Charlie-Charlene Part 6

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Published on Lush Stories on 08 Dec 2011

Tommy discovers what a vagina can do

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/charliecharlene-part-6.aspx

Tommy was stunned. He stood there, with his finger between his/her outer labia, and didn't say anything.

Charlene reached behind him, and picked up the washcloth from the edge of the tub. Turning to the vanity, she turned on the hot water faucet. She held her finger under it for a moment, until the cold water turned warm, then turned on the cold, and adjusted it to a comfortable temperature. She then soaked the washcloth, and wrung it out. She went over to Tommy then, and gently wiped the urine from the inside of his leg. Reaching his ankle, she said, "Pick up your foot."

Tommy was still on automatic pilot, and did as he was told. She wiped his foot, and grasping his ankle again, firmly set his foot down outside the puddle on the floor. "Don't move," she said, unnecessarily, and proceeded to wipe the tile floor with the washcloth.

Tossing it into the vanity sink, she took Tommy's hand out of his crotch, and said, "Come back to bed with me." *I'll have to remember to toss that into the washing machine, before it gets really rank,* she thought to herself. *Washing machine! Oh shit! I wonder if Elaine really did laundry last night, or if she went to that local bar of hers and picked someone up. Oh shit! I gottta call her. Oh Jesus! What if she called Gloria? Oh my God. If Gloria grows a cock, her husband will kick her out for sure. And it's all my fault. All because I was so hot and hard and just wanted to fuck her. Oh my God! That thing really DOES take over the thoughts! Damn! But I like it.*

Of course, the mind is not constrained to real time, so all those thoughts raced through Charlene's mind during the short time it took to walk with Tommy from the bathroom to the bedroom. They climbed into bed together, and punched the pillows up against the headboard. Just as they were getting settled against the headboard, Charlene's bedside phone rang. She flung her arm out to grab it and knocked the half-full whiskey glass onto the floor as she picked up the phone.

"Shit," she said into the receiver.

“I BEG your pardon,” Elaine said.

Tommy could hear Elaine on the other end, and began giggling.

“Hush,” Charlene said.

“Oh, nice. First it’s shit, and then hush. What the fuck is going on over there, Charls?”

“Oh, Lainie, this is so weird. Tommy and I did it last night, and this morning he has a vagina.”

“Well, He always was a bit of a pussy. Sorry. Bad pun. But I couldn’t resist,” Elaine giggled.

“HEY! I HEARD THAT!” Tommy yelled, but he was grinning from ear to ear.

“Oh yes, you could have resisted. You just chose not to, Lainie. Hush, Tommy. Lainie, did you... I mean you were gonna do laundry, but did...”

“I called Gloria and we fucked our brains out last night, if that’s what you’re asking. And that’s why I’m calling. It didn’t happen.”

“I don’t understand. Her husband knows you do things for her that he can’t; it is not secret. What do you mean it didn’t happen?”

“I mean she didn’t grow a dick.” Elaine said. She sounded disappointed.

“Oh Lainie, I’m so sorry…no I’m not. Good. Get your ass over here.”

“I gotta do laun…”

“Bring the fucking laundry with you. You can do it here,” Charlene interrupted her.

“Oh, all right,” Elaine sighed resignedly, “if I must. I’ll be over in a bit.”

“And don’t stop to shower. You can do that here, too. Just get your ass over here NOW.”

“Do I need to bring condoms?”

“What for? Tommy doesn’t need to take it in the ass anymore… no… wait… On second thought, stop somewhere and pick up a whole box. I have an idea. There’s something I want to try.”

“A whole box? You’re gonna wear that thing out before the five hundred mile break-in period is over.”

“Just DO it, Lainie. Meanwhile, I’m gonna show lover boy here what a clit is for.”

She hung up the phone, then, and looked at the whiskey on the floor. *Fuck it. I’ll clean it up later,* she thought. And then, *Damn. I wouldn’t have thought that way a week ago. This thing really does affect thought.*

She rolled over then, and wrapped her arm around Tommy’s neck, and pulled him to herself. Their lips met, and she became the aggressor, pressing her tongue against his closed lips. He was surprised, but quickly recovered, and opened his mouth, taking her tongue into his. She darted her tongue around inside his mouth, first against the roof, and then along the sides of his teeth. It was as if she was a kitten suddenly let loose in a new room, inspecting every nook and cranny.

He felt his cock begin to swell, but, he also felt a new and different swelling, a little lower, and more centered in his crotch. There were butterflies down low in his tummy, and he could feel a strange dampness between his upper thighs. He suddenly became aware that his testicles were moving around in his scrotum, and as they did, he felt shoots of electricity all the way up into his core.

Charlene put her hand down then, and reaching past his cock and his balls, gently touched his outer labia with two fingers. His breath caught, and released with a whimper. He had an irresistible urge to spread his legs, inviting her to put her fingers inside. With her other hand, she touched his nipple, and he felt like there was a direct connection from his nipple, through the butterflies, straight to his crotch.

He rolled his hips upward, begging her to enter him, and moaned. He could feel his cock standing straight up, throbbing, and all he could think was, *Touch it. Put your fingers in me. Oh God.*

Charlene slowly parted his lips, and slid her fingers up and down just at the entrance, feeling the moisture there, and spreading it all around the entrance. She gently brought her thumb down, and very lightly touched just at the base of his scrotum, just above his clitoris. He moaned louder this time, and moved his pelvis more insistently, but she was not to be hurried.

“Oh God, Charlie, don’t tease me,” he begged. “ I need to feel you…oh, yes harder, like that.”

Charlene’s thumb had found its mark, and was making little circles on his clitoris and Tommy felt himself getting more and more tense. His tummy was starting to clench in little waves now, and his breathing was ragged. With every exhalation, he was making little sounds. He heard them, as if from a distance, and was vaguely aware that it was he making them. Then all of a sudden, he felt his

tummy clench, and he clamped his legs together, and raised his upper body slightly. He gave a loud moan, and cum shot out of his cock, hitting his chin. His tummy was clenching and unclenching in waves, and he kept making little cries. His eyes closed and all he saw was black, with tiny points of colored dots, dancingin the distance.

Charlene climbed on top of him then, and gently pried his legs apart with her knees. Her hard cock was at the entrance, and she slid smoothly into him. He was so warm, and tight, and so incredibly snug, but with little humps and hollows inside. She began moving, slowly, and with each movement she could feel him clench on her, as his spasms continued. She began pumping in earnest, and he thrust his hips to meet her. His vagina was clamping as if to pull her further in, and with one mighty final thrust, she buried herself deeply into him.

She felt her testicles tighten, and her pelvic muscles contract. She felt it then. Three large spurts of cum passed up her urethra, and shot deep into his vagina, followed by several lesser ones. She collapsed on top of him, and lay there, panting.

“That was amazing,” Tommy said. ”It was entirely …well… not different.. but, yeah, different from coming with a cock. Wow. Is that what you feel every time?”

“Only if I am really relaxed, and comfortable, and with someone who knows what he, or she, is doing,” Charlene answered, and went on, “but I don’t think you will ever experience someone who doesn’t, because I have an idea.”

“What idea?”

“You’ll have to wait until Elaine gets here, ‘cause I wanna tell her, too, and I’m getting tired of telling things twice. Which reminds me. I gotta figure out what to do with that dildoe. I think it’s ivory, and too valuable to toss out, but it isn’t exactly the kind of decoration you want sitting on the coffee table when your parents come to visit.”

“Well – since the store no longer exists, you can hardly do as the British might say, and ‘Pop ’round the corner’ to return it.”

“No, I can’t. I think I’ll just put it in a shoe box with a bunch of cotton balls to cushion it, and stash it on the closet shelf, behind the Christmas decorations. And, even though it’s empty, I think I’ll keep that little vial with it. Maybe a hundred years from now, someone will find it, and wonder which forebear used it.”

The doorbell rang, so Charlene got up, and donning a robe from hook on the back of her bedroom

door, went to see if it was Elaine.

Tommy continued to lie on his back with his knees drawn up, and his feet planted firmly on the mattress. He was just letting his mind wander. *OK. What now? I love her. I want her in me and with me, and I want her to be my friend, and my partner, and…. Oh shit! Partner! I can't have a partner – musicians have to remain bound to the music first. I wonder what it would be like to give it up. After all, I only played a little, while in college, and I wasn't unhappy. Maybe it is only lust and the afterglow. God! That was incredible. Elaine is coming over. I wonder if Elaine's cock feels different inside. And I love her too. Is it possible to be in love with two people at once?*

His reverie was broken when Elaine appeared in the doorway, and tossed a box of Trojans on the bed.

"Hi, Tommy. I hear you got nailed good last night," she said, grinning.

"I'll say. But this girl, Charlie, is dangerous. She does things for you that you could never do for yourself." And he giggled then, thinking about how the old phrase had taken on a new meaning for him.

Elaine stepped all the way into the room. She was dressed in a tank top and pair of shorts, and there was a definite bulge at her crotch.

Tommy stared at her bulge, and could feel himself getting aroused. He felt his crotch swelling, and he felt his cock beginning to stiffen. *God! I want to take that cock into my mouth, and feel it get harder.* He thought to himself, and then, *where did THAT come from? Am I becoming gay? Nah – she's just a chick with a dick.* He giggled to himself at the rhyme.

"What's so funny?" Elaine asked.

"I was just thinking you're a chick with a dick, and it struck me as funny."

"Well… it IS funny."

They both laughed together, and Charlene, appearing in the doorway, asked, "What's so funny?"

They told her, and all three of them had a good laugh.

"Move over and get in the middle of the bed," she said to Tommy. "I want some of this action, too."

Tommy lay on his back in the middle of the bed, with Charlene and Elaine on either side of him. All three of them were sporting intense erections, and Tommy took one in each hand. He gripped them firmly, just the way he gripped himself when he was masturbating, and began slowly pumping them up and down.

Charlene was the first to suggest a change of position. “Tommy,” she said, “I want to feel you in me, while you are doing that to my cock.” She rolled over on her side, with her back to him, and raised her upper leg. Tommy snuggled into her back, and slid his turgid member into her waiting pussy. She was very wet, and it slid in easily. She moaned softly as she felt him enter and fill her. Elaine slid up against Tommy’s back, and using her hand guided the tip of her cock to his vagina.

As Tommy began slowly moving in and out of Charlene, Elaine’s cock inched its way into his opening. It felt so good to him, to be filled, and to have his own cock encircled in Charlene’s warmth. He began moving a little further, but with the same slow, deliberate speed. With each stroke in, he felt Elaine’s cock sliding out of him. Then, as he eased out of Charlene, Elaine eased into him, and he felt so full, and so loved. He timed his strokes on Charlene’s cock to match their body movements, and she began uttering little cries with each stroke. Charlene and Elaine matched his motion, and soon all three of them were moving with increased urgency. Elaine was grunting with each thrust into Tommy’s tight vagina, and she could feel him gripping her cock as if to pull her further in. The room was filled with the sounds and smells of their love-making, and it wasn’t long before all three of them came. They lay there together, with a sheen of sweat covering their bodies.

Elaine was the first to regain her breath, and said, “Wow. We were loud. I wonder if the neighbors herd us.”

“So what if they did?” asked Tommy. “It’s Sunday. Maybe they will think we were having a church service.”

“I never heard anybody yell out ‘Oh God’ quite like that in church,” giggled Charlene.

“I can just imagine what they were saying,” Elaine said. ”Oh, goodness. The neighbors must be VERY religious. Just listen to them shouting out to God and to Jesus. And I’ve seen that Charlene; she’s a nice girl.”

They all laughed together then.

“OOPS!” Charlene and Tommy said simultaneously, as Tommy and Elaine’s flaccid penises slid out of their respective cocoons. Elaine sat up. “I am freaking starving,” she said. “Do you have any food in the house, Charls?”

“I was just thinking about some eggs, bacon, toast, orange juice and coffee,“ Charlene replied. “Lainie, why don’t you start a load of laundry, while I see what I can scare up in the kitchen. Oh, and grab the washcloth out of the bathroom vanity and toss it in, too, please. I had to use it to mop up the bathroom floor this morning.”

“Mop up the? Oh, dear. Did sweet Tommy discover something new in the bathroom?” Elaine giggled as she said that, and poked Tommy in the ribs.

“Hey!” he said. “It was all new and different. Nobody warned me that I might want to sit.” He rolled over onto his back. Putting his knees in the air, and his feet flat on the bed, he went on, “Guys, you might be used to this, but my tummy is still fluttering. I gotta lie here till it settles down, and I can walk again.”

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After breakfast, Charlene was washing the dishes at the sink, and said over her shoulder to anyone who might be listening, “I want to try something, you two.”

“Oh?” Tommy and Elaine responded in unison.

“Yeah. Lainie, you know how Tommy likes to take in the ass right?”

“Yeah… so, go on.”

“Well, I was wondering if, now we have these cocks too, whether we’d have the same reaction.”

“Speaking from experience, I can tell you it is great,” Tommy interjected. “You can feel it inside, and it is like the base of your cock is being stimulated from way down deep, and the feeling just builds and builds, and you can feel it moving up inside your cock, and then you can feel it in the head, just before your cum starts dripping out. You don’t even have to get hard, and you have an orgasm.”

“Well,” Charlene said, “we can’t all be in each other at once, but we could use the ivory dildoe for the last person.”

“Oh no you don’t,” Tommy and Elaine answered in unison again, and Elaine went on, “That thing has caused enough trouble. You’re not putting it in me.”

“Me neither,” Tommy piped up. “Don’t you have any other toys that are a little less dangerous?

Besides, I thought you said you were gonna pack that thing away, for posterity.”

“POSTERITY!” Elaine exclaimed “What in the Hell are you guys talking about?”

So Charlene explained to Elaine about thinking she couldn’t return it to the store, and didn’t want to keep it on display, but thought it might have value as an interesting object for people to find, years later.

”Well – I think it’s dangerous, and you can't just give it to someone else, so maybe stashing it away somewhere IS the best idea,” Elaine said.

Tommy spoke up then. “I think we should all take a shower, and… um…Charlene, babe, do you still have that extra hose on the shower – you know – the bypass that you use to masturbate? IF you do, we could use it as an enema. Just to, you know, kind of clean everything out before we...um……”

“Bugger each other?” Elaine asked, laughing.

“Laine, Honey. You know I love you, and have, ever since that weekend when we were supposed to be skiing, but must you be so crass?” *Oh, my God, that never would have bothered me. I wonder if having - what should I call it? –it’s not a pussy, exactly, and vagina seems so clinical – lady bits. I’ll call it lady bits.*

I wonder if having them is making me more sensitive. It fer damn sure made my nipples more sensitive. In fact, they ache a little right now – HOLY SHIT! Am I growing boobs? Are these growing pains I feel? Holy BAT, Fuckman, … but it’s kinda cool – I can play with them anytime. Out loud he said, “ Charlie, com’ere and look at me. Am I growing tits?”

Charlene walked around directly in front of him, and looked at his chest critically. “Well, maybe, I really can’t tell. What do you think, Lainie?”

“Easy to tell,” Elaine said. She stepped behind Tommy, and reaching around him, cupped his breasts with her hands, and lifting them slightly, squeezed down with her thumbs. “Yup. Boobs,” she said. “and I’ve felt enough of them to know. I could learn to love this girl, Charls.”

“Well, Tommie, “ Charlene said, “I think maybe you need to change the ending of your name to ‘ie’ instead of ‘y’.”

Well, maybe it is time to come out of the closet. I can wear anything I want, and if I look like a chick, who cares? I’ll just tell the guys in the band, that I have started sex change therapy. Hell they don’t

care – they're all married, anyway. It isn't as if I would ever be fucking them. Though Bob does have a nice looking cock. I wonder if it would fit in my…….JESUS! I have never thought about those guys like that. Maybe I really am turning gay… no , it just these Lady Bits. They make me feel different, and think differently. Dang! Who woulda thunk it? I think I'll let Laine and Charls be in front – I don't really want it in the ass anyway. I want it … I want it… ummm ... between my legs. OH God, I'm getting wet again, I can feel it. All I want is for them…THEM? …yeah, them…am I in love? All I know is I want to stay with Charlie and Elaine for a long time.

"I love you," he said.

"Who?" Elaine and Charlene were speaking in unison now.

"You. Both of you. I don't give a fuck about calling Mr. Karas tomorrow. Oh, a recording gig would be OK, but I don't want to go on the road. I don't want to leave you guys." He felt tears welling up, and blinked them back. "I want to stay with you guys forever, and I want to be a family."

They overflowed then, and rolled down his cheeks. Charlene and Elaine came over to him, and each holding an arm, reached up with their free hands, and wiped the tears from his cheeks.

"Honey, why are you crying?" Charlene asked.

"Oh I don't know. I just thought about going on the road, and being away from you and Lainie, and …." He fell silent then, and the tears rolled freely down his cheeks.

Charlene and Elaine looked at each other quizzically. "You don't suppose?" Charlene silently mouthed to Elaine.

Elaine nodded her head . "Yes," she mouthed back.

"Damn," Charlene said softly. And then the sudden thought jumped into her mind, unbidden: *I wonder whose it is?*

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