

Conversations With Penelope

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CONVERSATIONS WITH PENELOPE

My name is Penelope. My last name is not relevant. Sometimes I have the weirdest conversations with myself.

What?

You say that is not normal.

Actually it is quite normal for me as I am afflicted with MPD (Multi-Personality Disorder).

I will introduce you to myself in order for you to follow this story.

Penelope: A lovely girl but perhaps a little too naïve and eager to please.

Penny: She is very close to Penelope but tends to drink a little too much and seems to attract the most awfully rude men.

Pretty P: Penelope likes Pretty P a lot but is a little afraid of her. She tends to over-react to even the most casual of stresses. Pretty P thrives on compliments and spends a lot of time looking in mirrors.

Sweet Pea: Foul mouthed and obnoxious little slut. She loves to parade her naked body around for everyone to appreciate her shapely form. When she is around, the rest of us listen and keep quiet

because she can be quite vindictive.

Macho Penny: This girl thinks she is a man or at least should have been a man. She tries to pick up anything in skirts and is constantly searching for her non-existent balls.

Smart Penny: Wears glasses and tight skirts way above the knee. She loves to debate any issue no matter how small or insignificant. She is convinced that her opinion is always right. She is absolutely unanimous about that.

These are my “normal” personalities. There are others but some of them are so vague and ambiguous that even I am unable to formulate words to describe them.

Generally, when I wake up in the morning and look in the mirror, I am never quite certain which personality I am fated to start out the day with. It is not until I speak that I really know for certain because these six personalities tend to look somewhat similar early in the morning.

In any eventuality, I, me, myself and all my other personalities have the same basic petite female form. I am blessed with silky red hair and a pair of very large and impressive breasts that are viewed with delight by some of my personalities and with abject disgust by Macho Penny. Smart Penny is uncommitted as yet because the specially made bras are quite expensive.

Today I am starting out as Penelope. That is generally a good sign as she tends to maintain control of all of my other personalities with some degree of success. I really like being simple comfortable Penelope. When I am dealing with Penelope, I know just where I stand. I always feel like I have complete control over her. It is the others that make me a bit fearful. I try to calm Penelope down when one of them takes control because I know there is probably a very good reason for it.

I will give you last night as an example. There I was being plain old simple Penelope with my female co-workers. We were having some fun at the delightful little corner pub decorated with adorable four-leaf clovers.

It is a certainty that I was only on my second pint when the proximity of the female flesh around me triggered Macho Penny to come to the fore. I could feel him taking over just as I touched my lips to the edge of the fresh glass. As Macho Penny, I became acutely aware of Misty's leg pressed into mine on the cushioned bench and the scent of Jasmine's perfume made me grab for my cock but all I could find was my aroused clitoris.

Now I looked into Misty's laughing eyes only a scant two feet from my face and I wanted to hump her so bad it made me tremble with uncontrollable passion. Poor Penelope was so straight that any such move on my part would be viewed with complete disbelief by any one of my friends or co-workers.

With a sly smile on my face, I leaned over and gave Misty a soft kiss on her cheek. It was so delicious that I almost fell into a swoon right onto her lap.

“Why, Penelope, how many have you had, luv?”

Misty took my hand into hers and jokingly placed it right on top of her half bare breast.

“Getting a little frisky, are we, darling Penelope?”

My hand on my clitoris suddenly felt a little damp and I knew the pulses deep inside were caused by the silky soft feel of Misty’s heaving bosom. I restrained myself from gobbling Misty’s nipple into my mouth and pretended embarrassment to cover my disarray.

Jasmine giggled and pulled her blouse open a bit so we could all view her magnificent twin peaks of pleasure. We all laughed together just a group of giddy females out on the town. None of them suspected that there was a wolf in their midst. Macho Penny was having the time of my life.

I managed to “accidentally” let my hand come to rest in Jasmine’s lap. She did not suspect a thing and never even batted an eyelash as my fingers reached out to explore her plump little mound. I realized that Penelope’s suspicion that Jasmine had a “thing” for her was well founded. Little sweet smelling Jasmine didn’t know that straight Penelope had evolved momentarily into the very pussy-loving Macho Penny but she apparently wanted my hand right where it was at the moment.

My suspicion was confirmed when Jasmine covered my hand with her own and pushed my fingers down deeper into the valley of her heated slit. She was talking non-stop the entire time and none of the others were aware of our passion driven activities under the tablecloth. I took a sip of my beer and let Jasmine see my tongue flick across my lips in a suggestive signal of promised oral pleasure at the first opportunity. I let my fingers push her tiny flimsy thong aside and I found the well-trimmed nest of honey waiting to be stirred into waves of orgasmic release.

I listened to the flow of conversation between all five of us and acted like I was intently focused on each syllable spoken in avid concentration. The entire time I stroked and petted my pretty little Jasmine into a frenzy of molten desire ready to erupt without warning. She looked into my eyes with deep burning passion that could not be denied.

“I’m headed to the little girl’s room. Penelope you look like you need a little wee-wee too.”

Jasmine’s words seared like a heated spike into my pussy crazed brain. I stood up and followed her in mute assent like a little puppy dog following its master.

When we got to the Ladies, Jasmine quickly went into the end stall and pulled me in behind her. She locked the door and lifted my lips to hers. Her kiss was sheer paradise on earth to me. I pushed the fluttering fears of straight Penelope to the recesses of my mind and let my hands grip Jasmine’s ass cheeks with frantic desire to bury myself deep inside this brown-skinned temptress.

Jasmine sighed and looked into my eyes.

“Do me nice sweet Penelope”

She lifted her skirts and rested back on the commode with her arms holding her legs up high. I could see both her pretty little pussy and her pulsating brown eye winking at me. I fell to my knees and moved my head between her soft, silky-skinned legs. I could hear Jasmine whimpering in passionate anticipation.

The taste of her pussy was like nothing I had ever experienced before. My tongue tingled with electricity and I began to lick with a fevered intensity that betrayed my need to pleasure this dusky princess. I redoubled my efforts when the sounds of Jasmine’s delight struck my ears with delicious arousal.

Jasmine rested her legs on my shoulders and grabbed my bobbing head with both of her hands. She pushed me deeper into her greedy vagina and told me,

“Get your pretty little tongue up deep in my pussy, dear sweet Penelope. I have been waiting for you to do this to me for the past six months. Stick me good and make me go nice like a good little girl.”

Jasmine wiggled her hips and pushed my face down so hard that it was difficult to breath. Suddenly, I felt her go rigid and the first squirts of juice shot onto my face and into my mouth. The taste and the scent was overpowering just like her delicate perfume. This was a natural female perfume that made me tremble with desire and search for even more like an addicted pussy-hound.

I kissed her sweet slit all over and licked her nice and clean.

Jasmine slid forward and whispered in my ear.

“Take care of my back door, sweet Penelope. It will make us as close as two people can ever be. I want to feel your lovely tongue in my tight little hole.”

I looked at the quivering little pucker hole and was filled with a desire I had never experienced before. I started to kiss her brown rim and licked her with circular motions that made me want even more. I could hear Jasmine beg me to “put it inside” as she squirmed on top of the commode. Her pucker hole opened so quickly that my tongue was inside and licking almost before I even realized it. Jasmine grunted like a rutting animal and told me,

“That’s so good. Don’t stop, Penelope”.

As soon as I heard the word Penelope, I reverted back to my basic Penelope persona and was shocked to find myself on my knees in front of my friend Jasmine. What was even more astonishing was the fact that my tongue was buried in my friend’s tiny ass hole and I was covered with her female juices.

Needless to say I was simply aghast.

I knew right away it was that devious Macho Penny at work again.

Since Jasmine appeared to be quite transported into a fog of pleasure, I extricated my tongue and pulled up my friend's thong and made repairs to my face and clothing at the sink just outside the stall.

Jasmine did not say a word but appeared to be in a semi-trance from a combination of spirits and satisfying sex. I was, of course, totally mortified and entirely ashamed of my actions even though I know it was really all the work of Macho Penny and not poor dear sweet little innocent Penelope.

We made our way back to the table and the others did not seem to see anything too out of place. They probably figured that one of us was a little caught up in the over indulgence of spirits and needed time to sort it out.

I only give you this as an example of what difficulties my other personalities can get me into. Hopefully, today will be a quiet day and none of the others will show up to further complicate my life.

As I rode in on the bus, I tried to decide just how I was going to handle my new relationship with Jasmine. I certainly hoped she would not want me to repeat my performance as Macho Penny.

Then again, maybe that would not be altogether too unpleasant. In fact, in all honesty, I must admit it seems a bit exciting after all.