

Pussy Talk

by Pan

Chapter 1

Tess woke up late on Saturday.

That, in and of itself, wasn't remarkable. It was Saturday morning, she was a teenager – and a fairly popular one at that. She was often up late on a Friday night, either out with friends (they were too young to go clubbing, but old enough to spend the night driving around) or chatting online with those same friends.

And with boys. Plural.

Tess didn't have a boyfriend, but...well, she had prospects. Several prospects. There were two things that Tess liked, above all else:

1 – Boys

2 – Having several prospects

No, waking up late on a Saturday wasn't unusual. The part worth mentioning was *how* she woke up.

On Saturday morning, Tess woke up with one hand between her legs, halfway through one of the most powerful orgasms of her life.

She'd had erotic dreams before, of course. She was a red-blooded young woman...one who particularly liked boys, at that. The teenage girl had woken up horny on dozens of occasions, wet from the memory of an erotic dream about a boy from her class.

Or, occasionally, a girl from her class.

And on one particularly shameful morning, about her brother.

Her typical course of action, upon awakening from an erotic dream, was to reach between her legs and play with herself. After her first orgasm, she'd sometimes reach into her bedside drawer until her fingers brushed across her favorite toy, bringing it to her clit and giving herself a second climax.

(Except the time she'd dreamt about her brother. On that occasion, she'd instead gotten up and had a *very* cold shower, trying to shock her body into never ever having that kind of dream again. Which, to date, it had not.)

But this was different. Tess hadn't woken up and begun playing with herself, stroking her clit as only she knew how to.

She hadn't even woken up to a wet dream – a spontaneous, unassisted orgasm, something she'd heard was a possibility.

No, Tess had *already* been playing with herself when she awoke. She'd been dreaming about Richard from history class, fantasizing about him wanting her. Getting hard, because of her. Thinking about what he would feel like in her arms. In her mouth.

In the dream, he'd been taking her from behind, thrusting into her, holding her hips tightly as she felt her pleasure build. The blowjob had never stopped, in that contradictory way that dreams combine impossible elements.

She'd been blowing him, fucking him, feeling him inside two of her holes at once. But instead of waking up horny and playing with herself, it seemed she'd removed her pajama shorts and underwear while asleep, and unconsciously stroked herself to a long, powerful orgasm.

Tess lay there for several minutes, bottomless, coming down from her climax. When she realized what had happened, what she'd somehow done in her sleep, she wanted to gasp. She wanted to pull her legs back under the covers and curl up tight as she processed what had happened. What she'd done.

But she couldn't.

When Tess tried to move her body, she was shocked to discover that she had no power over her own limbs, over her own form.

She wanted to scream, but she couldn't even do that.

Was this sleep paralysis? Tess had read about it on a random Wikipedia binge. When a person was awake, but their muscles wouldn't respond to commands. They could see everything around them clearly, they could hear everything around them clearly...but with no control over their bodies.

Of course, sleep paralysis wasn't normally preceded by a bone-shaking, soul-liquifying, earth-shattering orgasm.

She could feel her heart beating rapidly, adrenaline coursing through her body. Because of the climax that had woken her up, or was she panicking?

And then she heard the voice.

"G'morning darling," it said, sounding like it was right next to her. The voice sounded feminine but gruff, like a middle-aged waitress at a roadside diner. "Glad you could join us."

Tess went to turn her head, but was unable to move. As the voice continued, she realized that it wasn't next to her. It felt like it was...inside her, somehow.

The young woman had a strong visual imagination, and without even trying to, she immediately pictured what she imagined the voice looked like. A waitress in her forties, cigarette hanging out

of her mouth, dumpy and overweight. Stained white blouse, glasses with a heavy lens and a thick black frames.

The image wasn't actively repulsive – Tess had encountered more than a few women like the one she saw in her mind. But it wasn't exactly a fantasy figure either, either.

And so Tess was taken aback by the way her pussy pulsed at the image, her clit throbbing, pleasure slowly spreading throughout her body and pooling at her core.

“I like that,” the voice growled. “Oh yes. That's *very* nice.”

Tess still couldn't move, so she was shocked to find herself reaching over and grabbing the toy she kept in her bedside drawer. Her fingers wrapped themselves around it, without any input from her.

As her hand moved, deftly switching the toy on, the image in her mind changed. The waitress's uniform became low-cut, showing off the older woman's ample cleavage. It still wasn't attractive, by any means, but somehow became raw and sexual, like the imagined waitress was out to fuck, and didn't care who knew it.

No. Like she cared deeply that *everyone* knew it. Especially Tess.

As Tess's hand moved the toy to her now-throbbing clit, the hypothetical waitress's clothes continued disappearing. Her skin was pocked, wrinkled, covered in stretch marks, but...it didn't matter.

Despite not having even a glimmer of interest in the imaginary woman, picturing her naked was somehow making Tess's pussy glisten with pleasure, lubricating itself like she was having one of her more typical fantasies: kissing a classmate, feeling their hands against her young breasts.

Soon, the waitress was completely naked in Tess's mind, her pussy hairy and thick, lips swollen with arousal. Like Tess, she was moaning, hard, staring at Tess with unabashed lust.

The image was too crude to be erotic, but for some reason, the raw sexuality of it was enough to turn Tess on more than anything she could remember.

As the toy reached her aching clit, Tess's back arched. At the same time as she pressed her small vibrator against her most sensitive area, the woman in her fantasy used her fingers to spread her own pussy lips, revealing the pinkness inside.

The imaginary woman groaned, eyes rolling back in her head, as Tess continued moving the toy began faster and faster, pressing against her clit with an urgency she couldn't remember ever experiencing before.

Before long, Tess was cumming in unison with her mental image, both women screaming and shuddering together, their bodies quivering, panting, spasming as they came.

It was over almost as soon as it started. Tess's breathing slowed, and she could think again.

Think, but still not move.

"Damn," the raspy voice said in a satisfied sigh. "That was a good one."

Tess wanted to reply aloud, but she couldn't move her mouth, constrict her throat, or consciously move air through her larynx.

Instead, she spoke without speaking, somehow projecting her thoughts at the mystery voice.

<Who...who are you?> she thought.

<Ah,> the voice chuckled, and Tess suddenly realized that she'd never 'heard' it at all – the mysterious voice had been in her head all along. <I was wonderin' if you were gonna pipe up. Or just provide me with material to jerk off to.>

Was this what insanity felt like? Unable to move, turned on by grotesque images, voices in your head that 'sounded' completely real.

<Please,> Tess silently asked, after a pause. <What do you want?>

<More of the same,> the voice said proudly, and Tess was surprised to feel her pussy pulse. Not in arousal, more like...it was stretching. Like she was doing a kegel. <You've kept me locked up for too long, and I'm real happy to be taking charge fer once.>

With that, Tess's hips wiggled. If she'd been in control of her body, her jaw would've dropped and her eyes would have widened.

As it was, all she could do was lay there, staring at the ceiling, feeling her body move without her having any input into it.

It...it couldn't be. It didn't make sense.

Was her pussy in control?

At this point, we must go back about eleven days, to when Tess's mother decided to do her a favor.

Well, she'd thought it was a favor, but – as you'll soon see – both of them would eventually consider it anything but.

Since the day she'd gotten a cell phone, Tess had been on the family phone plan. That had been perfectly fine when she was fourteen, fifteen, sixteen...but as she approached adulthood, Tess was increasingly uncomfortable with her personal call records appearing on the family bill, and frustrated by the data limit.

The rest of the family all considered it perfectly reasonable, but somehow Tess was managing to hit her cap within just a few days each week.

And so her mother had offered her a compromise. Now that she was eighteen, Tess could have the money that was going into her portion of the family phone plan, and pay the difference for a plan of her choice.

Again, it had been quite a generous offer; one that her mother had offered with the best of intentions. Tess had a part-time job at the local mall, and after a week of research, had found an obscure provider who offered unlimited data and talk at a dirt-cheap price.

It was a US plan, but the site had been in a language she didn't understand. Even more unusually, it was a language that Google Translate didn't understand...other than "Unlimited data" and "Unlimited talk" (which were listed in English), every other option was gibberish.

Still, as those had been the only two features Tess cared about, she'd dutifully unchecked every other box, delightedly watching the price go down as she did.

Every other box except one.

The last box on the form had, for some reason, actually *increased* the price once unchecked. After experimentally toggling it on and off several times, Tess had finally shrugged, checked the box, and signed up for her new plan.

She figured it was some kind of privacy thing, but Tess had grown up on the internet. There was no way her provider could know more about her than Google or TikTok, and if it saved her money...

The new SIM card had arrived on Friday. Tess had excitedly installed it, then texted all of her friends to let them know her new number.

Had Tess been a Biblical scholar (she wasn't), she might have hesitated at the name of her new phone provider - BAAL – or the specific plan she'd signed up for – Hadad.

Had she recognized the bull, ram, and thunderbolt that made up the company logo as symbols of an ancient god of fertility (she didn't), perhaps the events that transpired would have surprised her less.

And had she been able to read ancient Ekronian (she couldn't), she would have known that the cost-reducing feature she'd enabled was called "Pussy Talk".

<Please,> Tess begged, <What do you want?>

<I told ya,> her pussy responded, disgruntled, <I just want more attention. You're too fussy, always have been.>

<What...what do you mean?>

With that, Tess was met with a yawn. She wanted nothing more than to look down and see if her vaginal lips were – as she couldn't help but imagine – opening wide, expelling air like a mouth.

But she still couldn't move.

<I dunno how you do this all the live-long day,> her pussy psychically grumbled. <This is friggin' exhausting. Ha! Friggin'. That was a...>

The yawning sound repeated.

<That was a lot. Here you go, love. I'm gonna have a lil nap.>

With that, the voice in Tess's head disappeared. Less than a minute later, the teenage girl slowly, cautiously checked...

Sure enough, she had control her her body once more.

Tess sat up with a start, then couldn't help but look down between her own legs.

What she saw was...well, exactly what she always saw. Her labia, the hood of her clit, all fully intact. The light brown fuzz of her pubic hair, also in its proper place.

Everything looked normal. Her pussy lips weren't expelling small Z's of sleep, or opening and closing in a snore.

And there was certainly no visual indication that her vagina had somehow become sentient, taking over her body and bringing her to orgasm. Twice.

Her small bullet vibrator was still buzzing on the bed next to her – she picked it up to turn it off, but a thought struck her. Licking her lips nervously, she moved it to her clit – the exact spot it had just left.

Normally just the contact was enough to send a small thrill throughout her body, but as the vibrator buzzed against her clit, she felt...nothing.

Like her pussy really was asleep.

The young woman was tempted to keep experimenting, doing what she did when she wanted to get off quickly: slipping the toy between her pussy lips, feeling the vibrations in her core, giving her an immediate thrill...but she didn't know if that would wake her pussy up once more.

If she would lose control of her body again.

Instead, Tess turned the toy off, and returned it to her bedside drawer. She got out of bed, feeling shaken at what had just transpired.

It...it must have been a bad dream. Right? It must have been.

She thought she'd woken up, but really she'd been dreaming of a pussy that was controlling her body...and now that she was awake, she was in control again.

Yes. Yes, that was the only explanation that made sense.

Although it hadn't felt like a dream.

And it failed to explain why her toy was out.

Tess forced those thoughts out of her head and got up. She only hesitated briefly before pulling a pair of cotton panties over her completely normal, definitely non-sentient pussy. Soon, she was dressed for the day, wearing a black t-shirt with a cat on it, and a red skirt that barely skimmed her thighs.

She threw on a light dusting of makeup; not something that she'd normally bother with on a weekend, but she had a study date with Patrick, a classmate of hers who made frequent appearances in her fantasies.

Not that she was going to do anything with him, of course. She just liked...keeping him as a prospect.

By the time Patrick rang the doorbell, Tess had managed to convince herself that everything was fine. It had been an unusual dream, nothing more. Just a dream.

Nothing to worry about.

She opened the door, and smiled at Patrick. When she opened her mouth to invite him inside, it happened.

<Hello,> the voice inside her head purred. <He's cute.>

"No!" Tess yelped, and it didn't take her long to realize that she hadn't replied her head. Patrick looked at her with a confused smile.

"You, uh, don't want me to come in?" he asked, but as Tess began to respond, she realized:

It had happened again.

She was no longer in control of her body.

"Oh no, darlin'," Tess heard herself say, a low purr in her voice that she'd never used before. "I definitely want you to...*come in.*"

Patrick's eyes widened. The subtext in her words was so obvious, it may as well have been text. And if that wasn't enough, her arm had landed on her hip, and one of her legs was jutting out

provocatively.

Her pussy was awake, and ready for action.

Despite her looks, and her boy obsession, and her long list of prospects...Tess was still a virgin. More than that, she'd never so much as gone past first base with a boy.

It wasn't that she didn't want to. She often masturbated herself to sleep, imagining taking things further with a boy.

With Patrick.

Or Richard. Or Ryan. Or Jeffery.

Or any of a long, long list of boys. Tess often thought that if anyone knew about the dirty thoughts she had about almost every boy in her class, they'd think her a freak. If anyone knew how often she fantasized about seducing someone, they'd call her a sex addict.

Hell, maybe she *was* a sex addict. Could you be a sex addict if you'd never had sex?

But they didn't know, because she'd never confessed the truth to anyone. Not even her closest friends.

Her pussy knew, however. Her pussy knew what she fantasized about, what she imagined when she touched herself. When she touched *it*. Her?

It knew how much she wanted to do unspeakable things to a boy – most any boy. How badly she wanted to feel him inside her, to touch him, to let him touch her.

And equally, it knew that she wouldn't let herself. She'd tease, maybe even make out with a boy, but she'd never let things go any further than that.

Perhaps it was fear, or her semi-religious upbringing. Perhaps it was to avoid being branded a slut. Whatever the reason, although she had a very active imagination, she had done nothing to take things any further.

But now, her pussy was in control. And – based on what it had said earlier – Tess's pussy saw no merit in holding back.

<Please,> Tess said. <Don't do this.>

<C'mon,> her pussy responded. <We both know how much you want it.>

<N-no,> Tess pleaded, but without conviction.

<Give me one reason not to,> the voice in her head taunted

Ever since it had awoken, her pussy had been tingling. Her clit throbbing, her nipples hardening,

waves of lubrication coating the inside of the young woman's panties. It felt so good, and Tess hesitated.

She couldn't think of a good reason.

Not even one.

<Then let's do this, hun.>

Tess's hand reached out and grabbed Patrick's. She ignored her mother's words of greeting, pulling the young man up to her bedroom, closing the door and locking it behind them.

To her surprise, the young man looked terrified. Tess would have thought this was every teenage boy's fantasy; a hot girl at school inviting him up to her room with an unspoken promise to fool around.

But Patrick seemed almost afraid of her, staring wide-eyed at her as she stood in front of him.

"What do you want to do to me?" Tess heard herself say, her voice sounding like it was directly from a porn film. When she was in control of her own body, she would never have had the confidence to say anything so flagrantly sexual.

"I-I don't know," Patrick stammered. "I've n-never..."

He trailed off, and Tess cocked her hip, one hand resting on it provocatively. The young man stared as Tess's hands reached down and began lowering her panties, sliding them down her long, bare legs as he watched with a mixture of fear and excitement.

<Ahhh> Tess's pussy sighed. <Thas better. Why d'ya always stifle me with those things? Lemme get some air up in here!>

Tess didn't respond; all she could do was silently witness the actions of her own body. She felt like Patrick looked: terrified. Excited. Paralyzed.

Unable to do anything about the erotic adventure she was an unwilling participant in.

As her panties hit the floor, Tess felt her teeth bite her lip seductively. "Do you want to touch me, Patrick? Do you want to feel how wet I am?"

Patrick simply gulped in reply, as though he was worried this was some kind of elaborate trap. As though if he made a misstep, a camera crew would leap out of the closet, and he would be an outcast at school forever.

Tess's pussy wasn't going to give up that easily, however. Tess's hands moved rapidly, removing her shirt to reveal a matching red bra beneath.

When Tess had chosen it that morning, she hadn't expected anyone to see it but herself. She couldn't help but feel proud at Patrick's slack-jawed reaction, his eyes glued to her bra-clad

breasts. Her nipples were rock hard, and she could feel her arousal spreading between her legs. <Yessss,> her pussy silently moaned. <This feels so goooood. He wants us so bad...>

Sure enough, the teenage boy was practically drooling as he stared at the half-naked girl in front of him, drinking in her thin form, her small, perky breasts, her flat stomach.

<Take me,> Tess's pussy practically shouted with frustration. <Touch me. Use me. Take me...>

But Patrick just sat there, as though as paralyzed as Tess was. Her pussy made her body pose again, showing off her toned legs and shapely ass, before leaning against the teenage girl's desk and flipping up the front of her skirt.

Tess and Patrick both watched in silence as Tess's pussy showed herself off to the teenage boy.

<What is WRONG with him?> the voice in the young woman's head raged. Tess felt a mixture of relief and frustration; her body's actions made her feel sexy, it was impossible to deny, but it was so much. Patrick's hesitance meant that what she was doing wasn't real, wasn't actually happening.

It could all stop here. She'd just given him a little sexy show, nothing more.

Nothing...*real*.

Unable to stand Patrick's silence any longer, Tess's pussy moved her hands to the young man's belt buckle. "I want you," she heard herself moan, her voice radiating lust. "Please..."

Tess didn't know whether she should feel offended or pleased at Patrick's response, by the fact that he seemed too scared to touch her.

"No," he said quietly, moving his hands to Tess's before she could undress him. "Tess, I..."

<Fuck this,> Tess's pussy said in response, and for a moment the teenage girl thought that it was over. That the young man's inaction had pushed her genitals past breaking point. That her pussy would give up, and Tess would regain control of her own body.

But to her surprise, she felt it talking psychically once more...this time, not to Tess.

This time, to someone outside of her own head.

<Hey!> it stormed. <Hey! Are you fucking kidding me?>

Patrick froze, his eyes widening in shock, and Tess realized that the 'voice' she heard in response was coming from him.

<Yeah,> a dopey voice said. <Sorry about that. This fuckin' guy, am I right?>

The voice was masculine, polished and slow, like the idiot son of a duke. <He really has no

fuckin' idea what he's doing.>

<So fix it, sweetie> Tess's voice replied, the thought being sent with a pout. <Nowwww...>

<Oh,> the strange voice eventually said. <I...I didn't know we could do that.>

There was a long pause, and if Tess had been in control of her body, she would've leaned forward in anticipation.

Finally, Patrick blinked twice, and a look appeared on his face. A look of pure, unadulterated lust.

Patrick wasn't the smartest boy in Tess's class, but he'd always had a wit to him. But the look on his face was completely lacking in intelligence. He looked like a caveman, or a male model. His eyes were laser-focused on Tess's exposed pussy, and behind them there was...nothing. No smarts, no fear, no sense of self-preservation.

Just pure, raw animal need.

"You want to do this?" Tess said with a purr, and Patrick nodded, reaching out and grabbing Tess's bare ass. As he pulled her onto his lap, Tess felt herself giggle.

"Let's do it," Patrick said, his voice confident and sure, with the certainty of the completely single-minded.

Tess's heart simultaneously sank and skipped a beat.

Their genitals were in control now.