

# Hangout

By C. Jade Wyton

*Becky Bloom spends the day hanging out with the friend of a friend, Bianca. They hit it off well and, after sharing a meal and conversation, decide to have a more explicit type of fun together.*

***Contains explicit sexual content.***

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Becky had been surprised to receive a text from Portia's friend, Bianca, asking her to hang out. So far, the only messages she'd gotten from the elf were prying for gossip about Portia; she didn't realise that Bianca was interested in being her friend, too.

Becky was *ecstatic*, of course! She was *always* happy to make new friends. Especially ones that were already friends with her other friends!

Bianca definitely had a personality that matched Portia's.

It was like she was drunk, even though she was completely sober. And it was an infectious feeling. She laughed so loud it made Becky's ears ring, and Becky couldn't help but match her. They'd gotten some looks as they'd ordered lunch, and Becky had at least had some sense and suggested they take the food back to her place to eat.

Bianca had been happy to go to Becky's house, and the pair had walked all the way home.

Ken greeted Bianca warmly and then, upon hearing that her regular speaking voice was the same volume that Isa used when she was yelling up the stairs to get Becky out of her room, had retreated into his study and not come out.

Now Becky and Bianca sat in the lounge room with two pizzas and four containers of Yuantanese takeaway. Becky on the couch with Mimi in her lap, and Bianca insisting that the floor was more comfortable.

Becky had expected at least *some* leftovers, but after giving one container to her dad, and Isa's drive-by of the spring rolls, she wasn't sure that there would be much left. Bianca ate even more than Becky did; which surprised Becky, as she'd been trying to force herself to slow down since Goodhuman taught her about her binge-eating.

Bianca practically inhaled one of the pizzas on her own before moving onto one of the containers; standing up to snoop around the room as she ate.

'Who's this cunt?' Bianca asked, pointing at the wall of photos Becky's father had hung up. 'She looks like you, but twice as old and three times as thick.'

'That's my mum,' Becky answered, scratching Mimi between the eyes. 'She's—'

'Ah, that explains the resemblance!' Bianca interrupted with a laugh, before turning to the hall and shouting loudly; 'GOOD ON'YA MISTAH BLOOM! YA WIFE'S A SOLID TEN, AY?!'

'She's dead,' Becky finished, wincing. 'And Dad's still kinda sensitive about it.'

'Ah, shit, sorry,' Bianca apologised, flopping down next to Becky. 'Shoulda

doubled checked that. Shoulda known better. What with P being in the same sitch, yeah?’

‘Yeah, I heard about Portia’s mum,’ Becky said. ‘She had that whole party about it.’

‘What party about it?’

‘Oh, uh... it was like a, “my dad’s cheating on my dead mum party” sort of thing?’

‘Ah, yeah, been to my fair share of those,’ Bianca laughed, waving a hand. ‘Sounds like something P would do.... So if that’s ya mum in the photos, who was the Sheila who got the spring rolls?’

‘That’s Isa,’ Becky said. ‘She’s my... other mum.’

‘Aw yeah, cool,’ Bianca gave a nod as she finished the last of her food. Then, she looked around the room again, her ears giving a curious twitch. ‘God, I’m stuffed.... Hmm... youse guys seem really well-off, huh?’

‘Yeah, we are,’ Becky responded. ‘Mum was a model, which paid really well. And Dad worked with her as like, a designer. Which *also* paid really well. So we’re, uh, kinda rich? I think. Not as much as some people but for this town, yeah.’

‘Yeah, yeah— And what about Isa?’ Bianca asked. ‘What’s she do?’

‘Uh, she was our maid,’ Becky answered. ‘And my babysitter.’

‘Fucking oath, a maid-turned-mum, huh?’ Bianca cackled. ‘Like one of them cheesy romance movies, but in real life!’

‘Yeah,’ Becky chuckled back. ‘Isa’s cool. She used to look after me, when Mum and Dad would travel for work. So, you know.’

‘I get ya, Stephen used to travel all the time,’ Bianca gave a nod. ‘Was real hard on P, yeah? He only started being a dad after her mum died.’

Becky could relate, and returned Bianca’s nod.

‘Anyway, not my place to talk about that,’ Bianca gave a sniff, and pushed herself to her feet again. ‘So. Ya Dad worked in fashion, huh? Maybe he could hook me up with some clothes or something. I been wearing this grubby thing since I got here,’ she said, pulling on her jacket. ‘And P’s clothes just don’t fit me, so I’m stuck standing naked in the laundry once a week, feeling like I’m gonna get jumped by Jason. Y’know, the guy with the mask and stick?’

‘Yeah, from the horror movie,’ Becky nodded. ‘And uh, we might have some clothes— I cleaned my wardrobe out just a... week ago? I don’t think Isa’s had the time to take them to the donation bin, yet. If we still have them you can go through them and pick out anything you like.’

‘AH! Fuck yeah!’ Bianca responded. ‘Free shit?!’

‘Yeah, it should all be in the spare room upstairs, if you want to go like, check it out and stuff,’ Becky offered, downing the last of her food and bagging up the garbage; Mimi jumped off her lap as she did, and made for a secluded corner of the room to curl up in. ‘Come on, I’ll take you up there now and you can see if it fits you.’

‘Shit yeah, sounds good, mate!’

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‘Hm, so, is it true you’re a slut?’

Becky paused, the question catching her so off guard she almost forgot to answer, for a moment. ‘Uh... what?’

‘Ah, no offence or anything! It’s just I’ve heard lots of rumours and stuff from P,’ Bianca shrugged. ‘But then also, from what I’ve seen of you on your socials, you seem pretty loyal to that Jareth guy, yeah? I was just wondering where those rumours came from, y’know?’

‘Oh, yeah, like. I’m poly,’ Becky explained. ‘I used to be like, more active with it. But I had a really bad relationship before and it’s like... made it really hard. You know?’

‘Being poly isn’t slutty, though?’ Bianca’s brow furrowed. ‘Unless poly means something else, here. Back in Aus it just meant you was dating more than one bloke at a time.’

‘Oh, yeah, it means that here but—’ Becky felt herself blush. ‘I was like... *actually* a slut about it. I wasn’t like, *dating* anyone. But my libido was off the *charts*. I’d be with someone like, at least every two days. Which was fine, except that I was, like, kinda a real *bitch* about it. I didn’t mean to be, though. It was just like, if they, like— So. If they didn’t do a good job I would *tell* them that they sucked. You know? But not like, gently. I would like, get up, and say “you suck at this” and then leave. And then sometimes, if they were *really* bad, I’d post about them on my Spellbook page like “so-and-so doesn’t even make girls *cum* after he’s done!” you know?’

‘HAH!’ Bianca let out a cackle. ‘And they still slept with you?’

‘The brave ones did,’ Becky grinned.

‘Any regrets?’

‘Mmm... not really. I wish I’d been a bit nicer though,’ Becky said. ‘I’d actually really like to do that sort of thing again. And, like, Jareth says he doesn’t mind and stuff, but, like.... Well. Like. I said how I was a bitch before. And like. That was it. I was a bitch, but I was hot, and people were still into me. But then.... Then I dated Mattel, and now I think everyone’s like. *Scared* scared of me.’

‘Ah yeah? I think I’ve heard a bit about Mattel,’ Bianca nodded. ‘That Sheila who got attacked by those birds, yeah?’

‘Yeah,’ Becky confirmed. ‘She was... bad. For me. To me. To *everyone*.’

‘Woof.’

‘Yeah....’

The girls both went quiet, for a moment. Then Bianca gave a sniff and nudged Becky playfully.

‘Y’know, if you *really* want to get back into it like you say, I’m game.’

‘What?’

‘I’ll fuck you,’ Bianca said, simply.

‘Oh! Like, as a friend?’ Becky asked.

‘Yeah! As a friend,’ Bianca answered. ‘God knows I haven’t gotten any in... oof. *Years*. I think it’d be fun to have a go with you; I think you’re pretty cool. Couldn’t hurt to have some fun.’

‘Yeah, I’d love to!’ Becky exclaimed. But then, she hesitated, and bit her lip. ‘But... I think... I should ask Jareth first if it’s *really* okay with him that I do this sort of thing.’

‘Eh, cool cool,’ Bianca shrugged. ‘Smart. Course you can!’  
‘Awesome, just give me a second...’ Becky trailed off as she pulled out her phone.  
**Becky:** hey bbabe i m with portias frend bianca amd we r talking n i wanded to ask if it is still o k if i sleped with other peeple  
**Becky:** i no u said yes b4 but its ok if u changed ur mind  
**Becky:** i dont want 2 upset u  
**Jareth:** Babe its ok it doesn’t upset me  
**Jareth:** I know you’re poly, that’s what I signed up for when I fell in love with you :)

**Becky:** ok  
**Becky:** ur sure  
**Jareth:** I’m sure  
**Becky:** ok  
**Becky:** but ur SURE sure ?  
**Jareth:** Sure sure  
**Becky:** ok  
**Becky:** ur SURE sure  
**Jareth:** Yes  
**Becky:** i cabn have sex with her  
**Jareth:** Yes  
**Becky:** an u don t mind  
**Jareth:** I don’t mind  
**Becky:** ur SURE ur sure sure  
**Jareth:** Yes  
**Becky:** ok  
**Becky:** but r u SURE sure ur sure sure b cus i donnt want 2 make u mad at me

There was a long pause as Becky waited for Jareth’s reply.  
She shifted anxiously, feeling Bianca put an arm around her as they waited.  
And waited. And....

The reply Jareth sent took up her entire phone screen, twice.  
It was very long. And very sweet. And very, *very* reassuring....  
It took Becky at least five minutes to read, though, as she slowly ran her finger under each word to keep them from spinning around.

‘You know, I think he’s down with it,’ Bianca chuckled, looking over Becky’s shoulder. ‘Aw, he seems like an absolute *sweetheart!*’

‘He is,’ Becky replied, feeling Bianca’s head rest on her shoulder. ‘He’s like... the best.’

‘Heh,’ Bianca pressed a kiss into Becky’s neck, and Becky felt her body growing warm as the woman moved back and began to strip. ‘Well, come on, then! Get your clothes off, let’s go!’

Becky obliged, grabbing at the hem of her shirt and pulling it over her head.  
‘Damn, girl, your tits are *huge!*’ Bianca exclaimed, taking Becky’s bra off her as she undid it, and holding the cup up. ‘Holy shit! How big—’ she placed the cup over her face. ‘Oh, Jesus fuck, girl! How’s your back doing?!’

‘Poorly,’ Becky admitted, chuckling as Bianca played with her bra.

‘No shit, you could use this fucking thing to carry a pair of fucking goblins, I swear to god!’

Becky snorted a laugh, and snatched her bra back. She threw it across the room— And then Bianca tackled her, face-to-chest, down into her pillows.

‘Ay they’re fucking soft, ain’t they!’

‘Like pillows,’ Becky said as ran her hand down Bianca’s back and undid the woman’s own bra. ‘So, uh... how do you want to do this? Do you want to top or should I roll over?’

‘I’m happy to take charge,’ Bianca said, pushing herself up so she stood over Becky. Her feet sunk into the mattress and she swayed almost dangerously as she motioned for Becky to slide down off her pillows. ‘C’mon, shuffle down to the flat part. I don’t wanna hurt ya or nothing!’

‘Okay,’ Becky obediently moved down, giggling as Bianca lowered herself and crouched over Becky’s face.

‘You think this’ll be right?’ she asked, running a finger over her shorts’ button. ‘Should I pop these off or nah?’

‘Yeah, get them off!’ Becky laughed, feeling herself turning pink.

‘Ro’ight, then!’ Bianca exclaimed, standing up again and yanking off the last of her clothes in a very dangerous full-bed stumble. Then, once she was naked, she grabbed Becky’s own pants and gave them a yank. ‘And alley-*oop!*’

Becky gave a squeal as her pants were thrown away with a dramatic flourish.

Then, Bianca was crouching over her face again; only this time there was no fabric between them.

*Oh, it was so good....*

The hot, tangy smell made Becky feel like she was melting between Bianca’s thighs, and she wrapped her arms around Bianca’s legs to pull her close. She pressed her tongue up, slipping it as deep as she could into Bianca, and felt her press down eagerly and thrust.

‘Fuck, yeah,’ Bianca laughed. ‘God, y’good with that tongue. Ya bloke’s damn lucky....’

‘*Mmhm*,’ Becky moaned in response.

‘Heh, *yeah*,’ Bianca breathed. ‘Just keep doing that, right? That’s good. That’s good....’

Becky did as she was told; closing her eyes and letting out a long moan as she continued pleasuring Bianca.

Then, the elf shifted and leant over, grabbing at something just above Becky’s head.

‘Youse mind if I get a vid of this?’ she asked. ‘Cos ya looking real cute. I wanna send it to your bloke.’

‘Mhm,’ Becky gave a moan of affirmation.

‘Aye, open ya eyes,’ Bianca told her, gently tapping her cheek with a finger.

‘And say “hi Jareth”!’

Becky looked up at the woman and saw her own phone’s camera aimed at her face; Bianca grinning widely behind it.

‘*Mmmph*,’ she moaned. ‘*Mhp mhmhmp!*’

‘Close enough,’ Bianca chuckled, turning to trail the camera over Becky’s body. ‘Look at how *pink* she is turning! Aww, so pretty!’

Then Becky felt Bianca lean back, and a finger found its way between her labia. She massaged up and down gently before inserting one finger. Then another.

‘*Mmmphf*,’ Becky moaned deeply into Bianca.

‘That good?’

‘*Mhm....*!’

‘Hah! Look how wet you are!’ Bianca cackled, turning back and holding both the camera and her fingers in Becky’s face. ‘*Dripping!*’

Becky gave a giggle— And then a squeal as Bianca ran her wet fingers across Becky’s forehead.

‘*Simmbaaaa*,’ Bianca teased.

‘MHMMMH! *MMM!*’ Becky laughed into Bianca’s crotch, flailing her legs as the woman continued gently thrusting against her face.

‘You good?’ Bianca asked. ‘Just tap me twice if you want me to stop, yeah?’

Becky didn’t tap. Instead, she continued giggling, and wrapped her arms tighter around Bianca’s legs to hold her close.

‘Aw, yeah,’ Bianca chuckled before adjusting Becky’s phone and scrolling through it. ‘Alright, just triple checking I got the right guy, and... sent!’ Bianca cackled, throwing Becky’s phone onto the bedside table. ‘Hope he likes that, huh?’

‘Mmm,’ Becky moaned in agreement. *She hoped so, too....*

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Bianca pushed through the front door of Portia’s house, her arms laden with garbage bags full of Becky’s old clothes, and made straight for the guest room to deposit them all on the floor.

‘Oh, damn!’ Portia called from the other side of the hall, hurrying to follow Bianca into the room. ‘What you got there, B?’

‘Free shit!’ Bianca replied.

‘Aw, fuck yeah! Free shit?!’

‘Yeah, free shit!’

‘Where’d you get it from?’ Portia asked. ‘Cos that’s a lot, B!’

‘Aw, man. So you know that friend of yours, Becky?’ Bianca asked, continuing when Portia nodded. ‘Yeah well she was cleaning out her wardrobe and shit, and was gonna get rid of all this here! She offered it to me and shit.’

‘Fuck, nice!’ Portia gave a toothy grin and put her hands on her hips. ‘So you and Beck hung out, huh? What’d you do?’

‘Her,’ Bianca responded, returning Portia’s grin.

‘*What?*’

‘I did her,’ Bianca clarified, simply.

‘You fucking *didn’t!*’

‘Aw, I fucking did, ay!’

‘You fucking *fucked* her?!’

‘I fucking did!’

‘Aw ya *fuck!*’

—END—

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