

# Cum One, Cum All

By Abe E Seedy, illustrated by Angrboda

"Store with caution, both contents and packaging are rapidly biodegradable". Betsy hadn't been expecting to be handed a shrink wrapped outfit for this class at all, much less one with as weird a warning label as that. But, fuck it. This whole 'ultimate self-indulgence yoga' class was billed as an experience like no other, so maybe having your clothing recycle itself while you wear it (maybe??) was a part of that.

If anything, the fact that it involved clothes at all was weird. The only thing they were clear about in advance was that it involved jerking off, and that was basically the only reason Betsy wanted to go. It wasn't something she talked about much, but she'd always struggled with getting herself off reliably. She could have good sex, but by herself there was a back and forth that was missing. It was like - she'd read once that you couldn't tickle yourself because your body always knew what was coming. Vibrators helped, but she'd spent far too much of her life lying back on her bed, trying to find the secret setting between 'unexciting' and 'overwhelming'. But now mindfulness was all the rage for everything, so maybe if you could meditate your way through a panic attack, yoga-ing your way to an orgasm made just as much sense. The only thing she had to lose was the \$75 the class cost, and even *that* had been covered by the free voucher she'd gotten for signing up for this gym anyway. So, again, fuck it. Time to learn a fun new way to masturbate in public.

Walking into the studio, Betsy saw several folks jockeying for a corner spot, blushing hard and trying to avoid eye contact. But hey, it was a private room, and anyone in here was in the same boat. Plus they'd already changed into those weird clothes, which were apparently just a low-cut tank top and comfortable sweatpants. Everyone looked about the same wearing something like that, so there wasn't really much point in claiming modesty. So she just took the first open spot she came to, settling onto the black mat they'd provided and ready for whatever it was that came next.

Which, as it turned out, was breathing exercises. The instructor, a very non-threatening-looking older woman, led the group through a series of deliberate ins and outs, subtly establishing a rhythm across the entire class. From there they were encouraged to extend that same tempo with their hand on their body, giving themselves a slow and purposeful massage as they let themselves sink down into it.

That's what she said, a word salad of yogic encouragement that Betsy imagined came with any class, except with a few more instructions towards physical self-contact. But still, there wasn't anything *solid*. 'Encourage the spirit of bliss to enter your body', sure, great, but *how*, exactly?

Her finger was circling her clit, was that good? Was that too soon, or was she going too slow? If she was trying to learn Spanish she was pretty sure the instructor couldn't just tell her to visualise herself being good at it and expect that to be enough, but apparently that sort of shit flew just fine when it came to jerk-off class.

She exhaled. There was no use getting in her head about it. If this was a bust, then it was a bust, but she might as well try to enjoy it while she was here. Even if she wasn't actually learning like, a specific technique or anything, at least it was a pretty nice environment. There was incense in the air, sage or cinnamon or something, but with a twist that made the scent just a little bit more exciting than relaxing. And there was something to being in a class for this too, the fact that every breath she made was echoed from a chorus of other throats, while she was surrounded by the warmth from a dozen other bodies.

Was... was that anything? It could be something, right?

Gritting her teeth slightly, Betsy closed her eyes. Focus. Focus on not focusing. Let the incense pull her away, push her out and down as her fingers slid across her slit. It could be there. The words of the instructor were a low murmur now, a simple steady tone to align herself with as she swayed to their rhythm. What did she want? What felt good, in this space where everything was set up to accommodate her? This was for her, the sound and the scent and the sensations, all working to give her exactly what she needed. So what was that?

It was like she nudged up against it with her finger. Her actual movements hadn't changed, but something settled inside her just right, or a quiet thought managed to spark her lust, and all of a sudden she *felt* it. The extra kick she needed to settle into, the missing ingredient that left her biting her lip a little as she leaned into it. About a minute or so later, after tightening up just a touch from the rhythm of the class, she finally managed to cum.

There wasn't much to it. As orgasms went she'd had better, but still, she'd never had one in the middle of a class in public before. That added to the thrill of it, true, but the real difference was the fact that it made it feel like something that was ongoing, rather than a one-off accomplishment. A series of quiet moans rippled out around her, and Betsy couldn't help but want to press on. She still felt good, after all, and the instructor was still keeping a steady pace with her voice. So instead of feeling the energy inside herself ebb away, she somehow relaxed deeper into it, her fingers slick as they pressed again and again inside herself.

She breathed out. This time it was so much easier to slip into the rhythm, her sweat beading on her chin as she instinctively leaned forwards. Her sweatpants were pushed entirely aside now, revealing a pink inner lining as they bunched up below her crotch. A moment later and her tank top followed suit, rolled up to her elbows by her spare hand as she luxuriated in the feeling of baring her chest. And still there was the rhythm, even with all of these adjustments and distractions; the steady cadence of distant words, enticing scents and warm breaths pulling her ceaselessly inwards and onwards.

It began to feel like waves on a beach. She'd feel an orgasm approaching, then sink down into it as it swept over her, the tremor of it running up and down her spine as it made her whole body shiver. But as she settled further into it, it grew even more. It was like she was walking out into the water, and the more she went, the more each wave simply washed over her. She could feel the current, the push and pull of the tide all around her, and slowly the distinction between her and the water was lost. The waves weren't hitting her, they were a part of her, or she was a part of them. She was the whole ocean, rising and sinking and falling and climbing, and endless ecstasy seamlessly engulfing her entire being.

With a gasp, the hand in her crotch found purchase on something. She didn't know what it was even as she took hold of it, her other arm sliding down to its side. There was a tension here, a focus that cut through the surrounding rhythm, making her tongue fall from her lips as she leaned into it. She was so hot, and so desperately, achingly *wet* - it felt like her whole body was dripping as her fingers gripped and cradled, a slickness coating her every movement as she slid herself steadily back and forth.

The orgasms kept coming, but the distinction between them melted further and further away. What were individual waves to the ocean? There was no other way she could comprehend the situation, and somehow something in the words or the voice or the scent or the rhythm made that seem like a reasonable concept. Why couldn't she embody the spirit of bliss? How could her body resist the urge to sink down into this, every part of her a movement in the ocean of the whole? A deep and trembling breath raced through her, and she felt the fluid motion carry itself from her dripping toes to the slickness that fell from her outstretched tongue.

It was then that the fingers on her left hand moved inwards, and the response was something new. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her hips shuddered, a spray of white emerging before her. The wild sensation pulled her upwards, forcing her out of the rhythm long enough to begin to appreciate the situation.

Almost her whole body was different. Everywhere from her chest down was a slickly shifting white, sticky and dripping as she melted into the mat beneath her. She was still there, her legs held up in the air a little as the pulses of pleasure ran through her, but it was like she was made out of a liquid that had collected itself in the shape of her body. Her clothes had gone completely, either discarded unthinkingly or somehow dissolved, and that revealed a part of her that was completely new, her eyes finally confirming what her hands had known for some time.

Between her legs stood a cock, made of the same white liquid that formed the rest of her lower body, and yet somehow still urgently stiff. Even as she looked down at it her fingers twitched, and another burst of slickness spread from the tip. If she'd been floundering at the realisation before then that practical demonstration solved it, because what emerged when she orgasmed was exactly the same colour and texture as the hand that provoked it.

It was cum. It was all cum; her cock, her hands, her legs, her thighs, her toes melting into the mat and her aching balls between her fingers. Even as that thought hit her another trembling wave washed over her, and she saw the whiteness slide even further up her chest, her breasts becoming ever more slick and sticky as it swept across them too.

She was sinking, her lips wet as she finally registered what the taste was that slid along the length of her tongue. But for as bizarre as it all was, it still felt so desperately, uncontrollably *good*. It wasn't about sinking into it, letting waves crash over her as she twitched and shuddered beneath them. She *was* the waves. The only thing she was surrendering to was herself. That was what she was here for, and it was okay. She could lean back, curl her fingers around her cock and *cum*, squeezing orgasm after orgasm from her balls as the warmth and slickness of it built upwards blissfully. The tension in her shoulders disappeared, her head resting back against the floor as the cum spread up over her chin. She felt her cheeks flash hot before becoming wonderfully cool, her hair first becoming thickly wet before melding seamlessly into the same substance as the rest of her.

And then that was it. Whatever the process of the change was was complete, and once again she felt as she had when it was first starting. The distinction between orgasming and not was lost, and each moment had its own bliss within the rhythm of the movement. She was both the ocean and the wave; a pure, satisfied smile splitting her lips as she indulged in it absolutely.

From the front of the class, the instructor echoed that smile. Normally it took new students at least a few sessions to reach their bliss, especially when their desires drifted in such an... esoteric direction. This new girl was clearly a natural though, which was always good to see. Some people had such trouble letting themselves get into it - Emelle, the woman right next to Betsy, was a perfect example. Her face was scrunched up in a look of intense concentration, while her hand rubbed at her crotch in an on-and-off rhythm that spoke to a disjointed fantasy. Fortunately, she now had such a good example for her on hand.

It took little more than a flick of her wrist to get Betsy's attention, now that she was perfectly aware and in the moment. With two fingers she pointed in Emelle's direction, and the smile grew on Betsy's face as she nodded. In a single, smooth motion she slid sideways, not even bothering with the pretense of moving normally. Emelle visibly jumped as Betsy draped herself over her, but the look of surprise quickly melted away into one of red-cheeked heat as the slick woman drew her close.

She said nothing, simply slipping her tongue outwards, wrapping it around Emelle's before pulling her into a long and intense kiss. The words after all, were unnecessary. It was the rhythm that was important, and in a one-on-one session, there were much more direct ways to show that.