**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 16**

As the night progressed we moved around. Every time someone got up and returned we shifted under a pattern of least disturbance. At one point I think Lavi was laid diagonally across the bed with her legs over my hips, or maybe I just dreamed that. When I got up both ladies were still asleep. I went downstairs and prepared a large French press with coffee and cups with the appropriate sugar and cream in each, then loaded it all up on a large tray I had dug out of a storage box when I also found the other shot glasses. Returning to the bedroom, I left the tray on the floor near the door and approached the bed. Melissa was turned on her side and wrapped up in layers of blankets. Lavi was on her stomach with only a light sheet over her.

Standing at the end of the bed I started to stroke myself while looking at Lavi. I had been the first real cock inside her last night and I wanted to claim her again. I walked around to the bedside table and got out the bottle of lube I’d stashed there. Melissa had been eager to prove she could take me without it but my experience was that having a little help could be a very good thing. It was about to be. For a second I stood over Melissa looking at her angelic face and thigh peek out from under the covers where she had her leg bent. She still made my heart skip beats. Returning to Lavi I climbed on the bed and threw the sheet off quickly. I pulled her legs together and straddled her. It wasn’t the best position but I aimed my dick at her cleft and rubbed it against her a few times. She started making sleepy moans, trying to figure out what was going on. I pushed in, one inch, two inches, rocked back and forth a few times, and then pushed the rest of the way in.

“Good morning,” I said. She grunted in response but pushed back at my thrust in.

I massaged her ass as I took my time. Her ass cheeks were generous and overflowed my hands but I squeezed and rubbed them. Experimentally, I laid my hand flat and popped her, making a sharp sound across her right cheek and her cheek wiggled appreciatively. The rest of her made an “ooh” sound that was even more appreciative.

I felt one of her arms snake down and start to play with her clit. I began a regular rhythm of slapping her ass, once every couple of strokes. I pulled nearly all the way out before slowly pushing my way back in. After a few dozen slaps I switched and began on her left cheek. Both were reddening. She began to wiggle gently moving her hips side to side which did wonderful things to my cock. This lasted a long while and Lavi’s moans went from appreciative to needful.

Melissa was now awake and slid over. She was resting sideways across Lavi’s back and watching my cock penetrate her girlfriend. She had several fingers in her own pussy. I pulled out suddenly and shifted forward, my cock right in Melissa’s face. She took the hint without encouragement and swallowed half my length in one gulp. Lavi turned her head around to see why I’d stopped and grinned at the sight. Melissa moaned dreamily around my cock. I pulled away and got off Lavi. I gave her one louder pop on the butt making her jump just a bit.

“On your knees.”

Lavi took her time but got her knees under her, stretching as she did. She undulated in an almost feline way as she did eventually settling into a position she considered acceptable. I took the time to stand up, which did some of my own muscles good. Then I climbed behind her on the bed. Melissa had gotten up on her own knees mirroring Lavi and was kissing her as they held themselves up on elbows. Watching them had meant I had not lost any of my erection and I pushed back into Lavi in one rapid shove, making my hips meet hers.

“Fuck yes, like that, put that cock in me again...” She was moaning as she talked but was clearly awake now. I grinned and fucked her with a steady pistoning. When I felt that early pressure begin I pulled out and gave myself a minute to let the sensations fade down. I was leaking pre-cum but I let it fall on the bed in tiny droplets as I rubbed both asses, the tight muscles in one hand, and the amazing broad soft one in the other. Once I felt in control again I shifted on my knees to Melissa. I cupped her mound in my palm and squeezed gently. She was already soaked. I pushed in slowly. She didn’t need it but I knew it would frustrate her, and she would love that.

“Do you like me fucking you with Lavi’s juices still on me?”

Melissa hung her head down, her golden hair all over the bed. “God damn you, yes, I love it. Make me taste her cream on your cock every day.”

“I might,” I said calmly. “Or maybe not. Are you a good slut?”

“Yours. I’m your slut, no other man’s.” She moaned as she talked and she fell into a chant of ‘fucks’ and ‘yes.’ Lavi was still on her knees playing with herself. Melissa suddenly came hard, she collapsed and pulled off me as she grabbed a pillow and screamed into it.

“I’ll be your slut too, if you come back here,” said Lavi while sticking her ass back at me.

Who am I to disappoint a lady? I returned to Lavi. She looked at me, grinning. I pushed back in and this time I knew I wouldn’t last long. We’d been fucking solidly for over ten minutes.

“Does the lioness like that? Being mounted like she’s in heat?”

“In heat,” she panted, “fuck me and fill me up. I love that feeling of you cumming inside me.”

“I thought you were a dyke,” I teased.

“Can’t a dyke like dick?” She pushed back.

“Pretty sure liking a real one means you have to turn in the membership card.”

“You’re talking too goddamn much,” she said. So I replied with action. After another minute she rolled into a small orgasm. She didn’t cum as easily as Melissa did but she let out a deep-throated sound like she was expelling all the air from her body as it hit her. It was good that I was ready to cum because I don’t think I could have held it any longer and I jerked three times shooting as deeply into her cunt as I could.

I pulled out and Lavi rolled onto her back beckoning towards her other lover. Melissa got in there and immediately began eating Lavi out, which within seconds sent Lavi into a much stronger and louder orgasm. I loved watching it. After they broke apart they each lay against the headboard looking well used and radiant.

I caught my breath and went to get the tray. Melissa’s eyes went wide when she saw the coffee pot.

“Oh my god! Gimme! I love you.” Melissa was clearly happy to have coffee.

I gave her the cup. She cradled it against her like a treasure and inhaled its aroma. How could she not be awake already? Lavi took her cup less dramatically. We sat and chatted. Lavi criticized my narrow definitions of sexuality for my dyke comment. She was probably right, too. That led to my sharing a story from my more sociable days that involved a lesbian couple, which Melissa made me promise to tell her in much more detail at some future point. The girls shared that they were going shopping and home for a bit, which reminded me...

I got up and got my wallet and pulled out a credit card and put it on the bedside table. “That’s for you girls today.”

“Um ... why?” Asked Melissa, clearly suspicious, picking it up like it needed to be investigated.

“Saturday night we’re going to a very expensive restaurant. I thought you might like to dress up. And you’re going shopping anyway so...”

“Uh, how much?” Melissa asked.

“I figure you need dresses, shoes, handbags ... is a thousand each enough? You can go a bit over.”

I broke them when I said that. Melissa firmly said “NO!” Simultaneously Lavi exclaimed, “Fuck yeah!”

Melissa hushed Lavi with a glare. “That’s way too much,” she said to me.

“It’s a really fancy restaurant and it’s kind of like our honeymoon. I’m not paying airfare or hotel so I can do this. Besides, it’s not the last restaurant I intend to take you to.”

She held up the card and wagged it at me. “You’re not going to claim this isn’t a lot of money are you?”

“Of course it is, but I did the numbers, I can afford it. I’ve saved a good chunk over the years and I want to spend some of it. Besides, I want everyone there to know what I already do.”

“And what is that?” Melissa was clearly ready to fight.

“That I’m the luckiest man in the world, and they won’t even know the half of it because they’ll only be able to see the most superficial parts of the beauty of you two.”

Silence followed. Lavi broke it by saying, “Mellie, this is where you thank him for being sweet.”

Instead, Melissa asked, “You’re going to show us off?”

“No, but it’s a nice restaurant and nice dresses are expected of ladies. You may already have a formal evening dress and if that’s what you’d prefer that’s fine but it’ll be our first night out together, so I’d like to make it special for both of you. Alternatively, you can not come and I can catch up with you after the meal. That’s up to you.”

“Well, I think it’s super.” Lavi grabbed the card from Melissa’s hands. “I’m definitely buying something that will turn heads.”

I grinned. “I’d expect nothing less. But keep it classy.”

“Of course,” she replied airily.

“How are you going to introduce us,” asked Melissa.

“My girlfriends.”

“Nope, major league bad idea,” said Lavi, “they’ll think we’re sugar babies or something.”

“Sugar what?”

“Girls with sugar daddies,” she replied.

“Oh.”

“Or just escorts,” offered Melissa.

“Eeewww,” said Lavi, “I’m strictly a one-man whore.”

Melissa had a look of long-suffering on her face.

“So, what then,” I asked.

“Wives,” Lavi said simply.

“We can’t,” said Melissa. “There are bigamy laws.”

“Who the fuck cares. We already talked about both of us changing our names, having kids together. We don’t have to say we’re legally married, just that we’re married.”

“So, we’re going to let them think we’re trophy sugar wives?” Melissa was obviously annoyed.

“There might be a lot of trophy wives there but I don’t know what they’ll think and I certainly can’t control it,” I said.

“How many will have two trophy wives though,” asked Lavi. She was smirking.

I chuckled, “Probably none. Two sugar babies maybe, or escorts, but not wives.”

Lavi cuddled up to Melissa and posed with her. “M’lord we shall make you look like a king with your own harem.”

Melissa still looked unconvinced. “Look,” I said “you’re missing one very important and obvious fact. No one is actually going to think either of you are sugar babies or hookers.” Melissa looked at me as if to dare me to continue. “Because even if you were wearing old jeans and a ratty t-shirt you are both so amazing that if you were there for money it would be clear I couldn’t afford you. One look and they’ll know you love me.” I stroked her cheek. “And need psychiatric help.” That finally got a smile.

Melissa seemed to have a change of heart, “Hmmm, people are going to have questions no matter what. Are you sure this won’t cause issues with your boss?”

“I warned him.”

“What did he say?”

“He asked if this was one of those buy Russian wives on the web thing and I went for two.”

Melissa tried to hold it in but Lavi didn’t and in seconds they were both laughing hysterically. I didn’t really seem like someone who would do that, did I? I wasn’t that much of a shut-in. Sheesh.

“Okay, I’m in,” Melissa said, “but remember you asked for this.”

I was trying to figure out what that meant when Lavi yelled, “Yay!” And kissed her.

“Hey I’m the one paying for it,” I said indignantly.

Lavi waddled over on her knees and threw her arms around me. “And I’d say you were definitely getting laid but honestly, you were anyway.” And she kissed me too.

“But,” Melissa said, “what about you?”

“I have a suit.”

Lavi, “The one in your closet?”

“Yeah.” When had she seen my suit?

“That thing is ancient,” said Melissa. When had she seen my suit?

“I tried it on, it still fits.”

“It looks like a guy’s first suit after he gets out of college,” Lavi said.

Well, it was, or in my case after I dropped out. “It doesn’t matter. A suit is a suit. Everyone will be looking at you two.” Melissa and Lavi at that point exchanged one of their communications I never did become able to intercept.

After that, we showered. It wasn’t sexual but it was. Everything was, around them. I felt like a teenager again, constantly on the edge of arousal. I checked Lavi’s ass and found it was still a light pink when she moved it out the way of the hot water. She said it still stung but pleasantly. I had a sense from how she said it that she probably wouldn’t like more than that though, which was fine with me. The girls left a bit before eight to see family and run errands. I went to work or at least something that resembled work. Honestly, it was a pretty lazy day for me. It didn’t happen often but I was largely between projects. It was a good time to sharpen some skills but with travel tomorrow ... screw it. I answered emails, made reservations, and goofed off.

My plan to avoid the squad failed when I was betrayed by my bladder. It was nearly 3 o’clock when I really needed to go and the basement didn’t have a toilet so I went upstairs and headed to the first-floor bathroom out of habit. I went to open the door when it opened in front of me and Zhara almost walked into me. I pulled back as quickly as I could.

Her lavender hijab shifted as she flinched back but didn’t expose her hair. Up close I could see she was cute with high cheekbones and almost almond eyes. The photos I’d seen of her didn’t do her justice. She had been to the side or background in all of them. She was dusky with classic middle eastern features and almost almond eyes. She had on white yoga pants that showed the slim legs and thin hips I’d not seen in the cheerleader pictures. In the pictures her leggings there were looser and the skirt hid a lot. The major surprise was the cream-colored t-shirt that left her arms bare and the silver cross hanging in front of it.

“I’m sorry. I just needed the bathroom,” I said.

“No, no, totally my fault, I’m, like, so sorry,” she said. It was just a few words but they surprised me. I didn’t know what I expected but what I thought of as a California beach girl accent hadn’t been it. I backed up and kind of half bowed apology which was probably stupid but I felt pretty stupid. I hit the second-floor bathroom quickly and decided to stay there. I started packing, and I also checked company chats from my phone to make sure I wasn’t needed for anything. With deliberation, I stayed away from the window and didn’t look out. I did not need the grief of being seen and the girls thinking I was perving. But I was done packing well before four and that meant I was already walking downstairs before it was 4:01. The squad girls should already be gone except maybe Zahra if she was helping clean up and I’d now met her anyway.

I walked towards the patio and heard them before I saw them. I opened the sliding glass door to find a crowd waiting for me. OK, ‘crowd’ might be too strong a word, but in addition to Melissa and Lavi, there were three others. Melissa was in the background cleaning the pool while the other four were on the patio. Grace I recognized from photos, and Zahra I had just met. The woman looked like a clone of Grace except for the brown hair and wider hips. If not for her clothing I would have believed a sibling. She was wearing a sharp pants suit that looked like she had just come from the office.

I walked forward to shake her hand when she grabbed me in a bear hug. For a little thing she squeezed me so tightly I wondered if she would leave bruises when she let go.

After letting me go she said, “Robert, it’s a pleasure to meet you!”

“Uh, my pleasure. You are?” I thought I already knew. Grace looked like she wanted the earth to swallow her up. Parents can be very embarrassing, I understood.

“I’m June, Grace’s mom! Silly man! It’s so nice to meet you, she’s been talking about you and I was just watching your bees, they’re wonderful and...”. She didn’t just talk with words but her hands moved and her whole body was animated. I was getting tired just listening to her. I had the feeling that interrupting her was my best strategy here.

“Thanks. Yeah, I’m very fond of them and sometimes bring a chair into the yard when the weather is nice and watch them.”

As I suspected she was used to it and didn’t blink. “Where did you get your hives?”

I answered quickly, afraid to miss my window of opportunity. “A local beekeeper. They’re actually my second ones. I bought some really fancy ones online but they were crap. I went to this guy for advice and I bought those from him. Since they were just like his he was able to give me great advice.”

“Have you thought about a garden? You have so much wonderful space! I can just imagine carrots, potatoes, tomatoes are so easy to grow, you must simply do tomatoes at the very least, I have a ton of extra beefsteak ones, I’ll bring you some and you have wonderful fences, perfect for trailing beans, you could do all kinds of splendid things that would smell heavenly out here, this area is just wonderful, do you study Feng shui, I think...” I was beginning to wonder if she could breathe in through her nose while she talked. Didn’t trumpet players do something like that?

I cut in. “That’s really interesting but I buy from local farms. I’d hate to not give them the business,” I said.

“Oh, that’s so good of you, I try to buy organic but you must tell me about the farms, I do go to that organic market on the highway on Saturdays, though, herbs at least, you can do a small wonderful container garden right here, fresh immediate herbs year-round.” She moved as she talked. Actually, I kind of liked the herbs idea and nodded positively. But I really wanted a nice quiet night with the girls. How quickly could I get through the niceties and get them out of here? Let’s get the introductory small talk done and them gone, I thought.

“So ... June, what do you do?”

“I’m in professional recruitment!”

“Oh.” That’s an extrovert’s job, it makes sense I thought. “Where?”

She paused and said, “Beaker Grove.”

I felt my core body temperature drop about ten degrees. She instantly had that fake blank smile people who smile for a living use. My expression froze.

“You left work early,” I said.

She grimaced politely the way you do when you’re caught at something. “Well, technically, no. My boss said I could just come over given ... well, he’d love to chat if you have time, I tried to come inside to see you earlier but Mellie was going to take me out at the knee first.”

I would have to thank her later. “I take it you looked me up?” It wasn’t really a question.

She shrugged. “My daughter was going to be here, I thought it prudent. Just a basic background check, imagine my surprise when I saw the employment history.”

Imagine mine right now, I thought. “Let me make something clear: no.”

“Greg Shuer isn’t with us anymore.” She seemed hopeful I’d respond well to that. I didn’t give a shit.

“You can send offers to my email. It’s on file.”

“We have, you don’t respond.” She said it gently and it was a fair criticism if I had any obligation. I didn’t, thus I couldn’t find it in me to care even one quantum bit. I saw Grace out of the corner of my eye. She no longer looked embarrassed but homicidal. I had a feeling her mom was going to hear words from her later. Melissa had come up now. She and Lavi were eyeing me, their arms around each other’s waists, and both pairs of earrings hanging free. There would be questions from them later.

I didn’t reply but moved my eyes back to June. I just stood there unmoving.

“So?” She said gently.

“I already replied. I would have informed you if my answer had changed in less than a minute.”

“Okay, Okay.” She held up her hands. “I just wanted you to know. My boss was asking why I was asking about you.” She changed topics and dropped the fake smile. I wondered if she even knew she was doing it. “You do have a beautiful aura. I really did want to just meet you and to thank you. Grace has been gushing about being able to start up early, she wants to win state so badly this year, and she said she hadn’t even met you. I’m sorry I made it uncomfortable.”

“Leave your job at work and you’ll be welcome here. And yes, I make them some snacks but it’s nothing.”

That was when Grace walked up and stood, noticeably away from her mom. “It is so not nothing! Thank you...”. She looked unsure of how to address me.

“Robert,” I said.

“Robert,” she finished. Two of her squadmates were dating me, I think we could forego the formalities regardless of age. “Tell her what you made today,” Grace said.

“Uh, today I made mushrooms stuffed three ways. One was with a garlic-infused soft cheese. One set was stuffed with ham and figs. The third was a spicy beef sausage with cod and Parmesan cheese.”

“Three huge trays of them!” Grace said, throwing her arms out to indicate them. She did get something from her mother, clearly. “And he wrote what was on them on little cards with each tray. It was fancy.”

“I printed them on my laser printer, it wasn’t that fancy.”

“It wasn’t pigs in a blanket!” She retorted.

I felt a bit miffed by that. I like pigs in a blanket, they’re yummy.

June’s eyes bugged a bit. “Seriously?” She looked at Grace who nodded. “Any left?” Grace shook her head. “When I was a cheerleader we had Diet Coke and crackers out of the vending machine.”

“So will we once school starts,” her daughter added, not happily.

“So, life goes on.” June tussled her daughter’s hair as she spoke.

“It was a pleasure to meet you,” I nodded to June.

“It was. I’m sorry if that was uncomfortable ... I...”

“Leave it.”

“Well, my boss is going to ask if he can call you.”

“Waterman?” I thought we had put a lid on this.

“Yeah,” she said.

“Tell him to go fuck himself.” Then I added, “with sandpaper.”

“Um ... I may just leave that out.”

“We’re having a pool party for the squad next Friday. You’re invited. Your job isn’t.”

“I get it. Just me and Grace.” She crossed her heart.

“Then you’ll be welcome.” And I let my voice soften. “And I’d like to hear your ideas about a herb garden. That sounds like a nice addition to the patio.”

“Really?” I’d thrown her a lifeline and she took it. I nodded and she said, “Thank you.”

She was smart enough to not say sorry again. They were leaving after some goodbyes and Grace gave me a quick hug too. It was completely non-sexual but Melissa was fighting back a grin. I’d have to tease her about that later. As they left I exhaled deeply.

I turned to look at Zahra who was clearly waiting. “Please tell me I never worked with either of your parents,” I said.

She looked startled and seemed to take me literally. “My mom’s passed and my dad lectures on religion.”

Thank goodness. I forced a smile. “What can I do for you?”

“I just wanted to apologize for bowling into you earlier in the hallway. You’ve been super about everything and there I was running off. I’m so sorry. And thank you for having us.”

“It’s Robert, please. You know, no more apologies today. It was entirely my fault, I should have gone upstairs.”

She smiled and it was a nice smile. “Well, my dad said I should thank you for being so nice.”

“It’s been my pleasure to host.”

“Can I ask a favor? Melissa and Lavi said it would be all right.”

“Sure.” What could she want me to do?

“My father is always concerned about me. If you could tell him I’ve been good I’d really appreciate it.”

“It would be my pleasure. You’ve been a wonderful guest.”

“Thank you.” She passed me a piece of paper that I looked at and quickly saw it had a name, Dr. Tahan, and a number. In short order, she left as well and I was finally left alone with my girlfriends. I was filled with delight every time I thought about it, girlfriends. No, wives. I’d have to get used to that.

My emotions were genuine but it was impossible to deny that a part of me wanted to beat my Cromagnon chest and yell “GIRLS - MINE - HOT!” So, like any good Cro Magnon, I decided to put some meat over a fire. Dinner that night returned to the first meal I’d shared with Melissa and we made hamburgers, this time with mozzarella and grilled mushrooms.

I was getting the stuff out of the fridge when Melissa started rubbing my back. I turned around and she was topless, standing there only in a pair of black lace crotchless panties. Um, what had I been doing? Her nipples were really hard and she was barefoot. That was interesting. Lavi walked past me and took the mushrooms out that I almost had my hands on. Melissa started pulling me to her. She was grabbing my shirt and pulling up on it.

“Were you wearing those for practice?”

“No, I ran upstairs.” She grinned. “Wanna fuck?”

Lavi got a cutting board out and started washing the mushrooms. “Take care of her,” she said. “She’s been horny since practice. She’s unbearable like this.”

“Please?” Melissa took on her little girl’s voice.

“Well, since you asked nicely...”

We made it to the living room and Melissa pushed me down on the couch and divested me of shoes, socks, and everything else. I was already sending a fair amount of blood down below in appreciation but that clearly wasn’t enough for my honey bee. She got between my knees and looking at me while licking her lips she kept eye contacts while beginning to lick up and down my dick. I reached down and played with her nipples while she rubbed my balls and treated me like a lollipop.

Once I was completely hard, plus a few dozen more licks for good measure, she stood up and climbed over my lap. Cheerleaders were proving to be a revelation in flexibility and muscle control. On her knees, Melissa positioned herself and held my cock so that she slowly sank onto it. I held her hips, more for enjoying running my hands along her sides than any need she had for assistance. She took her time dragging her tits down my face and I made sure my mouth and tongue were very busy. I sucked each nipple starting with the left one while my hands found her bottom and decided my mouth shouldn’t have all the fun. By the time her lips reached mine my hands had decided to start their own career as a masseuse. It was hard to imagine but her lips tasted even better than her breasts.

Slowly, Melissa raised herself an inch, two and then sank back down, and repeated.

“Having fun, I asked?”

“Oh, yes.” She smiled brilliantly and tossed her hair around. “God, I love having you inside me.”

“If you keep getting this horny after practice what’s it going to be like once the school year starts?”

“Don’t worry, just being in school will make me dry as a desert.”

“Even with a bunch of jocks running around the gym?” I teased her.

“There is nothing sexy about teenage boys.” She ground down and I became unable to talk for a moment.

“Well ... umm ... what did get you worked up about?”

“Zahra.”

“Zahra?”

“And you.” She sighed as she raised up and slowly lowered herself. She was torturing herself. “Zahra came out and told us what happened. I was imagining if you’d gone in while she was still in there.”

“Her running out screaming?”

“No, I was thinking more like the older pervert has his way with the poor defenseless damsel.” She grinned like a maniac.

I moved one hand between us and began thumbing her clit.

“Tell me more,” I said.

She did. In slow excruciating detail, Melissa laid out an implausible and ridiculous fantasy that included me ravishingly Zahra who, miraculously, takes my cock in one shove up her ass despite it being unspoiled territory. If I’d seen it in porn I would have laughed but hearing Melissa describe the girl open her mouth on the toilet as I unbuttoned my pants ... fuck.

“I’m going to cum,” I said.

“Who are you cumming in,” asked Melissa, “your blonde cheerleader or the desert flower?”

“I’m cuming in my perverted little nymph!” That’s when she clamped down with her muscles and language skills stopped. Nothing mattered more now than cumming inside her. I pushed my hips up, pulled back and she slammed down before I could push back. I felt the pressure ratchet up with each thrust; it was only a handful before I was exploding without any warning. She increased her own movements at the same time and I wasn’t done yet when she started shuddering. She leaned forward and kissed me, her moaning into my mouth as she came.

We continued to sit for a moment, my arms around her back holding her to me. She whispered as we cuddled. “You should have pulled out. We keep that up and you are going to get me pregnant. I’ll end up all gross and big.”

“Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, and therefore is winged Cupid blind.”

“And that means?”

“You’ll still get me hard when you’re preggers and swollen.”

“Men.” She rolled her eyes but sounded delighted. I really should pull out sometimes though.

I returned to the kitchen while Melissa side trekked to clean up a bit. Lavi smirked as she watched us so I walked over and gave her a deep kiss as I caressed her nipple through her blouse. Then we got to work. Melissa had gotten comfortable with the fryer and making breading. She was in charge of the onion rings after Lavi cut the onions. Lavi, it turned out, was hopeless at anything at an oven but had spent a lot of time at her grandmother’s elbow back in Israel prepping stuff for her. With a little time together she had gotten very reliable with a knife. I was jealous. I was better than she, but it had taken me way longer to get as good as she was in a few weeks. But Melissa and I had been in the living room so long Lavi had finished all the cutting, so she was on Twitter or Instagram or something, maybe everything, as Melissa and I cooked.

As we cooked we talked about music. Melissa was delighted to find out I liked 70’s punk, so I broke out the playlists I usually played during my work hours to keep my energy up. The three of us ended up dancing around like maniacs for a minute while Blitzkrieg Bop came on and sang along with “I Wanna Be Sedated”. Then we ate. Melissa expressed enthusiasm for the food by moaning in pleasure as she ate while Lavi ate more onion rings than should have been possible.

“Hey, about Zahra,” I said as I took a sip of water.

“Yeah,” Lavi replied, looking up. Melissa was busy chewing, a little intently I thought since she didn’t know where I was going with this. I was guessing she hadn’t shared that particular fantasy with Lavi yet.

“I hope I didn’t embarrass her today.”

Lavi replied, “Nah, she was a bit annoyed with herself for not throwing her cover up on but it’s not a big deal.”

“So, I noticed she was wearing a cross...”

“Yeah, she’s Christain,” Lavi said, “Super hardcore like we said.”

“You said religious. I guess I’d assumed she was Muslim.”

Melissa finished her bite, “Nope. She’s from Kuwait but it’s like a tradition for them, not religious. Something like you seeing her arms Dr. Tahan wouldn’t like but he won’t lose his shit. She wore shorts to school one day just to see what he’d do.”

“Borrowed them from Amber,” Lavi supplied.

“What did he do?” I asked.

Melissa, “Apparently he told her it wasn’t her fault, it was his for failing as a father and they would just have to spend more time together.”

“Now he comes to every game we cheer at, the competitions, everything. He’s the only male parent really active with the squad,” said Lavi.

“She said her mom passed?”

Melissa picked the thread up, “Yeah, her step-brother is like two years younger so she must have been pretty young when it happened.”

Lavi, “Her dad is actually pretty nice, though strict. Mellie thinks he’s cute.”

For the first time ever I saw Melissa pop Lavi on the arm. “Wow bitch! That stings!” Lavi yelled.

“College professor eh?” I asked.

Lavi nodded, grinning, rubbing her arm. Melissa was red.

“It’s okay, love,” I said, my hand rubbing her knee, “You’re a healthy woman. I expect you to find other guys attractive. How long has she lived here?”

“Don’t know,” said Melissa, “she came to our school in ... sophomore year?” Lavi nodded agreement. “But they were already in the States.”

We had a lull in the conversation and then Melissa started it back up by saying, “Remember when T’wana got mad and told Amber to watch it or she swore to Christ she’d pop her?”

Lavi laughed, “Oh my god! Yes! Zhara’s dad heard it and he came over and looked at T’wana and said something about he would not allow the Lord’s name to be used that way in his presence. And he was serious, like serial killer intensely serious.”

“Uh, so,” I searched for words, “how is she about you two?”

“Fine,” said Lavi, shrugging. She ate another onion ring.

“Fine?”

“Yep,” offered Melissa. “We asked her Tuesday just to be sure and she gave us all the rundown on why homosexuality was discouraged in the Bible but fine in God’s eyes. It was ... detailed.”

Lavi nodded. “There was some serious paternal channeling going on there.”

“Well,” I said, “I guess that helps explain why he was fine with you two but what about me.”

“Same thing,” Lavi said. “Apparently he thinks the government dictating marriage is bullshit. Plenty of examples of multiple marriages among the old kings. What was it Zhara said?”

“God sent his son to be a prophet, not a bunch of self-appointed bureaucrats in Rome,” offered Melissa.

It was my turn to shrug. I knew nothing about religion, not from a novel, but if he didn’t have a problem with me I certainly didn’t with him. It occurred to me that I didn’t know if the Hellers went to the games, so if they didn’t it would be nice to have someone to sit with. I made a mental note to call the professor right after dinner.

Melissa continued, “And she is religious but more chill than her dad. She doesn’t push it in anyone’s face and around us she’s ... just one of us.”

“Pretty much,” added Lavi. “At one point today she told Ji she was going to smack some attention into her if she didn’t start paying some.”

Melissa grinned and added. “Billie was this girl who graduated last year, Zahra once made the comment that she had ninety-nine problems and that bitch was ninety of them. I laughed so hard I sprayed water out my nose.”

“I remember, I was sitting next to you,” Lavi said. “I got side spray.”

Melissa stuck her tongue out at Lavi which she replied to by sticking her tongue out. Soon they were touching tongues and ... it was getting really warm suddenly.

“If you two keep that up I’m going to need to put a mattress out here,” I said.

“That might be a good idea,” Melissa said with a twinkle in her eye and returned to her burger.

I sighed. I was never going to win a teasing war with her. My thoughts did return to Zahra though. If she was coming over next Friday I wanted to make sure I didn’t break any rules. “Zahra seemed okay to talk to me later, she even stuck around after June left.”

“Ah, the wife thing,” said Lavi.

I looked at them waiting for an explanation. None came so I made an open hand gesture like, give me more. Lavi purposefully took a bit of her pickle and motioned to Melissa who rolled her eyes.

“So,” Melissa started, “Zahra put it like this. We’re her friends but we’re also now your wives, at least as far as her dad is concerned. That makes you not a single man anymore. You’re still a man, but the rules for when your wives are with you are different. It’s like being chaperoned.”

“But if we weren’t attached?” I asked.

“Then it would be a no-no,” said Melissa.

“Is that a Kuwait thing?” I asked.

Lavi and Melissa both shrugged. “Might just be a...” Lavi began, “her dad thing,” Melissa finished. “He definitely seems to follow his own rules,” Melissa added.

“Okay,” Lavi said, “now your turn.”

“For what?”

“June’s mom, and you. You didn’t know each other but there was definitely a crap ton going on there.”

“Tell him to go fuck himself with sandpaper?” Melissa asked. “You didn’t even say that to my mom!”

“I’m hoping your mom will eventually like me.” They both just waited.

I put my burger down. “Fine, but short version. When I moved out here I was working for the same company June does. They are a huge drilling company, mostly gas and oil but a bit of everything. I told you I started at the help desk, right?” They nodded. I’d told both of them at different points. “Well, it turned out I never left. They changed my title but my job code stayed there. I got a pay boost and I was happy but it wasn’t even on the same scale as the work I was doing.”

“So, they were screwing you over?” Melissa asked.

“Yeah, big time. And hiding it. They changed my department but the job code remained the same.”

“So, what happened,” asked Lavi.

“I went to a conference, met my current boss, Tony. We had drinks in this hotel lounge and were just chatting socially. He lamented that he lost so many people to the big companies because they could pay more than a non-profit. I told him I’d love to work for something less corporate but if it was less than I was already making it just wasn’t doable. He asked how much I made, so I told him. He made me an offer for a new job on the spot for double.”

Melissa’s eyes went wide. “Double?”

“Double,” I confirmed.

“Um...” Lavi started “so, how much should you have been making at what’s their names?”

“Triple. And doing what they did, and collecting bonuses for keeping personnel expenses down, required help from HR.”

Her eyes lit with revelation, “June’s boss,” Lavi added.

“Yep. It was a shitshow when I left. I was technically hourly, not exempt, so I wasn’t required to give any notice, and even though I’d been doing a bunch of core research I had never signed a non-compete clause.”

“When was this?” Asked Melissa.

“Geez ... nine years ago, about. GeoData is based in San Jose but I work here by agreement. I didn’t want to move.”

“I’m really glad you didn’t,” Melissa said as she smiled at me. I felt Lavi’s foot along my thigh under the table. “Yep, and you’re not going anywhere now,” she said.

“Well, tomorrow I am, we all are,” I said. That got ecstatic grins all around.

“So, how busy will you be?” Lavi asked.

“I agreed to dinner Saturday night and you two are invited. That’s with my boss and two of their folks. And I have a two-hour meeting Saturday afternoon. That’s it.”

“So, tomorrow and Sunday you’re all ours?” Melissa asked.

“Yeah. They might want to chat Sunday afternoon a bit but I warned them they needed to give me notice if they do.”

“Well,” said Lavi, “It’s gonna be a blast. I liked what you said this morning about it being our honeymoon so I hope they don’t take you away much.”

“Your mom is still cool with it?” I asked.

Lavi shrugged. “She checked out the earrings this morning. Then she checked to make sure I was taking my birth control.”

I didn’t know what to say to that. Melissa snorted.

Lavi continued, “But I’m set. She’s a bit on edge but happy for me too. I get the whole she wasn’t quite ready for me to grow up vibe. She’s started talking in future tense about my moving out and things like that though.”

I sat there thinking as I ate. Moving out, and that meant moving in here. I suddenly heard Melissa trying to get my attention.

“Robert!?”

“Sorry.”

“You all right? You kind of zoned out.”

Lavi looked worried.

I looked at her and made sure she saw me smile. “You didn’t freak me out. If anything I was thinking how nice it would be for you both to move in.”

Lavi visibly relaxed.

“Really?” That was Melissa.

“We’ve talked about it before.”

“I know, but it would be a huge change for you,” she said.

“I’m ready.” It was meant to be reassuring but Melissa didn’t look put at ease. “What’s wrong?” I asked.

“It’s just ... it’s so fast. Don’t get me wrong, I love it, but ... if we are making a mistake are we going so fast we would even know?”

Lavi, “Is that you or your mom talking?”

Melissa sighed, “Some of both.”

“I’ve wondered the same thing,” I said, “but I’m willing to take the chance. I’m the happiest I’ve been in as long as I can remember.”

Melissa forced a smile. “Me too.”

“You’re both idiots,” said Lavi.

I was learning Lavi too well to take offense immediately. “What do you mean?”

“Melissa, there are times I want to smack the shit out of you. You can be the most frustrating wonderful infuriating delightful person I can imagine. And can you say Robert never annoys you?”

“Uh...”. I saw Lavi give her the eye so Melissa piped up. “Well, just tiny things. I know he doesn’t like some of my music, things like that. It’s no biggie.”

“You mean like when he gets up like five times a night to pee?”

Melissa and I both turned red. “I’m sorry,” I said, “I have a small bladder.”

“I know! It’s fine, it’s not your fault,” Melissa said hurriedly.

“That’s not what you said the other day,” Lavi said.

“I will drink less water before bed,” I said. It probably is a bad habit.

“And I really don’t mind, I was just grousing, I go back to sleep pretty quickly so it’s not a big deal.” She was staring daggers at Lavi.

Lavi was immune to the stare. “Listen to yourselves, Robert immediately thinks about what he can change, and you, you’re willing to live with it and don’t hold it as a grudge even if it annoys you. Relationships work when people work on them.”

“Since when did you become a marriage counselor,” asked Melissa.

“Since I got married to you two idiots,” replied Lavi with a smile. “And going back to the moving in thing, that means I’m moving in here one day but I’m not quite ready to move out of mom and dad’s yet. I’m not going to waste energy deciding if we’re right or not but I don’t want to hurt part of my family for another part.”

“Yeah,” I started, “I’m pretty caught up in my feelings. And I want you both living with me but I don’t want you to burn bridges you’d have to rebuild.”

Lavi, “I always thought about moving out when I went to college. I’m not sure I want to wait that long either.”

“Well, as many nights a week you want you can spend here,” I said.

“You might not think that when we’re on our periods,” said Melissa grumpily.

“Especially then,” I said. “I bought heated blankets and someone has to give you two back rubs and take care of you.”

That finally made Melissa smile a bit. “I guess I’ve got mom under my skin a bit. I’ve been pretty good at ignoring it. You’d think I’d be smarter given the bullshit she pulled this week.”

Lavi and I looked at each other. For once we were equally in the dark.

“Out with it bitch,” Lavi said without rancor. “It’s not like you to hold out on me.”

“Ug, just bullshit,” she said. “She told me she wanted to get me a car.”

Me, “That’s great so what’s the problem?”

“She said the only time she had to shop for months would probably be this weekend.”

“Ah,” I said.

“Fucking...” Lavi stopped herself, probably realizing she shouldn’t say certain things about Melissa’s mom. I understood all too well.

“I assume you told her no,” I said.

“I was really nice but pointed out I was going with both of you this weekend. She acted as if she had forgotten. I’m trying to decide if she thinks I’m vapid or shallow.”

“Shallow,” said Lavi. “But, it’s fine I can give you lifts to and from school.”

“It’s way out of your way,” said Melissa.

“Not anymore,” Lavi said, looking at me. I felt a happy warmth echo inside me in response.

“But not all the time,” Melissa gave in retort.

“Take my car when you want,” I said.

Melissa blinked at me.

“I forgot you have a car. I’ve only seen you take a ride share or a cab.”

“Yep, it’s in the garage.”

“Does it run?”

I laughed. “I do occasional errands, so yes.

“I’d still need insurance. My summer job plans turned out better than I’d ever hoped,” there was that happy warmth welling up again, “but not so well for getting a car and insurance.”

“You have insurance,” I said plainly.

I felt two pairs of eyes bore into me.

“Since when?!” Melissa asked the question slowly, her voice reminding me of a very jaded mother asking a question she knew she didn’t want the answer to. Lavi looked like she was trying to hold the laughter in.

“A few days ago,” I replied. I stole an onion ring off Lavi’s plate since there weren’t any more in the basket.

“Don’t you need stuff from me for that?”

“Sure, everything that’s on your driver’s license like the one I photographed to get your ticket.”

There was a pause. Lavi was amused as hell. Melissa was trying to decide if she was going to be happy or angry.

Eventually, she said, “You’re a bastard, I love you but you’re a sneaky little bastard.”

“With a really nice dick,” Lavi added.

“A conniving sneaky satyr.”

“And good taste in books you said,” Lavi added again.

Melissa looked at her as if she wasn’t helping. I don’t think Lavi was trying to.

“Hear me out,” I said, “I just wanted you to be able to drive the rental and I knew Lavi had insurance already.”

“I can’t pay you for it.”

“You can run errands for me sometimes, how’s that. Services trade.” She looked like she wanted to argue but I could see it wasn’t an easy internal debate for her. She did want a car or at least access to one.

“Give up,” I said. “I may lose most of our arguments but I’ll fight you on anything where it’s about taking care of you.”

“We will,” added Lavi, as she ate another onion ring. Damn, where did she put them?

“Fine, I give up then.”

“Good,” I said.

“I want to see it,” Melissa said.

“My dick or my books?”

“The car,” Lavi and Melissa said together, not seeming to find me funny. I never did get tired of their ability to talk in sync. We were almost done anyway so we finished eating quickly and I took them to the garage.

As we walked through the house Lavi said, “So I’m guessing something sensible, like a Honda Civic.”

Melissa, “Nah, I’m thinking one of those old school Jaguars, the really uncomfortable ones that handle for shit and don’t have AC but look awesome.”

“Well, it is uncomfortable and handles for shit,” I laughed.

I opened the door and turned on the light. It was my first and only car I’ve ever owned, a 1971 Jeep, a CJ5, dark red though pretty faded over time. Silence was their response as they drank it in.

“I know it’s not a great car...” I said to break the silence.

“Actually, it’s kinda dope.” That was Lavi.

“It’s totally you,” said Melissa.

“I thought you said my office was me.”

“This is too.”

I shrugged. We all were different things but we all fit together. I pulled the extra keys I’d had made from the hook next to the door.

“Here,” I said and handed them to Melissa and Lavi.

Lavi looked at her keys with a query in her eyes. “You both get house keys, you both get car keys. It seems simpler that way. We have backups. Melissa, you can drive a stick, right?”

She grinned. I went ahead and opened the car door. I knew she wanted to see how it drove.

It was only a two-seater so I went out with Melissa first to make sure she had the feel and then I waited while she rolled around the neighborhood with Lavi. When they returned Lavi and Melissa both had tangled hair but we were all in a good mood. Melissa was talking excitedly as she pulled into the garage.

“I like it. Holy fuckballs, that thing has an engine, it’s like what I imagine driving a vibrator would be like.”

I chuckled. “It’s a 1971, V8, 210 hp.”

Melissa looked at me, “Are you a closet car nerd?”

“No, no, but this is my car so I know everything I can about it.”

She continued, “The radio and speakers leave something to be desired though. Like ... working.”

“It works!” I might have been a tad indignant.

“AM/FM only and I can’t even hear it above the wind at 30 miles an hour!? That’s not even talking about where it’s mounted.” I thought the tone was a bit on the ‘she was getting murdered’ side for the radio just being ... limited. But, she had a point.

“I give. It’s, by today’s standards, pretty crappy.”

“How old were you when you bought it?”

“Umm... 15?”

“What did people listen to music on?”

“Cassette tapes.”

“Does it have a cassette tape player?”

“No,” I admitted. Reluctantly.

“So the radio was always crap. The car is kind of awesome though.” She gave me that smile but turned serious. “But, no more. No more spending money on us without talking to us. Seriously.”

“I like treating you.”

“And I get that but not so much. You’re my boyfriend, you don’t have to take care of me.”

“Nope. I’m not your boyfriend. We decided earlier I’m your husband, remember. We’re going on our honeymoon after all. Even your friends are accepting it.”

Lavi chimed in, “I’d already decided that.” She said it breezily but I knew better than to think she meant it as anything other than very seriously. I nodded in solidarity with her.

“And as your husband,” I said to Melissa, “I absolutely have to take care of you.”

“I like that,” Melissa’s voice softened with contemplation, “But, that means you can’t leave me out of every decision, especially the big family ones. Our family ones.”

I thought about it. She was right. Damn it, even winning my point had undermined my argument. “That’s fair. And you’re right, I tend to run off and just do things. Maybe I’ve been on my own for too long.” I sighed.

“Well, you’re not anymore,” said Lavi as she pulled Melissa and I both in. In seconds we each had our arms around the other two and pulled into a little circle there in the garage.

“I was just getting used to two girlfriends now I have to get used to you being wives instead. I like it but it might take a little while.”

Melissa, “You better not. I’m your girlfriend, your wife, your nymph, all in one and I intend to continue to be each of those.” She was grinning and had a glint in her eyes as she said it. It was wholesome and sweet and made me incredibly aroused.

“What about you Lavi?” I asked.

“Oh, I’m your fuck bunny.” She smiled and bounced in place a bit which did wonderful things to her blouse. “And hers.” She looked at Melissa. “You can both use me whenever you want so long as I can use you too. And I’ll look after you in sickness and health.”

“Deal,” I said. I was probably grinning. Melissa responded by mischievously pinching Lavi’s bottom.

“OK, I need to make that call to Zahra’s dad. Make us drinks?”

“Sounds good!” they said simultaneously and I wandered down to the cave to use my speakerphone.

The call went well. He thanked me for calling and had a rich pleasant voice. He spoke with a middle eastern accent and impeccable English. I broached the question of the games and he sounded pleased to have someone to sit with. He said he saw the Hellers at home games but he didn’t know them other than to say hello. He did ask about the girls and I shared that we had decided to be husband and wives but it was complicated by their family obligations. When he asked about the legal standing I told him the truth - we were just ignoring the legal definition of marriage. He laughed and it sounded genuine and kind and congratulated us. After some of the reactions we had, it was really nice to hear.

I got upstairs and found the girls had poured themselves glasses of wine and a White Russian was waiting for me. I sat in an armchair and picked up a new mystery, a series of books about a young woman who is Sherlock Holmes’ protege. They had come highly recommended. The girls cuddled on the couch.

They pulled up streaming service after streaming service but eventually asked if it was okay to buy a movie. I wasn’t going to argue about ten bucks. So a few minutes later we now owned Clue. I hadn’t seen the movie since I was their age, maybe younger. I was enjoying my book but it was difficult to concentrate with the show going on in front of me. Not the movie but the girls. As the movie went on they kept repeating lines and from their seat pantomiming the movie.

“I’m accident prone,” Lavi said as she swiped at Melissa’s arm as if she spilled something on it.

“I butle,” they yelled together.

“You don’t need any help from me sir!” Melissa yelled in her best Tim Curry voice.

They echoed each other as they dryly said in unison, “I had to stop her from screaming.”

And it went on and on. It was mesmerizing. Eventually, the movie ended and I had closed the book just to watch the movie and them.

Melissa smirked. “We like Clue.”

“I could tell. It reminded me of Rocky Horror.”

“You like Rocky Horror,” Lavi asked?

“I do. I used to go to midnight showings on Saturdays sometimes and we’d do bits in front of the screen.”

“Oh, that’d be a blast!” said Lavi, “I don’t think any place does that anymore but I’ve heard about it.”

“There were very few when I was in college,” I said.

“Ooo, we could get Rocky Horror and watch it,” offered Melissa.

“Uh, I was kind of hoping to go upstairs.” That was Lavi. “Not to be a bitch but unlike you two I didn’t get laid a few hours ago.”

“You got laid this morning slut,” said Melissa sweetly.

Lavi looked at her and with a grave tone said, “That was like thirteen or fourteen hours ago. You need to fix this.”

I was already headed up the stairs when I heard Melissa intone “Oh, the things we do for love.” I heard them behind me on the steps. I don’t remember getting undressed but we all were naked pretty quickly and what a sight. Melissa’s tight body, Lavi’s lushness, they’d make a eunuch gay monk hard out of sheer biological instinct. But it was more, too. When I touched them I felt like Melissa’s sweetness and Lavi’s warmth made me a more whole person. And I realized this was the thing Melissa had tried to explain to me way back when she described how she felt about the three of us.

Lavi had jumped on the bed and was laying back. She spread her legs in invitation. I looked at Melissa. “Can you eat her out if she lies on her side?”

“So long as she helps, sure.”

Lavi cooperated and lay on her side letting Melissa feast on her. I watched for a second, Melissa’s blonde hair obscured what she was doing but Lavi was obviously enjoying it. I scooted up behind her and spooned her, reaching around to hold those huge tits in my hands while I kissed her neck. I felt Melissa grab my cock and guide it into our wife. I pushed and started fucking her. Melissa’s tongue licked up where my shaft split Lavi’s lips while one hand massaged my balls.

“I love this pussy. I can’t believe I waited so long to taste it.” Melissa ran her tongue along Lavi’s lips and kissed her clit.

“I can’t either. I waited for you, you silly slut.” Lavi was running her hands through her hair.

“Your pussy is so beautiful split by his cock, though. Do you like it?”

“Fuck yes, just keep licking, you’ve got years to catch up on you should have been between my legs.”

“You should have just convinced me better.” I looked over Melissa’s shoulder to see her grinning.

“Convinced you? I shot you beavers and told you you’d make a great dyke and were pretty and sexy. I did everything but force your face into my pussy!”

“Well, it turns out that works pretty well,” Melissa said and began licking Lavi’s clit like it was a magic button while I kept fucking. I felt Lavi’s head touch mine as she rolled her head back and moaned.

“Shut up and lick.”

“You’re as bad as Robert, you just want a hot blonde teen cheerleader sucking you off.” She was now running a fingertip along where Lavi and I joined.

“No ... no ... ah ... yeah ... that’s good ... I ... want this ... blonde ... cheer ... fuck ... fuck ... FUUUG” Lavi trailed off into a guttural sound and shook so hard I fell out but was about to cum myself ... I moved quickly and straddled Lavi’s chest.

Melissa went “oohhh” and Lavi grinned. I jerked on my cock furiously, just wanting release and I got it. Precum was leaking which Lavi got with her fingertip and fed to Melissa who sucked it eagerly. I blasted across Lavi’s chest two ropes of thick cum before a bit more slowly dribbled out. I wiped my dick across her nipple using it to clean myself. I then moved out of the way as Melissa moved in to clean Lavi.

I immediately got behind Melissa and got two fingers in her snatch, which was dripping wet at this point. Using my other hand I spread her cheeks and spit on the puckered asshole that presented itself. Slowly I pressed and a thumb sunk into her ass. Melissa had a cum coated nipple in her lips and it didn’t take long. Melissa came with a mouthful of tit and continued cleaning Lavi. Soon we were all lying together side by side with Lavi in the middle. Lavi lazily stroked my cock which was half hard and Lavi was playing with Melissa’s breasts while Melissa and I traced fingertips over Lavi’s thighs. None of us really needed release at that point but we enjoyed lying there and just being together.

Eventually, we did shower and then triple-checked that we were ready. We went to bed early. The cab would pick us up at 6:15 AM. We had decided on an early flight and would putter around town before we checked in. Well before lunch we would be in Miami.

**Chapter 17**

The airport served its functions admirably, ensuring that even the prospect of a fun trip could be crushed into tedium and misery. After making our way through all the mechanics of sorting and checking we finally found ourselves in the terminal with an hour to kill before our flight. I refused to eat anything, wanting to save my appetite for Miami. There were more restaurants to eat at than I had time for and apparently some establishments the girls were interested in were called beaches and clubs. I asked Melissa, why go to a beach when there was amazing seafood and she had just said ‘bikinis.’ I couldn’t even jokingly argue with that point.

And so we found ourselves waiting. Melissa was dressed in a pink skirt that went to her knees and a white blouse that laced up the front like a bodice with pink flowers on it. Lavi didn’t wear pants often as she said they showed off her fat thighs, but she had gone for a loose flowing black pair of pants. I don’t know what they are called other than they made me think of Barbara Eden in “I Dream of Jeannie”. Her shirt was gold with short sleeves and bared her midriff. I sometimes found myself staring at them and daydreaming. Yes, sometimes they were dirty thoughts, but also I remembered their laughter while acting out Clue or something said while we cooked.

I was finishing “The Beekeeper’s Apprentice”, which I’d promised to pass on to Melissa when I was done. Melissa, amusingly, was reading a book about the care of bees. She had said she wanted to start helping with them more. Lavi was sketching, which I didn’t know she did. I looked over expecting to see clothing ideas but instead, she was sketching the terminal. The people were indistinct figures, but the chairs, the shape of the walls, were appearing in broad but unmistakable strokes as she went back and refined.

“That’s really good,” I said.

“Thanks. I’m not really, good, I mean, but I enjoy it.” She didn’t look up but seemed content. I had observed before that Lavi was always being someone for everyone else. Right now she wasn’t. A quiet and at rest Lavi was a wonder to behold. My phone dinged. It was Melissa, who was sitting next to me. It read, “welcome to the inner circle.” It took me a minute but I got it. Lavi was now willing to just be herself around me. This may sound stupid but I had to get up at that moment so that they didn’t hear my voice choking in my throat. To cover my absence I got us some cashews as snacks.

We were flying first class thanks to our gifted tickets. It was silly to look forward to it. It was a short flight so it really didn’t amount to much more than some extra legroom but I’d never flown first class before and, as it turned out, neither had the girls. The rows were only two seats wide so we did a series of rounds of Rock Paper Scissors Lizard Spock. Lavi trounced both of us with ease and secured a spot with someone. Melissa and I tied over and over and over until Lavi was laughing at us and a little old lady was starting to look at us like we were insane. Eventually, Melissa’s lizard ate my paper and secured the seat with Lavi while I was exiled to a seat behind them.

We boarded with our carry-ons and settled into our seats. I flew about once a year and this was a revelation. I realized that some part of my brain had prepared for the compression of coach seats. Not having my knees together or a stranger’s elbow over the armrest was a novel and pleasant experience. In front of me, I heard the girls giggling. I ended up on the aisle seat and didn’t even have to pull back to let the little old lady slide into the window seat, the same lady that had been giving us the eye in the terminal. The steward helped her stow her bag and soon we were taking off.

After twenty minutes I managed to hear all about my row mate, Gretchen’s, life, how she grew up in Poland, her uncle had been hounded by the secret police, how she had been married several times, and a lovely daughter just divorced if I was staying in Miami. The emergency hatch was looking really tempting. If it hadn’t been so early I would have ordered a whiskey on the rocks as soon the stewardess came back. Instead, I got a coffee. The stewardess was a thin woman with jet black hair whose tag said,” Alice”. She was maybe 5’5” and a chest that was impressive if real and simply nice if it wasn’t. Jason was her companion steward in first class, a tall square-jawed guy but he seemed to be spending most of his time talking to a couple of middle-aged women who were fawning over him a few rows ahead. I suspected Jason would be getting lucky tonight if he wanted to.

Alice came back with a twinkle in her eyes.

“Here you go sir,” she said while handing me a light blanket, “your wives,” she said that deliberately and I just smiled in return, “said you got cold easily and might want something in case you got a little chilly.” She handed me the blanket folded and glanced at it meaningfully as she handed it to me.

“That’s very considerate,” I said. “Thank you.”

She smiled and seemed to linger a second, which seemed strange. She didn’t seem upset but was waiting for something. Oh well. I took the blanket and returned to my book. From the side of my eye, I saw Gretchen looking at me with suspicion. I looked at the blanket and started to unfold it when I discovered falling out two white pairs of panties. I quickly folded the blanket back up and kept it on my lap and with one hand transferred them to my pocket. I smiled at my row companion who looked at me like I should be targeted by the Gestapo instead of her uncle. The disapproval became a focused glare when Melissa and Lavi suddenly showed up.

“Hey babes,” I said.

Melissa leaned down to kiss me and was followed by Lavi.

Lavi said, “Melissa needs some help with that injury. I’m going to try to stretch it out for her but it’s in a delicate place so Alice was kind enough to suggest we use the restroom so long as it doesn’t take long.”

“Isn’t she sweet?” I said.

“Just delightful,” said Melissa grinning at me.

They left and headed to the restroom. About four or five minutes later they came back and sat down. But not before both gave me kisses again, long sweet kisses where I could taste both of them on the other. Melissa leaned into me and whispered in my ear and asked, “Can I give Alice a kiss?”

I thought about it a split second and whispered back, “Yes.”

I didn’t get to see anything more than Alice leaning into Melissa’s seat though I admit I craned as much as I could without looking like I was trying to.

Half an hour passed and I knew we were well on our way when Melissa got up and kneeled In the aisle by my seat. “Hey, Lavi is napping, my leg is aching again, can you help me? You have much stronger hands anyway.”

I gave her a raised eyebrow. “Are you sure the bathroom is big enough for two?”

“We fit earlier, it’s first-class, come on. You don’t want me hobbling out of the terminal do you?”

I sighed. “Of course not.” Such a burden, the medical needs that would excuse two people in the bathroom together.

We were barely inside when Melissa’s lips were locked onto mine. The bathroom was definitely larger than the ones I was used to in the back of the plane but still not huge. Still, two of us could stand up and position ourselves. Both her hands were instantly at my pants, opening my jeans and pushing them down while she jumped onto the sink.

“Lavi not enough, slut?” I whispered in her ear.

“Fuck, she was amazing, I exploded on her tongue but I wanted you in the club too.”

I laughed quietly. “Seriously,” I whispered, “you dragged me in here just because you didn’t want me left out of the mile high club?” I was busy pulling her skirt up with my hands and of course, she wasn’t wearing underwear.

She whispered back, “Are you complaining?”

“Not a bit,” I said.

Melissa had her hands around my hardening cock now. “Come on baby, get hard for me, fuck your nymph in here.”

I did so. I wasn’t even completely hard yet but a few thrusts in her already soaked pussy got me there. I held her to me as we coupled, our heads together, our breath whispering in each other’s ears until I exploded in her and she followed a moment later.

I pulled out and Melissa retrieved a pair of black panties from her pocket and cleaned up my cock with them and then, opening her legs, cleaned both our juices leaking from her. They looked like they were already damp. I looked at her quizzically but she just gave me the nod to go on out. Trying to look normal I walked out and nearly ran into Alice who was grinning at me. I sheepishly sidestepped her and walked back to my seat where the Polish grandmother Gretchen was ignoring me with intense concentration.

I saw Melissa step out just as I sat down to chat with Alice before Alice went back to drink service. Soon we were landing and I thought no more about it. As we were debarking I helped Melissa and Lavi get their bags down and when I turned around Alice had already grabbed mine and was handing it to me.

“I hope you had a great flight and can fly with us again.”

“Very pleasant,” I said. Why was she looking at me like that?

As we walked into the terminal I turned to the girls, “The stewardess, Alice, I take it she cooperated with your little plan?”

“A bit,” Melissa said grinning.

“Why was she giving me those looks though? Was she upset she didn’t get to go in there with you?” Melissa and Lavi looked at each and broke out laughing. “What?”

“She was flirting with you,” said Lavi. We started walking, three abreast between the moving sidewalks towards the sign that said exit.

“Huh?” I’m articulate like that sometimes.

“Flirting,” confirmed Melissa. “Like that thing I did for ages until I literally stripped in front of you.”

“You didn’t flirt with me.”

“I laid on top of you and pressed against your erection.”

“What?!” That was Lavi. “You didn’t tell me that?”

“Well, I didn’t want you to think the man I loved was a dumbass.”

“That is pretty dumbass,” Lavi confirmed.

“I’m right here,” I said.

“Seriously, you didn’t figure it out when I used her panties to clean up after myself,” asked Melisssa.

“Those were Alice’s?”

“We gave you ours, where did you think they came from?” Asked Lavi.

It did make sense but I didn’t want to admit I just hadn’t really thought about it.

“What happened to them?” I asked.

“I gave them back to her,” said Melissa with a smirk.

My legs kept walking but higher brain functions stopped. Somewhere else in the airport a woman I didn’t know had my dried cum in a pair of her panties. When the frontal lobe started regaining some function, “How did this conversation happen?” I asked. “I mean we’re on a two-hour flight and you’re collecting panties from the stewardess? What world does this happen in?”

Lavi said, “I had just commented to her that she was really cute and we found out she’s just a few years older than we are. She asked if we were sisters and we said wives and she asked who you were and we told her. Mellie told her she didn’t want to make her uncomfortable but she was really striking and ... next thing you know ... sexy talk.”

“I still don’t get why you think she’d be flirting with me,” I said.

“I saw her when we left the plane, that was flirting,” responded Lavi.

“Why?”

Melissa responded, “In this case because you’re with two young pretty girls. A lot of women will wonder about what makes you attractive if you’re with even one attractive girl. Two, she’s probably wondering if you have whatever she wants - money, fame, a thick ... bookshelf, whatever.”

“Do women really think like that?”

“Of course,” replied Lavi, “so do men. Ever see a really hot guy out with a plain-looking girl? Did you wonder if it was love or something else?”

“Uh,” I thought about it a second. “I don’t think I’ve really thought about it. Each person’s thing is their own, right? How would I know?”

Melissa sighed, “And that my love,” she said turning to Lavi, “is why our husband spent ten years by himself.”

They both giggled. By now I was seeing signs directing us to the car rentals.

“At least you have her number,” said Lavi.

Uh oh. “She is here in Miami?” I asked.

“No, and she’s not staying over but who knows, maybe sometime in the future,” Melissa replied. She paused. “You don’t mind do you?”

“Well, I told you I’d be fine with it, and I am, but next time let’s talk first.”

“Sorry, it was kind of sudden and we couldn’t really talk in the plane and...”

“Okay, okay, I’m not mad at you but I also don’t want you collecting sexy stewardesses like lost puppies. I don’t know where I’d put them. Do they require special diets? What will the shots cost? Do you paper train them or...”

Lavi looked at Melissa, “Couldn’t you have found us a husband who didn’t think he was so funny?”

“I tried but I had limited options for men with big brains and knew how to cook.”

“Oh, well,” she said dramatically. We were still on the long walk towards the terminal exit. I had been so zoned into the conversation I had just realized we had it in an airport with people all around.

“And to be clear,” I continued, “I don’t mind what you did on the plane. It’s a bit beyond flirting but I get it and it was fun, but I’m not sure I would have anything to do with Alice. I think I would need to spend some time with her first.”

“Sorry, I got kind of carried away,” Melissa said sheepishly.

“Well,” I can’t really blame you, she was really striking with that pale skin and dark hair wasn’t she?” I smiled.

“I know, I want to see Lavi and her against each other, I bet it’d be gorgeous.”

“I volunteer to be that tribute right now,” said Lavi with sincerity that I don’t think was faked at all.

“I’m not saying we can’t ever play with others,” I said, “let’s just not be too casual about it and make sure we’re all on the same page with some expectations. And I want you both to understand you’re all I need.”

“And you two are both all I need,” said Melissa.

There was a pause. Melissa looked at Lavi,

“Lavi?”

“Oh, sorry, I was wondering what Alice would look like wearing a strap on.” I almost choked on the sip of water I had just taken to drink from my bottle. Melissa rolled her eyes. Lavi continued, “Oh, but yeah, you two are all I need So ... Mellie ... have you ever considered a strap on...”

Mellie’s eyes went wide and she almost tripped. I didn’t think it was possible to shock her but Lavi had just managed to. I grabbed her and helped her steady herself as Lavi grabbed her suitcase.

“You okay?” Lavi seemed seriously worried.

“I ... I... “ Melissa stammered her face vacant in shock, “I ... thought you’d be the top.” As expressions crossed Lavi’s face Melissa couldn’t hold it anymore and started laughing in giggles and snorted, twice. Lavi wore that look of long-suffering that reminded me of her mom and looked at me.

“This is your fault. She was a nice straight girl until she met you.”

I gave that comment the response it deserved and ignored it. The car rental counter was just ahead. The girls behaved themselves and took on the role of tourists as we hit the car counter, looking up the weather and talking about the trip. The guy at the car counter eyed Melissa and Lavi and gave me a bit of an “oh really?” look when he signed us all up as drivers and noticed three different last names and the ages. Unlike the room and flight, the car rental was being paid by my work so it was a modest four-door economy car.

Navigating the exit from the airport was simple enough and I’d already planned our first stop. It was too early to eat or check-in but it was less than half an hour to hit our first sight.

“Where are we going?” Asked Melissa.

“It’s a surprise, but I thought we’d like to stretch our legs.” On the way, I saw a sunglasses shop and realized I hadn’t brought any so we detoured and soon we all left with nice sunglasses. I figured it would be a good idea since we’d be outside a while. Soon we pulled up outside Wynwood Walls, an outdoor museum of wall art and graffiti.

“Wow.” “Fucking amazing.” That was Lavi and Melissa respectively.

“This wasn’t even here last time I was in Miami,” I said.

“You said that was like, a long time ago, right?” Asked Lavi.

“Yeah, my dad did business in Miami and I’d come down here with him and my mom when I was a teenager, maybe twice a year when he relented to my mom saying he didn’t spend enough time with us.”

“Sorry,” That was Lavi, who rubbed my arm. Lavi was actually close to her father and Melissa had a mixture of feelings. She had lost her father when young but had been close to him and had nothing but good memories of him.

“Anyway, let’s enjoy.” I smiled, and we did. We walked for hours. The murals were amazing and exploded with color. Lavi got out her sketch kit and drew a few of them for fun while Melissa took photos like crazy including selfies of all of us. Sometimes we had to squeeze in close and more than one photo was taken with someone goosing someone else.

Periodic breaks were taken as the girls went on social media sprees. At one point Melissa’s phone blew up with text messages and she got an annoyed look on her face. I asked her what was wrong but she just said, “Mom found out I stopped sharing location tracking with her.” And that was that.

With an active morning under our belt, it was still a little early but we headed to Joe’s Stone Crab. An orgy followed: coconut shrimp, conch fritters, lobster Mac and cheese, crab cakes and bowls of stone crab bisque. And we talked. We ate for more than an hour, chatting and relaxing. Soon we were talking about plans for the future.

“Well,” Lavi said, “Tech has a better fashion program but they assume you want to be a designer. The university has a big theater program and that would give me more experience with costuming.”

“Is that what you want to do?” I asked.

“Absolutely. Designing clothes is fun but everyday stuff isn’t nearly as much fun as the dramatic stuff.”

“Can you make a living off it?” I asked.

“I won’t get rich but, yeah, sure. I might do some other work, making couture though, that can be a lot of fun too.”

“Mom is supportive,” said Melissa. I still had to remind myself she meant Lavi’s mom when she said that.

“Yeah, dad still wants me to dual major in math, doesn’t want me to close doors, he said, though I know he still thinks the clothing will dead-end.”

“Having options is good. I’m the guy who majored in English Lit and ended up doing statistics for a living.”

“Do you really like it though?” Asked Lavi, “I mean you spend a lot of your time doing it.”

“Honestly?” I shrugged, “I get a lot of freedom and I like that. You asked me once if I was an eco-warrior and I said no, but I do like that I’m doing something that makes the world a better place. We still need to drill for resources for decades to come, and I like that we’re lessening the ecological impact in important places. And I don’t dislike the work itself. Every now and then it’s even fun. So I figure I’m doing a lot better than most folks.”

“What about you, Mellie?” Lavi asked.

Mellie paused as she was taking a spoonful of bisque. “No idea. I’m going to university. I’m going to declare English as my major, but I can always change it. I had thought about joining the Peace Corps or teaching English as a second language somewhere overseas just to give myself time to figure things out, but now...”. She shrugged but smiled, “those options are out the window.”

The talk got less serious. We talked about music. We interactively built a Latin/Miami music playlist as we ate, passing the phone around. I cheekily added “Will Smith’s Miami”, which Melissa felt was cheating. Lavi went the predictable route and added the pop hit, “Havana” in both English and Spanish, while Melissa added some Selena Gomez which was more dance than Latin, but I guess it fit Miami. And so it went. The girls couldn’t wait to hit the beach and I promised we would today.

We finished up eating and went to the area of the hotel to wander for a bit, checking out the street artists. A girl hung on each arm and made me feel wonderful. We bought large beach towels and sunscreen from a cheesy shop clearly aimed at tourists. The girls got huge garish “Miami” emblazoned towels with dolphins (Lavi) and palm trees (Melissa) while I got one in purple, pink, and black stripes. We finally checked into the hotel and I was pleasantly surprised we had already had a resort fee paid for us that gave us the use of an umbrella and some chairs, which I reserved for between three and five.

Once in the room, we all got naked and lounged. We were all pleasantly horny but also tired and full and ready to nap. We ended up spending more than half an hour talking and touching without any urgency. I fell asleep as Melissa was lazily trailing a finger over my dick while checking Instagram on her phone and posting pictures of the street art from earlier. Lavi had already dozed off while on her other side suckling on Melissa’s nipple. When I woke it was less than an hour later and Melissa was now on her side cuddled up to Lavi. I spooned her and with my arms around found I could hold one of her breasts and one of Lavi’s. She must have only been lightly dozing because she wiggled her butt against my erection.

“Mmmmm, that feels good there.” I kissed her neck and played with her nipple. Apparently she was playing with Lavi’s ass as I did that and soon she was awake too. Within minutes Lavi scooted down the bed and was enthusiastically eating Melissa out. I couldn’t see much from over Melissa’s shoulders but her hands were in Lavi’s curly hair. I held Melissa’s breasts, massaging them and pinching nipples which I knew she liked, while kissing her neck. Eventually, Melissa opened her legs wider to give Lavi more access and when she did my cock sprung up, resting against her cleft as Lavi licked and occasionally would suck the head of my cock for a second before letting it go and return to tasting her best friend.

“Do you like that slut, do you like your best friend sucking my cock while she eats you out, her mouth still tasting my cock when she puts her tongue in you?”

I knew my words would hit a cord with Melissa and they did. She began having a series of small orgasms that started as soon as the last one ended as Lavi continued feasting. I reached down and began to stroke myself and I’m not ashamed to say that after the stimulation of Melissa shaking against me and Lavi’s occasional tongue it didn’t take me long to begin blasting. I think I surprised Lavi as she went “Oh!”. I laid back as she crawled up the bed and gave Melissa a fake angry look as in “look what he did”. I don’t think it even registered as Melissa was instantly on her, licking the cum off, which made Lavi giggle. I reached over and ran my hand along Lavi’s hip.

“Do you need some attention, love?”

“Nah, I took care of myself while we were playing. I’ll be okay until later.”

“So ... beach time?” Melissa asked.

I’d rather stay in bed and have more fun but instead, I said, “As my ladies wish.” I grabbed our reusable water bottles and made sure they were filled after I got dressed in my sandals and shorts. Melissa’s black and red bikini went on quickly and I wolf-whistled.

“You did that already,” Melissa said.

“I know but ... damn, it’s the only reasonable reaction.”

She smiled at that and put a sarong on to cover her legs. Really, how did a bikini somehow make her look more naked than she did naked? It was clearly magic that I wasn’t meant to understand.

Lavi meanwhile took a bit longer to manage the engineering involved in getting her suit on, which made sense as it was more complicated. Soon the technically one piece black metallic bikini was ready and she put on a sarong of her own. Somewhat covered we made our way down to the beach by the hotel’s private path and told the attendant my name. He guided us over to a huge umbrella with four reclining seats and a table. He was a young man, maybe in his early 20s, handsome and muscular. He asked, ladies first, if there was anything they’d like from the bar. He barely remembered to look at me as he was leaving and ask if I wanted something. I was slightly annoyed but understood as well. After he left Lavi giggled that he didn’t even card them. Sometimes I forgot they were really only eighteen.

Soon I found myself sitting cross-legged on my recliner while the girls immediately put their seats on each side, and as they lay face down had me rubbing them down with sunscreen. A few minutes later three ridiculously large sangrias fortified with vodka made their way to us.

As the attendant came back Melissa chose that moment to wiggle her butt and say “Make sure you get everywhere, daddy, I don’t want to be burned later.”

Lavi picked up on her little game, “Yeah, papi, make sure you get your hands everywhere.” She made the last word ‘everywhere’ drip with unmistakable intent. The attendant put the drinks down and left with the expression of a man who knew this tree wasn’t going to bear fruit and would move on.

It wasn’t quite the end of it, though, as an hour later the girls were lying out directly in the sun to work on their front tans. Both had insisted they wanted “beach tans.” I’m not clear how that differs from any other kind of tan but they had calculated a table of times to be in and out of the sun, looked up sun strength related to SPF, and all kinds of things. They had done this one evening after dinner. Between Melissa doing logistics and Lavi doing the math I became convinced the Allied forces should have hired them to plan the invasion of Normandy. The image of them as brilliant tacticians was only marred when Lavi saw a spider and ran outside screaming in the most “little girl” voice I’d ever heard and refused to come back in until Melissa had scooted it into a cup and taken it outside - the opposite direction from Lavi.

But now the tans were in progress as they lay on their backs when a pair of beefcakes in trunks came up and quickly kneeled down to make conversation, plainly ignoring me. Both had short-cropped hair; one blonde, and one chestnut. I returned to my book ignoring them but not in the least amused. I know it’s silly but jealousy was starting to make me see red. I could hear them clearly though.

The blonde one started, kneeling next to Lavi, “Hey, I’m Mark, this is my bud, Rick.”

Melissa looked at them and said flatly, “I’m Mel, this is Lucy.”

“What are you girls doing here,” he asked.

“Getting some sun,” Melissa said as if telling someone that water was wet. He either missed the sarcasm or was determined to work past it.

“Nah, I meant in Miami. Rick, and I are here for the week until we head back to Ithaca for our senior year. I’m in pre-law, he’s engineering.” Rick gave a broad smile. College seniors bet they thought that’d be impressive. A wood chipper in the backyard makes average men of us all I thought with some bitterness. No, I’m not proud of my feelings, but I knew the girls could take care of themselves.

Lavi chimed in, sounding pleasant and bimbo-ish, which is how I knew something was up. “Oh, we’re here on our honeymoon, she reached over and squeezed Melissa’s hand.”

“Oh, I don’t see a ring,” the frat boy said. Okay, I don’t know that he was a frat boy but he sounded like what I imagined one sounded like.

“Non-traditional marriage,” Melissa replied.

Mike, Mick, whatever his name was said, “That’s awesome, we’re totally down with the LG. You girls like to dance?” Rick still hadn’t said anything. Clearly he was not the mouth of the operation but I could see a tent starting in his shorts now, as he stared at the girls after the marriage comment.

Melissa started to say something but Lavi cut her off, still sounding slightly airheaded. “We love to dance but we do get a bit frisky.” She grinned at them. This was escalating. I trusted Melissa but my blood still boiled a bit.

Both guys were grinning in response. “Why don’t you come with us tonight then, we know some great clubs,” Mark asked.

“Let me ask,” Lavi replied. Before they could ask what she meant she turned and yelled back at me. “Hey, Papi!” I slowly lowered my book and got up. I came out and kneeled down on the overlapping blankets between my girls and looked at Lavi.

Rick finally found his voice, “Who is that?”

“Our husband,” Melissa said flatly.

“Yes, my lioness?”

Lavi, “Do you want to go dancing tonight? I am sore from you stretching me out but it does sound like fun.”

Melissa added, “These boys said they knew some good clubs.”

“I might be tired, babe.”

“But daddy, you promised to keep me up all night,” Melissa said in her little girl voice. For once I wasn’t the one being teased. Rick and Morty or whatever the fuck his name was looked like they wanted an exit plan, now. Not seeing one, they just made mumbled goodbyes and left. I admit it made it happier than it should have to see them scramble off.

By the time it was four-thirty I decided I didn’t want to go the whole day without getting into the water and told the girls I was going to swim. They decided to abandon their tanning plan and joined me. We stayed to the nearer waves since Lavi wasn’t a strong swimmer and just played around in the surf, splashing each other and joking around. I figured it was getting close to five when we left, and the girls decided they’d had enough sun and we headed in. Our reservations were for 6:30 but we could walk from here.

I changed into black slacks and a dark purple dress shirt that Melissa had bought me. The girls judged it barely adequate for a nice but not fancy dinner. Meanwhile, they changed into one-inch heels with peach dresses that hugged them like second skins and put their earrings back on. Melissa’s was darker peach while Lavi’s was almost pink. They look like the same dress but had been altered to fit each perfectly, Lavi’s doing was my guess. Melissa’s wrapped around her chest perfectly, seeming to hang in mid-air probably assisted by a strapless bra and completely covered her. Lavi’s dress was cut out to show cleavage in that style she obviously liked. It had a strap across the front, which instead of hiding her cleavage just emphasized it more by drawing the eye to it and the space it bordered. I was guessing double-sided tape was involved again. They were definitely party dresses but wouldn’t be out of place at Bazaar.

“Handbags?” I asked.

Lavi grinned and reached into her cleavage. As she shifted I realized the connecting strap had the function of hiding her bra strap and she pulled out a money clip with her ID, bank card, hotel room key, and some cash. Melissa waited for me to look at her and then did the same though with less finesse since she didn’t have the window in the front.

“Phones?” I asked in challenge.

“I’ll just use Lavi’s,” Melissa said, which prompted Lavi to pull her own phone out of her cleavage as well.

“What else do you keep in there?”

Lavi smirked. “A woman has to keep some mysteries.”

Deciding I was just going to live a good chunk of my life confused from now on, I left that and pushed them out the door. We made our way down the street. Even here they turned a few heads but certainly not all. Back home it would have been a scandal. Here, it was just another night on South Beach.

At Bazaar they found my reservation and seated us with barely a second glance, which was nice. The food was amazing. They served Brussels sprouts with apricots, grapes, and plantains as an appetizer. Then we had bowls of wild mushroom soup with an unpasteurized sheep’s cheese from Basque which I’d never had before. Both met with universal praise at the table. Melissa got a dragon fruit ceviche, I got an air bread Cubano with foam swish cheese while Lavi got a Cuban coffee-rubbed skirt steak. We passed our plates around and shared, Lavi even trying a small bite of the Cubano despite it having a lot of ham. She said her mom cheated and snuck bacon occasionally when her dad wasn’t around so she figured it was fine. I really wanted to order the beef tartare with quail eggs too but I had promised Melissa dancing and getting sick on the dance floor did not sound like a good idea.

I got the bill and quickly passed it back with the card before Melissa could look at it. She gave me a bit of an eye but let it go and I pretended to not see her do so. While we waited we started talking about the club we were going to. Trade was walkable from Bazaar. It was supposed to have the best techno music in south beach and I knew Melissa liked the heavier electronic dance music.

“I’m so glad I didn’t wear the higher heels,” said Lavi.

“Can you dance in those you’re wearing?” I asked.

“Sure, these I could go all night in these. Still not looking forward to the line though. It’s Friday, it could be a crazy long wait.”

Oh well, I knew this was coming and it was better to get it over with. “I have something to say but you have to promise to not get mad. Especially Melissa.”

Melissa looked at me blankly, “We can’t go to Trade?”

“No, no, we’re going, but I have to tell you about something first.”

She leaned back in her chair, her blonde hair falling around her shoulders, “Out with it.”

“I have to tell you about the what and the why. The ‘what’ is that I spent more money that you don’t know about before I promised to not spend money without talking to you.”

“And?” That was Lavi, Melissa was just watching me.

“We don’t have to wait in line because we are on the guest list. I bought us main floor table service so we have a reserved table with several very nice bottles of champagne waiting.”

Melissa, “How much was it?”

“It will depend on how much we drink, taxes, and all that.”

“How much?”

“By the time we leave, I expect it’ll be at least a thousand bucks.”

I saw a dance of emotions go over Melissa’s features but they settled onto annoyance. “I’m not happy but I can deal with it. It’s done and you told me. Thank you. I’d rather you said something before, you’re already spending enough on the meals but I can deal with this. And... “ she seemed to be searching for words, “it was before we had that talk.”

Lavi grinned, she was clearly looking forward to it.

“There’s more.”

“More? You spent more?” Now Melissa was starting to look angry.

“No, no, but I want to and this is hard to explain.”

Melissa didn’t look happy but this is what I’d promised and I saw her back down from wanting to snap at me.

“How much?” Melissa demanded in a surprisingly neutral tone.

“Before I say anything you need to know why.”

“And before we talk about it I want to say that I don’t like the idea of you blowing your savings.” I could hear an edge to her voice but she looked concerned.

“Please, just let me explain,” I pleaded. “This is hard for me.” She didn’t respond so I continued. “The card I am paying for this meal with is attached to a specific account. This is the money I saved towards Jordyn’s and my wedding and honeymoon. I’ve had it sitting around since we broke up. I want to bleed the account and shut it down. Anything I haven’t spent by the time we go home I plan on cashing out and ... I don’t know but I’ll get rid of it.”

“You should spend it on you,” Melissa said, softening her tone.

“Don’t you get it, I am, this us, is me now.” She failed to respond so I added. “I need to do this. I need to get rid of it. It’s the very last thing I’ve had with any connection to her and I never wanted to do something like buy a pool table and think of her every time I played on it. This is something I can do and all the memories will be of something I want.”

The anger bled out of Melissa but she still looked tense if resigned to it. “Why couldn’t you have told me that yesterday or last week?”

“I tried to figure out how to say it. It’s been hard to put into words. The first few times it came out as gibberish in my own head much less in words for someone else.”

“You seemed to do fine right then,” Lavi said. She wasn’t angry but clearly feeling like I needed to be scolded a bit.

“I thought about it a lot today.” I looked at them both. “I forgive you for stealing from me, gentle thieves, although you’re taking the little I have. And yet every lover knows that it hurts more to be injured by lovers than by enemies. You pair, who are gracious even when succumbing to lust, you in whom everything bad looks good—even if you kill me with injuries, let’s be lovers.” I paused letting that be settled between us. “Those lines have been in my head a lot today. But you’re not stealing my money, you’re stealing me and I’m just fine with it.”

Melissa finally grinned. “It’s cheating modifying a sonnet for your own needs.”

“And that’s part of why I love you, you’re smart and know Shakespeare.”

“It was very beautiful, Robert,” said Lavi, reaching across the table to me.

“And I love you, Lavi because you put up with my stupidity.”

“Well, someone has to,” she said very seriously.

It was my turn to finally smile. The card had been discreetly returned to me while we were talking. I added the gratuity and we headed outside. Once outside on the street, I opened my arms and the girls stepped in. We group hugged for a moment and Melissa relaxed. We kissed, politely for the public, but just barely. After a moment we broke up and stepped back from each other a little.

“You know what,” Melissa said, “fuck it. It is your money but if it’s group memories then we all get to spend it, right?”

“Of course,” I said, not following.

“And if I asked you for the card?”

“You can have it.” She seemed to start thinking. I’d find out tomorrow about what.

“So we’re getting champagne at Trade?” Lavi asked. We started walking.

“Already paid for, table service for six.”

“Six?”

‘It was the minimum.”

“How much is left?” Melissa asked. “In the account,” she clarified.

“Well, you two spent more than I expected on dresses, I was pleasantly surprised, it was almost $2,400.” Melissa looked a bit sheepish at that. “Yes, I checked and it’s fine. Minus what I’ve already spent I have about $7,000 still to go.”

They both looked at me in momentary shock, then turned on their heels and began talking about the club leaving me to trail behind them. It was a view I really liked so I had no complaints. The fact that we had our own reserved table on the edge of the dance floor was way more exciting to them than the champagne. We arrived at Trade a few minutes later and the line was indeed impressive. Beautiful men and women were lined up. A pair of bouncers at the door was letting folks in slowly. One couple got turned away for not meeting the undefined dress code. Still, a lot of people were very comfortably dressed and seemed to pass the test by some weighing of their fashion that was lost on me.

We were walking along the line when Melissa stopped. “They’re here,” she said. Lavi followed her eyes and nodded. It took me a second but I saw Biff and Boff from earlier standing there, the two guys that had tried to pick up the girls on the beach. They were wearing club clothes and I could imagine the smell of hair products from here. Seriously, what man puts gel in his hair?

“You have room for three more on the guest list, right?” Asked Lavi.

“Uh, yeah, why?”

“One blonde, one brunette, one with pink hair, all cute,” said Melissa as a way of explanation.

I looked. Sure enough, the guys were standing in a small circle in the line with the three girls. The girls were dressed to dance. The pink-haired girl looked small enough to pick up and throw up in the air but was the most kinetic of them. Her pink hair fell just past her shoulders with long bangs that she was constantly fishing out of her face. She had a red dress that buttoned up the front with a white pattern that looked like a picnic tablecloth and ended mid-thigh. The blonde was tall, as tall as the boys, and had thick wiry arm muscles. She was thin except for hips that flared out. She wore knee-length shiny boots, black stretchy shorts, and a matching black top that had a strap that went around her neck that seemed to blend into a choker that a quarter moon hung off. The brunette had long silky black hair and a tiny cute face that we would later learn was because she was half Vietnamese. She had a tiny frame and wore her hair up in pigtails. Her top was a simple white top that seemed impossibly thin and paired with a skirt that I can only describe as a complex tartan of the most paisley combinations of pinks and purples I could not have imagined before seeing it.

“Uh, what’s going on?,” I asked.

“Mellie wants revenge,” said Lavi by way of explanation.

“Didn’t she embarrass them already?”

Lavi looked at me as if I clearly wasn’t that bright. “Getting them to leave without screaming rape isn’t the same thing as getting back at them.”

“I’m not sure about this.”

Mellie grinned at me, evil in her eyes. “Don’t worry, I’ll just be callous but avoid cruelty.”

“I’m really not sure about this now,” I said.

“Don’t worry,” said Lavi, “we’re doing the girls a favor. Look at how they’re standing apart. They are unsure about coming out with the boys. They’ll thank us.”

I was trying to think of what to say when the girls moved forward and we were committed. Oh, well, once more into the breach, good fellows.

“MARK!” That was Melissa. He turned around to look and looked distinctly ill at ease when he saw her. Maybe he was smarter than he looked. “You said you and Rick here would take us out tonight and then disappeared.” She pouted.

He tried to recover. “Oh, uh, hello, sorry. Hey, you’re welcome to join us in line, I’m sure it’s cool.”

“Who are your friends!?” That was Lavi. She was looking at the pink-haired girl with something extra friendly in her expression.

The girl extended her hand for Lavi to shake, “I’m Kelly.”

“Yes, you are.” Lavi looked like she found her prey and would delight in eating it. “Want to hang with us tonight, Kelly? I’m Lavi.”

Kelly smiled. Apparently being hunted was more than acceptable to her. “That would be super!” They quickly hugged.

Melissa held her hand to her chest and introduced herself. The blonde Natalie, and the brunette, Harriet, introduced themselves in turn, and soon the five were chatting amiably about who they were and where from. The girls it turned out were all sophomores at the University of Georgia and visiting before the semester started.

“Really?” I asked. “You live in Athens?”

“Yeah,” Kelly replied.

“Is the 40 Watt still there?”

“You know it?”

“A bit, I used to live in Atlanta on that side, so Athens was an hour away for me. I used to drive there when I was in high school all the time.”

Soon, the three ladies and I had exchanged credentials and once they were satisfied I had proven myself an actual Georgian, decided I might not be a complete creep. During this time parallel conversations happened that I barely picked up and Melissa and Lavi rotated keeping close personal contact with me. I heard out of one ear Melissa explaining our relationship in turns to the girls which seemed to quickly elevate me to some other category and soon they were relaxed with us.

“Ummm ... I don’t want to be rude ladies, I really enjoyed meeting you,” I said “but we do need to get going. Our table time is coming up.”

Kelly looked back at the guys. Rick said, “Yeah, it was nice to meet you again, better head to the restaurant.” He waved us off.

“Oh, no,” said Lavi, “We have a table service on the floor here, so we’re going ahead.”

“You know,” I said, “we have table service for six so we have three more places.”

“That’s right!” said Lavi, as if she hadn’t considered such a thing.

“How about it girls, want a table right on the dance floor?” Melissa looked at them and took a step backward almost as if to say, come on follow me. The three young ladies looked at each other and nodded as a group.

“Thanks so much,” Natalia said to Mark, “hope to see you around!”

I was already walking ahead and, approaching the bouncer, I handed him my ID and said I had a table for nine o’clock and five with me. He checked his list and waved us through. A few questions and he directed us on how to get settled, and like that we were in the club. The music was loud but not deafening and had a definite beat. All of the girls started feeling the music and within minutes we were at the table with drinks. The girls had wristbands saying they weren’t old enough for alcohol but they had virgin drinks and the champagne was mine which I shared once their drinks ran out.

The music was definitely techno. I didn’t know any of the songs or the DJ, but Melissa told me it was underground stuff. I had some doubts about a place as glitzy as this being underground but maybe those were my old, “going to shitty clubs that didn’t have working air conditioning” sensibilities. The girls danced two or three songs at a time and then would rest at the table. I tried to keep up with them but found I could only do two songs to their three. Melissa and Lavi had no trouble fending guys off, dancing together most of the time. Indeed, the two in their paired peach dresses didn’t mind making a lot of contact with each other, which drew plenty of eyes. Natalia and Harriet danced with them and were flirty but distinctly non-sexual. Once I saw Natalia lean in and give Melissa a quick kiss. Kelly, however, was the most touchy-feely of the three sophomores and spent a lot of time dancing with Lavi and Melissa.

However, the second-year electrical engineering student also seemed to tire out a lot compared to Melissa and Lavi and spent the most time at the table with me of the five girls. I was filling her empty glass with some champagne when Natalia kissed Melissa. “She’s only bi for guys,” Kelly said conspiratorially to me.

“Natalia?”

“Yeah. She and I made out once, she’s a great kisser but it turned out it was just to be naughty at this party, zero interest from her. She’ll grind up on a girl to get a guy going or because it feels kinky but she’s not going through with it.”

“Shame,” I grinned. Kelly put her hand on my thigh.

“Me, though, I’m just bi.”

I laughed. “Have you and Melissa been talking?”

“Just a bit.” She smiled at me. It wasn’t a Melissa or Lavi smile but she was cute in that picnic table dress. It showed a lot of her thighs. They were very nice thighs. I looked out to the dance floor, Melissa, Harriet, and Lavi were dancing together while Natalia had found a guy to dance with that looked like he wrestled silverback gorillas. Maybe I should work out just a bit more, I thought.

“What did she say?” I asked.

“That she didn’t mind sharing if we all got along,” Kelly answered. Her hand was having an effect and rational thought was getting foggy from something other than alcohol.

“Is that the champagne talking? I am old enough to be your father.”

“Only if you’d been pretty young when you knocked up my mom.” She grinned. “And if it was the champagne? Just because my inhibitions are lowered doesn’t mean I’m not interested.”

“You don’t have to jump in bed with me to have a good time with Melissa and Lavi.”

Kelly responded, “That’s not what they said.”

“It’s what I’m saying.”

“Well, if you were there when I climbed in I wouldn’t toss you out, how’s that?” She asked the question as she wiped something off my chin.

“You’re not going to say I’m cute are you?”

“I wouldn’t call you cute. You’re kind of sexy in an intense way. You seem really in control.”

I laughed inside. “People seem to think that but I’m not really. I’m just along for this ride.”

“Seems like a good ride. I wouldn’t mind some time in the shotgun seat.” She leaned in and what the hell, it seemed like a good idea so I kissed her. She kept kissing me so I reached around and felt for her ass.

I felt someone sit down suddenly next to me. I looked up to see Lavi looking amused.

“Hey, lover, remember I’m not happy just watching like Mellie so you better share with me.” Kelly turned beet red. For someone who had just been so forward, she was embarrassed easily. She seemed to like the idea though.

I looked out and Melissa was dancing with Harriet still. They got back to the table and Melissa leaned against Lavi. Lavi pulled her head down and whispered in Melissa’s ear. Melissa looked up shocked and very happy. Her eyes were smoldering and she walked around and put her arm around Kelly very quickly. Kelly almost jumped up in alarm but when she saw Melissa’s face up close the concern seemed to disappear. Soon, they were thick as thieves talking so no one else could hear them and Kelly was giggling. As they talked Melissa reached over and felt me hard in my pants and grinned.

As the night went on I danced and found myself frequently sandwiched between some combination of Lavi, Kelly, and Melissa. When I rested the girls were often on the dance floor generating sweat and dancing lustily or in Melissa’s case just zoning out to the music. All the girls enjoyed dancing but Melissa obviously did so just for the sake of dancing. Sometimes everyone wanted a breather but her and she would dance by herself, it could just be her and the music and she was happy. I enjoyed watching it more than any of the girls together. At the table, they often sat close and made room for Kelly next to me. Lavi snuck several very sexual kisses from the pink-haired girl while dancing and once Melissa stroked my hard-on outside my hands and had me ready to throw her on the table since we were watching Kelly rub against Lavi on the dance floor.

During all this, Natalia had attached herself firmly to the weight lifter, who I found out was a CPA named Owen. He was a really nice guy and joined us for several drinks and I found myself feeling a bit guilty for having thought of him as a bit thuggish earlier. A bit before eleven he left the club with Natalia with her telling her friends she’d be back in the morning, though not before the girls got a copy of his driver’s license. He was really cool about it and I liked him a little more. Harriet was friendly and clearly enjoyed dancing with the girls but nothing more. By the time she was ready to leave she came up and gave me a very short hug, thanked me for the drinks, and waited for Kelly to leave.

Kelly came up and gave me a much better hug, complete with a very erotic kiss. “Sorry, I can’t head back with you. I can’t leave her to make her way back by herself.”

“You could join us later,” teased Melissa.

“I think between the champagne and dancing I’ll be ready to crash. Raincheck?”

“Absolutely,” answered Lavi. As we watched them go away I found my phone making a dinging noise. During the course of the night, Melisssa had gotten Kelly’s contact info and was sharing it around as she had our’s with Kelly.

“How about you girls?” I asked.

“Let’s go before you’re too tired to make what I said on the beach a lie,” Melissa smiled. “You’re not disappointed Kelly isn’t coming back with us are you?” She asked.

“That was going to be my question for you,” I replied.

“We had fun and I’m going back with you two. That’s all that matters.”

“Good answer,” said Lavi. I had nothing else to add.

However, Melissa did. “But first ... we need to find a drug store.”

“We have stuff in the fridge at the hotel. I’m fine with letting the oil company pick up the bill from the wet bar and all that.”

“Not for that.” She smiled sweetly, the innocent smile she liked to use when being very naughty. I had said I was just along for the ride, hadn’t I?

“Lead on!” I said. So that was how we ended up at a drug store and walked out with a bag of enema kits, three bottles of wine (the fridge only had hard liquor), and a large box of Crunch N’ Munch. At the last minute Lavi threw in a bottle of lube. I looked to see if the clerk was shocked but the middle-aged guy working there clearly thought this was just another Friday night on South Beach.

At the hotel, I was told to shower and then exiled to the bedroom while they cleaned up. I argued we could all clean up together but was told they had shopped for outfits together so the person to be surprised had to be appropriately isolated. One day I’d use that logic against them but today was not to be that day. Once I heard the shower running I pulled bottles of water out of the fridge and set them around the bed and got some ice to pack around a bottle of wine and get it chilling.

I was lying back and checking emails to make sure my boss hadn’t sent me anything when they came out. Suddenly, Tony was the last thing likely to enter my mind. Lavi was in a nightie, blood-red with thin straps that went over her shoulders. It stopped high on her thighs and crossed over the top of her breasts. It covered the front of her breasts in a swath of lace but left the tops of her breasts exposed in a window of red silky material. Melissa meanwhile was in black. Black stockings ran up her legs to garters that connected to a wide lacy garter belt that matched the half cup bra that left her breasts exposed. I looked down. No panties were in the way. Lavi pulled the hem up to show that she matched in that way as well.

They stood arms around each other. “Care to join me?” I asked.

They came forward and crawled onto the bed. Melissa ran her hands over my shirt. “Get undressed lover. We need to finish something we started in there.” I got up and obeyed, stripping. While I did Melissa and Lavi remained on their knees on the bed. Melissa ran her hands all over Lavi, her hands unable to remain still from her thighs to her back and returning to Lavi’s ass. Lavi wrapped her hands in Melissa’s hair and held it as they kissed.

Melissa grabbed Lavi’s nighty and pulled the cloth covering her nipples down. “Let’s get that out of the way,” she giggled as they pressed together and returned to duel with their tongues. Melissa dipped her hand down out of sight and did something between Lavi’s thighs that made her moan. Lavi let go of Melissa’s hair and attacked her neck, kissing the neck dozens of times and anything nearby she could reach and then drifted down to suckle on an exposed nipple. Melissa suddenly fell backward laughing as Lavi followed her down, Lavi now on her knees between Melissa’s spread legs. I took a chair near the bed and stroked myself. They remained like that a while, kissing, their chests pressed together, Melissa grabbing Lavi’s ass while Lavi supported herself on her arms. Lavi would lean forward and rub her crotch against Melissa’s, not enough to satisfy either but they clearly enjoyed it.

Eventually, Lavi returned to kissing Melissa’s breasts. I knew from experience that Lavi loved them as much as I did and then she kissed a line of gentle loving touches between Melissa’s breasts, over her garter to Melissa’s spread legs. Melissa scooted down so she wasn’t reclining on the pillows and Lavi dived in.

“Fuck, you’re so good. I love you,” Melissa said.

Lavi said nothing but smiled at her best friend and rubbed Melissa’s lips with the flat of her hand and began licking again. I decided I’d been a voyeur for long enough. I put my hands on Lavi’s hips and pulled her back just a bit.

“No!” That was Melissa and suddenly Lavi and I froze. “I want to watch,” she said. Suddenly she was turning around and half pulling Lavi over her. I backed up and watched their little acrobatics routine unfold and within seconds Melissa was underneath Lavi licking her clit in a sixty-nine and I was ready to enter. I held my cock by the base and returned to where I had been and pressed forward. Lavi was wet and ready for me but still tight. I fit perfectly in there and moved back and forth just enjoying it. Melissa reached out and gently rubbed my balls while I fucked Lavi and from Lavi’s little jumps I could tell when Melissa would flick her tongue against Lavi’s clit. Occasionally, Melissa would stretch forward and run her tongue across Lavi’s lips and I would feel it along my length.

Then I felt nothing for a while from Melissa while she focused on Lavi and eventually I felt them go still as Melissa stopped moving. I could see that Lavi had gotten distracted and was no longer eating Melissa as she put her head down on Melissa’s thigh and bit her lip. I sped up and fucked her faster, determined to make her cum. Melissa’s hair began to brush against my balls as she moved back and forth around Lavi’s clit stimulating it.

“Fuck yeah,” Lavi stopped biting her lip. “Keep fucking me. Cum in my pussy, you dirty fucker. Fucking my girlfriend isn’t enough...” she was panting “you want to turn this dyke into a pregnant bitch too...”

“Sounds like a good plan to me,” I replied. Fuck she felt good. “I think you’ll look great pregnant with my babies in your belly.”

“I can’t wait to have Mellie sucking my tits while they’re full of milk.”

“Better leave some for me.”

“Oh, yeah, their daddy will get some milk too. Give me your cream now though baby, I want Mellie to lick it out of me.”

That was enough for me and I started cumming, squirting hard in her. I came so hard I felt dizzy for a second. I pulled out and angled my hips so that the tip of my dick was in front of Melissa’s lips, she instantly grabbed me and suckled the last few drops of cum from me. I then walked around and lay on the bed watching for a moment as Melissa went to work trying to get all my cream out of Lavi.

Watching Lavi eat Melissa was fascinating. I like to think I’m competent at my oral skills but Lavi has an enthusiasm that was of a different order. Her tongue stretched out and would dart like a whip, running circles around Melissa’s clit, then teasing her lips before swiping through to lap at her nectar. I watched and then scooted to join in. My head below hers, I licked at Melissa’s outer folds and with one arm wrapped around to pull her cheeks apart. I leaned down and began running my tongue into her cute little butt hole. Instantly Melissa’s hips lifted up to make access easier and I saw Lavi grin. I scooted around, even more, as soon Lavi and I had Melissa divided between us, each tonguing a hole. I laid little kisses on her butt cheeks between tonguing her immaculate ass.

It was only a few moments of this later when Melissa started whimpering and shuddered, then continued whimpering and shuddered again and then again before becoming tense and letting out an ear-piercing shriek. I felt a rush of liquids as watery emissions I moved so that my face wouldn’t be trapped between her and the mattress. Still, I had to spit out a bit of the squirted fluid as I sat up.

Lavi rolled off and Melissa didn’t move.

“You okay slut?” Lavi asked. Melissa laid there with her eyes closed and held up a hand in a thumbs-up before letting her arm drop.

“I think you short-circuited her,” I said to Lavi.

“I think it was the tongue in her ass,” she replied.

“Oh, you’re too kind,” I said, “the squirting was definitely you.”

“You think?”

Melissa at this point raised her voice, with her eyes still closed, “If you two are done congratulating yourselves on fucking me stupid could I get a water? I feel like I lost some liquids.”

I smiled and grabbed a water bottle as Lavi helped her to sit against the headboard. “Eww...” Melissa said as she sat in the puddle on the comforter.

“Yeah,” I said, “you squirted.”

“I’m sorry.” She looked aghast. “It’s pee.”

I laughed, “Not exactly. There is a urine component of it but also water and some other fluids.”

“There’s still pee.” She said grimacing.

“Well, you can say you tried peeing on me now.”

She took a gulp of water. “You’re not funny.” Lavi giggled which earned a reproachful look from Melissa. I sat next to Melissa and felt the dampness beneath me.

“Now, you’re sitting in it!”

“You already sprayed my face. And it’s more water than urine.”

Lavi sat on her other side.

“You too!?”

She grinned. “I made you squirt,” she said in a sing-song.

“Hopeless slut,” Melissa replied and drank more water. “Or, at least I hope so.” She gave a mischievous look to Lavi.

“Is it that time?” Lavi asked.

“Oh yeah.”

“Um,” feeling a bit left out, “and what time is that?”

“Lavi has one hole to still lose her cherry for.” Melissa grinned.

We grabbed towels, dried off and put them on the comforter to soak up some of the liquid. Then, Lavi got up and tossed the bottle of lube to me. She pouted at me and said, “Profesor, I’ve been a bad student, is there any way I can pass this semester?” She got on the bed and wiggled her butt at me. They liked teasing me.

“Well, let’s see how you do on this A level exam.” Melissa groaned at the reference but smirked just a bit. I took the lube and put some on my finger and started rubbing at her butthole, seeing it open just a little and worked my index finger in. “Seriously though, have you practiced with anything in here?”

“My smallest vibe, I can get it in pretty easily now.”

“Bigger than my finger here?”

“Yeah.”

I began using my free hand to spank her ass which I had learned Lavi enjoyed immensely. I felt her loosen up as the nerves communicated pleasure and my finger slid up the knuckle almost instantly. I poured more lube in and slowly worked a second finger in.

Melissa meanwhile had knelt next to me where I stood at the bedside and had begun sucking my cock again. She wasn’t trying to get me off, just get me hard, which she did admirably. Once I was completely hard I pulled out and lined up with Lavi’s ass.

“This is going to hurt.” I noticed that Melissa had her phone out and was recording this.

“Do it,” Lavi said, “if that blonde slut can take it so can I.” I saw her turn her head around and stick her tongue out at Melissa in mock insult.

“Okay, but just to let you know she only took half...”

“Wait ... wha ... Ahhhhhh” I shoved in hard and got nearly a third in before her sphincter closed down so hard it hurt. “Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...” Lavi chanted.

“How are you, babe?” Melissa asked.

“You didn’t tell me I’d take a telephone pole up my ass.” Lavi grimaced and closed her eyes concentrating.

“Oh, it just feels like it, you big baby. It’s gorgeous.” I think Melissa was getting a close up at.

“Do you want me to pull out?” I asked.

“No, no” Lavi replied, “just let me get used to it.”

“Relax,” Melissa said. Melissa reached down and rubbed Lavi’s tits which she seemed to appreciate and I reached under and found her clit which got a soft rubbing motion applied with my fingertips.

“Okay,” Lavi said, “Go slow.”

I did. I went in the smallest motions that I could and still generate a sense of movement. I gradually sped them up while holding her ass cheeks and rubbing them strongly, stimulating the nerve endings I knew she reacted to. Suddenly, without warning, I felt myself contract. I held on and built up a rhythm. If I hadn’t just had an orgasm I don’t think I could have held out but I slowly felt Lavi start to push back at me a little and after several minutes I knew I wouldn’t last any longer.

“I’m going to cum,” I announced. And I did. I’d like to say I built up to a stupendous mind-bending climax but the truth was that even after cuming once her ass was so tight and amazing that my body didn’t care how much I had in reserve, it just wanted to push out whatever I had. I pulled out and Melissa quickly grabbed my dick and licked it clean and then approached Lavi on the bed, who was lying on her side. With one hand she began playing with Lavi’s clit and pussy, shoving her thumb up it while she devoured Lavi’s ass, lapping up what was left there. Lavi reached down and added her own fingertips to her clit, teasing apart the folds and playing with it and quickly came again panting. I had picked up Melissa’s phone since she couldn’t pay much attention at this stage and tried to capture things as best as I could, starting with her taking my cock out of Lavi’s ass.

At that point, we were done. Melissa wanted me to fuck her but I was done for. I was beaten. We all had a glass of wine and some water. Melissa said that was fine and I fell asleep next to her as she watched the footage she took and played with two fingers in herself getting off again before sleep. Lavi lay on my other side and was asleep in minutes even before I was. We had thrown the comforter, now soaked, off the bed, and just pulled a light sheet over us and that was all I remembered until the morning.

**Chapter 18**

I woke up the first time at 3 AM. The girls were sleeping and I woke from a dream that drove sleep from me. In my dream, I had been back in the student union building at my undergrad. I was on the crappy pool tables they had and was desperately trying to sink my combos on the worn-out felt and bouncing off the unresponsive bumpers. There was barely any chalk and the cues were slightly warped. People wandered in and out as I played, and out the window, I saw the landscape shift as the building hurtled along but I ignored it as I focused on each shot as it felt like the table fought against me. For some reason, my life depended on each shot. I don’t think subtlety is a strength of my subconscious.

So, I got up and found myself looking out the window, across the beach and ocean from the tenth floor we were on. I looked back at the bed. Lavi had sprawled herself across Melissa who was on her side facing where I had been. Moonlight came in through the window and it was impossible to not be aroused but I couldn’t bear the idea of waking them. I poured myself a glass of the still open wine and divided my attention between the ocean and the girls until I got sleepy again and crawled into bed where Melissa murmured “come here” and pulled me to her.

I next awoke to sunlight and the best alarm any man can have, the sensation of something warm and friendly on my cock. I started to sit up but then the mouth left and I heard Melissa’s voice firmly say, “Lie down, just enjoy.” Never let it be said I ignore good advice. I closed my eyes again and growled gently in my throat. One of Melissa’s hands moved up my thigh and gently held my balls, massaging them. The other was wrapped around my base. I have had Melissa take her time teasing a gentle build-up from my balls. This was not it. Instead of a light flicking of her tongue around my crown she sucked and stroked me, eager and aggressive.

“That’s it, give me that cum,” she said throatily.

“You’re in a hurry.” I might have panted a few times while trying to say it.

I heard the grin in her voice as she did a bad Chinese accent, “No time for love Mr. Carlo.”

“It’s Saturday and I don’t have my meeting until 2 so there’s plenty of time.”

She jacked me and pushed her throat down slowly suppressing her gag reflex and moved her hand out of the way to deep throat me. Damn, she had been serious when she said she was going to practice. She pulled all the way keeping her eyes on me, said one word, “no” and then went all the way back down again.

“What if I dragged you up here?”

God damn, she pulled up licking me with her tongue all the way up. Then with a very slight smile, she said, “Well, I’d probably spread my legs but later when Lavi gets that strap on you probably won’t get to see her use it on me, which would be a shame, wouldn’t it?” She went back to sucking me and squeezing my balls. In another pause, “Don’t you want to see Lavi’s big tits swinging around while she pounds me? You two could spit roast me and I’ll suck you off while your other wife fills me up.”

That did it, I had been trying to hold back but I think she felt me tighten up and prepare to cum since she held her head back just a bit and angled my cock so it would fly into her mouth and I could see each jet land on her tongue. That didn’t surprise me but the nymph’s next action did. She stood up and was fully dressed in jean shorts and a white t-shirt. She looked so much like she had the first time I met her. But instead of joining me, she tossed me my toiletry kit which had been in my bag and said: “Good boy, wash up.”

I reached over to the nightstand and grabbed my watch. It said 7:30. Something was up. I raised an eyebrow at her. “Where’s Lavi?”

Melissa stood there, clearly making sure I was going to do as instructed. “She’s been doing research.”

“Research?”

“We need to get going, especially if you want breakfast first.”

“What are we doing?”

She told me. I considered arguing. I wanted to argue. Shit, I wanted to pout like the kid whose mom was dragging him to an appointment he didn’t want to go to. But something told me this was not the fight to fight so I trudged into the bathroom and stood in a cold shower. I hate cold showers but apparently a nice beachfront hotel still can’t figure out how to heat water for everyone at once. After becoming presentable I went into the main room and Lavi was also in jean shorts and a t-shirt but hers was sea green. Where Melissa’s was form-fitting but not tight, Lavi’s was easily two sizes too large for her waist but just right for her bust and conveniently tied in front to provide the definition to put her breasts front and center.

I looked up the place on my phone and groused while the girls chatted about what to do while I was in my meeting. I then herded everyone down to the car and we headed to Little Havana. I found a place to park and loaded up the meter with quarters. Within minutes we were at the Versailles breakfast buffet. Two café con leches later with excellent Cuban coffee and I was starting to feel human again. Tostadas with black beans and some plantains were really helping too. The girls had a good appetite too, though the eggs and waffles were more to their liking.

“So, you’ve been here before,” Melissa asked. I must have been starting to look conversational as the last two attempts to talk I’d rebuffed with vague declarations about not being awake enough yet.

“Yeah, it’s been here at least since I was a teenager, and it’d been around a good while even then. By the way, have you heard from Picnic Girl since last night?”

“Picnic girl?” Asked Lavi.

“Yeah, red and white dress; looked like a picnic table cloth.”

Melissa looked at me sternly, “You felt her up last night and can’t remember her name? Just ... Picnic Girl?”

I shrugged. “I’m becoming senile and didn’t sleep well last night. This is your fault for marrying an old man.”

“Satyrs seem to have selective aging,” said Melissa as she cut up honeydew with a butter knife.

I sighed. “What do you want me to call her? The cute brunette with the nice ass?”

Lavi answered, “At least your priorities would be in the right place.” She grinned.

“Her name was Kelly, second year, Georgia, electronic engineering, ring a bell?” Lavi and I nodded solemnly. I’d noticed she had been annoyed like this with Lavi when she hadn’t remembered a few of the rising junior cheerleaders. “Well,” said Melissa, “I snapped her this morning but haven’t heard back. She’s probably busy. Hoping she can come over?”

“Not really,” I said. “I would have been fine with it last night if it just happened but I feel like this really is our honeymoon so I’d prefer just us.”

“Speaking of schedules,” Lavi said, “it’s almost nine.”

I responded, “It’s only a few blocks from this EKP place so we can walk there. I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

“You need it,” Lavi said between bites of eggs.

I tried giving her the eye but she was probably right. Even more important, it seemed to matter a lot to them for some reason. And if it was important to them I would accept it, even support it. This was why by 9 AM we were standing in front of EKP Men’s Custom Clothiers as it opened.

An older man removed the security gate and then opened the door, flipping a sign from closed to open. He was maybe in his seventies and inside I saw a younger man closer to my age tidying up at a counter. The older man was thin and caucasian with sparse black hair in an immaculate suit with a long tape measure around his neck. A tie that had concentric black and brown circles matched a circular cap on his head and made it seem appropriate with a three-piece suit. The fellow at the counter had a thick head of brown hair and was heavy set but also had a suit that managed to make him look dapper despite being soft.

“Hello, good morning,” the older shopkeeper said. He was clearly American by his accent but maybe first-generation, I could detect traces of other strong Germanic accents in his voice.

“Kipah?” Lavi asked him.

“Ken,” he replied.

Lavi replied with more sounds that I did not follow in the least. He lit up, however, and he responded with more, to my ears, gibberish. I looked at Melissa. She leaned towards me and whispered, “Lavi was asking about his hat and now they’re talking about why he’s here on a Saturday.”

“You know Hebrew?”

“No, but I know some common words so I got that far. After ‘sabbath’ though they lost me.”

She must have been heard as the gentleman looked embarrassed and said, “Oh, I am so sorry. I am being rude. I always enjoy getting to practice my Hebrew, so this is a pleasant surprise. I am Mr. Eckers.” He pointed to a sign on one wall that said, ‘Clothiers’ and underneath is said Eckers, Katzin, Perez proprietors. “I was explaining to this young lady that the other two tailors are sick and on vacation or I would not be here on the Sabbath. So, a new suit for you, good sir?”

“That’s what I’ve been informed.” I smiled with a bit of a grimace, not so much to complain but to make it clear he might as well just talk to Lavi to save us time.

Lavi added, “He needs it this morning. He flew here for a big meeting but his suit is zevel.” That made Mr. Eckers laugh and Lavi smiled sweetly at me. I made a mental note to look up ‘zevel’ in Hebrew later but I had a guess.

For the next age of the Earth, I was made to stand to attention while I was measured and a series of jackets were brought to me for me to model. I felt very exposed standing in the midst of mirrors so I could see myself from various angles. I had brought the Bee Keeper’s Apprentice hoping to have time to read but it was left on the floor at my foot so far. The jackets were, to me, expensive, probably excellent, and I was utterly at a loss of what I should say or how to respond. They all seemed fine to me and I said so. Apparently I was not trusted to have sound enough judgment in this, which was probably fair.

I think Lavi was getting annoyed. Her and Melissa’s reactions had steadily gone from “no” and “nah” to just irritated throat noises with visible frustration. The fellow from behind the desk, who turned out to be named Byers, was the attendant getting and taking back the jackets. He looked like he was wondering if it would be less work to move the mirror setup to the jackets than bring them all over one at a time.

“What’s wrong?” I finally asked.

“They’re ... just not right,” answered Melissa.

“Yeah, you don’t look comfortable in any of them,” Lavi said. Eckers just dismissed each with a motion for Byers to get a few more for me to try.

“Well ... I’m not. I’m not really a suit kind of person.”

That got the first reaction we had in a while from Mr. Eckhers. “Bah! There is a suit for everyone, we just have to find it.”

The three of them got to talking. So, now undirected by them I decided to pick up the book, removed the Thai delivery receipt bookmark, and started reading. I was almost done but still undecided about the book but I liked the protagonist. The pacing wasn’t as quick as I would like but there are few Holmesian inspired works I enjoy at all so less than perfect but good was still welcome. I had gotten about ten pages when I realized it was really quiet. I looked up to see Mr. Eckhers, Melissa, and Lavi watching me.

“What?” I asked.

“You are relaxed,” said Mr. Eckhers. “Your shoulders are down, slightly slouched, you enjoy reading?”

“Yeah.”

“Tell me about the book,” he said.

So, I did. He asked questions. I discussed the structure so far and the challenges in creating a modern addition to the Holmesian body that wasn’t a reinvention or homage.

“Ah, yes, I think I see now,” he said but I didn’t get the sense that he was talking about anything involving the book.

Stepping away Eckhers returned in a moment carrying a dark brown jacket. I put the receipt in the book and handed it to Melissa. I slid the jacket on and looked in the mirror. It was heavier than the others and I liked how it felt. I don’t know how to explain it. To my eye, the differences were minor but created a very different effect.

“You like that one I can tell,” said Mr. Eckers. He was grinning.

“Yeah, it looks like a sports coat I used to have when I worked as a TA in college. I had bought it from a second-hand store and patched it up.”

He laughed, “There are no patches, here. That is Italian wool, very fine and breathes well.”

“It’s not what I think of as a suit jacket.”

He shrugged. “Most people wear similar suits because they are similar people. This is more of a sports jacket like you said, but it is a valid alternative to the current popular style of suits with matching pants, which we have. It has pockets to put a book, glasses if you need them, but it is exquisitely made and with just a little time on my work table it will fit you perfectly.”

I looked over to the girls and they smiled with approval. Another while passed as I tried on a matching pair of pants and several white shirts. Mr. Eckers went to work in a back room while we waited. I read while the girls responded to a flurry of pings on their phones. I found out later Lavi had taken pictures of me being measured and had posted them to Instagram, with no caption which had created a storm of curiosity from her social circle. Apparently her responses that she was in Miami and helping her husband get a suit had created the kind of response she had hoped for.

Melissa rolled her eyes and turned her notifications off and was instead looking at the ties and shoes. After talking to Byers they picked out a set of shoes she felt would go with the suit and had me try them on for size. At no point was I actually consulted if I liked these, but I did. Soon a black dinner jacket, which just looked like a jacket to me, and a pair of black pants were added to the pile. I began to wonder if a little girl playing dress-up with their dolls was just preparation for doing this with the men in their lives.

When Melissa brought up the ties and started holding them up against me Mr. Eckhers was returning. “Hmmm...” he looked at the ties and at me. I did a final fitting and he invited Melissa to hold up the ties against my chest with the suit on. She did.

“I do not think he needs a tie with this suit,” Eckers said, “I think he looks more the bohemian professor without it.”

Melissa nodded and happily put the ties up. Soon the suit was done and it was edging towards noon. Eckhers came back as Byers was checking us out and shook my hand. “I was disappointed to have to work today on the Sabbath but it was a pleasure to meet and help you. He bowed gently to Melissa and Lavi, said, “ladies” in parting and then something in Yiddish to Lavi.

I paid for the suit and shoes which took a good chunk out of the money I wanted to spend this weekend and we dropped it all off in the car.

“When do you have to be back?” Melissa asked.

“Meeting is at two and it’s in the hotel. I’ll need maybe twenty minutes to review a few things first.”

“So ... maybe an early lunch at that cafe you mentioned?” Melissa said.

“Absolutely.”

We hit La Trova, which lived up to what I had read about it, and then got small ice creams from Azucar. I swore to myself that I would figure out how to duplicate that flan ice cream, it was amazing. While we walked we checked out the walk of fame, wandered in and out of several galleries. In short, we were tourists. We passed around our ice creams so we could try each of them. In one of the galleries, Lavi fell in love with paintings showing scenes of street life in Miami. Melissa commented that my living room needed some color and they would be perfect. The paintings it turned out were only for display not purchase but they had a gift shop with prints. I had Lavi and Melissa pick two out and arranged for them to be shipped to me.

We were walking back to the car when I felt pulled to the side quickly. Melissa had spotted a jeweler’s. “Huh?” I asked.

“A watch. I was trying to figure out what you needed with that suit, I think you need a new watch.” She was excited.

“I have a watch,” I said hesitantly.

“It’s cheap and doesn’t match the suit,” Lav supplied.

“I’ve had it forever.” Surely that counted for something.

“Lavi got you a suit, I’m picking a watch.” Apparently the shoes, shirts, and dinner wear didn’t count as a contribution. I shrugged and we all walked in. I had to admit the watch wasn’t in the best shape anymore and had been a cheap Army-Navy surplus purchase in my college years. I realized as I thought about it how I had a lot of individual things that I had been hanging onto for a long time.

We stepped into air conditioning and brightly lit displays with watches, rings, bracelets, and all manner of shiny things. Within minutes a Hispanic saleswoman named Maria had helped me try on several so I could see how they felt on my wrist.

“Let’s try that one,” Melissa told her, pointing to a chunky mechanical one. It felt a little heavy on my wrist and I said so.

Maria took it back and asked Melissa, “Your father?”

Melissa smiled back, “My lover.” Maria looked shocked and then put on a blank professional smile. That was also probably why Lavi then leaned over and gave Melissa a quick kiss on the lips. The girls giggled like school girls.

Concerned that another one of Melissa’s “daddy” moments was coming on I looked at her and whispered, “behave.” She didn’t say anything but smiled at me.

“Let’s try another one,” Maria said with diligent neutrality. Her expression occasionally shifted to one that looked like she had encountered a foul odor but apparently considered commission more important than whatever her personal feelings were. For the first time, I realized that the clothiers had never even asked about us.

Eventually, Melissa settled on a not heart-stoppingly so but expensive mechanical watch with a leather band that would match my new suit. As Maria walked away to ring it up I said to Melissa, “Really, for that much, it should give me a blow job.”

She traced her fingertips over what was the start of a bulge in my jeans with her back to the saleswoman. “Well, I’m not a watch but if we have time before your meeting maybe we can pick up where we left off this morning.”

That sounded like a really good idea but at that moment Lavi went “Mellie!” and motioned for Melissa to join her.

Melissa and I walked over and Lavi was looking at a display of rings that looked very modern. Maria walked over, “These are a new brand.” She pulled one from the display case. It was some kind of black metal wrapped around what looked like bright gold but the outside had a line offset from the center missing so you could see the interior metal.

She explained, “The outside is tungsten carbide, scratchproof and wear-proof. The outer shell provides complete protection for the interior. Inside is white gold, rose gold, or yellow gold. They are all eighteen carats, alloyed with other metals to give them durability and rigidity.”

One of those mysterious moments of communication went on between Melissa and Lavi and Melissa only said, “Perfect.”

Lavi pointed at me and Melissa, “Yellow, you have to.”

Melissa did a V shape with two of her fingers to point at Lavi and me at the same time. “Rose.”

“Okay,” Lavi replied, “So white for us?”

“We had pure love before romance, so ... yeah.” Melissa smiled.

Somewhere in the back of my head, I wondered if I should worry that this conversation made sense to me. I asked Maria, “Do you have these in a variety of sizes? We’re going to need six.”

Fortunately, it turned out all three of us had common ring sizes because these could not be resized. My next surprise came when I tried to pay for them. Melissa blocked me and said, “No, Lavi and I are going to split it.”

“Are you sure? These won’t be cheap, not six of them.”

“We both have some money and we can afford it.”

“I don’t mind,” I added.

“We actually had been planning to do something like this but hadn’t been anywhere we could,” Melissa said.

“Really?”

“Yep,” added Lavi, “I’d thought we’d just do plain gold bands but these are perfect, beauty surrounded by a hard protective shell, just like we’ll look out and protect our relationship.”

Melissa picked up, “You may be the breadwinner of this strange little family we’re building but you need to be reminded of something.”

“What’s that?” As I asked Lavi was handing Maria her card and Melissa was giving her a separate one telling her to split them.

“That we’re putting our claim on you,” Lavi answered.

“And I’m claiming you,” I said.

“It’s not the same because you already have,” said Melissa smiling as she shook her head making her earrings fly around, “but I want everyone to know and that’s what the rings mean, that everyone knows.”

“You’re ready to go to school wearing two wedding rings?” I asked.

She just nodded yes and that was that. We got the rings in little boxes and headed to the car but instead of going to the hotel I drove to South Beach and headed north.

“Where are we going?” asked Melissa. Lavi was on her phone again.

“Somewhere for us to put the rings on,” I replied.

“I thought we’d do it later,” Lavi said. “We can even wait to go home and do a ceremony.”

“If that’s what you both want, that’s fine or we can do it now, just the three of us; nothing else in the world mattering.”

Lavi looked unsure for just a second, maybe wanting the grand ceremony. Then she looked at Melissa’s beaming face and her doubt melted away. “Let’s do it,” is what she ended up saying.

We parked along the street and walked into the botanical garden. Small stone pagoda-like decorations and a red Japanese bridge covered a small stream. We made our way past small ponds and stopped under a huge tree that blocked out the sun. It took a little fumbling but we sorted out the boxes until we each had two rings meant for others. As we stood, I put the rings in my pocket and took their hands in mine, then they took each other’s hands.

I started. My stomach was a fist and I wanted to get it over, not because I didn’t want to do it but because I didn’t want to lose my nerve.

“Obviously we didn’t have time to prepare vows and I think we’ve done half of this relationship backward. Heck, we’re getting the rings on halfway through the honeymoon but I’m fine with that. Melissa, I love you. When you are with me you outshine the sun and when you’re not there you are the silence in my home. Lavi, I don’t understand you at all but you’re wonderful and if Melissa is my sun you are my flame, and you warm me and when you’re gone I feel colder.” I took a deep breath. “I’m terrified, this is a lot and it’s fast, and I’m all in and I keep expecting to freak out and so far I haven’t but I don’t even know how I haven’t, but thinking of us instead of me has become really easy really quickly and thank you both for being here with me. And I’m going to shut up because I’m babbling.”

Lavi giggled and spoke next, she looked happy and smiled. “Robert, I’ve never been very public about an attraction to men because it was rare and I liked women more anyway so it was easier to just be a dyke. You’ve woken up something in me I didn’t know I was missing, the desire to be a wife to a man and raise children. You’re smart and kind and dense at times and I’ve already learned you leave your towels on the floor all the time and I look forward to telling our children to be tidier with their laundry than their father. Melissa, you were and are my first love. I could have spent my entire life with you and be content but I didn’t think it would happen so I had consigned myself to looking for shadows of you. I imagined how it could be perfect and it hasn’t been at all what I imagined and it hasn’t been perfect and yet I’m happier than I ever imagined I could be.”

Melissa looked at us and was crying, overwhelmed by emotion. Lavi and I both stepped up and just hugged her. She sniffled and a few times she had to catch her breath. “I can do this.” Lavi and I pulled back but stayed near.

“I ... I’ve never really talked about this but Robert, when I met you I liked you right away. I wanted you. I thought you were smart and strong. I didn’t want to feel like a girl with a crush, but every time I was around you I felt like I suddenly regressed and it made me want to crawl in your arms even more. And ... do you remember this? ... we were reading Hurston, it was the third or fourth day and we were talking about when Janie says something about it being a marriage when she is with the boy under the pear tree?” I just nodded yes, I remembered. “I was thinking I understood her there, but I also didn’t. I’d had sex and it wasn’t that big a deal. But I wanted to hear your voice every day for the rest of my life. And while you made me feel like a child you talked to me like a woman and I felt that too.” She laughed suddenly, joyously, with tears still in her eyes. “That’s when I decided to be with you. You didn’t want me to be your idea of a cheerleader, a student, anything. You wanted me to just be me. Only two other people had ever done that. One was my brother and the other...”

Melissa turned to Lavi and continued. “The other was the love of my life that I’d always wanted and for some reason was scared to accept. I was the straight, blonde honor roll cheerleader. I might have a few lesbian fantasies but I couldn’t actually be that person. But I was and the truth is ... I was scared. I was scared to not be whatever other people saw me as. The truth is that while I was in the spotlight I was also left alone because I was what they wanted. It was my way to avoid conflict, being as perfect as I could be. Somehow once I climbed under Robert’s pear tree I felt more awake, I was still scared, heck I still am, but I’m more scared to not live and I could never be truly happy without you by my side.”

Lavi was starting to tear up too. “You stupid bitch.” And she kissed her best friend with passion. Then she turned and said to me, “Thank you,” and kissed me the exact same way. Then I leaned in and kissed Melissa, gently and then with passion while Lavi held us.

“So, one day are we going to tell our kids we married ourselves under a giant mangrove tree on South Beach?” asked Lavi.

“Is that what kind of tree this is?” I asked.

Melissa snorted. “You’re hopeless.”

“Probably but let’s do this,” I said.

Melissa took the first one and put it on Lavi’s finger. All she said was “I.”

Lavi picked up a rose gold one and made a ‘lift your hand’ gesture which I did. She put the ring on me and said simply, “Thee.”

I didn’t understand at first but after Lavi’s action, I did. I grabbed the smaller yellow gold one and put it on Melissa’s finger saying, “Wed.” Then I took the remaining rose gold and restarted the circle with “I” as I put it on Lavi’s finger. Within seconds “Thee” accompanied Lavi putting her ring on Melissa’s finger and Melissa finished with “Wed” as she slid the other yellow gold ring on to sit next to the rose gold one I was already wearing. It occurred to me we had done the circle twice, just as we all had two rings, and the rings were themselves two circles.

Looking at the loves of my life I was sure it wasn’t a coincidence.

Then we needed pictures. I was confident we didn’t need as many photos as they took but it made them happy. Two men walking nearby with a small dog were giving us looks and I jogged over. They were happy enough to take pictures for us so we could all be in the frame without being squished.

Suddenly, Melissa’s and my phone dinged together with a reminder for a scheduled appointment. “Shit, we gotta go, your meeting,” she said. We walked back to the car nearly at a run. I reviewed some notes on my phone which was functional if not ideal while Lavi drove. Once in the hotel I headed into the lobby bathroom and got in my new suit in a stall, passing my normal clothes to Melissa and Lavi who waited outside.

I gave them both quick kisses. I walked down the hallway to the meeting room reserved for the retreat and pulled my left hand up. I had a new watch on my hand, larger than my old one and its weight was still odd but it was the two glints of gold that caught my eyes. I was one minute late and I knew it was important but I really didn’t care. The most important things in the world were waiting for me upstairs.