goodness sakes? He had no choice but to go home and wait.

Joe shivered as he walked, he'd forgotten his hoodie back at the gym and yoga pants weren't the warmest of attire. The smell of coffee wafted through the air and he looked up to see Andre, the man he'd blown past earlier, exiting a nearby café. Their eyes locked and he gave Joe a nervous smile.

"Andre," Joe returned the smile as best he could, trying to ignore the butterflies forming in his stomach. "I'm sorry about how I acted back at the gym. I'd just been having a really rough day and well...that wasn't fair to just shove past you when you'd taken the time to come and check on me."

The words felt so alien in his mouth, the admission of wrongdoing, the apologies, but it also felt...good. Like he was doing the right thing.

"That's okay." Andre blushed, "Maybe that was a bit forward of me. I am sure you can take care of yourself."

"Normally, yeah."

A girlish giggle escaped his mouth unbidden; those butterflies were filling him with nervous energy. Andre's little blushing face was just so cute she coul-he couldn't help it.

"You've got such a pretty laugh." Andre said, his eyes were so sparkly.

“Thanks that’s so nice of you to say!”

A strange new feeling was welling inside him, a weird new kind of confidence that came when he just let this body do and say what felt natural. And what felt natural right now was to lean forward and push up his cleavage so Andre wouldn’t be able to avoid it. He wanted those pretty eyes to look at him the same way Harry had. He watched with satisfaction as said eyes dipped for a second, pupils dilatating ever so slightly. Andre was trying not to look; he was trying to be a gentleman. Joe found himself blushing, what a sweetheart.

“I had a fight with my girlfriend.” Joe said finally, watching as the blush on Andre’s face increase.

“Oh, I didn’t realise you were-not that there is anything wrong with being-”

“Bi.” Joe finished.

Was he bi now? The word felt right coming out of his mouth. He certainly loved cock in this new body, he was craving more of it right now in fact looking at Andre. But when he thought of Mary-Anne’s body, that still turned him on as well. He’d felt so conflicted when Harry had fucked him, but at the same time it was so, so good. Her body was acting on its own again but this time he didn’t fight it, in fact, he was starting to enjoy it.

“I was a bad girl friend.” He pouted, “She broke up with me and now I’m so lonely...”

He leaned over so his shoulder brushed against Andre’s, despite his leaner frame there was firm muscle there. Joe wondered what it would feel like without the shirt between them.

“You’re the first person whose been really nice to me.”

Andrew swallowed.

“I...I could keep you company if you like?” He offered after a moment, “Did you maybe want to get dinner tonight?”

He did. It was silly, the last thing he should have been doing right now was going on a date but he couldn't get enough of the way Andre was looking at him. The idea of this man desiring him and his body...yes, he wanted-no needed more of it.

"Totally!" He smiled, "Oh Andre, you've made me so happy! I can't wait!"

Another girly giggle bubbled up his throat and he watched as Andre smiled in response. They swapped numbers, Joe's hand flourished and added several kisses after he finished writing his. Another of those affectations that were feeling more and more natural. He gave Andre a wave before setting off, ensuring his hips swayed alluringly as he walked. He didn't need to look back to know Andre would be staring at his ass. Who wouldn't? It wasn't until he was halfway back to his apartment that Joe realised exactly what he'd just done and what's more, he didn't know how he felt about it.

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Back at the apartment, Joe paced. Going to the gym had been a mistake, not only was he just as tense but now he had the added issue of his own, apparent, insanity. What the hell was wrong with him, sleeping with Harry and organising a date with Andre? His body seemed to have a mind of its own and embarrassingly enough, he liked it. It was fun being a woman, cat calling and shitty men aside, the sex, the attention, he adored it. What was he going to do?

He was so wrapped up in these thoughts and his own inner confliction he'd almost totally forgotten about Mary-Anne until a knock at the door. He rushed over, opening it and feeling his heart lodge in his throat as he came face to face with his ex. She looked at him with a combination of resignation and annoyance.

"I'm Mary-Anne, Joe's former girlfriend." She huffed, eyes roaming over his outfit with a sneer, "You can keep the workout gear, I never wanted it. But if he's given you anything else of mine, I want it back."

She walked past brusquely; Joe could practically feel the cold from her shoulder as she passed.

"I'm sorry, I just needed something that fit." Joe started before taking a deep breath. No point in beating around the bush after those calls.

"It's me, Joe."

Mary-Anne snorted and rolled her eyes.

“So, you told me on the phone. Very funny.”

“I’m serious! I can prove it uh, ask me something only Joe would know!”

“I’d love to ask some secret intimate thing about myself but honestly, Joe wouldn’t remember anything like that.” Guilt churned in his gut; she was right. “Okay, what did Joe want for dinner last night?”

“Pasta.” He answered instantly, much to her surprise, “You got angry because I expected you to make it.”

He watched as her eyes narrowed in suspicion and then slowly widened as more questions were asked and answered. It took more time than he thought to explain; the change, the strange actions, the new empathy he’d gained from walking in a version of Mary-Anne’s own shoes, by the end they both had to sit down.

“I’m sorry. I was bad.” He pouted finally, “I was a bad boy and now I’m a bad girl as well! Like, I slept with Harry! Harry!!”

“I can’t believe wishing on a star really did this.” Mary-Anne breathed, “I never meant to change you this way but I have to admit...I sort of like this new you.”

Despite everything he flushed at the compliment.

“I don’t hate it.” He admitted, “It feels weird to have guys look at me so much but also sort of...good.”

Mary-Anne’s eyes lit up and she scrambled for their phones. After clicking away for a minute or two she handed his to him and he was met with his own reflection in the camera.

“Take a selfie, if you like people seeing this new body, you’ll love Instagram!”

The idea of hundreds, maybe thousands of people seeing a photo of him this was terrifying. Terrifying and arousing. Letting his body take over he fluffed up his hair, positioning the phone above him as he'd seen so many women at the gym do, pouting and angling his hips so the full length of his body could be seen, especially the curve of his ass. Mary-Anne laughed, helping him sort through a dozen options, attaching filters and editing till it was perfect.

“Now you just need a caption, I'll worry about the hashtags.”

He placed a finger to his lips in thought before letting his thumbs fly across the screen.

‘Hiya there ‘gram! I’m Jo, see anything you like? Xoxox’

It only took a few minutes for the likes and comments to start flowing in.

‘Looking HAWT’

“Sure do. Damn what an ass!”

“You should PM me, I think we’ve got a lot in common.”

The praise flowed through him, making him giggle in delight as he responded to each one. With each like, he felt his reservations fading away, this was so much fun! He felt his heart flutter at one new follower in particular, AnimalAndre, the profile picture showed the same Andre from the gym.

“Ohmigod!” He squealed, gripping Mary-Anne’s arm and shaking, “This dude flirted with me at the gym!”

“Are you going to PM him?”

“I want to but I don’t want to come on too strong...we already exchanged numbers.”

“Sure you don’t want to PM Harry instead?”

A small whimper escaped his mouth, legs rubbing together slightly.

“Harry is so hot and he’s so good in bed but...he’s such a dick!”

“God you are so much more fun this way!” Mary-Anne laughed, “Who’d have thought you’d be such a bimbo.”

The word was one that he used to use as an insult, yet it didn’t make him feel bad. Actually, the word seemed right, empowering even. He giggled, leaning against Mary-Anne hard as he laughed.

“I can’t help it! It’s this body, it’s just so horny!”

“So is your feed, damn!”

She was right, that single photo was still bringing in men and even a few women from all sides of the globe. His inbox even had a few messages in it. With Mary-Anne leaning over his shoulder he opened them one by one; together they giggled at the flirtations and groaned at the dick pics, at one point Joe realised that this was the closest he’d felt to her in a long time.

“Y’know...I think I like you more as a friend.” Joe smiled and Mary-Anne grinned in return.

“Me too!”

The warm moment was suddenly interrupted by a message from Andre in his DMs. An address for a sushi place and a time for their date tonight. Joe felt as though cold water had been dumped over him.

“I forgot about my date!” He cried, “What will I wear?”

Mary-Anne just winked.

“Don’t worry girl, I’ve got you covered, shopping trip!”

Previously the announcement of a mall visit would send waves of dread passing through him but now it was just the opposite. The idea of seeing his new, sexy as body in new outfits made him squeal. He couldn't wait!

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Jo slipped into her third dress of the day; a tight red number made of some sort of faux leather with black stitches up the front. With confidence she pushed back the changing room curtain, spreading her legs and arms wide across the doorway and smouldering at Mary-Anne where she sat on the ottoman by the mirror. With a smile she lifted her camera and snapped a photo which Jo eagerly ran to see.

"Very hot, but probably too much for a first date." Mary-Anne noted.

"Still good for the 'gram though!" Jo smiled, picking up the phone and readying the post.

'My body is hot af xo Betcha can't help wondering what's under here ;)'

Only hours after starting her account BimboJo already had a steady following and she'd found herself addicted. Jo lavished herself in the praise, reading every comment about how good she looked, it was difficult not to upload every outfit she tried.

"You sure I can't wear this one?" Jo sighed, she looked amazing in it.

"It's a bit much, don't you think?" Mary-Anne raised an eyebrow. "You don't want him to think you're a slut."

"But I do want him to take this dress off with his teeth."

Mary-Anne threw back her head in laughter.

"Maybe you are a slut! Oh my God!"

Jo stuck her tongue out. Those feminine affectations were coming on more and more now, but it was feeling less like her body acting on its own and more like...her. She did feel like a her as well. Who knew dropping the 'e' from her old name, even mentally, could make such a rapid change?

Whatever weird wishing star magic had done this, the changes to her mind were coming on stronger now. It wasn't like she was forgetting who she had been only a day or so ago. More like she was just discovering a new side to her own personality, the idea was fun and exciting.

"Come on, try this one instead!"

Mary-Anne handed over a bundle of light white fabric and Jo pulled a face.

"White? Isn't that a little too...virginal?"

"Just put it on, I guarantee nobody will look at you and think virgin."

The material was light and summer with ruching up the bodice. Quickly, Jo realised Mary-Anne was right. It was so short it barely reached her mid-thigh and the sleeves didn't start until past her armpits, leaving her shoulders and clavicle totally bare. Jo looked down and smiled, observing the way the fabric hugged her curves. It was perfect.

Once again, she pushed back the curtain and posed, this time Mary-Anne shrieked with delight.

"It's perfect! Well...except for the obvious issue..."

Jo followed her eyes and saw what she meant right away. The material wasn't quite thick enough to hide the fact she was still going commando, not to mention her lack of bra. A small amount of apprehension filled her; despite everything girly she had just indulged in there was something about buying a bra that added a sense of weight to her new situation. A finality.

As she paid for the dress and got changed back into her workout gear, she realised for the first time she'd forgotten to ask Mary-Anne about fixing this. They had gotten so caught up in their new friendship it had slipped her mind. How had she let them happen? When? Was it around the time she started calling herself a 'she'? This felt like it was going so quickly; was it the magic? Or had this part of her always existed somewhere deep down? She wasn't sure. She didn't think so. Before the change, she'd never enjoyed any of this, never been attracted to any of this girly stuff but now, she couldn't get enough. Was she even Joe anymore? With or without the e?

The questions consumed her so much that she didn't realise they'd reached the lingerie shop. The windows were lined with mannequins sporting everything from plain briefs to the most scandalous of negligees. Jo felt her stomach twist in desire and trepidation. Inside was a veritable forest of choices; bras, panties, briefs, nighties, thongs, bralettes, and everything in between.

“You’ll need something strapless, obviously.” Mary-Anne mused, “And nothing too dark or it’ll show through the dress, might look a little trashy.”

Jo just nodded, letting her friend drag her through the aisle. Each new item that caught her eye filled her with delight and dread.

“Hey, girl, didja mean what you said?” Jo asked quietly, pulling her wrist free. “That you like me more this way?”

Mary-Anne gave her a quizzical look before nodding enthusiastically.

“Hells yeah! You’re a totally different person now!” She grinned and Jo felt her smile falter as she looked to the floor.

“I am, aren’t I?”

“That’s a good thing, Jojo.” Mary-Anne placed her arms around her shoulders, “Full offence, you were a dickhead.”

“I know.” She sighed, “But I just...I feel like I’m not even me anymore, I shouldn’t like all this girly stuff but I do.”

“Jo, look at me.”

She did so, Mary-Anne was giving her a stern stare.

“Does this stuff make you happy?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to change back? Not do you want to want to change back but, right now if you had the power, would you?”

“...No.”

“Then why worry!” She said loudly, “You’re a better person like this, your happy, you’re having fun, what’s wrong with that?”

Jo let the words flow through her and as they did, she felt as though a weight lifted from her shoulders. All her life she’d been so focused on being the perfect, alpha male gym bro and now, in a single day that was just...gone. Nobody would judge her, hell, nobody but Mary-Anne need ever know. Today was essentially the first day of a whole new life, a life full of hot outfits and sex with as many men as she pleased. She looked at her girlfriend turned best friend and grinned.

“Let’s go find something to really knock Andre’s socks off.”

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Mary-Anne gave her a thumbs up from the car as she walked toward the sushi place Andre had invited her to. Jo was wearing her new white dress; beneath she could feel her new underwear hugging her skin. The embrace of fabric comforted her, gave her the confidence to strut in these new white wedge heels. Silver hoops hung from her earlobes, borrowed from Mary-Anne after she pieced them with a needle.

After their trip to the mall, they had returned to their apartment and spent hours perfecting her new look. Painting pink gloss on her lips, blowing out her hair and painting her nails a rich red. Jo was reminded of all those chick flicks involving make overs she’d been subjected to over the years; if only she’d paid more attention, she might have realised earlier how much fun all those activities were. She pushed open the door, letting the cold, fresh air of the restaurant flow over her, tickling the panties beneath her short skirt. Andre was seated at a booth by the back, he stood when he saw her and gave a nervous nod.

“I was worried you wouldn’t come.” He blushed as she slid into the booth.

“Why ever not!” Jo pouted, “Do you really think I’m that sort of girl?”

“No!” he waved his hands back and forth, skin turning red, “I didn’t mean that! Just that well, I never thought a girl like you would ever give me the time of day.”

After her rough fuck in the alley with Harry, Andre was a breath of fresh air. He really was so sweet; she couldn’t believe she used to hang out with meat heads like Harry over sweet guys like this even in her previous life. They talked animatedly, Andre wanted to know everything about her, which was both flattering and a little difficult. Jo did her best to invent a sort of mixed history, as close to her

real one as possible but as a woman and he seemed genuinely interested. Talking about herself came so easily, despite having only really existed for a day. Their food arrived and Jo found herself giggling endlessly as she tried to get the hang of the chopsticks. Her fingers kept fumbling and eventually her California roll ended up in their soy sauce.

“Oh, I am so hopeless!” She sighed, “I’ll have to eat with my fingers! How embarrassing.”

Andre gave her a patience smile, she knew already what he was going to say, that it was okay, he wouldn’t judge her. Jo just leaned forward, resting her chin on her hands so that her heavy breasts hung onto the table.

“Or, you could feed me.”

She opened her mouth playfully, allowing him to drop a small slice of sashimi on her tongue. She chewed slowly, watching Andre fight to keep his eyes on her face rather than her cleavage. Slowly, she swallowed, chest heaving ever so slightly and Andre temporarily lost his battle. It was so cute, watching him struggle. She was sure he was hard under the table, he had to be. The idea made her legs rub together in anticipation. Briefly, she considered sliding over to his side of the booth and reaching into his pants. Daydreaming about how hot his face would look trying not to cum in the middle of a busy restaurant while she touched him. Fuck, just thinking about it was making her so wet.

“This place is really nice but y’know, I don’t think I am really hungry for sushi.” She sighed before batting her eyes a little, “Why don’t we go back to your place. I bet you have what I am craving there.”

Andre choked on his sushi roll and Jo found herself laughing. He really was just too cute. They paid and Jo looped her arm around his, squeezing it tightly and feeling the cordlike muscle beneath. He was no body builder, not like Harry, but he was strong. As they walked along the boulevard Jo imagined how good those muscles would look unimpeded by fabric. Fortunately, Andre lived nearby, she was feeling impatient and had no desire to go another round in a dirty alley. When they arrived at a shabby apartment building next to a corner shop, she saw his ears tinge pink. The inside was old and they had to take the stairs up to his tiny three-room apartment. The pink increased with each squeak of stair or crack in the wallpaper, by the time he’d unlocked his front door it had spread to his whole face.

“I know it’s not much.” He seemed embarrassed, “But it’s home.”

“I think it’s quaint. Besides,” Jo stepped closer to him, their chests flush. “It’s what’s inside that counts, and I very much like what I see here.”

Then, their lips were together. She couldn’t say which of them acted first but the next moment, their arms were around one another and their tongues intertwined. With a moan of satisfaction, she buried her fingers into the hair at the base of Andre’s neck, pulling him as close as possible. His fingers danced down the slope of her back, coming to rest just above her ass. Oh, how she wanted him to touch her there but unlike Harry, Andre was taking his time. Jo could feel his hardness through the layers of clothing and it made her whimper.

Instead of delving further his hands raised again, coming to rest on her shoulders for a second before his fingers began to slip under the elastic holding her dress in place. Obediently, she lowered her arms, allowing him to push the material down. Jo shivered as the fabric scrapped against her skin, flowing off her like a glove to pool at her ankles on the floor.

“Wow.” Andre breathed, his voice thick with lust and wonder.

The bra and panties certainly were something special. They were white to match the dress but unlike most white lingerie they didn’t inspire innocence. Most of the material was smooth and sheer, allowing the skin to show through, but the thicker lace was patterned in a spiral. The spiral drew the eye to each nipple and the very crotch of the panties. It was almost hypnotic; you couldn’t help but ogle them once your eyes caught the pattern. Andre was certainly ensnared, Jo had to move forward herself to recapture his lips after his jaw hit the metaphorical floor.

She felt that hunger inside her, that desperation from the alleyway. She needed to be fucked. Now. With deft fingers she began to undress him, their kissing becoming desperate and loud as they moaned and gasped for air. Jo could feel her pussy clenching, the emptiness within her was aching. Andre ran a finger along her panties, groaning when he felt the wetness that had seeped in there. The single stroke made Jo shudder with need, the friction was too much and not enough all at once.

“The bed-“Andre gasped between kisses, “is this way.”

“Fuck that.”

Jo pulled him down to the kitchen floor, crawling into his lap and grinding against that wonderful bulge in his underwear.

“Who needs a bed?” She purred.

“Overrated I say.” Andre gave a breathy laugh, reaching up and unhooking her bra from the back.

The soft material fell, shoved to the side in a moment as Andre leaned up and took her nipple in his mouth. Jo let out a sound that was half relief, half pleasure; she hadn’t realised how much she needed that touch until this moment. He leaned back, slowly drawing her with him till he was laid back on the floor, Jo leaning over him as he sucked.

With each pursing of his lips more sounds were drawn from her mouth. The wetness between her legs increased, the panties could no longer contain the juices and they began to leak down her thighs. More than that, that same familiar pressure was building. As Andre ran his tongue over the sensitive nipple her hips bucked against his bulge and her muscles tightened.

“Oh Gods, I’m cumming already-!”

She couldn’t help it. His mouth just felt so good. A shudder past through her entire form as orgasm rocked her. It was smaller than before, not nearly enough but still, she had no idea a woman could come just from having her breasts sucked. The orgasm didn’t sate her though, on the contrary, now her appetite was in full swing. Taking her heavy tit in her palm she gently removed it from Andre’s mouth, looking down at his face, eyes blown wide with arousal. It didn’t take her long to remove her panties, resting her soaking pussy against the base of his cock.

Badly as she wanted it though, Jo took her time. She parted her lips with his dick, rubbing her clit against the shaft with a wonton moan. With Harry, it had been over so quickly, this time she wanted to enjoy herself fully. She looked down between them, taking in the thick rod, precum beaded at its tip. He was bigger than Harry, surprisingly enough and her pussy throbbed as she realised how much he would stretch her.

“You ready?” She teased, rubbing herself against him and shivering at the sensation.

“Since the moment I saw you.”

Jo raised herself up and turned, ready to sink down on him reverse cowboy style. Pretty as his face and those eyes were, she didn’t want any distractions from the feeling of his cock inside her. The tip pressed at her entrance and with a hand, she gently guided it in. It was so tempting to thrust her hips down and take the full cock in one go but she resisted, instead lowering herself slowly, taking the time to fully appreciate each inch as it slowly disappeared into her. She felt her inner walls stretching, the pleasure burned within her as they did. By the time their hips were flush together she was struggling to breathe, the intensity was almost too much.

Below her Andre groaned, she could only imagine the ecstasy on his face. She felt his hands come to rest on her hips, fingers splayed across her ass and parting it slightly before gently raising

her up. The burn increased and Jo felt instinct take over, bracing herself on his legs she began to roll her hips, feeling his cock rest against her G-spot. For a few minutes they rocked together, enjoying the tease, the pleasure that was so good and yet never good enough. But soon her self-control began to wane, she rose up leaving nothing but the tip inside her before slamming back down the shaft. The pleasure knocked the wind from her lungs and she couldn't help but repeat the movement.

Soon they were both moaning as she bounced on his cock. Andre gripped her hips hard enough to bruise but the pain only fed into her pleasure. Jo lost all self-control, she was moaning, crying out, babbling nonsense as the pressure within her began to rise again.

“Fuck! Jo...you're so tight...I can't hold on much I-longer!”

“More! Oh God I need more, I can't stop!”

It was true, she couldn't slow down, couldn't stop bouncing on Andre's cock. She was so close to cumming, right on the edge... Suddenly she heard him cry out and the cock inside her pulsed, a different sort of wetness flooded her and Jo fell over the edge. Slamming down one final time as she came, inner walls throbbing and squeezing his cock dry. They were both gasping, Jo was seeing stars, even as she felt him soften within her she felt full.

With a shudder, she raised herself one finally time, letting him fall out of her along with plenty of seed. She turned and felt a sense of satisfaction fill her not only from carnal gratification but the glazed, happy expression Andre was wearing. That was the face of a man who had been thoroughly satisfied.

“Fuck...that was...where have you been all my life.” Andre laughed, Jo giggled, laying down on the kitchen floor with him.

“Wouldn't you like to know.”

~

Me and @MaryABizah are enjoying the sun! Got that beach bod, gotta show it off!
Xoxox #beachbabes #besties #bimbolife

Her latest post showed her posing in the waves, hair blown back in the wind, new bikini on full display. It was tiny red number that barely managed to be decent. Though judging from the looks some of the older woman at the beach were giving her, they certainly didn't think it counted. The little triangles of fabric covered her nipples and crotch, what more did they need? Her caption was

apt, the beach was one of the few places she could show off this much of her body. She had to take the opportunity when it presented itself, didn't she?

"Your phone is going to melt." Mary-Anne warned, "You've posted twice today already, the boys will barely have a chance to take their hands of their dicks at this rate!"

Jo gave her a scandalised gasp, hand on her chest in mock horror.

"How dare you imply men are using my pictures for such uncouth activities!"

"Wow, look at that five dollar word there! Where did you even learn that?"

"TV." Jo shrugged, descending into a fit of giggles, "I think it like, suits me. I'm a woman of substance, I'll have you know."

Mary-Anne gave her a playful shove and Jo relented, packing her phone back into her bright pink beach bag. She had bought it the other day in preparation for this girl's trip, they had become a tradition over the last few months, just her and Mary-Anne.

"Last one in the water has to pack up the parasol!" Her friend cried, dashing for the waves.

Jo gave an indignant yell, taking off after her into the sea spray. She could feel her breasts bouncing as she ran, a quick side glance showed she wasn't the only one who noticed either. The beach was packed and all eyes were on her right now. The attention made her smile wider, this new bimbo life she was living, it was simply the best. Sure, men catcalled her sometimes, people called her an airhead on her socials, but she didn't care. She had friends, both the normal and with benefit variety and all the attention she could ever need. She still saw Andre almost every weekend, they were working their way through the karma sutra, it was often the highlight of her week.

The two women shrieked as they entered the cool water, laughing and splashing till they were up to their shoulders.

"It's freezing! Warm me up!" Mary-Anne laughed, wrapping her arms around Jo's shoulders.

The pair smiled at one another, turning to face back toward the beach.

“I could think of one way to warm you up.” Jo breathed, letting her lips tickle the other’s ear,
“But you’ll have to be quiet.”

“Oh?”

With a chuckle, Jo lowered a hand, letting a finger slip into her friend’s swimsuit and then up inside her waiting hole.