Fill 'er up, Please

by Geromy

Summary

In which Jane is filled to the brim.

Notes

potentially the kinkiest fic ive ever written yehayahoghaogyahgoeyheaghyhak

“There you go,” Jane regarded sweetly, setting a full glass of water on the bedside table. A comforting hand moved back to blankets, pulling them up and making sure they were nice and snug around Roxy’s shoulders. She was already asleep- blacked out hours ago thanks to all the alcohol. Jane took her to bed while she could still walk, listening to the sweet nothings and sexual mumblings she was still coherent enough to whisper. Jane ignored it for the most part. She knew far better than to assume anyone would actually want to sleep with her. Ha, not in a million years.

After Roxy was safe and sound she headed back out into the living room of the home. Jake and Dirk were waiting back on the couch for her, apparently having set up a game of go fish in her absence.

“Juh-nay-nee,” Jake slurred, well gone from his beer, his hand swatting the floor next to him. “Iss your turn.”

Jane laughed, far less concerned about Jake’s well being at this point. He was still
goofing off. Roxy was getting a bit depressing. Never the less she moved to sit at the other end, picking up the seven cards that had apparently been dealt for her.

“Sorry, Jake,” she said over to him, feigning sincerity while she patted his knee. “I didn’t mean to keep you waiting, I just didn’t know I was playing!”

Dirk’s head dropped with a silent snicker. Jake’s face had fallen to a look of concern, and he leaned in close. The scent of beer on his breath washed over her face when he said, “I’m sorry for being impatient. I didn’t... I didn’t know that you were memory loss.”

That time Dirk’s laugh was audible, though not more than a snicker. “This is so fucking hilarious. He keeps saying shit like that.”

Jane wiggled her hips as she got comfy, quickly taking a 2 from Jake- She sooo did not cheat (Maybe a little)- and adding the pair to the space in front of her. She turned her attention to Dirk while she took a sip of her own wine.

“I still can’t get over the fact that you could have 3 tequila shots and not be affected at all. Even I’m feeling a little tipsy and I haven’t even made it through half this bottle!”

Dirk promptly shrugged after being told to go fish, sitting back on the couch and letting Jake have his turn. “What can I say? I guess I got a lot of water in my veins instead of blood.”

“That’s such malarkey,” Jane responded, eyeing him skeptically as she handed off a king to Jake. “Maybe you’re just a really calm drunk.”

“Nooooot meeeeeeeme,” Jake answered, head ducking before finally falling face first on the table. Jane’s hand shot over in concern, but Jake’s head rolled to face her. “You’re... Pre’y... J-ay-nuh.”

Despite the flush in her cheeks Jane rolled her eyes. “As flattering as that is, you’re extremely drunk. Are you ready for bed?”

Jake forced a juvenile shake of his head before sitting back up. “No iss your turn ‘gain.”

She took her turn as instructed, swearing to call off the night as soon as the game was over.

But when the game was over she didn’t call off the night. She only had a couple more glasses left in her wine bottle and her head was beginning to fuzz up. Dirk did a few more shots under Jake’s command, and he almost seemed minimally tipsy. But still far more coherent than Jake or even Jane, at this point.

Jake abandoned what was left of his hand after Dirk won, falling onto his side on the floor. Jane snorted and covered her face, trying to focus on breathing so she didn’t end up laughing hysterically. “Jaaaake get up you aren’t a baby!”

“Yes. I am,” he responded defiantly, using his shoulders to crawl his way over and put his head in her lap. “I’m big baby ‘cause I can’t. Tell you I like you unless I’m drunk.”

He had his eyes closed but Jane could tell he was dying to look to see her reaction. She was flushing again, this time darker from the added assistance of the booze. A moment to gain her composure later and she closed her eyes, too, stroking back his bangs.

“You don’t like me, Jake,” she told him sadly, suddenly self conscious remembering that
Dirk was still in the room. “You’re just very very drunk.”

“No!” he shouted, up on his ass within seconds from where he was yelling. He turned around in an instant, practically crawling into her lap and dropping his face against her breasts. “I do! I do a lot!”

At this point she had to be as red as a tomato, trying to lean away from his face in a way that would encourage him to sit up as opposed to burying himself in her crotch instead. She shot Dirk a panicked look for help, but he just smirked and shrugged his shoulders. Apparently he was over the break up. Or just very good at hiding it.

“Plees go out with me Jane,” he muttered into her shirt, hands moving behind her to grab at her back. “I’ll be. Good I. Proms.”

Biting back a sigh she stroked the back of his head, leaning back on her other arm.

“Why don’t you let me sleep on it and we can talk about this in the morning. Is that okay?”

He only nodded. At least at first.

Just as she thought he might be falling asleep on her he shot up, elbows locked and body diving forward as he shot himself over to kiss her. The force of it knocked her over and he was on her in an instant, a sloppy tongue shoving itself in her mouth and a pelvis slamming downward onto hers and holy cow was that an erection because Jane sure as sugar didn’t think she’d ever be touching one this close.

Just as she was beginning to register what was happening Jake was off of her. When she looked, Dirk had swooped in, grabbing Jake by the back of the collar and tugging him backward like a scolded dog. Jake hung his head. Jane was surprised at how loud Dirk was yelling just because of this.

“Hey, asshole,” he snapped, shoving Jake to the ground on the opposite side of himself. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing? You think Jane’s some floozy at the bar you can fuck around with?”

“Dirk-”

“Look at me when I’m talking to you, you colossal jackass!”

“Dirk it’s okay!”

Finally he turned around, looking at Jane who was still on her back, skirt riding up and shirt pushed above her stomach. Her face was glowing, her glasses skewed, her lips wet in saliva that wasn’t hers. When she lifted her legs her knees knocked together and her skirt slipped even higher up on her thighs.

“I’m okay,” she repeated, hands slipping across her chest. “I... I liked it.”

It had to be the alcohol talking. There was no other explanation.

“Let him.”

Dirk seemed dumbfounded to say the least. But even still he stood aside, hands in the air in an obvious “alright fuck you then” motion. Jake crawled back over despite the previous scolding,
this time instead only making it to Jane’s stomach before he started kissing at her. They were wet and sloppy and they tickled and it made Jane giggle but even so her cheeks were warming up and she starting throbbing down below and before she even realized it she was opening her legs for him to rest between and sliding hands into his hair.

She kept a hold on it as he worked his way back up to her face, drunkenly nosing at her neck before kissing it up and down. His fingers snuck under her shirt, hooking into the cups of her bra idly.

“Jay-nun,” he whispered, hot breath ghosting over her ear when he did. It made her shiver and for the first time in her life a feeling of total emptiness washed over her. Not emotional emptiness but physical emptiness. She was suddenly way too aware of the free space currently occupying her body and unlike ever before, she wanted it to be filled up.

“Will you. Do me the haw-ners, of allowing me to take your flower.”

Okay, that was a really mood-killing way of putting it, but Jane could persevere. A moment of really thinking about this later and the next thing out of her lips was a hasty and quick, “Just put your dick in me, Jake.”

She couldn’t believe her own ears and she certainly didn’t want to imagine what Jake thought when he heard that. But he sure didn’t argue. One of his hands pulled out of her shirt and scooped under her skirt while the other pulled her bra all the way down to grope at her chest properly. When she felt rough fingers prodding at her through her panties she finally came to her senses and looked around the room. Wait, did Dirk leave?

“Jake!” she screeched, his finger having found her clit and given it a gentle upward stroke. She didn’t even realize that that ungodly sound she just made could have been pleasurable, but it made his eyes cloud over with what she could only assume was lust. He slammed his lips into hers and kept touching her, and with every moan she involuntarily nudged out, more and more of his tongue was plunging into her mouth. And as gross and unsanitary as it was, she loved it. She loved feeling empty space inside of herself being filled with something. And all she could think about was all the empty space between her legs right now.

She broke off from kissing him to put their foreheads together, struggling to catch her breath. When she did, she choked out the first thing that popped into her head.

“You need to be inside of me, Jake.”

Clearly it took his drunken head a minute to process what he heard, but as soon as he did his fingers slipped lower and one of them started pushing its way into her. He seemed to gasp silently, ever so slightly sitting up. Jane knocked her head back with a shuddering exhale, a little bit of satisfaction finally hitting her.

“What’s wrong,” she asked breathlessly, spreading her legs wider in a silent beg for more.

“You arr... Really. Fuggin’ wet down here,” he mused, taking his hand back only to remove her panties and toss them aside. He nudged his finger back in, giving her a few strokes before starting a gentle thrust with it.

She practically heaved against the floor before shaking her head, fingers pressing into plush carpet.
“Jake, you need to put in more.”

He looked a bit shocked but he complied, pushing in his second and picking up the pace. Jane was almost beginning to feel it, but it still wasn’t enough.

“Gosh Darn Jake just put your dick in me!”

She threw herself up into sitting, quickly shoving her hands against his chest. He fell to his back while she worked her way up to her knees, scooting herself along his legs and opening up his shorts. It was apparent he hardly knew what was happening, but regardless of that he was keeping a keen eye on her and bracing himself for the worst.

Once his dick was out she was more than pleased. Of course the only one she’d ever seen was her dad’s when she was 4 and still bathing with him, but this had to be big. Certainly bigger than her hand. Well past her wrist. It flopped against his stomach when she dropped it, clear precum dripping onto him. He had already rested his headback, exhaling slowly and probably half conscious. Jane really hoped this whole thing wasn’t too morally repugnant. But she couldn’t bring herself to care at this point.

She scooched herself overtop of his hips and lifted her skirt with one hand, peering down as she lifted up his cock to guide it. She was more than interested in watching it sink into her. She had to curse that she couldn’t see from Jake’s perspective. He probably had the best view.

Lowering herself down on him was painful. It made her wince and seethe and moan out but God did she feel nice and full. Fuller and fuller as she got lower and lower. She could feel his head pressing against her cervix by the time their bodies met, hymn stretched to its limit around him. It felt great, and she was so very pleased. But even so, it wasn’t enough.

She needed his cum, too.

So she started to rock her hips, over and over and over. A steady and drunken groan was coming from Jake while he laid there, hands groping out for her a few times before they settled on her legs. Jane found it amusing to see him down there like that, weak and not in control for once. She closed her eyes, dragging one of his hands up to her breast while she kept rolling on him.

Slowly she bent herself downward to lay on top of him, breasts pressing against his chest. She couldn’t help but grin as she kissed him, her hands moving to anchor herself on top of him.

“Jake, sweetie, I need you to stay awake for me, okay?”

He gave a little nod, clearly incoherent. But he did open his eyes, turning his head to look up at her.

“I want you to finish inside of me, alright? Give me the best you got. And let me know beforehand.”

He nodded again and watched her sit up on his lap. That was when she started to unbend her knees, lifting herself up off of him and then sinking back down. It was slow at first, steady and careful, but once she was used to it she picked it up, not even bothering to come off all the way before slamming herself onto him again. She had to get him to hold her breasts while she worked, back to moaning out loudly until her throat was dry. This was amazing. But she still wasn’t full enough.

Then she had it. Jake’s throat was cracking and he was gasping out so she was quick to slam back down, burying him deep. She could feel it- every squirt and shot of his cum was shooting
into her. It stuck to her walls and molded against his dick and it filled any space that might have been left between them. Jake was heaving as he gasped, no doubt with a brain completely devoid of blood.

But she wasn’t done yet. She went back to her rocking and rolling on him, sure to keep herself plugged so none of his cum could dribble out of her. She was going to keep it. But she wanted to orgasm, too. She bit hard on her bottom lip as she worked, fingers sliding between her legs and rubbing at her clit and low moans kept coming from her. Next thing she knew Jake was gripping her legs tighter.

“I’m coming again,” he seethed, head digging back. This time he even offered a thrust in his hips, nudging himself in that last half an inch. He came again, but this time it had no where else to go. Surprisingly enough he came more than the last time, and Jane could feel it entering her again. But this time it wasn’t just filling up her vagina, it was sinking deeper into her system. She could feel the heat of it in her womb, and it kept coming, and coming. It was weighing down on her abdomen and the moment she pictured being that full, she was screaming and coming damn hard.

She sunk down to lay on him as she relaxed, her own juice forcing some of his cum out of her and making it puddle up on Jake. She could feel it, even that little extra empty space. It was no good. Despite her exhaustion she forced herself to bounce back, sitting back up onto and once again rolling her hips. Fists pressed against his abs as she tried to anchor herself, her entire body burning and weak.

But she kept it up and soon enough he was coming a third time. It was significantly less this time around, but it was enough to fill what needed to be replaced. She could even feel more of it being forced upward into her womb. Sure enough when she looked, her stomach had rounded off ever so slightly from being stuffed full of cum. And boy did she loved it.

“Jesus Christ, I thought you would have just passed out by now. Not this.”

She should be devastated. She should be crying and embarrassed but she wasn’t. She turned around at hearing Dirk’s voice, shirt still pulled up against her breasts and Jake half asleep underneath her. She blushed damn hard, but instead of getting upset, she just grinned weakly, laying herself back down on Jake and spreading her legs as much as she couldn’t without compromising her stuffing.

“I’m still empty, Dirk,” she said breathlessly, hands reaching back to spread her backside for him. “You can fill up my ass, right?”

She expected him to scold her. She really, truly did. But he just didn’t. It was like he had just accepted that things were about as weird as they were going to get. He got down on his knees between Jake’s legs, he zipped down his fly, and as he tugged at himself to harden up he started scooping his fingers in the mess on Jake’s lap. He coated them in it and next thing she knew, a lukewarm finger was pressing at her asshole, circling it with that moisture before slowly, slowly pushing its way in.

The feeling was different and it made Jane’s whole body squirm. Going it felt odd and unnatural but when he pulled back to start fingering, it was fantastic. Eventually she felt his hand on her hip while he continued to finger her, all the while refusing to speak. She looked back at him and he was definitely hard. Part of her starting throwing up distress flags and begged her to think about what she was doing, but the other part was so drunk with alcohol and feeling filled up that she didn’t bother saying a thing.

He coated his dick in more of that mixture and within minutes was guiding himself in.
Muscles contracted and pull him in past the head, and slowly but surely he started to push instead of fight it. Jane was moaning all over again, more full than before but still capable of taking more. She thrusted herself back at him, and the movement jerked Jake awake under her.

“God, I can feel your dick through here,” Dirk grunted quietly, anchoring down as he thrusted in. Jake shivered at the feeling of it, back arching and forcing himself more into Jane. She was already full on the front end but Jake was definitely going to cum again. She reached between them to touch her abdomen, already swollen. She’d be protruding if she got anymore in her. And that’s exactly what she wanted.

Jake was too unconscious to really get much of a moan out but he did have a steady hum of approval with every thrust from Dirk. Jane worked herself against both of them, determined to milk them both dry.

When Dirk came the first time it was childsplay. It barely filled her at all and she reached behind her to grab his hair for a sharp tug. He took the message and didn’t pull out. She wanted to be full, not satisfied.

So he went back to thrusting, sweat beading off of him in every spot. He got harder and faster and rougher and with her encouragement he was coming again, this time buried deep. Just like Jake his second round had more to offer. She could feel it reaching deep in her, warming up her entire lower body.

Surprisingly enough Jake was coming soon after, and Jane could feel the walls of her womb forced to stretch to make room for it. With a 3rd round from Dirk, it was reaching her stomach. It started to ache as it was filled up from the wrong end, making her feel nauseated. But God was it great.

She milked them all she could, forcing from them both 4th, 5th, and 6th rounds. Her stomach weighed down from being filled with so much. Jake had already passed out, and when Dirk pulled out of her in exhaustion, she was quick to plug herself up with fingers.

“Get me something to hold this in, would you?” she asked sweetly, sitting up straight and nursing her aching belly. “I don’t want to waste it.”

Dirk seemed uncomfortable. But he did what he was told. A flanged wine bottle cork was inserted into her ass and another was brought back for when she finally lifted herself off of a snoring Jake. Jane was totally spent, legs gelatin. Dirk had to carry her to bed. He didn’t say anything when he left to get Jake. Was he ashamed of himself?

As soon as she was comfy she stroked a hand over her stomach, listening to it gurgle to digest the cum in her. Just breathing made her feel a slosh in her womb and it made her shiver with pleasure. She took a long hard think about what her holes must look like. She imagined that cum filling her up past to even the point it was.

Her hand slid down her body as her arm nursed her stomach.

She touched her clit, twitching as its newfound sensitivity.

She was coming in seconds.

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