May I Have A Helping Hand

by Mad_Muse_Musings

Summary

Jemma nodded again, a blush climbing up her face. “Can I watch you?”

Melinda rubbed the bridge of her nose before she answered, rolling over everything. “Not tonight, but maybe tomorrow. I want you to sleep on this and make sure this is what you want, and realize turnabout is fair play. You watch me, I am going to watch you.”

Jemma nodded biting her lip.

Notes

As always you can read this one without the other installments, but the others make it better.

Also this one is going to be chaptered, since I couldn't fit everything into one ficlet sized bit.

And, please feel free to leave some ideas in the comments for me, anything you want to see would be greatly appreciated to kick start my thinky thoughts.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Melinda wasn’t sure when she reached a point in her life that involved cleaning sex toys in a shared bathroom, but here she was, washing a glass one in warm soapy water at two in the morning after a very nice orgasm.

She was absolutely not prepared for Jemma Simmons to come stumbling into said bathroom with her shower caddy and change of clothing, putting them under the sink next to Melinda before looking in Melinda’s sink.

“Oh, Agent May, that’s beautiful. Did you make it?” Jemma said, awe clear in her voice.

Melinda couldn’t control the snort of amusement that came out at that.

“What?” Jemma asked her brows furrowed in confusion.

“It’s a toy, Simmons. Not some fine art work.”

If it was possible Jemma looked more confused. “I am afraid I don’t understand.”

Melinda rolled her eyes before turning the tap off and facing Jemma with her hip cocked up against the sink. “It’s a sex toy, Simmons.”

“Oh…. OH!” Jemma said before blushing bright red.

“Jesus, for a woman with a safe word you are incredibly naïve.” Melinda said, shaking her head.

“What does one have to do with the other?” Jemma asked, confusion clear on her face again.

“Jesus Christ, two in the morning is not the time for me to have this conversation. You know safe words are used in BDSM scenes, right? Phil’s is Stark but I follow the green, yellow, red rule.” Melinda didn’t know it was possible for Jemma to blush that red but here they were, Jemma doing a wonderful impression of a tomato.

“Oh – I – no – uhm – well then…” Jemma stuttered, eyes flicking back to the glass dildo in the sink that looked more like an icicle made out of rounded segments, and Melinda’s face.

“It’s just a dildo, Simmons. It’s not going to bite, I promise.”

Jemma chuckled, but it was clearly nervous before grabbing her necessities for a shower and fleeing into one of the shower stalls. Melinda shook her head and went back to cleaning the glass before carefully drying it and dropping it into the silken bag that it called home, before ducking out of the bathroom, content to pretend the whole night never happened.

She was just about to turn her light out when there was a knock on her door. “Not tonight, Phil, one night in your bed spending most of it in your bodily fluids was enough for me, okay?”

“Agent May?” The voice that responded was timid and British, and most decidedly not Phil.

“Simmons?”

“May I come in please?”

Melinda slid out of bed, making sure to nudge the box that held her toys a little further under the bed,
and opened the door to find a very distraught Jemma on the other side.

“Simmons, what’s wrong?” Melinda asked as soon as she closed the door behind the younger woman.

Which was apparently the wrong question because Jemma was talking much faster than Melinda could actually process at two-thirty in the morning. Melinda was pretty sure she caught something about Jemma having never been kissed and not understanding how she could discuss sex with such ease followed by what sounded like a very thorough description of the human body.

“Simmons – Jemma, slow down. What’s wrong?” Melinda asked again, sitting down on her bed and patting beside her for Jemma to sit down.

“I’ve never masturbated.” Jemma said only to throw both of her hands over her mouth and try to make a hasty exit.

“Stop!” Melinda commanded, and Jemma stopped dead in her tracks. “Look at me, Jemma.” Melinda commanded a bit softer in tone than the stop had been.

“I’m so sorry.” Jemma apologized, looking down at the ground, but at least turned towards Melinda.

“Why?”

“Because this isn’t of your concern or even remotely your problem an-“

“No, not why are you sorry, Jemma, why have you never masturbated.” Melinda cut her off.

“Oh…” Jemma said before shrugging as an answer.

“That’s not an answer.”

“I don’t know how to.” Jemma mumbled.

“Jemma, you are in your twenties with an extraordinary amount of knowledge about the human body and the internet to aid you, I am calling bull shit.”

“I’m afraid.”

“That’s better. Come here.” Melinda instructed, and Jemma finally took a seat beside her. “Why are you afraid?”

And again Jemma was rattling off a list of reasons much too fast for Melinda to keep up. Melinda held her hands up for Jemma to stop. “Let’s try another approach. Do you want to?”

Jemma nodded, a little hesitantly for Melinda’s taste.

“Jemma, don’t do this because you think you need to. Do it because you want to.”

Jemma nodded again. “Will you help me?”

“You do understand that masturbation is mostly a solo activity, right?”

Jemma nodded again, a blush climbing up her face. “Can I watch you?”

Melinda rubbed the bridge of her nose before she answered, rolling over everything. “Not tonight,
but maybe tomorrow. I want you to sleep on this and make sure this is what you want, and realize
turnabout is fair play. You watch me, I am going to watch you.”

Jemma nodded biting her lip, before leaning in and brushing a quick kiss over Melinda’s lips.
“Thank you.” She whispered, before disappearing from the room, leaving Melinda to wonder what
she had just gotten herself into.
Chapter 2

Melinda was mostly sure that Jemma wouldn’t show up the following night, but she had just changed into boy shorts and a tank top when Jemma knocked on the door and slipped in, wearing her own cami and cute little sleep shorts.

“I figured you would change your mind.” Melinda admitted, sitting on the bed, one leg pulled up onto the bed, the heel wedged into the apex of her thighs.

“I would be remiss if I didn’t admit to being absolutely terrified and nervous about the prospect of you watching me.” Jemma said, doing the word vomit thing she fell into when she started to get nervous.

“One thing at a time. What makes you wet?”


Melinda held her desire to sigh in check, but only just. “What makes you wet, Jemma? What makes you want to roll your hips against the nearest hard surface until your body shakes with the force of your pleasure?”

“Oh, uhm, I don’t really know I suppose.” Jemma said, blushing. “Thinking about watching you makes me really warm.”

Melinda sighed, “Jemma, don’t rush into this because you feel like you need to prove something to yourself or anyone else. I am sorry I teased you about not realizing that what I was washing was a dildo.”

Jemma shook her head, red creeping further up her face. “I want to watch you, I am 100% sure of that. Can we just figure everything else out as we go?”

Melinda nodded, standing up slowly and pressing a kiss to Jemma’s lips. “We can do that. Do you want to know what makes me wet?” Melinda whispered.

Jemma pulled her lower lip into her mouth, worrying it but nodding. “Yes.” She breathed out.

“Mhmm, recently, I imagine you and Skye fucking in the shower, sometimes Tripp joins in, and I just watch you. God, it makes me so fucking wet. Do you want to feel?”

Jemma chewed on her lip a little harder before hesitantly nodding.

Melinda smiled and grabbed Jemma’s hand and guided her to cup Melinda through the boy shorts that were damp. “What makes you get like that, Jemma?”

“I don’t know yet.” Jemma breathed out.

Melinda smirked before letting Jemma’s hand go. “Sit down at the end of the bed.” She instructed before pulling her clothing off and pulling the box from under the bed so she could reach it, and laying down with her legs spread giving Jemma an all access view. “Is it going to freak you out if I use a toy?”

Jemma shook her head, sitting on the bed, blushing hard. “Use whatever you like.”

Melinda smiled before getting comfortable on the bed, palming her breasts, losing herself to putting
on a show for Jemma and the pleasure that had been building since the night before when she landed herself in this position.

Jemma was breathing harder when Melinda blindly reached in the box, grabbing the silk bag that held the glass dildo she had cleaned the night before, one of her favorites. Melinda quickly slid it out of the bag and then dragged it through the wet folds of her center, gathering excess slick on the tip of the smallest bulb.

Melinda made a few more passes up and down, dragging the cold glass over her clit, letting her breath hitch each time, watching Jemma with hooded eyes, the blush blooming a deeper red and Melinda was sure it was less from embarrassment now.

And then she nudged the toy in, just barely, two of the bulbs in, more of a tease than anything and she moaned with the heavy feeling of the glass entering her.

“What’s it like?” Jemma asked, shifting so that she wasn’t sitting cross legged anymore, instead she had one leg extend and the heel of her foot pressed into her center while she rocked unconsciously, easing the pressure in her core.

“God, so good.” Melinda moaned and nudged another bulb into her, stretching a bit around it, despite using it less than twenty four hours ago. Ben wa balls were a wonderful thing. “Glass is fucking – oh fuck yes – glass is fucking wonderful. Temperature shifts are – oh…” Melinda tried to explain but she wasn’t willing to put the orgasm off, she could feel it building low in her stomach already, so she ended up trailing off before she could actually explain the values of a toy that could start at the cool temperature of the room and warm up to body temperature as it went. Or even explain how glorious the weight of the toy, opening her up so completely accompanied with the clear material and knowledge that it was putting her own display, was.

She was dragging it out and pushing it back in at a steady pace, everything but the bottom three bulbs disappearing inside of her each time before she brought her free hand down to rub at her clit. Before she realized it she was flexing around the unyielding glass, moaning low and loud, while she felt like she was going to shake apart, coupled with the rush of liquid that soaked her hand and left a left spot under her.

“Oh my, you can…” Jemma said, trailing off and vaguely gesturing to wet spot that was slowly growing with each spasm of Melinda’s muscles around the glass. “All the academic journals say that it’s a myth.”

“Fuck, the geek talk, it’s really working for me.” Melinda groaned, another small set of aftershocks flowing through her as she slowly pulled the toy from herself, hissing with the loss of fullness.

When Melinda placed the toy on the sheets beside her, laying fucked out, Jemma crawled up the bed to look her in the eye, grabbing one of Melinda’s hands in her own. “You asked what makes me wet. I believe the empirical evidence points to one result.” She said before mirroring Melinda’s early movement, taking the older woman’s hand to cup her through the rather spectacularly damp sleep shorts. “You.” Jemma hissed out at the contact.
“I don’t want to take you to far too quick. Maybe another time I will let you pick out something to use.” Melinda explained grabbing three extra pillows that she kept under the bed.

“I’m confused again.” Jemma said, watching Melinda move around the room, completely naked.

“I’ll explain, I promise.” Melinda said with a smile before dropping the pillows in the middle of the open floor before grabbing a towel from the closet and rolling it up into a cylinder. “You might want to get naked though.”

Jemma smiled timidly, before pulling off the cami and sliding out of the sleep shorts. “Now what?”

Melinda smiled before sitting down in front of the pillow pile she had made, putting the towel on top. “Come straddle these, facing me.” Melinda instructed and watched Jemma cross the small distance and carefully sink to her knees, resting her mound on the towel.

“Like this?”

Melinda nodded. “Open yourself up so the towel is holding you open.”

Jemma hesitantly reached down, fingers dragging over her stomach before finally slipping her fingers between her folds, opening herself on the towel. “Oh – oh, my.” Jemma hissed, shifting on the towel, forcing more contact to her clit.

Melinda smirked. “It’s good, right? Being touched there.”

Jemma nodded, pulling her lower lip into her mouth. “Wha – what do I do now?”

“Rock back and forth, drag your clit over it, do whatever your body tells you to do.” Melinda said, leaning back against the wall to watch Jemma tentatively start to move. Rocking slowly at first before her instincts caught on. Then she was grabbing at her breasts, rolling her nipples through her fingers, rolling her hips to a rhythm that Melinda wasn’t privy to.

“Put your hands on the floor.” Melinda instructed, and Jemma followed the instruction without a flicker of hesitation, dropping forward and effectively putting more pressure on her mound and pulling a low moan from her.

“Bloody hell.” Jemma dropped her head down between her arms and is slowly continuing to move on the tower, rolling her hips and occasionally moaning.

Watching Jemma slowly work herself up was without a doubt being stored in Melinda’s fantasy bank, because it was fucking glorious. The way the blush crawled across her chest and neck, her smaller breasts swaying with every motion, the way she would occasionally bite her lip when she changed her motions, only to release the abused flesh to moan out low and loud.

And then she just stopped.

Melinda quirked an eye brow. “What’s wrong?”

Jemma shook her head. “I felt like I was on fire. It was the strangest thing, and now I just feel
incredibly frustrated.”

Melinda chuckled. “Jemma, honey, you were getting ready to orgasm and you stopped yourself.”

“Oh.” Jemma murmured, still on her hands and knees, her hair haphazardly across her face while she looked at Melinda.

“It’s okay, try again, just don’t stop this time.”

Jemma pulled her lip back in her mouth and slowly started rocking again, the drag of the rougher texture of the towel on her clit pulling more moans from her. She reached the frantic pace she was at before quicker this time, rocking back and forth with so much force that Melinda knew she was going to be a little sore in the morning.

“That’s it, Jemma, keep going.” Melinda murmured, and a moment later Jemma’s muscles tensed and her head snapped back before she collapsed onto the floor, a lazy smile slowly appearing.

“Bloody fucking hell.” She murmured sleepily looking at Melinda.

“Good?”

“Bloody amazing.” Jemma responded, wiggling her hips, trying to get comfortable with her ass in the air, which only made the towel drag across her over sensitive clit again and Jemma writhed, before completely rolling off the pile of pillows, and for the first time seeing how large of a wet spot she left. “Oh, bloody hell, sorry.”

Melinda smirked and shook her head. “No apologizing. I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

“It was amazing.” Jemma sighed, watching Melinda stand over her. “Did, it uhm…”

“Are you asking if you made me wet again? Yes, very much so.” Melinda smirked, holding a hand out to Jemma and helping her stand. “But that’s okay, I am more interested in tucking us in to bed now, as we have an extensive amount of laundry to do in the morning.” Melinda eyed her bed for a moment and sighed seeing the wet spot she had made about thirty minutes prior was still rather wet. “I need to change the bed before we go to sleep.”

Jemma nodded, leaning into Melinda’s naked body, arms wrapped around her.

“That means you need to stop being an octopus.”

Jemma sighed before untangling herself from Melinda and using the wall to hold her up instead. “I can’t imagine how intense that is with a toy.” She murmured.

“Maybe another time I can help you find out?” Melinda offered, quickly pulling the sheets off the bed and throwing them on top of the towel and pillows that needed washing.

“Mhmm, I think I would like that very much indeed.”

When Melinda turned around after putting new sheets on the bed, Jemma was pretty much asleep on her feet, and it took Melinda a lot of careful maneuvering to get the girl into the bed and comfortable before she slid in behind her, spooning her.
Alright, I am going to be honest, I'm not 100% in love with this chapter because I tried to get creative with the technique and I have never tried the whole pillow ridding thing, so it feels off to me, but that might just be me.

Also, celebrate with me, I am officially done with the week from hell that is finals week!

End Notes

For anyone who wanted to know what toy Melinda was washing, *Icicles No.2*.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!