

## With Friends Like These

July 2022 – Part One

"So-ooo, girl. Long time, no see! What's up with you these days?"

I lean forward on the upholstered leather, trying my best to focus on the playful comment Ellen has just directed at me from the front seat. "Umm, well, everything's... great, I guess! Just pretty much the same as usual. Keeping busy at the library... dealing with a new boss, you know..."

"Ugh, new bosses can be the *worst*," Priya amiably chimes in from behind the wheel. She and I have been friends since college, and I know well that she's never been one to keep her opinions to herself. "Specially the ones that are just getting shuffled around and are only gonna be there for, like, three fucking months. Why, when I was over at Saint Francis—"

But Ellen cuts her off before she can properly launch into what I'm sure is a scintillating story.

"Yeah, yeah, Priya, we know," she laughs, in that loudly affectionate way that only she can pull off.

"We all know that being a nurse is super tough. But Shanz, we don't want to hear about work shit! It's been, what? Three months since we last had a girls' day out like this?"

"Yeah... I guess?" I'm running the calculations mentally. *Last shopping trip with the girls – let's see. It was before the holidays, yeah... but after Alex and I had our anniversary date. The night when he'd-*

And now I'm biting my lip: not merely at the blush-inducing memory of that night and what Alex had given me, but at the sudden, almost inaudible hum that reminds me of that gift's presence... in a very, *very* intimate part of my anatomy.

"Yeah, something like that," I amend, struggling not to let my composure slip despite the tingling pleasure and anxiety shivering silently through me like ripples in a secluded pond. An oddly on-point line from a movie echos inanely through my brain. *Conceal, don't feel. Don't let them know...* "I really want to see what sales they have. You know, on bags- and, maybe some pumps..."

"Shannon, puh-lease! We'll deal with the shopping when we get there, okay?" Ellen is insistent, and she swivels in her seat to beam back at me. "I don't know about Priya here, but *I* for one want to hear about *you*. How are things with Alex? Everything, you know... running smoothly? Honeymoon phase worn off yet?"

Priya snorts and flicks on her turn signal. "Oh, Ellen, why don't you just come out and say it?" She

glances back at me in the rearview mirror with an apologetic smirk. "I think what she really wants to know is how the sex is. You getting laid on the regular, honey? What's he like in bed?"

I shiver silently, willing myself not to betray the fact that the vibrator deep inside me has just slipped into an ever more insistent, pulsing rhythm. Inwardly I'm protesting to my far-distant husband: *Alex, oh my god, please! I know I asked you to tease me, but-* "Umm..." I'm stalling for time, trying to figure out exactly how much and what sorts of details they'll appreciate. No way in hell I can tell them about what things are *actually* like between me and Alex in the bedroom: the kneeling submission... the crack of leather on my submissively upturned ass... my plaintive voice begging my Master to control me- use me- discipline me...

"It's fine?" I manage, biting off my words just before a whimper of surreptitious pleasure can escape me. See, the problem is that by itself, the sensation of the vibrator tucked inside me – though definitely pleasurable – isn't particularly, mind-blowingly erotic. It's about the mind games: the knowledge that my sexual pleasure is being controlled by Alex from across the miles, the uncertainty of what he's going to do with it next, and most of all, the fact that I have zero control over anything he wants to do with it. *I'm just a helpless, tormented little slut. Just a pathetic little toy, utterly at her Master's mercy-*

"Fine'?" Ellen's mocking tone brings me back to the present moment. "Oh, girl. Listen, we're all friends here. Either you're in serious fucking trouble and he's an absolute piece of shit – maybe in the sack, maybe out of it, maybe both – or you're having *way* too much fun to keep to yourself. Either way, spill the beans already! I always told you everything about what me and Trevor used to do, remember?"

Oh, do I. And yet, in my mind even the most graphic details she'd overshared – which positions and what kinds of flavored lubes Ellen and that brainless hunk of hers had enjoyed – pale in comparison to what Alex and I have. It's all so weird, and yet so incredibly beautiful. Personal. Unique. I can't possibly explain to my friends, even if I wanted to, how much I crave and love what Alex gives me. What words can possibly express the security I feel when I give him control? The gratitude that wells within me when he makes my decisions for me? The wordless pleasure that comes when he accepts my submission and reciprocates with the pleasurable pain I need so much?

"Yeah, I guess," I lamely admit – then shift uncomfortably in my seat as the vibrator slips into an intoxicating pattern of rising and falling intensity. "But no, really. It's really good. He knows-" I squirm again, willing myself not to let slip the moan bubbling up within me that would betray my sordid secret. "He knows how to please a girl, no question about that." *Alex- Master, please! At this*

*rate I'm never going to be able to keep it a secret-*

"Oh? And how exactly is that?" Ellen's quizzing is relentless, and Priya has apparently decided that it's not her job to help me out. "Like..." and now Ellen's leaning back with a sly grin. "Is he good at eating pussy, or what? Or just damn good with his co-"

Visions of my dear Alex rise before me now: visions brought on by this lethal combination of Ellen's vulgar questioning, the vibrator humming deep within me, and my own submissive, slutty imagination. Oh, Alex! There he is, naked, standing imperiously over me as I kneel before him. In his hands he holds the twin, honey-blond plaits of my hair: perfect handles to control me and guide me wherever he sees fit. My mouth is open, like the good slut I am. His swollen and erect cock is filling my obedient mouth. I can practically feel it: the cool trickle of my own drool coursing down between my naked breasts...

It's scenes like that that these two would never understand. Such scenes to them express nothing but a male selfishly receiving pleasure from an obliging female... yet to me they bring me as much pleasure as they do to Alex. It's him who orgasms, true – in a hot, sticky spray of cum across my panting and drool-slick face. But I gain the pleasure of knowing I've served him. I get the thrill and sordid pleasure of obedience, of seeing his ecstatic face, and of playing the part of his humiliated little cock-sucking slut-

An irrepressible little moan reaches my ears, followed by a burst of exclamations. "Shannon! Earth to Shannon! Hey, you okay?" My eyes crack open once more, and I find Ellen staring at me with a mixture of concern and titillated amusement. "Umm, girl. Are you okay? You're not... literally getting off right now?" Her expression is captivated, eager, almost greedy. "Holy fuck, is just *thinking* about it that good?!"

"No- I mean, yeah? Um, well, kinda-" I'm spluttering, panic blossoming within me as I realize that the moan I heard was actually myself. *Christ, this fucking vibrator- Alex, help!* "Hot damn, girl!" Priya is chuckling, and in the rearview mirror I catch her dancing eyes and feel myself blushing. "You need a couple more moments to enjoy yourself back there a bit more?"

"No, it's not like that-" I protest, by quickly realize that I have no plausible out. I either have to let on like I'm some perverted, horny chick so high-strung that she gets off on anything... or come clean and tell them about my vibrator. Neither is particularly appealing – and yet, I have to choose one. *Fuck, this is why I have Alex make my decisions for me...*

Then, a second later, it's as if he literally does. I wince as the vibrator shifts once more – this time into a pattern of strong, staccato bursts – and before I can compose myself I hear Ellen's puzzled and astonished laugh. "Wait- girl. What's that humming back there? That can't be your phone, can it? Are you- Is that-"

I'm busted.

"It's a vibrator," I mutter, cheeks crimson and eyes downcast in guilty pleasure. "I'm sorry- I can't turn it off right now, I swear! It's not something I usually do-" "Holy *fuck*," Ellen ejaculates, and gives my knee a friendly slap. "Wait, don't tell me. Is this one of those bullet vibes? Or those Lush remote thingies?" I nod simply, still blushing. "Remote," I admit, and bite my lip as the mingled pleasure and shame ripples through me. "Alex- he kinda has the remote... controls it with his phone..."

The gales of admiring laughter that greet my confession are nothing like the uncomprehending derision I'd imagined. "Oh, shit, that's priceless," Priya exclaims, her dark eyes sparkling with merriment. "Shannon, you dirty little *slut*!" "I'm sorry! I- I'll take it out and turn it off soon as we get there," I hasten, simultaneously furious and mortified at how I've just exposed a glimpse of my kinky side to my friends. "I really didn't mean to-"

"Take it out?" Ellen's voice is incredulous, her expression nothing short of astonished. "Girl, *hell* no! First off, that's fucking hot – you know, letting him tease you like that? Over the distance? Holy shit, if I'd have someone to do that with *me*..." And then Priya cuts in. "Not just that, girl. Based on what you just said, I really don't think your dear hubby is gonna be very happy with you if you take out that toy of yours. You wouldn't want to be a bad little slut for dear Alex, would you? Huh?"

"Girls, please-" I'm practically begging, but even though the vibrator's sadistic pulsing has finally subsided into a gentle hum, clearly we've blown way past the point of no return. "Shannon, listen," Ellen finally manages, after her loud laughter has more or less run its course. "We love you and all – you know that. And Priya's right. As your good friends, I really don't think we can let you go and be a naughty girl for Alex while you're away from him. If Alex expects you to be wearing that vibe all day today, why then, come hell or high water we're gonna make sure you do!"

She's giggling again, and though I open my mouth to protest, nothing more coherent than a few "but"s and "please"s emerge. "It's what good friends are for, right?" Ellen pursues, patting my knee in teasing affection. "Keeping Alex's little bae on the straight and narrow for him while she's with

us? Leave it to us, honey. All you need to do is sit back there and enjoy whatever dirty fuckery Alex decides to send your way..."

Priya's firm nod is as decisive as Ellen's declaration, and I know now I'm sunk. "Besides," she smirks. "I'm sure you'll put on a great show for us – won't you, Shanny, dear? You horny little slut!"

*Holy frick. What the hell have I just gotten myself into?*

*(To be continued next month!)*