

IN AND OUT

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**SEXY FANTASY
PUBLISHING**

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By Dan Standing

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GETTING INTO IT

Fuck, let me tell you that this story benefits a shitload from hindsight.

I no longer remember what it was I said to insult her so badly. Or even who it was, honestly. I just remember my damn mouth awkwardly rambling while she was about to go down on my pussy. I do remember her head snapping up in the middle of something I was saying.

The expression on her face said more than any of my silence-filling muttering had.

And that was it. My one night stand had turned into an hour of frustrating foreplay. The flapping of one set of lips had ruined the lapping of another. It was a long cold walk home for me that night and of *course* I spent it muttering to myself about how I had fucked up.

I vaguely remember seeing what looked like a penny on the ground. I picked it up, hoping it was face up and I'd found some luck. After briefly rubbing it I couldn't make out what side I'd found face up. I quickly decided it was too dirty to keep. Tossing it

aside, all while I had continued to monologue about my inability to shut up, was all happenstance.

And the wish I happened to make while holding the coin was simply formed from the anger and arousal I was managing with each step;

“I wish the next time I see a hot piece of ass I’d stop talking and fucking at the same time.”

And then I kept walking. I went back to my itty bitty apartment, slept in the same clothes I’d been out in as a sort of self-pity punishment, snoozed my alarm too many times, barely showered, threw on a blouse and skirt that smelled clean, and began the soul-crushing walk to my soul-crushing job at the crack of dawn.

My nose was buried in my phone, muttering empty frustrations at social media as I swiped into the building and rode the elevator up to the customer service department of PayTech. The place was a ghost town this early, a skeleton crew managing some of our international customers. I was on the shift that helped transition into East Coast hours.

I hated the job, but I loved the company. I was one of two customer service agents on this shift. The second was a gorgeous redhead named Riley. Like me this was her first job out of college that had just dragged on.

Unlike me she was a former ballerina and cheerleader and her body...damn, if I didn't have to work hard controlling my eyes around her. Riley was a lot of fun, and if my sex life hadn't been so consistently a shit show maybe I would have risked asking her out. But I couldn't put in jeopardy the one thing that made my work day bearable.

As I settled in and turned on my computer I heard the elevator ding. I stood up - hopefully not *too* fast - hoping it was the bright part of my day arriving.

I was not disappointed. Riley strutted in all smiles, her face framed by her red curls. She had on a tight white top that showed an acceptable amount of cleavage. I pulled my eyes away from the mild ripple of her breasts to admire the gold buttons on the gray double-breasted overcoat she had on over it. Her long legs, still nicely toned, were clad in denim down to her ankles, where black strappy heels hugged her feet.

I fought back how wet looking at her made me.

“Good morning, Ri*iiii*iley!” I stammered, my pronunciation of her name warped by a sensation between my legs which wasn't inappropriate arousal.

It felt even more inappropriate than that!

Looking back I guess it makes sense that nothing wish-related happened until I got to work and saw Riley - she has always been a “fine piece of ass” even if I’ve always thought of her as *more* than that. But a person contains multitudes, you know? One of those about Riley is her fine ass.

Regardless, that’s when I felt it. My pussy was *full*. Something had suddenly inflated inside my vagina. It started small and swelled up by stretching back and forth, filling my womanly canal tightly in every direction while simultaneously rubbing everything in the right way. Outside, along my labia, something folded over and cupped them. It bloomed all the way up to my mons.

Whatever it was had a slightly spongy resistance, firm enough to want to be fully straight but just flexible enough that its presence may have been unwanted but not *painful*. As I came to terms with what I was feeling I remember it was sort of fun to feel my lower muscles squeezing it while I sorted out *what the fuck had just happened*.

But that wasn’t all. I could feel something thin moving up through my body, starting in the back of my loins and weaving smoothly within my belly and up through my chest. I felt a smooth cord no thicker than spaghetti slip *out* past my lips.

I couldn't see anything before me, but when I brought up my hands I could feel *something* bouncing off my fingers like a partially inflated balloon. It was a little smaller than a used toilet paper roll. Whatever it was I couldn't grab it, every time my fingers started to touch it the thing would bop away. And it being invisible made it hard to coordinate my attempts to catch it.

But it certainly had mass. I could feel the invisible cord bump into different parts of my lips and teeth as the phantom thing bobbed around in the air, bounced by my flailing hands. Now and then, *just* at the corner of my vision, it was as if I could catch a fleeting glimpse of something red.

Then I caught sight of Riley standing before me, a bemused smirk on her face, one hand on her hips in a very sexy pose that I...

I could feel myself getting wet around whatever was in me down below.

"You okay there, slugger?"

Fuck, she had to use the nickname! A flood was starting to get dammed within me.

"Yeah, uh, bwee wight back." I winced as the invisible chord impacted my pronunciation. I quickly escaped

to the women's restroom. As I stood up there was gentle relief of pressure within my filled pussy, but every step to the bathroom caused the mysterious mass to rub and massage in a manner that was *too* good. Whatever was gripping my labia was also pushing against my clit in ways I hadn't realized until I was moving.

Ways that I had wished most of the ladies between my legs had tried...and ways that I now wished I wasn't experiencing *at fucking work*.

Once in the restroom I closed and locked a stall. I dropped my skirt and panties and peered down past my tits, bra, and blouse. I felt the phantom thing in front of my face gently bop my nose as I leaned over.

This thing I could see! A bright red heart was resting over my lower lips and stretching up past the crest of my pussy. It was a heart that was designed to look like it was formed by exaggerated labia. I poked it with a finger and found that it was soft rubber, giving but only with directed pressure before instantly going back to its formed shape.

After a few prods I felt encouraged to try and grab it. I pressed my hands against the inner creases of my thighs and wriggled my fingers under the sides of the

pussy heart. I felt the shaft within my vagina shift slightly as I adjusted for a good grip.

I could sense that this was not something which I was going to remove in degrees. I was either going to yank it out in one go, or it was staying put right where it was with its end buried *deep* inside of me and teasing a G-spot I hadn't felt so directly before.

So I pulled.

Not hard enough, as it budged slightly and then got sucked back inside of me, the soft round head bopping the sensitive button and sending a shiver through me.

I doubled my effort and the mysterious shaft finally gave in and it slipped out smoothly, the ridges driving me wild with every inch that came out.

But I had no time to consider anything a victory. As my pussy emptied I felt the impossible cord running painlessly through me tighten, slipping down into my throat - which I only now realized had not irritated my gag reflex.

To the same degree that I was emptying my pussy, that cord was pulling the unseen thing by my head inside my mouth. Despite my attempts to stop it the mass slid smoothly between my teeth and gently

opened my jaw, firmly settling in to fit the form of my bite. I could feel it push into the back of my throat.

I let go of the shaft I had pulled from my thighs and it vanished, becoming invisible and floating around my hips like the other thing had been floating around my face.

Flabbergasted at what had happened and desperate to see what I could feel was now gripping my *upper* lips I opened the stall door. I glared out and across at the sink mirrors. Between my legs I felt the unseen pussy plug float against one thigh, bump it, and float over to tap the other. My lower lips could feel the string grazing one than the other. Bit I couldn't see any of that in the mirror.

What I could see in the mirror, plastered over my mouth, were big bright red lips. I could feel they were rubber, but they looked like I'd gotten absurd botox. The fake lips were formed to show the fullest bimbo pucker I had ever seen, and it was perfectly wrapped over my lips, holding them in place.

And I couldn't move my jaw at all. The rubber completely filled the interior of my mouth all the way back to my uvula. It cradled my tongue in place. Nothing about it hurt, it wasn't stiff or sharp like a retainer I'd once had. The cushiony rubber just acted as

a gentle gag. I tried to gasp, to moan, to hum, but all sound was caught by this thing.

My eyes were wide with confusion, anger, and embarrassment. They watched both of my hands fly to the red pucker. I wasn't playing around now, and I yanked out the gag with one pull.

And I experienced everything I'd just felt in reverse. The mouth gag slipped gently from my maw, vanishing the moment it slipped from my fingers, while the magic chord pulled the dildo-plug up into my pussy. The labia-heart became visible as soon as I felt the entire shaft pop into place within me.

The mouth gag floated invisibly in front of me, the sensation of the chord gently sliding along my lips now ever-present. As if to add an impossible insult to injury I felt the spongy shaft gently boop me on the nose before floating away again.

My mouth was free, and my vag was stuffed full.

For a few moments I just stood still in the open stall, panties and skirt circling my heels on the floor, staring out across the bathroom at the mirror's reflection of my plugged pussy. The labia-heart stared blankly back at me. When I heard the bathroom door open I closed the stall door and locked it again. I continued to stand there dumbfounded, trying to understand what had

happened to me as I listened to some coworker use the stall beside me and leave without washing their hands.

It was then I remembered it. Somehow, impossibly, the wording of my random wish came back to me. Maybe it was some sort of gift from whatever had granted it - the knowledge of *why* this was happening.

“I wish the next time I see a hot piece of ass I’d stop talking and fucking at the same time.”

Yeah, I’d directly asked that I couldn’t talk and fuck at the same time. One or the other only.

Well, this certainly did *that*.

Getting Through It

For a moment I denied the possibility that *magic* was why I had a sometimes-invisible dildo and gag connected by a magical chord running through my body. My brain wanted logic. But this...

This didn't make any fucking sense? What sort of perverted magical thing thinks *this* is the solution to my problem?

"I would have accepted some self-control!" I shouted up into the air, and then spat as I felt my words once again malform thanks to the damn string I couldn't see.

Yeah, my acceptance of a supernatural cause may have come pretty quick for some people, but I mean, really...what alternative was I to turn to? That I was crazy?

This situation was crazy, but I knew I was not.

I also knew I couldn't sit in the bathroom all day.

At that moment I wanted to yank out both shafts, but that wasn't an option. And leaving that bathroom with giant bimbo lips wasn't going to fly, either. So the

lower shaft remained inside of me as I pulled up my panties and skirt and got myself presentable.

As I walked back towards my workspace I tried to think of how I was going to claim I was sick and get the fuck out of here. But thinking wasn't easy to do when a rubber "balloon" was constantly bopping me in the face - and since it was invisible every touch was a surprise. Add to that the madly enjoyable sensations from shaft shifting within me and massaging my clit. *Focus* wasn't something I was excelling at.

And seeing Riley didn't help matters.

"You feeling okay?" she asked I sat down, partially out of habit and partially from a desire to relieve the massaging. Of course when I sat the head buried deep within me gently nudged my G-spot.

"Yeah, um, nwo, fomething haf - *has* come up," I stammered, having to work hard to account for the chord disrupting my lips.

"Well, you better really sell it because Andrea was already by and she was *not* happy you weren't in the phone queue yet," Riley said hushedly, her eyes darting for our manager, "And if I recall you're out of Personal Days.

“Fug!” I hissed. I cursed all those hangovers that I’d burned up my Personal Days on. And doubted I could go get a doctor’s note for “wish-gone-wrong.”

And, well, unemployment wasn’t an option for me. I double cursed all those nights drinking that had drained much of my savings.

It was “make the most of it time” as I got all my programs open and belatedly logged into the support system. I took deep breaths and tried not to move too much to avoid getting tapped on the face.

OLD MATERIAL

I'd always been a little bit of an exhibitionist. On my off hours I'd enjoyed wearing out skirts that were a *little* too short. Or deep-cut blouses with no bra underneath. It was flirty and dirty and had certainly attracted plenty of the fairer sex at those bars I'd gotten all the hangovers from. I'd be lying if I claimed I didn't sometimes fantasize about being seated at the bar with a hot woman who had one hand slipping into that short skirt and finding no panties blocking her path to my wet slit.

But at work? I'd never done anything like that. I was buttoned up and professional and doing everything I could do to look serious and stuffy. And now I found myself returning to my desk seriously stuffed.

It was *so* naughty. As I sat down I felt the shaft shift slightly. It hadn't moved like that before, but I realized I hadn't been so *wet* before. It was pushing on parts that were designed to just make me even wetter. One half of my mind told me I needed to take it out, that it was going to distract me too much.

The other half of my brain reminded its neighbor that if I took it out I wouldn't be able to talk through big red gag lips, and talking to clients was an integral part of my job. I had no choice but to sit in my cubicle

completely stuffed. And, well, *fuck*, that just made me wetter.

There was no shortage of attractive coworkers around me, plenty of ladies who wore skirts and hosiery, or leggings that only *just* fell within the dress code, or were simply so stacked no blouse or jacket could downplay their succulent round generous assets. Normally I could tune that out, ignore them as they passed by to the bathroom or kitchen or meetings. Be a *professional*.

But with the dong in me I found my eyes wandering to take in the view more and more. I was so distracted by this that when my phone finally rang with a customer call I jumped and let out a little yelp. My sudden jolt yanked the invisible string on the gag floating around my head and it bopped into my nose.

“PayTech customer service, how may I have you - *help* you!” I sputtered. It was the first time I’d tried talking since the connected parts had fully formed. The string in my throat did not appear to affect my vocal chords at all, but my pronunciation was affected by where the gag was floating. At either corner of my mouth I sounded normal, but if the cord was in front of me at all I started lisping around it.

With the mouth gag pulled aside I squirmed through the call. And another. And another. When replying to

an email request I accidentally stared into the cubicle across from mine when the woman over there dropped a pen and bent to get it, her skirt sliding up her thighs revealing more and more of her hosiery until - damn it!

I was actually thankful at this point that the pussy plug was so tight inside of me, or I was certain the juices building up inside of me would have soaked through my clothes and the chair and be pooling beneath me.

By the time lunch came around my pussy was no longer the only thing that hungered. Our floor had a cafeteria but I decided I'd be better off heading down to the sandwich shop in the building's lobby - I was so horny I was afraid I'd jump one of my coworkers and throw them onto a table!

Slowly, with my legs akimbo as far as I dared to send them, I stood from my desk and waddled to the elevator. I wasn't the only one on it as we rode down. The college intern who always wore her outfits just a tad too small was next to me. A woman from accounting who I was taller than and whose blouse could have used another button done up was on the other side. I was stewing, my legs shivering as my pussy remained plugged. The gag knotted near my mouth was floating upwards and tapping the side of my face - I assumed from the motion of the descending elevator.

I prayed we didn't get stuck.

Out in the lobby I pushed the invisible mouth gag under my ear and wobbled over to the cafe where I panted out my order. Sandwich and drink in hand I flopped down at one of the little tables dotted around the lobby near the eatery. I knew I was flushed in the face, my chest heaving slightly as I attempted to calm myself down so I could eat.

My mind wandered to that damn wishing well. My fingers idly played with the plastic wrap protecting my sandwich. My thighs squeezed-

“Hi, mind if I join you?”

I was startled out of my stupor by a young woman who did not wait for my response before she sat down. She placed her sandwich and drink before her and plopped into the chair across from me. I took her in and could not keep myself from starting with the generous cleavage on display. It clearly had no desire to be buttoned up within her blouse, or held back by her bra.

I moved up to her beautiful grin that was savoring me savoring her chest. She had a button nose and doe eyes and a blonde feathered pixie cut which had just the slightest purple tinge to it. One of her thin eyebrows had a thinner slit in it. I recognized the face,

we'd crossed paths in the lobby and elevator a few times before, and there'd been more than a few caught glances between both of us.

I couldn't see the rest of her beyond the table but I knew it was crafted of the same quality.

"Um sure," I stammered, "Why?"

"You looked lost in thought and I figured maybe I'd go looking for you," this beautiful vision grinned. My pussy twitched around its stiff insertion. "I think I found you."

"I think you did. I'm, um," my arousal and surprise at being approached after so many crossed paths had caused me to forget my own name for a moment, "I'm Lydia."

"I'm Bella," she replied, and began to unwrap her sandwich. Uncertain about what else to do I began to do the same. We each took a bite.

Fuck, she even ate bread sexy. How is that possible?

"So, uh, what do you do, Bella?" I finally asked. I didn't want to bog us down in small talk, but I couldn't exactly rip open her shirt and motorboat her in the lobby of my office building.

“I’m accounts payable upstairs,” Bella replied. A little mayo had squeezed out of the sandwich and gotten onto her fingers. I watched as Bella slowly sucked and licked it off, her eyes drilling into me the whole time. “When do you get off?”

“Hopefully at the same time you do,” I replied as sultry as possible with a wink. Bella grinned, and I was very proud of myself for that double-entendre.

“Will I see you down here around five?” Bella asked, cleaning up her empty wrappings.

“Oh yeth.” The mouth gag had floated in front of me, the invisible cord causing me to lisp. I tried to ignore it.

“Good,” the beautiful woman answered as she stood up, and then as the crotch of her slacks rose above the table she added, “I hope I’ll see you done *there* around six.” And with that she turned, tossed her trash into a nearby can, and sashayed away. I watched her pert ass swing back and forth within the tight black fabric. I couldn’t make out any panty lines.

As Bella turned the corner to the elevators it was like a mind cloud lifted from me. Had I been so hypnotized by this incredible woman coming onto me that I’d completely forgotten about the magical invisible plugs floating around me? How was I supposed to do this

with those? God, my twat was so full of my juices it was like I had to pee.

As I stood up, my pent up lube actually sloshing within me behind the dildo, I resolved I wouldn't let this stop me from scoring a night with Lydia. I waddled over to the public restrooms in the lobby, took a stall, and making sure I was hunched over the toilet bowl I slowly pulled the vag shaft out. As I did so I felt the gag slip between my lips and push apart my teeth.

I shuddered as maybe a cup of my lube gushed out from my labia, splattering into the water below. I let out a long sigh, wiped, and then gripped the fake lips which now covered my own. Gently I pulled the upper plug out and this time I could really feel the impossible chain glide through the core of my body. It pulled on the dildo, and as I emptied my mouth my slit was once again full.

I took a few breaths to center myself, and shook off the craziness of all of this.

I was going to get some tonight, no matter how weird it was!