**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 13**

I slept the sleep of the dead that night, not waking a single time to heed my bladder. When I did wake, shortly after 6 am, I was expecting to be curled up behind a voluptuous ass and feeling very content. Instead I woke up with my face buried in Lavi’s cleavage and feeling a bit ... trapped. It was hard to feel too upset about being amongst Lavi’s generous mounds, though. An exploring hand found my other girlfriend still on Lavi’s other side though in what position I couldn’t tell. I really had to pee. I also had a quarter dollar size areola and tasty dark nipple in front of me. There are decisions no man should have to make.

As an experiment I began a gentle exploration of the nipple with my tongue until I was suckling gently on it. Lavi didn’t awake but began rubbing her thigh against me. I couldn’t make out any words but very happy sounds were coming from her throat. My hand made its way down to the soft fuzz covering her lower lips and began working a finger in, only to find her already pushing back against me. I’m confident she was sleeping at first but somewhere along the way she woke up and after several minutes I found her running her hands through my hair.

“Suck me,” she said, “suck on my nipples, baby.” I obliged by leaning down and capturing her other one with my mouth. She began grinding her hips down to push my finger deeper in her but I played a game, never letting it get any deeper, decreasing pressure, making the palm rub her clit gentler. Then I pulled my hand back and gently slapped her pussy, hitting her lips and the area around her clit, not hard but enough that she jumped.

“FUCK!” She screamed and if I had any doubt the rapid increase in her juices proved she liked it. “Oh my god! Did you just slap me!?”

I had to let go of the nipple to answer with a grin, “Just a little.”

“Holy shit, do that again!”

I did and she pulled together her muscles tightening and squeezing me to her chest.

I moved back from her, with some reluctance giving up those nipples.

“On your back,” I said. She obeyed and in seconds I was gently and rhythmically slapping her pussy with my left hand while gently rubbing her clit with my right until I felt droplets of her juices spraying with every smack.

“Please, please, please...”. She was begging me, she needed to cum but wasn’t quite there so I took my left hand and put two fingers in her now readily accepted by the fleshy tunnel and curved my fingers, looking for her g-spot while I gave a very small slap to her clit. “FFF” was the only sound she made before she went inaudible and just wrapped her legs around my arm and relaxed into a happy mess.

It was a bit awkward having my arm trapped like that but I couldn’t help myself and started laughing. It got funnier when I looked over and saw Melissa looking at me with comical annoyance.

“Good morning,” I said.

“If you turn her hetero I’m going to be very upset with you,” she replied.

That prompted Lavi to reach over and pat Melissa. Since she still had her eyes closed it started at her boob, landed a few other places and settled on her head. She murmured. “Pussy good.”

That earned her a kiss from Melissa.

They then promptly snuggled up and Lavi went back to sleep. I went to the bathroom finally and peed. Dear God, it felt better than sex. I had plenty of wine and water the night before and the fact I had slept through the night was a miracle.

My next challenge was deciding between coffee and going back to two beautiful women. I needed to get ready for work, that was true. Believe it or not I was still undecided when I stepped out of the bathroom to see Melissa with Lavi’s head on her shoulder. Melissa spread her legs wide so I could see her perfect blonde pussy on display. She looked at me, smiled, and softly parted her folds with two fingers. I looked directly into that moist altar to Venus. Coffee could wait.

I climbed between Melissa’s legs, already aroused but not hard yet. I leaned forward awkwardly to kiss her but tried not to interrupt Lavi’s resumed sleep. It was pointless and in a moment Lavi had shifted away and started using an actual pillow instead of Melissa. I pushed in, feeling my dick rub against her folds, feeling the heat along my shaft as I bucked my hips forward. Melissa in turn put her hands on my chest and played gently with my nipples. It was only a few strokes before I was fully hard and Melissa reached down to pull me into her folds. God, she was still tight but loosening with dampness as I thrust in.

She reached up and hugged me to her. It wasn’t the best angle for deep penetration but I rubbed against her mound hugging her to me as we fucked.

“Cum, cum in me,” she chanted gently.

“One day this will be to make a baby,” I replied.

“It could fail now,” she said.

“You’d be a knocked up high school senior.”

“Fuck yes, make me walk around the school carrying your baby.”

And that was what it took. I grunted and came but kept pumping. “There you go, there’s your baby!” And I don’t know if it was my words or continued pumping but she came, hugging me tightly to her. I had barely paused when suddenly there was a hand reaching between my legs, it pulled my cock free from Melissa and stroked it, collecting cum from the tip. Once Lavi released me I looked to see her lay back on the bed and take my cum and shove it up her pussy hole. She masturbated herself furiously and came again.

She looked at me and with all apparent seriousness said. “Bad people make Lavi baby horny. Now sleep again.” And she pulled the covers up and went back to sleep as Melissa scooted over and they took each other in their arms.

I thought back to what Sylvia said about Lavi being baby crazy. Melissa wanted kids too. What was the chance of the pill failing? I needed coffee. Half an hour later I’d made coffee, eggs, and caught up on what little personal communication I had. It was now almost 7:30 so I went ahead and started for the cave. I left a note on the table that read,

“Dear M & L, Coffee is in the pot. Help yourself to anything, just let me know what you used. Love, R.”

The morning went well. My South American project was proving to be a huge success and the oil company looked like they were having even less trouble with our route than the direct one they originally planned. The environmental factions were happy. Everyone was happy. I had a good track record but this kind of near perfect project is a joy when it happens. I was just about done when I got a message. My boss and the VP at the oil company wanted a quick video conference with me. God damn it. It turned out I was glad I took it and by the time we hung up I had a lot of wheels turning. I hit lunch and went upstairs to find my note replaced by one written in two slightly different styles.

“R, Back at 4:30, didn’t want to interrupt. Need to spend time with fam. - M Going home to spend time with fam too. - L”

I wasn’t in a mood to make anything big for lunch so I settled on a deviled ham sandwich and tea to drink. I ate standing in the kitchen, lost in thought. I had to be insane. What the hell had I done yesterday? I should have run for the hills but the truth is I had no regrets. I just didn’t understand myself. I’d woken up with two women before, but when I did this morning it felt right - no jealousy, no competition. And it was strange to admit it but even through all the stress yesterday when I’d felt my stomach churning I’d never been happier than when Melissa had refused to leave my side.

My mind wandered back. How long had it been? I had told Melissa about ten years but eleven might be more correct. I was standing right here. The kitchen had looked very different then. Jordyn had been living here and we had the fight, the last one if you don’t count the times she yelled at me from the other side of locked doors. By this time I had stopped defending myself. I’d heard all the crimes I was guilty of so many times I didn’t see the point anymore. Hell, I knew her ex-husband’s sins by heart, her sister’s, and her mother’s. When Jordyn finally walked out I just stood right here shaking. She said she was done so I changed the locks. Melissa ... Melissa had spent last night telling me about when her mom had made this ridiculous large birthday cake to make her happy, and hunted for obscure books to read in the hospital. She wanted me to see the good in the woman. We had a few tiffs and the one big fight but none had ever been mentioned again, even in later conflicts. I washed my plate and returned to work.

When 4:30 rolled around I was waiting. I didn’t know what exactly would happen but this time it wasn’t just Melissa. She wandered through the back gate in her jeans shorts and a white t-shirt with a cross on it. She was a vision of purity, which I knew she wasn’t. She was young and beautiful, her blonde hair falling like waves of gold, long muscular legs heading to a tight waist. The shirt looked like it was from a church event. She took my breath away, like she did every time. There is a term for an orgasm, the “little death”, but I felt that way when I saw her smile at me.

Lavi strolled in behind her, in a silvery summer dress with sandals. The dress looked ready to fall away and expose her breasts if she turned quickly. Melissa had told me Lavi uses some kind of double sided tape to avoid the risk of wardrobe malfunction. Her dark curly hair fell around her shoulders. Melissa started her cleanup of the pool while Lavi sat down in a lounger next to me. She put down the paperback of “Things Fall Apart” she was obviously carrying for Melissa. I smiled at her. “I didn’t know if I’d see you again today.”

“Yep, you’re stuck with me. Melissa and I chatted over breakfast and decided it would be weird and if she saw you every day and I didn’t so I’m going to come with her as much as I can. Also, all of our sleepover nights are now here with you.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“That makes me happy.” As I said it I realized it really did.

She lay down. I held up my copy of “Things Fall Apart”. “Are you reading this for school too?”

“Nope, I’m not in AP English. I didn’t have any required summer reading, just some recommended stuff.”

“What did you read?”

“Uh ... half?”

“What was it?”

“Let’s see ... Catch-22, Macbeth, Jane Austen. I don’t remember the ones I didn’t read. Mom threatened car privileges if I didn’t read a few.”

“What did you think of them?”

“Catch-22 was good, better than I expected. Macbeth might be fun to watch as a play but reading it was dull except the witches. Austen was a snooze fest.”

I chuckled. “I wasn’t a fan of it either.”

“I was looking through your shelves this morning though and one looked fun.”

“What was that?”

“The Yiddish Policemen’s Union,” Lavi said.

“The Michael Chabon?”

“Yeah.”

“I really enjoyed it. You can take it to read, certainly, I’m just curious, why did it grab you?”

“When I was little, my great-grandad was still alive and he used to tell me lots of stories about when Israel started. So, the whole,”what if things had gone differently” is interesting. Plus, I like murder mysteries and the setup looks neat. I read the first couple of pages and I like the style.”

“Grab it then. I might get another copy and re-read it myself.”

“Are you sure?”

I reached out and rubbed her knee. “Yes. I’m absolutely sure. Reading a book with you would be a pleasure. I just hope you like it.”

She smiled and got up so while she was gone I ordered two cheap second hand copies, just in case. She came back just as Melissa was walking over. Melissa eyed the Chabon book.

“Robert said I could borrow it.”

Melissa looked at it. “Chabon, didn’t he win a Pulitzer Prize or something?” Melissa offered the question.

“Different book but yeah. Both great books, in my opinion. I actually like this one more though,” I replied. Melissa sat on the lounger, took her shoes off and sighed. Lavi passed her the paperback of “Things Fall Apart”. “We’re wrapping this up today, are you interested in the Chabon book next now that school reading is done?”

“Sure” Melissa replied.

After that we finished “Things Fall Apart” and summarized its major themes and motifs. I had forgotten the historical context but Melissa refreshed my memory with some research she had done. Melissa found it interesting but didn’t really enjoy it. I think I liked it more but we agreed there were some themes about masculine identity she probably just didn’t identify with, which earned a snort from Lavi who was busy seeing how far she could push Instagram’s guidelines for sexual content while fully clothed.

“So how was your mom today?” I asked Melissa when we were done.

She shrugged. “She tried to act normal. Tommy being there was good. He kept a lot of conversation on his stuff. He’s really looking forward to the year officially starting. I kept getting the feeling she wanted to ask me more questions but couldn’t quite do it yet. I chatted with her about the cheerleading team and she acted almost relaxed then. Which reminds me ... ummm ... when we have games are you going to come?”

“Yeah, I want to support you and Lavi.”

“Our first one is going to be an exhibition one, a chance for the team and cheerleaders to get some practice in before the real season. It’s like a week after school starts.”

“So ... about three weeks from now.”

“Yeah.” Melissa said, “And, you don’t have to, I don’t want you to feel that you have to.” She looked really nervous saying it.

I made sure I kept my tone level. “I’m getting the feeling you don’t want me to. Would it embarrass you for me to show up?”

“No! No! Well, it will be weird but, I’m gonna have to deal with it.”

Something clicked in my head. It had been easy to overlook it with everything that happened with their parents yesterday. “Your friends, they only know about you and Lavi, not me, huh?”

“No.” She looked at the patio like she was searching for something there, maybe a way out. For all her tough talk about being used to being looked at and talked about this was outside her comfort range.

“How do you feel?” I asked Lavi,

“Well, I could keep it secret but my dad and mom are OK with it and they’re the only ones I give a damn about. And Bubbe, but she just wants grandkids.”

“This is more than just being a lesbian,” Melissa said.

“I know, I know,” replied Lavi, “Being an older man’s fuck toy is very risqué. I’m going to see these clowns for what, another nine months?” She shrugged. “I give zero fucks. Besides I’m going with both of you to prom.”

Melissa blinked... “I hadn’t...”

“You hadn’t thought that far ahead,” Lavi said.

“No.” She looked at Lavi with shame clearly written on her expression.

“Baby, if you want to keep us separate from school, that’s fine. But that means no “us” there, no holding my hand, no kissing me. It’s all or nothing. If Robert is a secret so am I.”

“You just said, nine months, what does it matter?” Melissa pleaded.

I got up and left at that point. I quickly went inside and shut the door. I ... needed a minute. I couldn’t put what I was feeling into words right then.

I was in the kitchen when Lavi joined me. I had pulled out the stuff to make a cake, a simple chocolate cake.

“She’s crying,” Lavi said.

“Should I go out there?” I worked the eggs and got the milk ready.

“Can we talk first?”

“Sure, what?” I didn’t want to make Melissa cry but I was angry too. Fuck, I almost forgot the salt and got it out.

“I told her things. I told her she was wrong. I told her that if she cared so much about what they thought then she needed to pull her head out of her mother’s ass.”

Ouch. Lavi didn’t pull punches. “They already know about you,” I countered.

“She said the same thing,” Lavi replied. I pulled out the pans. Three tiers would be fine.

“For a lot of poeple a lesbian relationship these days is probably more acceptable than the age gap. That’s certainly changed over the years.” I mixed as we talked.

“Robert?”

“Yeah?”

“Stop trying to protect her. This is the time you need to think about yourself. If you’re okay with it then that’s one thing but you’re clearly not. I told you I’d stand by you and I am. She’s just trying to avoid shit.”

I thought about that as I worked wet ingredients in. Lavi got a root beer from the fridge. Melissa was avoiding things, something I was very familiar with. I finally looked back at Lavi, “You’re right.”

“Yeah. I thought about this. It’ll come to a head. You get frustrated. There’s still sneaking around. Someone finds out, probably fucking Jerry. It’s all predictable drama and bullshit. Robert,” She walked over to me and ran her hands up my chest over the shirt. “I am planning on you being the father of my children. I plan for my children to be the siblings of Mellie’s. I’m not doing this for you or her exactly. I’m selfish. Melllie isn’t. She’s torn up over this. It’s easier for me because I’m a bitch at heart, a selfish bitch. I know that but I like to think I’m not dumb selfish and me getting what I want means you two making it work.”

“Sounds like you thought about it a lot,” I said.

“Me and my mom.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Mellie told me she needed to bring this up and I talked to my mom about it. She said if someone sent that in script to her for feedback she’d send it back as trite and predictable.”

“You told Melissa all that?”

“I might have also told her I was not going to have the man I was coming to love because of her be treated like an inconvenience.”

“I love you too.” And I meant it.

“It’s not the love I feel for Melissa.” Lavi offered. “I feel short of breath when I think about her. But you, you feel comfortable.”

“Not exactly passion?” I smiled, I could understand even if it wasn’t what a man wanted to hear.

“No, you make me hot.” Her smile made blood rush below. “But where Melissa is this thing I can’t live without, you make me warm and fuzzy inside and ... this is going to sound weird but like my dad.”

I looked at her. “Ever heard of the Electra complex?”

She slapped my arm. It was not a gentle slap but being a very manly man I didn’t rub at it, not even a little. I did kind of shift though so if she felt the need again it wouldn’t land on the same spot.

“I love my dad but I don’t l-o-v-e my dad. I don’t know how to explain it. You make me think of being a mother, something I wanted even when I imagined myself with Mellie but it did make me a little sad they wouldn’t have a father. I can see you as a father, a great one. And trust me, if you’re worried about passion my little kitty is learning to be very fond of you.” She kissed me.

Taking me by the hand Lavi started to lead me back outside.

“Go ahead. I’ll get this in the oven and be right there.”

“Hurry,” she said. I did and in moments the oven was set and I was out the back door.

Lavi sat with Melissa holding her hand. Clearly Melissa had been crying but was more composed now. Lavi looked at me and said softly, “I asked her if I needed to slap a bitch. What did you say love?”

“No,” Melissa whimpered. Even scared of her mom she hadn’t been like this. It broke my heart. She spoke up a little, “I’m so sorry, I thought I did so well yesterday and then I pull this today. I’m sorry I’m such a pain in the ass.”

I walked to both of them, kissed both on the top of the head and sat next to Melissa to take my shoes off. I leaned over and kissed her through her tears and then stood up and removed the rest of my clothing.

“Lavi, stand up please.” She did.

I stood in front of her and lifted her sundress up. Sure enough it paused where tape held it in place. I leaned over her and reached in, finding it by feel I peeled it off her. I dropped it onto the lounge and the only things she was wearing were some adhesive cloth bits over her nipples to hide them and her panties. Holding her left breast in my hand I toyed with the edge of the pad that hid her nipple and quickly tore it off. She shuddered and bit her lower lip.

I leaned down to her. “Do you want to take the other one off or will I?”

“Go ahead,” she panted.

I did. Lavi’s voice caught in her throat. She definitely liked that. Melissa stood up and quietly started to pull her shirt off. She seemed scared.

“No,” I said. I met her eyes with mine. “You will have your turn.” I took Lavi’s panties off and left her in her sandals. “Now, Lavi, strip Melissa.”

Lavi approached her friend and smiled sweetly. She removed Melissa’s shirt as Melissa held her arms up for her and with practiced ease had the sturdy bra undone. Lavi didn’t take her time with Melissa’s lower garments, hooking her thumbs in and taking the shorts and panties off in a single motion, then making Melissa stand on one foot at a time while she removed those along with her shoes and socks. I took both their hands and headed to the hot tub. I had planned earlier to use it today and had already turned it up.

I led them both into the water. Lavi and Melissa were both tense, Lavi I think wondering at what would happen next and Melissa just worried. She did leave on one thing, her ever present earrings I gave her. I sat between them and put a hand reassuringly on Melissa’s arm. “We need to talk but I’m not mad at you. I’m having a lot of thoughts and I need to figure out how to say things. So, I need you to give me a few minutes, all right?”

She nodded yes and we all sat there a bit. A bee flew by Melissa’s face and she gave a thin smile when it settled in her hair for a second. It flew off and Lavi got up to sit closer to Melissa, putting her arm around her and they nuzzled their cheeks together.

“All right,” I said, “Lavi,” I looked at her, “thank you for everything today. What you said meant a lot to me. Melissa,” I looked at her, “I don’t think you considered Lavi’s and my feelings in this enough. I get that this is hard on you, hell it’s already been hard on you. I know that.”

“I was thinking you like to stay home anyway,” she said.

“And you figured that gave you an out.”

“Yeah.” She looked into the water now. Things at her feet were really interesting to her today.

“And I get it. You already felt like you’d been through the wringer after yesterday. And you’re right, I don’t really want to come to the games but I do want to support you. I’d been assuming I’d come to the games. And yeah, I’d like to grab you in front of everyone and claim you as mine. What do you think about that?”

“I’d like it.” Her voice was so quiet it was just barely audible over the bubbling of the hot tub.

“And it would create a lot of waves wouldn’t it? With parents, with other students?”

She closed her eyes and nodded.

“You and Lavi won’t be making out on the field will you?”

“Well, no...” said Melissa.

“Darn it,” muttered Lavi. It was now my turn to practice the ‘you are not funny’ glare on her.

I continued, “So, here is what is going to happen. You may not even see me at the games. If I come up to you I’ll give you a hug, situationally appropriate. Most people will probably think I’m your uncle or something but I’m not going to lie if they find out.”

“You can kiss me.” She said quietly.

“That’s nice to know. But I know how bad people and schools can get. I don’t want it to be a secret but there’s a difference between holding things back from your family and not broadcasting to others who, as Lavi pointed out, you won’t see after this year.”

“But ... you were so firm about my mom.”

“That’s your mother. She matters. Lying by omission, if it’s even that, to these people doesn’t matter. And yeah, I don’t like it but I’ll have to deal with it. You make me really emotional but I don’t see why we should pick a fight you don’t need.”

“What were you going to do, Lavi?” Melissa asked. Lavi had her head back, her breasts proudly pointed up as she rested in the hot water. Of us she was the only one who seemed to be fully enjoying the hot tub experience right now.

“I was going to tell them that I met an older man who liked to cook for me and then I’d wear pigtails, pretend I’m a latina, wear my cheerleader skirt and yell ‘aye papi’ while he takes me in it.”

Neither Melissa nor I had an immediate response and we were all silent for a second. When Lavi didn’t offer any follow up, Melissa asked, “You wouldn’t?”

She lifted her head up in a grin, “Well, maybe to T’wana, just to see how that bitch’s face falls.”

I couldn’t help it but laughed and as it rolled out of me Melissa started laughing too while Lavi just grinned. After we calmed down I asked Melissa, “And you?”

She didn’t look completely sure but held her voice steady. “You’re my boyfriend. And if anyone asks about who my boyfriend is I’ll tell them it’s not their business. But you can come kiss me and I’ll tell them if you do.”

In other words it was my choice to make and she’d live with it. I was starting to get a lot better at understanding Melissa. She would let me make the decision if I felt I needed to. I pulled her onto my lap for a kiss. Then Lavi wanted her turn. Then we found out that it was tricky but in the water I could hold one girl on each leg. And then we all started kissing and no one wanted to get out for a long time. I lost track of the taste of Melissa and Lavi’s mouths. They pressed to each other and to me. Even in the hot water I found myself so hard that it hurt. As they shifted the girls would rub their legs against my cock and while not sexual my body felt it was. I got to the point where I could feel my balls tighten as if I was going to cum from the constant stimulation and my hips bucked involuntarily. Looking at the girls they were obviously aroused as well. Both had hard nipples and had been giving each other as much attention as I had received with kisses and pressed bodies. The only thing that prevented matters from going further was needing our hands to keep us steady.

By that unspoken communication they were really good at, Lavi and Melissa got up. As they did their crotches came to my eye level and I could see both were already open like flowers, moist and inviting for entry. I reached and grabbed Melissa hard around the hips, pulling her to me. She straddled my head as I shoved my tongue into her and did my best to drown my mouth in the taste of her juices. It wasn’t a great angle but I didn’t give a damn. I wanted her and she needed to know she was mine. My heart hammered in my chest as I tried to get to the core of whatever was there, I wanted to pull her into my mouth. I lapped everything she could give me until she shuddered against me, whimpering from the back of her throat as she grabbed my hair. Slowly, as if unsteady on her knees she climbed out of the hot tub the rest of the way. Lavi was lying on the hard surface of the patio, water from her body spreading out around her, her fingers deep in her pussy watching us. As I stood up, I seriously considered taking her right there. I looked at her, part of me ready to do it no matter what. What stopped me was her pointing at Melissa. I knew what she meant, Melissa still needed me.

Melissa was standing there, her eyes closed, breathing deeply. I walked up behind her and cupped her breasts, firm and wonderful in my hands. I ran my palms over the hard nipples as I gently bit her neck.

“I love you,” I whispered into her ear.

“I love you,” she replied.

“I overheard you that day in the kitchen. You said to Lavi that you were my slut. Did you mean it?”

“Yes.” She seemed to calm some as she said it.

“Good. Now, you need to get on your knees and go over there and thank the woman who loves you for putting up with you today. She did it gladly but you need to thank her.”

“Yes, sir.”

Melissa walked to Lavi and, as Lavi pumped her fingers in and out of her twat, Melissa bent her head and made love to Lavi, licking around her thighs, taking up every bit of juice that had spilled from her before dedicating herself to kissing and nibbling on the outer lips that were so aroused. There was murmuring I couldn’t make out but I knew that Melissa was telling Lavi she loved her and showing her.

I got behind Melissa. The hard patio wasn’t ideal, but looking at that firm round ass pointed back at me, going to get a cushion didn’t seem the polite thing to do. Lowering myself to my knees I rubbed Melissa’s ass, squeezing each cheek in a hand. I marveled at how tight it was. If I had forever to look at this ass I don’t think I would ever get tired of it. My right hand moved down and palmed the mound of her pussy, letting her tight outer lips rub against my fingers and palm. She was moist and I felt more moisture come out from her. The hot tub had been foreplay enough and I pushed into her. I met a wet heat and resistance that opened as her body eagerly welcomed me.

I was ready to explode instantly but if anything Melissa was even more worked up and she exploded, expelling “fuck me, yes, yes, yes!” as she came. She laid her head sideways on Lavi’s pussy and sighed but I hadn’t cum yet and kept stroking in and out. Melissa seemed to take this as a challenge and soon began pushing back hard against me. “Fuck me, fuck me you fucker, cum in me!” The aggressive, rhythmic slaming from her hips didn’t take long to make me lose control. I tried to hold it in but once it started I shot what felt like a dozen spurts into her.

I stopped a second and got my breath. Melissa started to move but I held her in place and said, “Not yet.” Still hard I began pumping again. I was still hard and though I didn’t feel any urgency I was going to make a point. I have no idea what the point was but the deep primate part of my brain had one to make and the rest of me just let it do its thing.

I slammed my hips into her. She pushed back hard again in challenge and I slammed forward just as hard. She was considerably looser and very wet from my cum but I moved through the froth. She came again less than a minute later and I was unrelenting. Over the next five minutes she came a dozen more times, each small but strong enough to take a bit more out of her. Finally, I came again, a tiny one compared to before, but it felt like everything left me. Melissa collapsed a complete mess. She lazily licked at Lavi’s slit but Lavi didn’t seem to mind, running her hand through Melissa’s hair and smiling.

But leaving Lavi without her own attention seemed awfully unfair. I laid down on my stomach and Lavi took the hint and stretched her legs out ridiculously far. Cheerleader muscles are a virtue. I ate Lavi, I ate her like I had Melissa earlier, eager to fill my mouth with that taste. Melissa continued to help and if I feasted on Lavi’s pussy juices Melissa rubbed her clit and kissed her thighs. By now I had lost all sense of time, I just smelled and tasted pussy, my dick was underneath me trapped against a wet hot patio, the sun on my back. I felt Lavi shudder. I heard her growl out “fuck yes, right there!!!!!” as a shudder started in her hips and rode up her body until she lay still and quiet.

It took a few minutes but we got up on unsteady legs. The sun had moved some while we were in the hot tub and a sunburn was more likely now. Melissa collapsed on a shaded lounger and I made to go get water but found myself a bit dizzy and had to sit down myself.

“You’re a stubborn man. Go sit with Mellie,” Lavi fussed at me. I did so and Lavi returned in a moment with three bottles of water. It was a good thing I’d increased my regular delivery, we were going through a lot more water. We all sat on one lounger, sitting on the side instead of lying down, myself on one end and Melissa sandwiched between Lavi and myself. Melissa didn’t seem like she had quite regained verbal skills yet.

I poked her. “Now what lesson did you learn, little girl?”

I expected her girly voice she liked to tease me with but instead she mumbled, “If I’m a stupid bitch I get fucked raw?”

Lavi popped Melissa for that. It heard it but couldn’t help but notice it wasn’t as hard as she’d popped me earlier. “Bad Mellie!” Lavi said. That woke Melissa up.

“No,” I supplied, “It means we talk through not just actual problems but things that worry us too.”

“It’s my fault too,” said Lavi. “When we talked earlier I should have talked through it with you instead of just assuming it would be fine to talk about later.” Just a bit ago Lavi had been describing herself as a selfish bitch but I could read the pain she felt on her face.

“This emotional maturity thing is hard,” Melissa said as she sighed.

“I just ask myself what would Mr. Rogers do?” I grinned at her.

“Who?” She looked at me blankly.

I stared.

“Gotcha!” she smiled. I could tell it was partially forced but she was trying to pull herself up. “I’ve seen him in memes.”

“You’re killing me,” I said. “OK, I’m going to go fix a Geritol shake to go with the chocolate cake. I guess I’ll have to eat it by myself, I hear dark chocolate is bad for you whippersnappers.”

“Wait a second...” I heard Melissa as I headed into the house and smiled to myself.

Within a few minutes I was grilling up some lamb and beef for gyros while the cake tiers cooled separately. I’d ice it as soon as I could and in the meantime we’d have a snack. No one had bothered to get dressed and we moved around the kitchen naked. As Lavi was taking some cucumber sauce that had fallen from her gyro and was painting Melissa’s nipple with it I found myself just watching them. They made it playful as Melissa countered with the same. They both licked their messes up which led to a shared laugh and kiss.

“So,” I finally interrupted, “I’ve been thinking.” They chewed but paid attention. “I know you girls will have a lot of Friday and Saturday things, games, going out with friends and so on. I’m not saying I don’t want an occasional claim but I’d like a day we can always have dinner and it just be us.” They both nodded consents so I continued. “How about Wednesday?”

“Sounds good,” said Lavi.

“One condition,” added Melissa, “we all cook and maybe teach me so I can cook for you sometimes.”

“Of course, my honey bee.”

“Awwww ... I need a cute nickname,” said Lavi.

“You’ll always be my skanky ho,” Melissa said sweetly.

Lavi scrunched up her face in a sort of funny mean expression that failed to be mean at all.

“Seriously though,” said Melissa, “you’re my lioness, don’t you know that?”

“Not a kitten?” Asked Lavi.

“You are way too fierce to be a kitten,” I added.

She beamed at that and soon we were eating cake and getting dressed again.

Melissa said, “I need to head back to the house, I want to see Tommy before he leaves and I think mom may be ready to ask questions after he leaves.”

Lavi raised an eyebrow, “Going to shower first?”

“Nope.”

“Dry your hair out at least? It got wet in the tub.”

“Nope. I’m going to go in, give her a hug and then shower and then we can talk. Being brave starts here.”

“You go.” Lavi grinned.

“I don’t smell bad though do I?”

“No,” Lavi replied, “Just ... fucked but you’ve aired out some. Do you mind if I stay a bit? I was going to shower and hang a bit. After all, someone,” she glared at Melissa, “got a LOT more tzatziki on me than I did on her.”

“Who was that?!?” Melissa replied wide eyed in mock surprise and butter wouldn’t have melted in her mouth but Lavi just rolled her eyes. Being more serious, “Stay but if you do anything ... pics?”

“Deal.” They hugged and Melissa walked out.

I was skimming through Netflix when Lavi came down from her shower and plopped down on the couch, her feet in my lap.

“Is this a hint?” I asked.

“Mellie said you gave awesome foot rubs. You have to prove it now.” She grinned.

“Gladly,” I replied and tossed her my phone to peruse the movies while I started in on her soles and seeking out the tension.

We sat a while, debating what to watch. Lavi slowly started to sink into the couch as tension bled out of her feet when both of our phones started pinging. I recognized mine instantly as Melissa’s text message sound but Lavi was still browsing movies.

“What’s she saying?” I asked.

“Oh,” Lavi replied, “her mom asked if you took her virginity. Apparently she didn’t take that answer well.” I cringed at that. “Shit, she didn’t!”

“What?” I asked.

“Her mom offered to call Jerry over so she could talk to him.” I think she saw my face. “Don’t worry Robert, Melissa said she’d walk over here to spend the night if her mom offered that again. And that fuck wit isn’t getting near any cheerleader pussy anytime soon. Even the girls being nasty right now don’t want that kind of boy bitch for a boyfriend.”

I had to laugh at that. Lavi’s completely neutral casual vulgarity was coarser than Melissa’s, not as cute but absolutely her. Then her phone dinged again but mine didn’t. I gave her a raised eyebrow as I rubbed her toes and she switched phones.

“Grace,” she said as an answer. “Tomorrow is canceled, some new policy and we can’t meet at the school until school starts because of insurance or something.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Start practicing. We need to ease back into it. Except Melissa and Grace, those two probably haven’t slacked off all summer.”

“OK, just meet somewhere else.”

“Well, options are limited.” Lavi held up her hand and started pulling fingers down as she went through options, “Ji lives in a condo and the yard is only big enough for a pomeranian to take a dump. T’wana’s brother is a creep, always interrupting. I swear he puts the ho in hormones. Grace has a neighbor the same way. We’d just ignore him but they made stranger danger movies with this guy in mind and it’s really distracting. Zhara has a huge house and yard so that would work but we have to be super careful around Zhara’s family because they’re hyper religious. Mellie’s mother likes to interfere so that’s right out, especially now.” She ran out of fingers on one hand so stuck up the other thumb. “That leaves my place, which sucks because there’s a slope to the yard and ... so yeah, but it’s that or deal with Zahra’s family.”

“Well, you can meet here if you want. I have a large privacy fence and I can stay inside until you’re all done. No perving.” I smiled. Lavi looked thoughtful and called Melissa, putting her on speaker phone and explained my proposal.

“So, whaddya think?” Lavi asked.

“Sounds fine to me,” Melissa replied.

“They will ask about me,” I added.

“I know, and I know I was psycho about it earlier but you’re right. For all I know my mom will tell Jerry. Or has.” She made a noise in her throat to communicate how she felt about that. It sounded a little like what a cat does right before it throws up a hairball. She continued, “I need to take this head on, at least with the squad. And this isn’t a school thing until school starts. So after school starts we can use the gym again and it’s all good. Let me call Grace.” With that she hung up.

I looked at Lavi, “So Grace is pretty much in charge huh?”

“Yes and no. She is going to be captain though. Melissa could run against Grace and the team would be split but since Melissa is supporting Grace for it she’s a shoo-in. They’ve both done a ton for the squad. We’ll officially vote on the first day of school but only returning seniors vote for the varsity squad.”

Lavi’s phone rang again and it was Melissa calling us back. “I showed her pics of the yard.”

“You have pics?” I asked.

“Not great ones, just the ones of you and me standing by the pool but it gives a pretty good idea.”

“So, what did you tell her?” Lavi asked.

“I told her it was my boyfriend’s house but he’d be working and didn’t want us to be uncomfortable so Robert would stay in the house until we left.”

Lavi again, “And did she ask about me?”

“Yeah. I told her you were with him right now. She just kind of went ‘oh.’ So, she’s going to make calls. So, what are you two doing?”

“Looking at movies,” said Lavi, “I proposed porn but mister man here wants something with a plot.”

“‘In the Shadow of the Moon’ has good reviews. It looks interesting,” I defended.

Melissa laughed through the speaker. “I think Lavi just wants to finally give it up like a proper slut.”

“I’m a virginal princess I’ll have you know,” she replied haughtily.

“Oh, that reminds me,” I said, which earned a weirded out look from Lavi. “Can you girls get away with me this weekend?”

“A whole weekend?” Melissa asked.

“Yeah.”

“Sure, I guess,” said Lavi. “I mean no one can stop us.”

“But will it be something you can do without ... well, a war?” I asked.

“My mom will be un-thrilled but I can deal with it,” Melissa said, “Lavi?”

“I’m good. My mom won’t be thrilled either but I won’t get shit for it. I’ll just need to reassure her about it. Where would we be going?”

“I got a bit of an offer today for something that’s too good to pass up and I told them I’d have to be able to take two guests but they said it was fine.” It took a while but I explained to mostly stunned silence. When I finished I just wished Melissa had been there so she could hug me as tightly as Lavi was.

Once that was concluded we all heard another alert. Melissa said, “Grace wants me to call Zahra. Give me a few.” She hung up but sure enough in just a few minutes she was back. “Done”

“Was Zahra weirded out?” asked Lavi.

“Didn’t sound like it, just asked questions and then said she’d talk to Grace,” said Melissa. “Hold on, message from Grace. She wants a group call.” A new voice came on, surprisingly mature. I’d seen the pictures of the tiny girl and thought she’d sound like a preschooler.

“Hey ladies!”

“Hey Grace, just to let you know you’re on speaker and Robert is here.”

“Hi Robert!” Wow she was peppy.

“Hi Grace.”

“So, I talked to everyone. T’wana just said no.”

Lavi mouthed ‘bitch.’

“Ji said her parents wouldn’t like it, which means she’s not even going to ask.”

Lavi rolled her eyes and though I couldn’t see her I knew Melissa was doing the same.

“What about your parents?” asked Lavi.

“Well, I asked my mom and she wanted details so I told her what I know. She said, ‘Little Melissa Milton, a boyfriend and girlfriend? They’re... ‘ and she made this kind of finger motion that I never want her to do again and I said yes. I hope that was okay.”

“It’s fine,” assured Melissa.

“So, she said, and I quote, ‘Good for her!’ and she wants to meet you Robert and check out your aura,” continued Grace.

“Check out my what?”

“Your kirlian aura.”

“Uh...” I had no idea what to say. “All right.”

Lavi whispered in my ear, “No one told June she was born too late to be a hippy.”

“That’s good but umm ... Zahra?” asked Melissa.

I’d seen Zahra in some pictures on Instagram. She was a very dark skinned girl of obviously middle eastern descent maybe with some North African heritage. She wore a hijab and long leggings that covered her legs when she cheered.

“Well,” Grace chuckled, “that was the surprising one. I know you two talked Melissa, what happened?”

“Well, not much, she asked me what Robert and I were to each other and Lavi, and asked if we were getting married and I told her we all couldn’t legally but wanted to and she asked about if we were going to have kids and all that. She didn’t seem ... it was more like catching up than anything else.”

“Yeah, well, she called me back, said she asked her dad and he said he had no problem and she’ll be here.”

“Really?” That was Lavi and Melissa in stereo.

“Really,” said Grace.

After that they chatted for a bit. I recovered my phone and put on a real movie. Lavi and I ended up just snuggling on the couch and enjoying the movie until she had to go home and I went to bed. For not the first time lately the bed felt pretty lonely. As I laid down maybe I just imagined it but one of the pillows seemed to smell a little of the girls and I used that one as I laid down.

**Chapter 14**

My plan had been to avoid the squad, and it’s members, whenever they were at the house and the plan actually worked for a few days. Tuesday came and I made sure to finish with lunch by 12:30, laid out some cheeses and fruits, sweet and unsweet tea, and then made myself scarce. By the time I emerged from my lair after four I was pleasantly surprised to find no mess in the kitchen or on the patio. Instead, I just found two beautiful young women waiting for me. By waiting I mean they were lying around with music playing from Melissa’s phone, some hip hop beat I didn’t recognize, while Melissa read and Lavi laid down with her eyes closed, occasionally groaning.

When she groaned Melissa reached over and poked her and said: “Nope, not dead yet.”

It wasn’t until they heard the click of the sliding door behind me that they looked up to see me. Melissa smiled and Lavi groaned louder, apparently hoping for a fresh source of sympathy. I walked over and scratched at her head.

“Is this a lioness or a kitten?” I asked.

“Hey, your girlfriend tried to kill me.”

“Yours too,” I said.

“I hurt everywhere.”

“I told you to not sit on your ass all summer,” offered an unsympathetic Melissa.

Lavi pouted in response and said, “That’s blaming the victim. Anyway... “ she started to stand, “I’m going home, downing ibuprofen, taking a hot shower and sleeping until I don’t hurt anymore.”

I rubbed her arm and said, “We could take you upstairs and rub you down.”

Standing she paused and stood really still for a few minutes, obviously tempted, and then shook her head. “Nope, can’t. I’ll fall asleep and won’t wake up and my mom is being pretty cool but I’m already pushing it by being over here two nights in a row and then gone a whole weekend.”

“Two?” I asked.

“We figured we would stay here Thursday night since we’re flying out Friday,” Melissa added.

That meant they were automatically including Wednesday. I hadn’t meant dinner to include spending the night necessarily but I wasn’t going to complain about it either. I guess it made sense that they wanted to give parents advance notice of not coming home.

“That reminds me,” I said, “I need both your driver’s licenses to finish the plane reservations.”

“I thought you already had the tickets?” asked Lavi.

“I have electronic vouchers but I still need to make the reservation.” In short order, I used my phone to take photos of both. Lavi left giving both Melissa and I a kiss and Melissa and I headed inside. I was walking to the living room when Melissa pulled me towards the stairs.

“Bedroom?” I asked, agreeable to the idea.

“I might be just a bit,” she held her thumb and index fingers closely together, “sorer than I let on to Lavi. I’d like to stretch out.”

I smiled and followed her up. Watching her legs move and bubble butt shift in her shorts was not a burden. We stretched out on the bed and Melissa rolled around once or twice before settling, lying next to me where she could stretch occasionally.

“Thanks for making sure everything was cleaned up,” I said.

“Were you worried?”

“A tiny bit.”

“Well, Zahra stayed behind a bit to help clean up so it went fast. And, thank you for the snacks. I didn’t expect that.”

“It was short notice. I’ve thought more about tomorrow.”

“You don’t have to do this.”

“It’s fun. I like doing new stuff in the kitchen. You’ll have to tell me how the girls like it.”

“I will. They were thrilled today. There were a couple of funky cheeses on there but everyone had fun trying them.”

“Any leftovers?”

“Nope.”

“Not even the stinky cheese?”

“Grace liked those.”

“She obviously has good taste.”

“Well,” Melissa twirled some blonde hair around one finger and grinned at me, “we blonde cheerleaders can be very surprising.”

“Oh, really?” I raised an eyebrow at her.

“Really.” She licked her lips. How she kept that from looking silly I don’t know but it was incredibly erotic. “I like that look in your eyes.”

I grabbed her, turned her onto her back, and started to take her shorts off.

“What if I wanted to watch a movie?” she asked as I unbuttoned them.

“Later,” I responded.

She sighed dramatically, “If I must surrender to appease the satyr I suppose I must.”

I pulled her shorts down to her knees and paused. “Nice panties,” I said with a grin. It was a pink thong she had ordered for herself from my Amazon account. She had stored them in my closet, a dash of color, and femininity in the walk-in.

“I changed after I got here.” She teased me, her fingertips tracing her breasts over her shirt. “You might like what’s under here too.”

“Well, never let it be said I keep a lady waiting.” I left the shorts where they were, effectively trapping her legs and scooted up kneeling over her, trapping her further. She wiggled to see how much she could move and when she did I pressed further. In a moment she purred, trapped underneath me. I grabbed her shirt at the bottom. She pouted like a child being put on detention.

“You big meany, I can’t move.”

“Lean up and lift your arms.”

“What if I say no?”

I looked her in the eyes. “You’ll find out if you do.” Her eyes sparkled and she complied quickly. Underneath was a pink bra matching the color of the thong with a lacy edge to it. Definitely not maternally approved.

She rolled her head back and forth making her hair float about her. I couldn’t help it and grabbed a fistful of her hair, pulling her in for a kiss as I leaned over her.

I returned to lying between her legs, along the way finally getting her shorts off. At some point unnoticed she had unclasped her bra in the front and was playing with one of her own nipples while the hand other was underneath her thong doing a little dance. I pulled the thong aside and lowered my head.

“No,” she said and grabbed at my head.

I slapped her hand gently. “No. I want to taste you.”

“I’m sweaty from working out.”

“You smell wonderful.”

“Bu...”

I stopped her protests by lapping at her clit. I ran my tongue up and down and then side to side. I kissed it and suckled the flesh surrounding it gently. I lapped at it and ran little circles with the tip of my tongue. It must have been working because her back arched up and both hands were now playing with her magnificent un-sagging breasts. One day they would sag with age, with children, and I looked forward to that too.

I don’t think a full two minutes passed before she was pulling on my shirt. “Fuck me, please, fuck me.”

I made her wait a dozen heartbeats while I lowered myself further and got the taste I’d been waiting for. I’d enjoyed the taste of her light sweat on her skin. If she’d been really heavily sweating I’d have told her to take a shower but a light gentle sweat on her skin tasted just like more of her and it was delicious, it was a taste of what I smelled when I snuggled against her. And this, this nectar from her folds was an entirely other taste and wonderful, pungent, strong, sweet and filled my senses.

“Please, come on.” She repeated her requests so I scooted off the bed and took my pants off. She kept her legs spread and had two fingers of one hand already inside her to the knuckle, pulling in and out. The other hand was making motions for me to come over. She had a glassy look in her eyes. I ignored my shirt and climbed between her legs. She grabbed my cock and pulled me forward. Moving between her legs I sank in, there was no resistance, she wasn’t just ready to accept me but missed me, needed me in there, and was doing everything to make me welcome. Heat, tightness and sensation hit me. Her hands played with her breasts and she pushed back at me. I took up the challenge and fucked her as hard as I could. She came within a few dozen strokes and screamed.

I leaned over and grabbed her breasts, pushing her hands out of the way.

“YES, FUCK ME!” She screamed and ran her hands under my shirt, I felt her hands on my back and she clawed at me. She was pushing against me, moving her hips which made for fast short thrusts. I wanted to hold out and make it last but her plan was obviously different. I tightened my muscles trying to make it last and looked at her. Melissa had her eyes open and was panting. I felt her fingertips on my back and felt her scratching at me. The pain was distracting and helped me last longer than I otherwise might. She came again and feeling her shudder beneath me set me off and I came and she came again, rolling from one orgasm into the next. All I knew was that I had my heart beating so that I felt it in my throat and then I was lying down, sweating myself, Melissa laying up against me.

It was a couple of minutes before either of us could talk. I reached over and grabbed a half-empty water bottle from my side table. Even at room temperature, it was heaven. I passed it to Melissa, who took it eagerly. An empty bottle was passed back to me. I needed to start keeping more water up here. Maybe a mini-fridge. It’s funny what thoughts come to you when lying there feeling absolutely sated because I wondered how I could put a mini-fridge next to the bed and get it open without having to get up, because right now I didn’t want anything to move us from where we were lying with her against me.

That’s when Melissa announced, “I have to pee.” And she got up to do so. Oh well, the bladder has no romance.

By the time she got back, I had regained the ability to talk. “So, you were worked up. Did cheerleading practice make you horny?” I joked. She got a little red. “It did? Really?”

“Yeah.” She sat on the bed next to me, still naked. I sat up and rubbed at her neck.

When she didn’t offer any more I added, “Looking at Lavi?”

“You really want to hear this?”

“Do I want to hear you talk about other girls making you horny?” I looked down. “Yep, I have a dick, so yes.”

She rolled her eyes but smiled. “Well, yes, Lavi was a big part of it but I like looking at the other girls too. I always thought they were cute but since being with Lavi I realized they could be fun too.” She blushed again.

“So, not a one-woman woman?”

“It’s not like that!”

“I’m not teasing or judging, just trying to understand.”

“Well ... Lavi is the only one I want. I don’t feel drawn to any of the other girls but there are a few that I wouldn’t throw out of bed.”

“Such as?”

“Mostly Ji.”

“I thought she wasn’t coming?”

“Apparently she was feeling left out. I thought it’d take longer. She suffers from serious FOMO.”

“FOMO?”

“Fear of missing out.”

“Oh. Well, it just sounds like you find them attractive. That’s not a big deal. I love you and Lavi but I find other girls attractive. That’s normal. Being in love doesn’t make you dead.” I expected her to smile back but instead, she had her eyes closed and took a couple of deep breaths. She was red again and looked ... mad? I wasn’t sure.

“Are you OK?”

“Yeah, that just ... uh, kind of hit me. I felt tight.”

“Me saying they are attractive?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh. Um, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

She looked at me with serious eyes. “It does but not like that.” She put emphasis on ‘that’.

“What do you mean?”

She took a deep breath. “Look, I’ve been trying to avoid this, I’m not pushing you and Lavi, I ... I don’t want you to think I’m like her.”

Like Lavi? What was she talking about? Then something finally clicked in my head. “Like Jordyn,” I said.

“Yeah.”

“So, what got you going so much today?”

She hung her head down. “You and Ji mostly. God, every time I thought about her bent over and you behind her it was like an electric spark on my clit.”

I reached out and pulled her to me. “Trust me, you are not like Jordyn. Let’s be clear, this is fantasy, not reality, I’m not fucking your teammate ... well other than Lavi, but you can have fantasies. I’d like to share them with you.”

She nuzzled my shoulder and ran her fingers through my light chest hair. “I’m not a freak?”

“Well, from what I know it’s more common among men wanting to watch their wives with others than women watching men, but it certainly happens. To some degree, it’s actually pretty common among swingers but it sounds like a bit more than that for you.”

“Yeah, don’t get me wrong. I ... watching you with a woman with me involved would be great but I’d be thrilled to be on the other side of the room just watching.”

“Would you be happy if you couldn’t touch yourself?”

She craned up to look at me as if I was speaking gibberish. “You mean not ... while you’re ... that would be awful!”

“You didn’t quite answer the question.”

“No, I do not want that. That would just be miserable.” She looked appalled.

“I also take it you don’t want to be put down or humiliated.”

She shook her head emphatically, “No. I’ve read about that and tried to imagine someone calling me trash or a useless cunt and it just made me angry. It was not sexy at all.”

“And if I told you in detail how I wanted to sink my dick into Ji’s tiny Asian pussy?” I asked.

A tiny tremor went through Melissa’s body. It wasn’t an orgasm but she was certainly prepared for one now.

“I think that answers my question,” I said. She just nodded yes. “Now, what if I told you that you had to go to the other room?”

“I would be so pissed,” was her reply. “I mean if you really felt that way you, I mean it would be you two but...”

I stopped her. “I would never do that. And we’re just talking about fantasies. Yes, if this were real we would have to think about the girl’s feelings, whoever she is, but I’m just trying to understand how you feel. I don’t actually have plans to sleep with anyone else.”

“Fine, um, yeah, I wouldn’t like that. I’d feel jealous and nervous and feel cut off and I don’t want that.”

I was starting to feel uncomfortable using a real person as our example. “And if I gave this made-up girl a kiss and cuddled with me?”

Melissa shrugged, “Of course you would.”

“And the next morning if I gave her a hug and fixed breakfast for her before she left?”

“You’re a gentleman, honestly I’d be surprised if you didn’t.” She looked at me with her bright blue eyes, honestly confused why I would even ask.

“Because if you were Jordyn you would be angry that I gave her a hug, you would want me to put her on the floor and piss on her, probably kick her in the ribs. And to be clear, whether she wanted it or not.”

“You’d ... do that?”

“If the girl really wanted it? The humiliation, the pain? Sure. The kicking no, it would be too easy to go past marking into real injury. That’s one of my limits.”

Melissa shuddered again, not a sexual one this time and she cuddled up a bit against me like she was scared.

“So,” I continued, “you’re not like Jordyn. Yes, you have this kink but you still consider them human. You don’t want to see them hurt or humiliated, that’s not part of your kink and certainly not without consent.”

“The consent was your biggest problem wasn’t it?”

“With her, yeah, it was the biggest part but not my only issue. I’m not really into humiliation or that stuff. In the abstract, I find it a turn off. With a girl really getting turned on by it ... sure, I fed off it but I never looked for it. I’m fine with that being in the past.”

“Are you sure?” Melissa said. She had a question in her eyes.

“I’m sure.”

“I don’t want your life to be less with me.”

“You are nothing but joy in my life.” I stroked her cheek. “I’ll be glad to explore anything with you that you want, but if you’re asking me what I want, what I desire, it’s waking up with you and Lavi every morning and going to bed with you both every night. There are other things along the way that would be fun but they’re not what I desire.”

“I don’t want you to wake up years from now and regret this, us.”

“I’ve thought a lot about this after Jordyn left. She tried to get back with me. I could have done it. I had that opportunity for years. I could have gone back and had that again by doing nothing but an email and leaving my door open.”

“Seriously?”

“Yep.”

“Was she a good fuck?”

“Yeah, she was.”

“That had to be tempting.”

“That part was, the rest wasn’t.”

“She had to have some other points.”

“Well, she was supportive when she didn’t need someone to latch her insecurities onto. But yeah, I thought about that life and the truth is that even when I had a woman on her knees and I was spitting in her face and she was getting off on it, there was a part of me worried I was doing harm to someone informed consent or not.”

“Sounds like it didn’t stop you from fucking the shit out of them.”

“No, no it didn’t.”

“Damn satyrs, you think with your dicks.”

“I think satyrs have cocks. It’s a mythological requirement.”

Melissa giggled at that. “So, you’re fine with some of that, not doing it again?”

“I’m OK with all of that being in the past.”

“I might want to try some of it. The physical stuff, not being mean.”

“Then yes, I’m fine with that.”

“I may not like it.”

“If you like everything I’d be shocked. Personal tastes vary a lot.”

A few minutes passed.

“So,” I asked, “do I need to go over this with Lavi too, or is your mysterious feminine communication network going to cover it?”

“I have a stenographer in the closet making a transcript,” replied Melissa, “I’ll take care of it.”

I snorted. That seemed to settle it for her and we went back to enjoying just lying there but barely a minute before my phone pinged. It was Sylvia, “Got a minute?”

At least she didn’t say we had to talk. I typed back “sure” after which my phone rang almost immediately after. I turned the speaker on.

“Hey, Robert.”

“Hi, Sylvia.”

“So, Lavi told me about the trip.”

“Is there a problem?”

“No. Seems a bit soon though, you three heading off.”

“It kind of dropped in my lap.” Melissa started kissing my neck as I talked to Sylvia, her nude body lying against me.

“What do you mean?”

“The short version is my company has been doing this project for a drilling company and they’re about to save big money on the project, like comfortably into seven figures big. And now they’re getting first dibs on rights to some other sites because the environmental factions are so happy.” Sylvia whistled appropriately. “They’re having an executive retreat this weekend and are flying my boss and me out to meet with a few of them. Probably, to talk about future prospects.”

“Couldn’t they do that on the phone?” Sylvia asked.

“Sure, but it’s not as personal and their way of saying they really want to make this happen again and link up with us.”

“But if you’re in meetings...”

“It’ll be for an hour or two, other than that I’m a free man. I might get obligated to a lunch or dinner but they offered to fly a significant other and when I said I would need to bring two they didn’t hesitate and sent vouchers for all of us.”

“All right, I get it.” She sighed, “I’m kind of jealous but it’ll be a good trip before school starts. Sure you don’t need a platonic girlfriend for the weekend to go with?”

“I think Peter would object to heading off with a strange man.” Apparently teasing with her lips wasn’t enough at this point as this was when Melissa decided to reach down and cup my balls. She squeezed gently and I responded by getting harder.

Sylvia laughed. “Nah, you’re not a stranger any longer, you’re family.”

Wow. For a moment my chest felt really tight but I found my voice. “Well, not this weekend but maybe we can find something down the road to all do together for a vacation.”

“That would be nice Rob.”

“Be well, bye!”

“Bye!”

I hung up. “That went well,’’ said Melissa.

“Is she as OK as she seems?” I asked.

“No, not really but she’s getting there.”

“Your mom?”

“She seems to have retreated to pretending you don’t exist. I guess she’s hoping it’ll all just fall apart.”

“And Rian?”

She shrugged. “Rian just kind of is. He lets things just happen and never seems to care about anything.”

“He stood up for you at dinner.”

“Yeah, that was awesome.” During all of this, she was continuing to play with my balls which had me very hard but no closer to release.

“You are very distracting,” I said.

“Who me?” She smiled innocently.

At this point, I pulled away from her and got on my knees.

“Oh!” Melissa exclaimed.

“What?”

“Your back. I might have been a bit rough.”

I got up and went into the bathroom. Angling myself I could see myself in the mirror and about twenty long thin red lines brightening up my back.

Melissa had gotten up and ran her hands along with them. “I’m so sorry!”

I smiled at her. “It’s fine. The epidermis is broken but there’s no bleeding.”

“Bad Mellie,” she said referring to herself in the third person.

I smacked her butt. “On the bed little girl.” She walked back to the bed. “On your knees.” Melissa cooperated, getting on the bed and scooting forward, her ass raised in the air, her tight ass and I could see her still aroused lips open where her legs spread.

I climbed behind her. Partially hard already it didn’t take long of rubbing my cock head in her folds for me to harden the rest of the way again. I pushed in. She was still wet and I entered easily. Having recently cum I didn’t feel any urgency and stroked lazily in and out. She pushed back against me, not as hard as before but still eager. When she pushed back harder I slowed down more until she was clearly getting aggravated and then I sped up as fast as I could. I grabbed her hips and slammed as hard into her as I could without bruising her. A few minutes later she whimpered and sighed, starting to slump forward as she came again.

I popped her gently on the butt. “Stay on your knees.”

With a bit of a harrumphing sound, she did so. I pulled out and eased her cheeks apart and moved to position my dick at her asshole. As soon as she felt that Melissa seemed to wake up and got her legs under her again and got her butt up in the air and wiggled it.

As ready as her pussy was to take me, Melissa’s ass was an entirely different issue. She was eager but hadn’t learned how to relax her sphincter completely yet. Still, I eased past the ring of muscle more easily than I thought I thought possible considering how little we had done this. With some slow deliberate pushing forward I made it past the sphincter and was more than halfway in.

“Oh god, fuck yesssssss...” Melissa’s voice trailed off and she pulled the pillow in front of her into her face and bit it.

A light bulb went off in my head. “You’ve been practicing, haven’t you? With your dildo.”

“Uh-huh” she whimpered.

“What do you think about when you’re fucking your ass with your toy?”

She lifted herself up on her elbows which straightened her back a bit and I slid in a bit further. With just her vaginal juice to lubricate me, it was like a fist wrapped around me as thrust in and out. “I think about you, fucking my ass, or Lavi’s usually.”

I was finally in there, buried completely in Melissa’s tight ass. I rested there a second feeling as I might cum just from the pressure and then I started pulling in and out.

“Don’t worry, you’re going to get plenty of ass fucking,” I said. I grabbed her hips, digging my fingers in. “And you’re going to hold my balls while I fuck Lavi this weekend. What do you think of that?”

“Oh yes, she’s ready, she’s told me, it’ll be perfect!” Melissa was moaning between her words.

“Do you want to hold my balls while I take your girlfriend’s virginity?”

“Yes, oh god, yes!”

“Do you think she’ll be ready for ass fucking?”

“I don’t know. I think she’s tried with a toy but I don’t know how much. I’ll help though.”

“You’ll hold her ass cheeks open for me while I fuck Lavi’s ass.”

“I’d love that.”

I started fucking her harder then and all I heard from her were grunts. As relaxed as I had been when we started I could feel the pressure building in my balls now. I sawed in and out and in and out, finding a rhythm that I never wanted to end. Finally, I couldn’t take it anymore and no mental clamping down on my scrotum was going to hold it back. I growled, “I’m going to cum. You want it in your ass?”

“Oh god, yes, yes yes yes yes...” Her voice became a blur after that. I came hard inside her and she held herself up on one arm and within ten seconds after touching her clit I felt her explode. She let her legs slide out from under her while I was still on top and she sighed happily. At this angle and with her relaxed, it actually took some effort to extract my cock, especially with some blood still trapped but after getting Melissa to move and improve the angle I did so.

I leaned over and sniffed at her skin. “OK, now you need a shower,” I said.

She giggled. “You too.”

I got on the bed near her and we kissed lazily until we decided we needed something to drink and went downstairs to get some orange juice. We were standing in the kitchen naked hip to hip when the doorbell rang. I was going to go upstairs and put on boxers since I was expecting it but Melissa waved at me. She ran into the living room, watched until the delivery driver was gone, and then darted naked onto the porch to grab the package and back in.

I looked at her, “Melissa!”

She grinned mischievously. I rolled my eyes and took the package from her.

“What’s that?” She asked.

“A small surprise.” She eyed me. “No, seriously, a very small thing. Well, set of things.” She smiled and I handed her the box.

She opened it, looked at me, and said, “Huh?”

“They are hooks for your bathrobes. I’ll put them up tonight.”

Her response was to throw her arms around me and kiss me again. “We’re really doing this aren’t we?”

“Yep,” I replied.

“I’m going to start leaving some clothes here you know, a few jeans, short, tops. You’re sure it’s fine?”

“Absolutely. There’s plenty of closet space. Lavi too.”

“You might not think you have plenty if she moves much of her stuff in here.” Melissa grinned.

“We will make it work.” How much did she have, I wondered?

We took a shower together after that. We didn’t fuck in the shower but the touching was wonderful. And then she had to head home. I think she saw I was a bit disappointed.

I walked down to the front door and as I looked out I realized the sun was getting low in the sky and it was getting dark.

“Sure you want to walk home, it’s getting dark,” I said.

“We have street lights and it’s not far,” she said.

“Hold on.” I put on shoes and grabbed my keys. “I’ll walk you home.”

“Really?” She looked surprised.

“Really.” I took her hand and we walked to her house. We didn’t talk as we walked but her hand held onto mine and felt natural to walk in silence with her. I didn’t feel like I had to say anything. Outside her house, I walked up to her door where I gently kissed on her lips and watched her go inside.

I got home and went down to the cave while pulling up the picture of Melissa’s driver’s license on my phone.

**Chapter 15**

I woke up Wednesday morning and stared at their robes hanging in the bathroom. I sighed as I headed into the shower. A hot shower would make things feel more right in the world. It’s not like I hadn’t known what I was getting into. Since that first kiss, I had been running downhill, out of control, hoping I wouldn’t crash along the way.

Getting under the water I felt some tension ease. It was both scary and delightful. I’d built a life of consistency. While my feet were coming out from under me I also, for the first time, felt others supporting me. The battling feelings of being stupid and the luckiest man on earth went back and forth in my head. I went downstairs and started work early since I had an errand to run. By noon I had returned home with a tiny box in my pocket, had laid out a selection of pâtés and crackers, some kosher and halal, and retreated to my cave.

When I emerged at 4:30 I headed to the patio. Books and phones were in evidence but no girls. I headed back in and went towards the bedroom but a shriek erupted and a slammed door barred my way.

“No peeking!” Someone yelled through the door. I think it was Lavi.

“I’ve seen you naked,” I yelled back.

“Go! Meet us at the pool.” It was muffled but I was pretty sure that was Melissa.

Women, can’t live without them, can’t tie them up to your bedpost in a collar and kitten ears. Well, not for any extended period. With that pleasant image in mind, I went down to the patio and decided if I was going to cool my heels it might as well be in the water. It stung a bit where I’d been scratched yesterday but Melissa has done a great job keeping chemicals at a minimum so I could ignore it. I was doing lazy laps when they finally emerged. I turned my head to the side to breathe as I raised my arm for the stroke and saw them. If it had been a cartoon I would have frozen and sunk to the bottom. Instead, I made sure I was in the shallows and walked to the edge so I didn’t miss a single step of these two goddesses.

Melissa came out first but waited for Lavi and they walked to me, hand in hand. Melissa wore a classic cut bikini. It was plaid with a red and black pattern. It was not outrageously small but also left little to the imagination. Two large triangles held her breasts but the sides fell away just enough to let you know there was no padding in the suit to provide false advertising. She turned around and I could see the bottom piece covered her butt but the right and left sides of her cheeks were exposed.

Lavi has gone with a solid color of metallic black to draw the eye as it reflected light. Although Melissa’s bikini was not modest Lavi made her look like a Puritan. Technically, it was a one-piece, not a bikini. However, the strip that connected the bottoms to her top was no wider than my thumb. The top was technically larger than Melissa’s but due to her chest, covered less, really little more than enough to cover the forward-facing parts of her breasts. The straps holding it went under her arms and over her shoulders to keep it in place but were transparent making the metallic black seem to float. I only saw them when they got close and I could barely make the straps out.

They stood by the pool so I craned my neck up to see them. Melissa held Lavi’s hand up so Lavi could twirl, showing that the bottoms were a thong. I wolf-whistled.

“I think he likes them,” Lavi said as she giggled.

“Wow,” I replied.

“Seriously, you like?” Melissa asked.

“The only reason I’m not climbing out of this pool is because I hope you’ll come in here to join me.” They did exactly that though they took the long way to the steps. Lavi walked, taking bouncing steps in the water which did hypnotic things to her chest. Melissa meanwhile dived and swam underwater towards me, emerging next to me and putting her arms around me for a kiss.

Lavi caught up and I put my hands on her hips as I looked at the ... swimsuit.

“I take it you ladies went shopping?”

“I did,” said Melissa.

“That was in your closet?” I indicated the suit with my eyes, addressing Lavi.

“Not exactly,” she replied, “I made it.”

“Really?”

She nodded yes. “She makes a lot of her outfits,” added Melissa. “You don’t think that flag dress on the fourth was ready to wear do you?”

I just shrugged. “Didn’t think about it,” I offered honestly.

“Typical man, you are hopeless,” Melissa said as she rubbed my arm.

“I think he has some potential,” Lavi added and kissed me, her tongue chasing mine. A little tremor went through me.

I looked at Melissa. “You seem ... calmer today.”

She grinned. “We may, well, have taken the edge off before putting on suits.”

“Is that what I was banned from?” I asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Oh no”, Lavi interjected, “that you would have been welcome for but the swimsuits were a surprise.”

Melissa nodded in agreement. “We would have just kicked you out afterward.”

“Fair enough, it’s your bedroom too,” I said

That must have been the right thing to say because it got me a kiss from Melissa while Lavi put her hand around our girlfriend’s waist. Then Lavi kissed me while Melissa reached into my swim trunks to check and see if I was starting to get hard yet. I was and that accelerated it.

Melissa was looking at Lavi, “I do wonder if that suit will actually stay on in the water though.”

“One way to find out,” I said. I stepped away from Melissa’s hand and added, “tidal wave.”

“Wha...” Lavi got out as Melissa smirked and I got my arm under Lavi’s knees, picked her up, and fell backward with her in my arms.

She kicked away from me in the water and came up, her soaked curly hair looking like a wet mop. She did not look amused so I did what any wise man would do. I pointed at Melissa and said, “she made me.”

A predatory grin crossed Lavi’s face as she launched after Melissa. Melissa, in turn, chased me calling me a variety of things, troublemaker being the most polite. I might have escaped but laughing made swimming hard. I ended up being pushed under by Melissa in the deep end. I emerged from my well-deserved dunking at Melissa’s hands and reversed roles. Having already descended into acting like little kids in the pool we didn’t see any reason to stop. After a while, we tired and ended up all laughing and holding each other in a tiny tight circle, our foreheads together and rocking back and forth in the water pleasantly.

“So, who is hungry?” I asked after a few minutes.

“Me!” “Us!” They responded together. So we got out.

I was toweling my legs dry when I felt Melissa’s hands on my back gently and she said, “I’m sorry.”

Lavi looked closely, not having seen the marks with all the commotion of the pool. “Wow, you really got him! Poor baby,” Lavi started kissing my back on each scratch, “you need to say you’re sorry.”

“I did.” Melissa looked chagrined.

“No, say you’re sorry,” Lavi said with deliberate patience as she pulled my swim shorts down and reached around to stroke me. Melissa seemed to get the hint and took the towel I had been using out of my hands and folded it to kneel on. She leaned forward took my dick in her mouth quickly. Lavi’s hand had me hardening and Melissa finished the process as she took me in, her tongue running underneath me as I hardened. Sucking as she lazily moved up and down I ran my hands through her hair as Lavi hugged me from behind, which is when I realized Lavi had taken her top down while I couldn’t see her. Melissa mirrored her, releasing me from her mouth and leaned back. Keeping her eyes locked with me she reached behind her and undid her bikini top releasing those magnificent breasts and then leaned forward again.

Lavi kissed my shoulder as Melissa massaged my balls with one hand while sucking with her mouth. She pulled off and leaned in burning her face in my balls. Using one hand she held my dick up over her face and licked at my balls. She stroked me gently and looked up.

“You like this?”

“I do,” I said smiling. She replied by returning to it.

I heard over my shoulder, Lavi whispered throatily into my ear. “Maybe we can do this later. Would you like that?”

“Fuck, yes.”

Melissa pulled away from my balls and took the tip in her mouth and sucked hard while stroking me. She kept this up for what felt like forever and slowly took more and more of me in her mouth until she was almost deep throating me. She couldn’t quite make it and she pulled off and took in a deep breath but looked very pleased with herself.

“Let’s try that again,” she said. Melissa grabbed the back of my thighs and leaned in pulling me deeper and deeper and she sucked. I took her hair in my hands and decided to stop being passive and held her in place. I started moving my hips and fucking her face. She sucked on each stroke. Lavi had since stopped kissing me but was still plastered to my back and craned around me, watching her girlfriend suck me off.

I don’t know how long I could have lasted with that but I let go of Melissa’s head and guided her hand to my shaft. She jerked me while sucking on the tip and it wasn’t long before I felt my balls begin to tighten.

“Do you want it?” I asked. “I’m going to cum in your mouth.” She didn’t take her mouth off but clamped down harder and looked at me with doe-like eyes. I couldn’t hold it any longer and didn’t try and came, spurting as I convulsed and felt my balls drain. Melissa closed her eyes and stayed in place suckling my shrinking dick. As it slipped from her mouth she eyed it, held it up, and milked it making sure she got the last of my cream and licked it like a lollipop to get the last drops before making an exaggerated swallowing sound and showing me her empty mouth. I stroked her cheek and told her she was a good girl which earned me the smile I loved.

We had dinner on the patio as usual. The girls left their tops off as I brought out the salad bowl. The salad was super simple, greens, fresh strawberries, homemade croutons, roast chicken but all delivered today so perfectly fresh from the farm with great flavor. I had made two dressings, a soy-ginger which I made frequently, and a savory grape dressing that was an experiment. I figured if the grape didn’t work I had a good one to fall back on. Complementing it were some fresh rolls with butter and honey.

Melissa and Lavi had both opted to divide their salads into halves and use both dressings.

“Really good,” Melissa said between bites.

“They’re really different,” Lavi added, “It’s kind of like having two different salads. The Asian one really brings out the chicken but the grape brings a freshness to the greens.”

I think I was smiling from ear to ear. The girls talked for a while about school starting up. Melissa was mostly in honor classes. Lavi, however, was taking AP Calculus, which it turned out she had no interest in but found math easy. They had gotten their schedules by email and they only had one class together, an elective in the career department.

“Is it still like it was when I was in school?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” asked Lavi.

“Back then the career classes were for people not going to college.”

“A little, I guess.” Melissa shrugged as she responded.

“This is Textiles and Design. We learn about sewing and working with patterns, designing patterns, and so on,” said Lavi. “It’s a useful skill to know.”

“It’s a free period for you,” said Melissa, a little sourly.

“Not really. There are tons of things I don’t know, especially making the patterns. And they go into the technical stuff about the fabrics.”

“You just better help me out since I signed up to be with you,” said Melissa in a pout.

“I would carry your ass through the desert, so I certainly will in class,” replied Lavi, smiling.

Melissa tried to continue pouting but found herself smiling back. After dinner, we all washed dishes together. Afterward, Lavi and Melissa changed into pajama pants and a t-shirt while I opted for boxers and a t-shirt. We wandered down to the living room. I made sure to sit on the far end of the couch and as I sat felt down behind the cushion to make sure things were as expected. That was when Melissa’s phone rang. I withdrew my hand to wait.

She answered it immediately and said “Bro!” They began talking. Apparently, he was going to come to visit their mom at least on Saturday ... and might be bringing a boy with him. She held up her hand in a “one-minute” gesture and wandered into the kitchen so that she wouldn’t make Lavi and I listen to her one side of the conversation.

I sat on the couch with Lavi straddling me, knees on either side facing me. She grabbed my hands and put them under her shirt.

“Horny?” I asked.

“Not really but I like your hands and I figured I’d give Melissa something to see when she comes back.”

I obliged and began playing with her breasts which made her smile. “She told you?”

“About her liking to watch? Yeah. I had kind of guessed it anyway.” I ran my palms over her nipples, which were already hard.

“Have you been surprised about her and me?” I asked.

“Nah, not after I met you.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, she’s always liked older guys, especially smart ones. What do they call it, sapiosexual? That’s my Mellie.” Her face fell. “I guess that’s why I thought she’d never want me.”

I stopped. “You’re pretty damn smart, Lavi.”

“I’m a pair of tits.”

“You’re in AP Calculus.”

“I got a bit of my dad’s brain but overall I just do okayin school.”

“Being smart is a hell of a lot more than school.” She kind of sighed and harrumphed, as if what I said wasn’t worth responding to. So, I pinched her nipple, hard.

“Ow!”

“Listen to me.” She looked at me. “There have been half a dozen times since we met when your intelligence has astounded me and made my life better for it. That’s not even counting your obvious skill with sewing and math, which are not inconsequential. You’re curious and vibrant and your interests aren’t in a lot of academic things but that doesn’t have a damn thing to do with being smart.”

She didn’t look entirely convinced but said, “Thank you.”

“Now, let me ask, how are you doing?”

“Great.” She still looked a bit forlorn but the reply didn’t sound forced.

“It’s been a crazy few weeks. I know what you told me but ... I just want to be sure.”

She looked at me seriously. “Robert, Melissa and I went shopping this morning. I have no idea how many times we’ve shopped over the years but do you know what she did this morning?”

“What?”

“She called me her girlfriend. She fed me a bite from her muffin at the coffee shop. She gave me a quick kiss. It was like every other time but with more.”

“And sex later,” I added grinning.

She beamed. “Yeah, and wonderful mind-blowing sex later. But, that moment when she gave me that kiss, she held onto my bottom lip for a second with her teeth. I never had that in my fantasies and I should have. It was perfect.”

“And us?”

“This weekend. I want it. I got my dyke princess fantasy of fucking the princess. Now, how about her betrothed, will the foreign king fuck the shit out of me?”

“You don’t want Prince Charming?”

Snort. “It’s complicated. Mellie doesn’t. She’s never liked boys and always wanted a man. I don’t get why she has her type but I’m getting why she likes you.”

“You’re sure...”

“Robert ... I like you. I’m pretty damn sure I’m going to love you one day so I keep it simple when I say I do love you because I will. Don’t overthink this.”

And I realized I felt the same way. “You know it takes a really smart girl to figure that stuff out. You’re smarter about these things than I am.”

“Then listen to me.”

“I am. I just want to make sure this is for you.”

“Well, I’m getting pretty tired of wait...” Lavi trailed off.

That’s when Melissa came in and was hanging up the call when she saw us sitting there and instantly had her phone out and was taking pictures. Lavi obliged by pulling her shirt up while I played with her breasts. At this point, I was getting aroused again and I could feel Lavi was turned on by her squirming but she was also posing for effect. We were teasing Melissa who had gone dead silent. She was so engrossed in taking pictures I heard her make a sad sound in her throat when Lavi got up and pulled her shirt down. Lavi plopped down on the couch and laid on the other end from me and grinned.

“I did not expect that,” Melissa said sitting between us.

“Enjoy it?” I asked.

She smiled and nodded happily. “It was weird, something about the surprise just hit me.” I kissed her to make sure she knew it was all good and then Lavi did the same. Then we all leaned back, Melissa leaning against me and Lavi’s legs across the two of us.

So, my hand wiggled down between the cushions and returned to the surprise. I pulled it out and held the jeweler’s box aloft and leaning over Melissa passed it down to Lavi. She opened it and her eyes went wide. She held them up. They were teardrop stones, the earrings made in the same style as Melissa’s using the same bordering gold but instead of black sapphires set in them they were two brilliant fire opals.

Melissa oohed and awed appreciatively. “I thought about Solomon stones or cat’s eyes but I was looking and I thought nothing represented the lioness so perfectly as pure flame,” I said.

Melissa found her voice first, “They’re amazing. Put them on!”

Lavi almost fumbled them and then slowly, carefully put the hoops through her ears. They dangled and caught the light. She looked at Melissa and they hugged.

“Picture!” Lavi said.

I grabbed my phone and took a dozen pictures of Lavi and Melissa standing side by side, both their sets of earrings visible.

“So, you like?” I asked

“I do,” Lavi said. Within minutes I had sent them the pictures and a round of rapid Instagram posting happened as I was momentarily forgotten. They were happy though. Melissa was as happy as Lavi with them matching now. Melissa was the first to kiss me since she was sitting next to me but once she saw her do it Lavi got up and knelt in front of me and kissed me too.

“You want me to wear these like Melissa does hers?”

“I didn’t know what it was going to mean when I gave those to Melissa but I know now. So, yes.”

“Is this real, what you want?”

“I...” I started to say a dozen things but what I said was “I don’t know what I want other than it has you two in it.”

She looked at me and I didn’t know how to read it. It was a long time before I asked her about that moment, months later and she remembered it perfectly. She told me when we talked that at that moment she realized she wasn’t just an add on to Melissa for me, that she understood that I wanted to love her as much as she wanted to love me. And she was finally, completely, no bluster, no self-encouragement, sure she would.

Melissa had backed off a little. She felt the change in Lavi, probably more profoundly than I did. Lavi took my hand.

“It’s time,” was all she said.

“For?”

“Time for you to fuck me.”

“What about this weekend?”

“No more fantasy,” she said. “I want you. For me. Mellie has always been my fantasy but us is going to be something different. I need to accept that.” She was serious. She had the same expression she had in the kitchen that day when she told me that I had to start thinking about myself.

“Is that a good thing?” I asked, holding her hand between us.

“It is.” I had never seen that particular expression on her face before. Lavi was generally a creature of mercurial temperament, or at least wore that mask, but this was another layer of her.

We started to walk to the stairs and I noticed that behind us Melissa was standing uncertain, her hands in front of her, worry evident in her posture and face. I reached out my hand but she didn’t move until Lavi turned around and made a “come on” gesture too. Melissa skipped forward and all there of us went to the bedroom.

It occurred to me as Lavi removed her shirt and pajama pants that nothing worked out as I planned. I’d planned for her to like the earrings and then we’d watch a movie. I’d made plans for the weekend. Instead, we were back in the bedroom just after leaving it. Fuck it, plans are overrated.

Lavi reclined on the bed. Melissa remained dressed but came over to me and took off my clothes for me, what little I had. Lavi waited for me, her wide hips already stretched out. She laid there diddling her clit gently while watching Melissa undress me. Melissa stroked me back to rigidity, which was an easy task while watching Lavi play with herself.

Melissa scrambled to get on the bed next to Lavi while Lavi just looked at me, no little hurried looks to Melissa, just focusing on me. She certainly knew her Mellie was there though as evidenced by reaching out one hand to stroke her lover’s back. I climbed between Lavi’s legs and Melissa reached out to grab my erection. She leaned over and gave Lavi’s pussy a quick lick and spit on the head of my cock for lubrication and ... paused.

“Uh, I know this is a moment but, like, ... can I take a video?”

I thought of half a dozen sexy things to say but they all seemed pointless as Lavi burst out laughing. “You really are a hopeless slut,” she said.

Melissa grinned, “So, that’s a... ?”

“Yes, yes, you can film our boyfriend penetrating me with his cock for the first time you silly little slut.”

Melissa looked at me and I shrugged. I wasn’t sure I really had any say in this. With a look of pure victory, she dove for the bedside table and grabbed her phone. Meanwhile, Lavi and I were frozen and looked at each other and started giggling at the absurdity of it. Somehow it didn’t make it any less romantic though. Lavi slipped one finger into her folds and pumped it in and out to the knuckle, watching me.

In seconds Melissa was holding the phone awkwardly in one hand while grabbing me again with her other. She guided me into Lavi’s waiting embrace while filming the entire thing. Truly tight pussy is an impossible thing to describe, there are just too many nerve endings down there to compare the experience to any other. I knew that she had considered herself lesbian and also had enjoyed penetration from toys. Right now I was really glad as I don’t think I could have gotten in any other way. The lubrication from Melissa hadn’t been enough and I got maybe a third in from slowly sawing back and forth before I paused.

Lavi looked at me wide-eyed. “Wow. That’s different. Shit, I thought I was ready. Fucking hell that feels ... good.”

“You like that you slut? You like him splitting you open with his baby maker?” Asked Melissa while holding the camera. She now had one hand buried in her pajama pants and seemed very busy with it from what I could see of the thin cotton moving.

“Fuck yeah,” she replied, “it’s warm and ... I can feel it throb. It makes me tingle.”

I started again fucking her faster now in short strokes and felt her start to loosen more quickly but it was still like pushing through against something determined to latch onto me, which in a way it was. I realized it was her body not wanting me to leave. I slowed down for a while and took long lazy strokes which had her wrapping her legs around me as her tension slowly built.

It felt like forever when I grabbed her hips and said, “I’m not going to last long.”

She was rubbing her clit furiously at this point. “I make you want to cum? You want to cum in this teen pussy?”

“Only if I can knock it up.” I think I hit that button right based on the almost feral expression she took.

“That’s right, knock up this pussy, leave with a swollen belly and milk dripping tits you fucking pervert.” She started gently slapping her own clit as I sped up so fast I couldn’t respond to her dirty talk. “That’s right, fuck that juice into me, daddy!”

That was it for me. I exploded into her, it wasn’t in spurts but one long continuous push of my muscles as if every muscle in my body had heard her words and wanted to push my cum into her ovaries as forcefully as possible. She continued to diddle her clit and just as I sent the last of my cum into her she let out a growl and scream at the same time and I felt her open around me as every muscle spreading from her pelvis seemed to stretch before collapsing.

“How was that?” Melissa asked as she continued to film and ran a hand over Lavi’s tits.

“Fucking brilliant,” Lavi replied. “That ... I didn’t know that’s what it would feel like to have cum in me.” She blinked. “I think I need a nap.”

“Not yet,” was all I heard Melissa say before she tossed her phone down and reached over. She squeezed one tiny last drop of cum out of my urethra and spread it on Lavi’s outer lips before leaning over to lick it off. I knew what this was for and I moved, giving Melissa wide access. Melissa dove in. I’m fairly sure this wasn’t the first time today she had been between Lavi’s legs but she went after the cream I left there like it was mana from heaven. Lavi was obviously enjoying it though it wasn’t hitting her most sensitive buttons so I helped out and while Melissa was busy snaking her tongue in as far as she could I reached in and played with her clit with my forefinger while kissing her neck. It took a while, maybe five minutes, and Lavi suddenly had her hand gripping my shoulder so tightly it hurt. Her back arched and she whimpered as she came and the whimper turned into a satisfied sigh.

I lay down beside her and she snuggled up to me just as Melissa did on the other side. Melissa finally got out of her pajama pants and t-shirt.

Lavi sighed, “I wish I wasn’t on birth control. Well, not really, I’m not ready but uh, I feel like I’m ready.”

“We’ll get there,” I said. Melissa made noises of agreements as she reached a hand over to hold Lavi’s. Melissa shifted so her hip was against me one leg over mine. I could feel her soaking me, she was so wet. I was going to put on music but was trapped and decided to just lay there and enjoy it. We talked about going back downstairs but no one wanted to bother. We showered and I took time washing Melissa and Lavi’s hair while they cuddled under the hot water. In turn I found myself washed by two pairs of pleasant hands.

“Do you need some attention,” I asked, half teasing Melissa.

Lavi grinned and added, “Two on one can be a lot of fun.”

Melissa kissed me and then Lavi, “Raincheck? I might have been just a tad bit rough on myself.” She looked down as she said that and I couldn’t see anything amiss but I couldn’t see inside her either.

“Any regrets,” I asked?

“Nope, I’m still floating,” she replied.

“Me too,” said Lavi.

Back in the bedroom lethargy took all of us. We all read for a little while. Lavi was reading Chabon which I’d put aside halfway through my re-read to let her catch up. Melissa hadn’t said so but I suspected she did the same. Melissa was now reading an Erik Larson book about the sinking of the Lusitania. I was indulging in a trashy sci-fi book about a man who is going to die and gets downloaded into a computer game. I couldn’t believe I was finishing it. It was awful. The lack of focus might have been why I was looking at Lavi when I did. She had put the book aside and was on her phone. She was radiant and relaxed. Her left hand was locked with Melissa’s right who was holding her kindle in her other hand.

I watched her look at Melissa, her face full of joy and adoration. And she turned to look at me ... and her expression didn’t change. Life is strange. With Melissa, I fell in love without knowing it. With Lavi, it was a thunderclap. For a dramatic moment that changed my life, it was subdued, my revelation accompanied by the flip of a page of e-ink and a smartphone flash.

I’d already told her I loved her so instead I asked, “Grapes?”

“Hells yes!” “Yeah.” They answered together.

A few minutes later we were feeding each other grapes between kisses. Books and phones were forgotten. I looked around the room. I needed to pack. Two other suitcases were against the wall. A few items of clothing were scattered about but not much. The door to the bathroom was open and it looked like a hurricane had hit it. Still, I liked it better than I did it feeling empty.

“So, how is practice going,” I asked as I lay with my head between Melissa’s thighs as Lavi lay against her behind me. One of Melissa’s hands stroked my hair and another Lavi’s chest.

“Pretty good,” said Melissa.

Lavi made a grunting noise. She didn’t appear to share the sentiment.

“T’wana coming around?” I asked.

“Nah,” offered Lavi, “but Amber will be back Monday from Europe, and T’wana can catch up.”

“Last year we had some good junior varsity that might try out,” added Melissa.

“Ji’s sister, that redhead, who else?”

I could hear the exasperation in Melissa’s voice. “Their names are Xinyi and Emma.”

“Yeah, yeah, who else?”

“Uh ... a few, but those two really stood out at regionals.”

“Should we see if they can come to practice with us next week?” Asked Lavi.

“You’re encouraging practice?” Melissa asked, surprise now in her voice.

“Well,” said Lavi, “I figure someone will have to provide guidance to the padawans, someone not busy being the glorious leader or second hand...”

I snorted as commentary.

“Someone who would have to stand to the side and not be involved quite as much?” Asked Melissa, her tone flat as the Midwest.

“Yeah,” Lavi replied sweetly.

“Still, inviting them for next week is a good idea,” Melissa replied, diplomatically leaving out what she thought of the intent.

“Ji coming around?” I asked.

“Coming around ... feigned acceptance might be more like it.” Said Melissa. “Lavi went to get the pâtés you made and Zahra called us sister wives. I thought Ji was going to burst something.”

“The chicken one was really good, “ supplied Lavi.

“It was, I really liked the one with the ground shrimp in it too.”

Lavi giggled and then said, “By the way, Grace said you’re spoiling us. It’s going to suck to go practice in a hot gym after this.”

“Seriously,” Melissa paused, “which reminds me...” she trailed off.

“Yes?” I prompted.

“She wants to ask to have a party,” Lavi said, interjecting.

“I was getting to it!”

“So is the next ice age.”

“Aggravating slut.”

“Takes one to know one.”

Melissa replied by pinching Lavi’s nipple really hard.

Lavi yelped. “Ouch, the same one!”

Melissa looked confused but I coughed and interrupted, “Okay, party? Who? When?”

“Next Friday, last Friday before school starts up. Just us girls on the squad.”

“Okay.”

Okay?”

“Yeah.”

“I told you so,” said Lavi.

“But one condition, families too,” I said.

“That’ll be even more people,” replied Melissa.

“A pool party, even if I am scarce, with just teenage girls will make people talk.”

“Um ... you’re missing the point,” Lavi added, “a cool get together with friends isn’t the same when the parents are there.” Crap, she was right, as usual.

“We can invite boyfriends, how’s that,” offered Melissa.

“How well can you guarantee their behavior?” I asked.

“Liam would be chill,” added in Lavi.

“Owen,” said Melissa.

“Only because he’s whipped.”

“But still...”

“Sure, sure.”

“Chris?”

“Ewwww.”

At this point, the Melissa/Lavi synchronicity was making it hard to follow their back and forth. “So, the verdict?” I asked.

“We could invite a few but some ... no. I don’t see how to invite some and not others,” said Melissa.

Lavi had a proposition, “Let’s just say it’s a girl’s party. Invite a few moms. I know my mom will come, probably June too. They’re cool enough to not make it weird.”

“We’ll just say they’re on Robert’s invite list.” Melissa seemed to be musing over it but more decided than not.

“I don’t know June,” I said,

Melissa laughed. “Doesn’t matter. She picked up Grace yesterday and said our auras were the healthiest she’d ever seen.”

“Oh my god, she loves your bees too, she said you had to be an earth spirit,” added Lavi.

“Okay, if they’ll agree to that it sounds good to me. I hide during it?”

“Nope, you’re the host,” replied Melissa.

“You ladies are the hostesses. Sister wives even.”

“I prefer wives,” said Lavi. “But ... I was hoping you’d cook. I’ll help, though,”

“And if we’re inviting other-mom and June you should be able to be there.”

“You just want me looking at girls in bikinis,” I said.

Melissa gave a little indignant harrumph but smiled as she did. “I’ll get plenty of that this weekend.”

“It’s not extra special when you know them,” I questioned.

Her voice changed and was thoughtful, “Sure, yeah, but that’s not really why.”

I felt a sudden pinch and caught a glare from Lavi. She was trying to get me to understand something.

“I gotta pee” Lavi said, instead of going around the bed she rolled over me which was both really uncomfortable and wonderful. As she went she whispered in my ear, “let her be brave.” I can be a dense and stupid man but even I can see something put right in front of my eyes. After her meltdown the other day Melissa was trying to make sure I knew I wasn’t going to be hidden away like she was ashamed of me and starting with the people who already knew about me.

I sighed. “Get me a list of food allergies and how many.”

Melissa leaned up with stomach muscles I could only dream of having and nearly bent herself in half to give me a luxurious kiss that made me wonder how I thought I could ever win a disagreement with her.

And so it was set. I picked up my phone. I’d need more hamburger next week.

Lavi was returning from the bathroom. “Lavi, beef sausage is okay, right?” I asked.

She paused, looked at my dick, and after trying not to we all broke into laughter. Half an hour later I was finally settling down for sleep and Lavi snickered and just barely audible said “sausage”, which got us all giggling again. It felt good for the bed to be full. I slept like a man with no burdens in the world.