**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 19**

“Of course I’d fuck him,” said Lavi loudly.

I still had the door handle in my hand as I heard that coming from the living room of the hotel accommodations but I decided to quietly close the door and pause to listen more.

“He’s ancient!” Replied Melissa.

“But awesome, and you’re one to talk about age. Besides he was probably around Robert’s age when he did Dr. Who.”

Dr. Who?

“Yeah, but way older now,” said Melissa.

“I’d still fuck him,” clearly with a defensive tone.

“You’d give him a heart attack.”

“Well, he could tie me up with that scarf so he controls the speed.”

Melissa started laughing, “You skank.”

I was smirking as I walked in. “So, you’d fuck Tom Baker?”

Melissa and Lavi were in the living room area and watching one of the Dr. Who episodes with Romana but I didn’t recognize it. They were on opposite ends of the couch, their feet intertwined, and full drinks at hand. They lifted their legs and I got in the middle which immediately meant I was playing host to four feet with battling toes.

“Sure,” Lavi said, “everyone has a celebrity list, right?”

“I always called them hall passes,” I said.

“Who would you fuck if you could fuck anyone?” Asked Melissa.

“You two,” I said.

Both of them rolled their eyes. “That’s sweet,” said Lavi, “but seriously.”

“Well, I’ve seen plenty of women who are attractive. Emma Stone comes to mind. When I was a kid it had to be Pamela Hensley.”

“Who,” Melissa asked?

“Search for ‘Princess Ardala Buck Rogers’” I said.

Melissa had her phone out instantly. A second later she passed it to Lavi.

“Not my type,” said Lavi, “but I wouldn’t kick her out of bed.” She passed the phone back.

“Prepubescent you had good taste,” said Melissa, grinning. “Any others?”

“Carolina Munro,” not waiting for the question I supplied, “search for ‘Golden Voyage of Sinbad’.”

Melissa wolf-whistled a second later and passed the phone to Lavi again. As Lavi looked Melissa said, “You know I think I’m detecting a pattern with these harem girl outfits.”

I shrugged. “What can I say, young me was heavily influenced by reading a not at all child-appropriate old paperback of the translated Arabian Nights my mom bought for me from a used book store. What about you though?”

“What about me, what?” Melissa asked.

“Who would you want a hall pass for?”

She blushed. “Natalie Portman or Freeman Agyeman.”

“Martha Jones from Dr. Who?”

“Yeah.”

“Any men?” I pressed.

“Um.” She was fidgeting.

“I know,” singsonged Lavi.

Melissa shot her a glare that could have wilted a flowering plant.

“Out with it,” I said. “Things that make you tick you should be able to share with your husband.”

“You didn’t tell me any current celebrities you’d fuck,” She retorted.

“I don’t know if I’d really fuck any celebrity,” I said. “Sure there are some I find hot and I can give a much longer list of those, Kate Upton, Scarlett Johanson, Natalie Dormer...”

I was interrupted by Lavi, “Oh god, she made me wet as Moriarty on Elementary.” I could only nod in absolute agreement. Melissa nodded more gently but in agreement as well.

“But,” I continued, “I could meet them and have zero chemistry so who really knows. Sexiness is personality as well as appearance. Sure Natalie Dormer as Moriarty was stunning but would she be as herself? I don’t know.”

Melissa steeled herself, “That’s fair. So ... Edward Norton.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

Lavi giggled. “He’s not saying you can actually fuck him but you’ve put women straight in his path for the last two days on our honeymoon. He felt one up. What do you think he’s going to say?”

“That is so different,” Melissa said.

Lavi turned to me to reply instead of to Melissa, “She’s wanted that dick since she saw The Illusionist.” Suddenly an ice cube flew past me and got Lavi right on her face.

“Bitch!” Melissa roared.

Lavi stuck her tongue out at Melissa. Melissa pouted but I rubbed her foot. “It is fine. I told you before, I would think it odd to be the only man you looked at. It doesn’t mean I’d be fine with you actually sleeping with him.” She seemed mollified by that.

“So, Lavi, you liked giving Melissa grief, who would you want a hall pass for?”

“Oh, I’ll just go with your list Robert, you seem to have good taste, maybe add a few like Margot Robbie, Jennifer Lawrence, Britney Spears...”

Melissa, “You can’t stand her music!”

Lavi grinned, “Doesn’t mean she wouldn’t fit between my thighs.”

Melissa threw her hands up in frustration. “You’re impossible.” Lavi wiggled her butt in response and traced a fingertip along the inside of her thigh. Melissa rolled her eyes but I noticed she also looked back to watch it slide up. I was watching too.

“So...” Lavi said. “How did the meeting go?”

“Huh?” It took me a split second. Lavi could be very distracting. “Pretty well. We reviewed the project and talked about the technical aspects of some others. They got some very high level free consulting from me, which they’ll probably compare with their own people’s notes just to see what I said differently. The final statement was that they wanted to, how did they put it, ‘explore opportunities to find partnerships that leverage our unique skills’.”

“That sounds good,” Melissa said.

“I think so. Tony seemed pleased and he knows how those people think better than I do.”

“Hmmm...” Melissa sat up and moved to my lap and started unbuttoning my shirt. “Well, I reserved a beach umbrella and chairs at 4 o’clock. So ... do you know what time it is?”.

“A little after three?”

“Well, I don’t know about that,” said Melissa, “but I know it’s finally time for love Mr. Carlo.”

I ran my hands under her shirt and up her back. “I think that sounds absolutely lovely Mrs. Carlo.”

She wiggled her butt on me, “I like the sound of that.” She jumped up and grabbed Lavi’s hand. “You too, Mrs. Carlo, I want to eat you.” Lavi’s eyes lit up. She clearly liked that idea.

They started walking hand in hand into the bedroom as I followed. “You could have gotten started without me, you know.” I took the jacket off and walked over to the closet to hang it up as the girls started taking their shirts off.

“We had planned to, but we ran an errand after you went to the meeting. We’d just made drinks and sat down when you got back,” offered Lavi.

“Errand?” I turned around to see Lavi laid back on the bed, her legs straight up in the air working her shorts off.

“Oh, that’s a surprise for later,” said Lavi. She got the shorts and panties off in a single motion and lay back, large breasts sliding toward her sides. She had the firmness of youth but gravity would not be denied when they were that big. At the same time, Melissa was stepping out of her own shorts. As soon as she was naked she put her earlier declaration to action and was between Lavi’s thighs licking at her sex. I took my time putting up my suit and watched as Melissa spread Lavi’s lips and made love to her with tongue and mouth. Lavi just lay back and purred with delight.

I walked by Melissa and with a swat made her left butt cheek bounce. She wiggled her butt at me but I crawled up on the bed next to Lavi and lifted one of her breasts that was lying flat and lifted it up to my mouth. I suckled on her nipple like a baby except for occasional licks and she brought an arm around me and held me to her. I felt her fingernails on my back, like tiny spikes where she gripped me.

After a while, I removed my mouth and shifted up to be near her ear and with a whisper started talking to Lavi, “Do you like that?” She moaned affirmatively. “You like that blonde-haired cheerleader eating your snatch?”

“God yes,” she replied.

“What’s Hebrew for a slut?”

“Sha ... r ... lila.” She barely finished the word because she was gasping.

“I’m not sure I got that. Sharlila?” I teased her nipple with my fingertips. She nodded. “You know, I noticed that all the girls you added for your list were blonde-haired blue-eyed, classic shiksas.”

“Uh-huh.” It was kind of a grunt but it was affirmative.

I kept whispering, pulling hard on her nipple, “I wonder how you’d look with a tramp stamp, something like sharlila for shiksas.”

She replied by leaning over and kissing me, violently attacking my mouth with hers. When she disengaged for air she was coherent again and eyes blazing. One hand had reached over and was stroking me, making my cock jump with each motion. Her other hand pulled my head forward so that now her lips were to my ear and it was her turn to whisper. “You better get down there and fuck our wife. And if you want to brand me the only ones I’ll be a slut for both you and her. The rest can get one their knees for the chance to eat my pussy.”

I pulled back and stroked her cheek. “That’s my lioness.” I moved behind Melissa who was still busy enjoying Lavi’s taste and with pleasure ran my thumb through her folds. She was already moist and I added to it by spitting on my thumb and gently working it in. She wasn’t fully aroused yet busy as she was focusing on Lavi but I felt her vagina loosen to invite me in. That was all the invitation I needed to line my cock up and pressed in. Once I was a few inches in I moved my hands to her hips and slowly began the luxurious in and out motion.

Melissa broke from her administrations to Lavi long enough to whimper, “That’s it, give it to me.”

I smacked her cheek. “Oh, you’ll get it. But I’m going to take my time.”

Melissa whimpered at me and Lavi reached down to play with her now neglected pussy. Melissa took the hint and put her tongue back to work. Despite our frequent passion, Melissa was still ridiculously tight and often had me ready to seed her like far too quickly for my liking so after a few minutes I paused to let myself calm down and took the opportunity to start to finger that delicious looking asshole.

She paused with Lavi again, “That’s it, finger my asshole you bastard, you want to fuck that ass?”

“I do, but not right now.” Leaving my pinky in there I started thrusting again. We continued for a while, Lavi seemed to be lost in being eaten though she occasionally opened her eyes and looked at me and smiled. Every couple of minutes Melissa would have a tiny orgasm and I would pull my finger out to wet it and push it back in, stimulating her ass as I fucked her again. After another five minutes or so I knew I wouldn’t last long so I tried to hold it back as best I could and started speeding up, slamming into Melissa as hard as I could. Each time she got pushed up and her face smooshed into Lavi’s crotch, which she didn’t seem to mind at all.

“That’s it,” Lavi said, “cum in the little slut while she eats me.” I replied by doing my favorite job in the world and fucked Melissa until it was painful to hold back further and then she came, came screaming right into Lavi’s pussy which must have been a novel sensation since Lavi started laughing. Melissa thrashed her right, slapping the bed like a drum as she came. She lay limply for a moment before Lavi poked her.

“Come here,” Lavi said. Melissa obeyed and scooted up the bed. Lavi scooted her hair out of her face and kissed her. “You’re so beautiful.”

While they traded little lip kisses I noticed Lavi was still playing with her clit and Melissa was massaging her own lips occasionally taking a stray trace of our combined juices and coating her lips with them. I was still hard as steel and crawled between Lavi’s still open legs and while they were kissing pushed in. I fucked her gently while Melissa reached down and took over for Lavi’s hand and within minutes we had her arching her back in a long silent orgasm. To my surprise, I came again or at least had the sensation of it though I doubt I had anything to shoot into her.

We all lay there recovering, I was lying between Lavi’s legs, my head on her stomach while Melissa lay still beside her.

I think I fell asleep for a few minutes but awoke to Lavi’s soft voice floating through my consciousness. “You know what we forgot to try out?”

Melissa’s voice, however, was sharp and woke me the rest of the way up. “Oh yeah, Little Robby. I’d totally forgotten.”

“Huh?” I managed.

“Well... “ started Melissa.

Lavi continued, “We took your card and went to a local toy shop. I had ordered that dildo for Melissa that was about your size and I decided I wanted a Little Robby of my own.”

“And,” Melissa picked back up now running her hand through my hair, “we might have picked up a few other memory makers too.”

“Such as?”

“Those are surprises.” They said together and then giggled as a pair. With a sigh, I got up to pee. It was nearly four so we rinsed off and headed to the beach. We had a good two hours to enjoy it. This time our beach attendant was a girl, not a boy. She gave both the girls an eye and me this time after Lavi and Melissa both gave me deep kisses to establish I was not a parent. This time I decided to start off with a swim and they resumed their tanning regimen.

The beach girl was cute and I saw Melissa gently flirt with her a few times but the girl didn’t respond so she dropped it. So, there were actual women immune to her flirtations. That was good to know. A few guys dropped by but they seemed to take the hint much better than the ones yesterday. After a few hours of sun and surf, we went back in to get ready for dinner.

We came in from the beach and sat around cooling down for a little bit. Lavi turned the television to a music channel and a mix of 80s and 70s pop hits filled the room at a high volume. We all rehydrated and took showers. I climbed in first and Lavi joined me in the shower. I enjoyed rubbing against her and she enjoyed teasing me in response. I got out while Lavi was still washing her hair and Melissa took my place. Apparently the hotel did a better job with its hot water heater in the middle of the day. I was reading the news and email when Lavi got out. I knew from experience that Melissa would take a while washing her hair. Soon Lavi was clad in a matching black bra and panties and was fiddling around at the sink with something.

I looked over at her. “A preview?”

She grinned back but didn’t respond, walked over, leaned over to kiss me, and let her heavy breasts hang in front of me, gave them a shake, and wandered back. I noticed that I never did see what she had in her hands.

“We’ll get dressed in the bathroom,” she yelled to me before I heard the bathroom door shut again.

These girls were going to kill me and I was going to die happy. I caught up on everything that looked interesting and went into the bedroom. Lavi put out my dinner wear for me. Everything was laid out on the bed in little piles, even socks, and shoes. I was trying to decide if this was more them telling me what to do or being wifely. I decided to go with the second. Sometimes you just have to choose to be happy with things. Imagining them in French maid outfits while doing it helped too. So, with a smile, I started to get dressed.

I was tying my shoes when they came out. Lavi came out first. She had said she would turn heads but keep it classy and she had. It was a classic little black dress with straps that went over her shoulders and the length went to her knees. It was form-fitting but not skin tight and showed her hourglass figure off. The top exposed a healthy portion of her cleavage and I couldn’t help but wonder if she spilled anything if the entire restaurant would ask to help clean it up. Her hair tumbled in curly ringlets down her shoulders. On each ear were her fire opal earrings and her two wedding rings featured on her hand. She carried a small black clutch and stood on three-inch heels that made her legs look nice. A couple of decorative black and red bracelets on her right hand offset the whole thing. Forget turning heads, she might cause some men, and women, to walk into walls.

Unfortunately fear kept me from fully enjoying it. I knew I was in trouble. It had not escaped my notice that usually Melissa came out first in something more traditional to let me get the one-two punch with Lavi having the dramatic follow-up. Now Lavi was the warm-up. Melissa came out and it was just goddamn unfair what it did to me. It felt like someone had just lobotomized me as I took the sight in. Like Lavi, she wore heels, but hers were five inches high, which brought her to a statuesque height. The dress was red and if Lavi’s was form-fitting this was a second skin. Melissa had a combination of muscle and softness that was a woman at her prime and this dress not only showed it but challenged you to pay attention. It was a dark, vibrant red and went down to her ankles but was cut high on the left to mid-thigh, exposing that leg in a red stocking as she walked.

Where the cut stopped a floral pattern of semi-transparent black lace in a rose pattern started and meandered up to her hip, across her stomach, and to her breasts. Once at her bust it created a wide V shape that covered her cleavage and flowed up to become the straps that went over her shoulders. The lace wouldn’t have been so dramatic if it hadn’t been nearly transparent inviting you to try to stare through the lace. Her straight blonde hair hung around her head like a crown. She turned around and the lace connected with her shoulder blades and then went down to create a large oval, leaving her back exposed from her neck to the small of her back just above her ass. I flashed back to Thursday morning when she said ‘Remember, you asked for this.’ So, I had.

“Um ... want to stay here?” I asked.

“Nope,” giggled Lavi. “You have to show us off.” Lavi was obviously enjoying my shock and she drank Melissa in with her eyes as deeply as I was.

That was when my phone played a piece of piano music. I ignored that. My phone rang again. “Want to get that?” Melissa asked while she cocked her hips and put one hand on her left hip while holding her clutch. Oh, yeah, she had a purse too. That had slipped my mind while my brain had shut off.

“Uh, sure.” With a sigh of resignation, I grabbed the phone and looked at the messages. “Tony wants to get drinks before dinner. He just mentioned to his wife that I’m going with two girls and warned her we’re polygamous. Apparently he thinks it’s best to rip the band-aid off before we have dinner with the guy from the oil company.”

“I take it she doesn’t approve?” asked Lavi.

“I guess. His exact phrasing was ‘she is fit to be tied so keep shields up’,” I replied.

Melissa looked at Lavi, “Good practice?”

“Yep,” was the reply.

We went down and caught a cab. I decided to not drive so I could have a few drinks. The taxi brought us to the restaurant quickly and I checked in, saying we were with the Montgomery party but would be in the bar with others until dinner started. As we moved doors were sprung open by men. A doorman at the main entrance of the restaurant was nearly bowled over by a middle-aged fellow who I think wanted nothing more in the world than some acknowledgment from the goddess that was Lavi. Another stared at Melissa as if he was memorizing her and appeared unaware of the glares the woman with him was giving him. Once we walked into the bar the girls flanked me. There wasn’t room to walk three abreast, so they stood immediately behind me, their arms interlaced and clearly both with me.

I spotted Tony, a shortish man with Filliponio heritage at the bar with what I guessed was his wife. Tony was short but fit, and I knew he did a fair bit of running. I’d never met his wife before but she fit his description of her. She was dyed blonde and I’d have to guess about my age, about Tony’s height, maybe 5’6” and looked like she dieted and did the gym until she forgot that a bit of body fat could actually be healthy. I walked up.

“Robert!” Tony grabbed my hand in a firm handshake. He looked to Melissa and Lavi and missed just a single beat as he absorbed their appearance, “These must be your ladies!” He turned to them in turn, “Melissa and Lavi, right?”

“Yep,” Melissa said and returned his warm simile.

“I don’t speak any Russian though,” said Lavi giggling.

Tony looked confused but then laughed. “He told you about that eh?”

“I did,” I said. “They thought it was very funny.”

“My wife, Phillipa,” said Tony, stepping back and putting his arm around the woman.

I extended my hand, “Robert, Lavi, Melissa,” I said pointing to each as Phillipa shook my hand.

Melissa said, “A pleasure” as she reached out her hand but Phillipa pretended to not see it. Lavi didn’t bother trying.

“Glad to meet you all. Drinks?” Phillipa didn’t actually look at any of us as she said it.

Tony, ever the spokesman, called over the bartender. “Another gin and tonic for me. Robert?”

“Rum and coke.”

Tony turned to Lavi, “You?”

Phillipa coughed. “Perhaps we should make sure the girls are old enough to drink dear.”

“A mango mule will be fine,” said Lavi.

“Shirley ginger,” added Melissa.

“Great!” He passed on the order and we all moved from the bar itself to a nearby table. “So,” Tony picked back up, “this should be a piece of piss. You did great this afternoon Robert, they have a few hold outs but since Montgomery is their point man I’m guessing they’ve decided it’s really in his hands now. The good news is I know him. Results matter to him.”

I shrugged. “All I can do is my best at any given time. I can’t promise results.”

“And I don’t expect it but just be a little less about statistics and a bit more confidence about results, got me?”

“All right, all right, I’ll try to be more ... positive and less, ‘here’s the number spread’.”

“Thanks, that’s all we need!”

A waiter now came over with our drinks. “We have two mocktails here...”

Phillipa decided to assist. “The ... virgin ... drinks go there.” She pointed at Melissa and Lavi.

Lavi smiled sweetly and Lavi reached out to take them, “Thank you! I know a mango mule has a ton of calories but I’ll burn them off after dinner, I’m sure.”

The waiter was a young man and blushed while he asked who got what else and passed the drinks out. Phillipa did not look amused. She turned to her husband. “Tony, I didn’t know you paid enough for mistresses, do you think you should pick one up?”

Lavi was sitting next to me so I squeezed her knee under the table as she started to say something to stop her. Unfortunately, Melissa was on Lavi’s other side and I couldn’t get to her.

“Oh, you know what they say, a good woman or two can help relieve all kinds of life’s burdens from a man.” Melissa took a sip and after a single beat of silence added. “Maybe he should consider starting with one.” She stared Phillipa in the eyes. Well, that didn’t take long I thought.

“So... “ Tony interjected. “What are you girls studying?”

“Oh, we haven’t started classes yet. Our senior year starts next week,” offered Melissa.

“Senior ... as in college...” Tony suddenly realized he had walked off the deck of the ship. Melissa did not throw him a life raft.

“High school. We’re seniors in high school, both cheerleaders.” Melissa said sweetly. What color there had been in Phillipa’s face bled out.

“So, girls, how old are you?” She asked the question as if she wasn’t grinding her teeth, though it sounded a bit like she was.

“Eighteen,” they answered together.

Phillipa took a big sip from her drink and motioned to a waiter as if to indicate another margarita. Fortunately, the zero-tolerance attitude Melissa and Lavi had taken resulted in minimal bloodshed as Phillipa retreated a bit. She joined us with occasional comments as the five of us discussed what we had done so far in Miami and what we might get up to tomorrow. If Phillipa’s part of the conversation was terse at least she was trying to not be a complete wet blanket and even with her obvious disdain she smiled at Tony occasionally and squeezed his hand, clearly not angry with him.

Eventually, I left to check the status of our table and found it was ready. I came back to find everyone behaving themselves. We got up to go to the table and ran into Laurence Montgomery, just arriving himself with his wife. I had only met Laurence today but knew from Tony that he was in his mid-50s, from the northeast of the US, and had a couple of degrees in business and geology from good schools. What I discovered today in the meeting was that he was a bit round, bald, black, and had the most insightful questions of anyone in the meeting, at least of my work. That made sense as he was the head of their division that located mining sites and if we worked together he and our company would have to have a comfortable working relationship.

He greeted us, learned everyone’s name, and introduced his wife, Annaliese, a stately black woman, average height with strong features. She seemed genuinely glad to meet us. She lost that composure for a moment but recovered it quickly when she met Lavi and Melissa. We all got seated. I was between my wives and held out the chair for Melissa while Lavi waited and then did the same for her.

“I don’t know about anyone else but I’ve had a lot of seafood and Cuban pork the last few days. A good steak sounds excellent,” I said.

“I like that plan,” Laurence said. “They buy from a farm up in the panhandle and fly the meat in fresh every day, butcher it on site. And if you’re up for it they have some wonderful selections for after-dinner drinks.”

“I don’t drink it frequently but I do like scotch,” I said.

“We have a plan then!” Laurence was clearly excited to play host and eager to please. It was charming in a silly way and I found myself liking him. This was when the waiter arrived to pass us menus. It was nice to have something to pretend to look at instead of people.

“Are we all going to have steaks?” Laurence asked. All of us nodded except Phillipa who was undecided. Laurence decided that was enough to get the waiter to supply at least one bottle of a nice red vino. He added appetizers to the order and we settled in to wait.

Tony, ever the people person, turned to Laurence’s wife, “Annaliese, do you work with Laurence?”

She laughed, “Oh no, I’m a high school teacher.”

Phillipa smirked, “Oh what a coincidence, Robert’s girls here are still in high school.”

Annaliese looked around. “Excuse me?” Clearly she was hoping she hadn’t heard correctly.

Melissa was red but it was Lavi who put her water down and said, “Let’s get past this. Mellie and I are eighteen, high school seniors and she is the love of my life. We have been inseparable since we were in 8th grade. She fell in love with Robert and after a while, I saw why and fell for him too. We’re making it work. There is nothing sordid in our relationship.”

Silence hung over the table a minute.

Laurence broke the silence. “Well, I tried balancing two girlfriends in college and I couldn’t do it...”

“You should have let them date each other too, it would have given you days off,” Melissa said, completely deadpan. That took a second to sink in and then Tony and Laurence started laughing. A bit of a smile touched Annaliese’s eyes.

“Hmmm” Annaliese looked thoughtful, “what do your parents think? Do they know?”

Melissa answered first, “I only have my mom. She is accepting it but no, she’s not happy. Fortunately, I am. I am thankful for her though. She makes me question what I’m doing so I’m more sure than ever it’s the right thing.”

Lavi, “I found out after meeting Robert that my mom knew him from college. She said he was the most supportive man she ever met of her being a writer before my dad. She’s happy for me.”

She snapped her head towards Lavi a bit. “Lavi,” Annaliese said, “that’s a pretty name. This is probably a coincidence but your mom is a writer? A writer I recommend to my students quite a bit has mentioned a daughter named Lavi in a couple of her introductions.”

Lavi perked up. “Sylvia Newton? Yeah, that’s mom, it’s a pen name, well the Newton part.”

“Really? That’s amazing. So ... you must know my next question.”

“If it’s about mom’s writing I can think of a few she gets a lot.”

“A second Gates book?”

Lavi grinned, “Let’s just say the outline is nearly done. Once she has that she doesn’t necessarily stick to it but she’ll be off and running. But I don’t know where it is in her priorities, she’s been doing a ton of YA workshops for writers called the Red Pen and I know she’s been really wanting to do more.”

“Uh...” I had to interject, “excuse me, Lavi?”

“Yes, love?”

“Sylvia does workshops called the Ren Pen?”

“Yeah, with young writers learning discipline and learning to take a critical eye to their own work.”

I grinned. “Oh, I’m so going to give her crap about that...”

Lavi snorted a short laugh, “Why?”

“When I used to edit her stories I used a red ballpoint pen. She hated that thing so much. She once said she wanted to ... uh, do something biologically unpleasant to me with it. She swore, up and down, that she would never make anyone deal with her using a red pen on their papers.”

Lavi looked amused as hell while Annaliese grinned and said, “Oh, I understand that! I always hated those red marks, especially in math that was my worst subject. In fact, I use a purple pen to try to be kinder when I grade papers.”

“So,” I ventured, “what do you teach?”

“English Literature and grammar, mostly advanced placement prep classes though.”

Melissa added, “I’m looking forward to AP this year. That’s how Robert and I started talking. I was reading “Their Eyes Were Watching God” from my summer reading list and he happened to be reading it right then and we just started getting to know each other.”

Sometime during this, the waiter had shown up and poured wine for everyone. Phillipa stared daggers at the wine glasses in front of Lavi and Melissa but apparently had chosen to not interrupt the flow of conversation. I also noticed Tony whispering in her ear which might have included a reminder of what this night meant for the company.

“Did you like it?” Annaliese asked.

“The book?” Melissa replied, “I did. I thought it was really powerful but I’m not sure I have all the life experiences to appreciate some of it yet.”

“You’re making some pretty big decisions right now without those experiences now,” Laurence’s wife said. I could hear that studied measure teachers use in their voices. I’d used it when I was a TA when asking students to challenge their own assumptions about a theme or plot point.

Lavi shrugged and picked up the conversation, “We’re eighteen, of course, we lack some experiences. Every eighteen year old is mucking up their life every second. Would you blink if I got married right out of high school to a boy my age?”

“I might say you should give yourself until after college,” Annaleise replied.

“But you wouldn’t think it was inappropriate?” Lavi pushed.

“Well, no, of course not.”

“Don’t underestimate a man who will research your grandmother’s latkes to make them for you.” Lavi wiggled her fork with a piece of cured beef sausage from the appetizer tray at the school teacher who smiled in response.

Melissa followed up, “And the truth is, I like older men and I’m not going to wait until I’m forty to marry the kind of man I like. And he’s not just the kind of man I like, but a man I love deeply.” Annaliese nodded as if to concede the point to Melissa.

Now Phillipa directed herself at me with a fake sweetness to her voice. “Do you let these girls speak for you? You haven’t said anything.”

I put the menu down. The deserts didn’t look that interesting. As if talking to a small child I replied, “Phillipa, they were speaking for themselves, they don’t need me to speak for them. But if they choose to, they can certainly speak for me, I’m fine with it. I trust them. Besides, I’m just glad they put up with me despite being a slob with my laundry, especially in the bathroom.”

That was when Annalease started to choke with laughter on her wine. After a moment she regained herself.

“Sorry,” I said. I smiled at her when I said it and was glad to see her responding in kind.

“No, that’s fine. Laurence and our son do it too, that’s why I was laughing.” She looked over at Lavi and Melissa, “Is this a male thing? I didn’t have brothers growing up.”

“My brother wasn’t like that,” said Melissa, “but he’s also gay. Maybe it’s a straight guy thing.”

Lavi, “Like they can’t mark territory the old fashioned way so they leave clothes around to place scent?”

“I like that theory,” the older woman said. Laurence and I exchanged looks of shared silent suffering. Tony wisely stayed silent but I saw a look from him that indicated he might be guilty too.

Analiese, “Don’t take this the wrong way Robert, but I have to admit when I heard you had two young wives I assumed you were maybe old school Mormon or some kind of Don Juan.”

Melissa snorted. “Robert? I was his first relationship for a decade. When we met he just stayed at home with his bees, read books, worked and cooked.”

“Now,” Lavi said, “he does the exact same things except with us around.”

“And that’s how I like him,” Melissa said.

“America is way too obsessed with the extroverts,” added Lavi. “More than Israel was.”

Laurence looked thrilled to have a point of conversation to make, “Have you read “Quiet” by Susan Cain?”

“Uh, no,” Lavi answered.

“Great book; it talks about that exactly.”

“I’ll read it. Right now I’m reading a Michael Chabon book.”

That led to a round-robin of ‘what are you reading now.’ Some time passed with Melissa, Laurence, Annaeleise, Tony, and I exchanging book recommendations. Phillipa and Lavi were the odd people out not being voracious readers but they had their own things to contribute and the conversation forked multiple times. Melissa ended up talking with Tony about dance. It turned out he loved to dance and was taking a jazz dance class. I’d had no idea, but it wasn’t as if he and I shared notes about life much. Tony’s wife even joined in after a while, apparently being his dance partner and she seemed for a while to forget that she was supposed to be a snippy bitch.

Meanwhile, Lavi was chatting to Laurence about stained glass. Lavi had quite an interest in art history and had dabbled in various crafts including making stained glass. Laurence had his own pottery studio at home and had wanted to branch out. He was also fascinated by her growing up in Israel and apparently had a cousin who had converted to Judaism and visited Israel every few years. Before dinner was over Laurence was subscribed to her Instagram channel to follow her crafts. I wondered if he realized how many more flirty photos she posted. I suspected he wouldn’t mind those too given his discreet glances at her cleavage. I couldn’t blame him.

At one point I noticed that Melissa was squirming occasionally as if something was bothering her in how she was seated. I leaned over, “Dress not fit quite right?”

She looked back at me and I couldn’t read her expression. “Nope, it’s fine.” Huh. But dinner moved on.

Laurence’s wife quizzed me on my interest in African American writers. I told her the truth, that as an undergrad I’d been drawn to 20th-century American literature and something about southern writing spoke to me. Growing up in the rural south before we moved to Atlanta it felt real to me and the stories that were written by female writers often felt the most personal so when I’d started working on my master’s thesis it had been on scapegoating themes in African American literature. She, it turned out, had her master’s in education but undergrad in English Literature, like me focusing on 20th Century American. As the night went on I ended up sharing some of my life stories and why I had to drop out of my master’s program.

“It sounds like you were almost done,” she said.

“Yep, I was in my last semester, I only needed to finish two classes,” I replied. The steak was tender and wonderful with the fried onions.

“And you couldn’t do it remotely?” She asked.

“Not back then, not the classes I needed and my mom was going to be homeless. I could do it now but my credits will have all aged out I think. I’d have to start over from scratch and I’ve, well, moved on.”

“You really didn’t date for a decade? After that?”

“I actually was in one serious relationship after grad school but after that ended, yeah, it was a decade of pretty much being alone. I think I went on three dates during that time, each set up by someone else. Each was horrible. One woman actually went to the bathroom and never came back. I was grateful to not have to find a way to sneak out myself.”

“I remember those days.” She leaned forward conspiratorially. “I think I may have done that to a few guys.”

I held up my wine glass. “Let’s toast to ending bad dates early and joy in life.” She clinked hers gently with mine.

“So you have good taste in 20th-century lit but what about the 21st ... have you read any N.K. Jemisin?” she asked.

“Oh yes, I have.” I grinned like a mad man.

We finished up dinner and went into dessert and coffee as Annaliese and I discussed afro-futurism and the African influence on aesthetics in science fiction and fantasy. I had read everything Nemison had written. I had found the Broken Earth books wonderful for their combination of racial and ecological justice themes. Was that itself African diaspora? We debated that point back and forth, I argued it had a special prominence but wasn’t truly unique. We debated the merits of various writers. I found Okorafor’s writing flat and unimaginative. We were not going to agree there but I recommended Andrea Hairston and she recommended Nalo Hopkinson. We exchanged emails and promised to read some of the other’s recommendations and exchange impressions by email.

Frequently I’d reached under the table to stroke Lavi or Melissa’s thighs. They, in turn, played with me lightly, just fingertips that kept me very awake. At one point their hands ran into each other and they spent a moment holding hands over my crotch.

By now everyone else had ended up in a free-for-all discussion that drifted topic to topic while Annaliese and I were in our own little universe. The table had quieted a bit because Melissa had broken into Lavi’s chat to share pictures of the wall art she took yesterday. Laurence after looking at the pictures listened to me and his wife. Then he looked at us and said “Robert, you are officially invited to dinner anytime you want at my place. My wife doesn’t get to argue about books like this with me. I may actually get a peaceful meal with you there!”

Annaelease elbowed her husband gently, “We’re not arguing dear, we’re discussing, it’s different.” I nodded in agreement. From the corner of my eye, I saw Tony grinning. From a rough start, this seemed to be going well.

The dessert plates and coffee were cleared away and Laurence clapped his hands. “Who is up for a nightcap? I think since Robert likes scotch we should treat ourselves.”

Tony, “I would love to but Phillipa is tired and I think we’ll retire. Enjoy yourselves though.” He smiled and shook Laurence’s hand and retreated.

“Well, well, well, do you mind if I order for us?” Laurence had a glint in his eye.

“It would be my pleasure. Ladies, scotch?”

“I’ve had scotch before,” offered Lavi, “but not the really good stuff.”

“Same,” added Melissa.

“You are in for a treat then,” Laurence said, happy as a schoolboy. He flagged down a waiter. “Two fingers of your Glenfarclas 25 all around.”

“Ice?” The waiter asked.

Laurence looked at me. “No, nowhere near it please,” I said. The waiter left, lingering just a tad bit more than was necessary glancing at Lavi and Melissa. But, he hadn’t been the first man or woman to do so tonight. Laurence was beaming, clearly, I passed some kind of test. “That’s very generous, thank you,” I said.

“Oh, don’t be too impressed,” said Annaleise, “it’s easy to be generous when it’s on an expense account.”

He chuckled. “Nothing but the best expense account meals for new friends.”

It was barely a minute later when the scotch glasses arrived. I took a second to breathe in the odor before taking the tiniest sip. It burned in a lovely smoke down my throat.

Melissa took a sip and then set it down. “Whoa, that’s potent!”

Lavi, in contrast, took a larger sip and simply said, “Lovely.”

“That’s good single malt,” Annaleise said, “it is a bit of learning curve but delightful once you learn the flavors.” We made some small talk but the evening ended mostly in companionable silence. Lavi and Melissa sipped at the scotch and after some getting used to it seemed to savor each drop. I loved these amazing women and spent some time just watching them. Annaleise’s smiles had long since become genuine and she was warm with Lavi and Melissa. We slowly wrapped up and made our way to cabs. On the street, as we waited we made our goodbyes. I shook Laurence and Annaleise’s hands. Annaleise hugged the ladies goodbye.

As the cab arrived I let Lavi and Melissa in first and then I climbed in. I immediately texted Tony, per instructions, that all was well and ended with smiles.

Melissa put her head on my shoulder. “Robert?”

“Yes, my love?”

“I think I’m feeling that scotch.”

“All right.” I finished the text. He sent back an animated gif of someone spraying everyone at a party with champagne.

She leaned in close and whispered in my ear. “Robert?”

“Yes, Melissa?”

“Lavi has her hand down the back of my dress and is playing with my ass. If you don’t get us back to the hotel and get this off me I’m going to crawl on top of her in this cab.”

If will power could have done it that would have accelerated us to light speed. As it was I watched as their fingers intertwined and they gently kissed, giggled, and then kissed more on the drive back. I paid the cabbie who looked at me in wonder. All I could do was silently think I don’t know why they’re with me either. But they were moving with purpose and if they were feeling the scotch they didn’t show it even on the heels. And I wasn’t going to be left behind.

The door hadn’t fallen shut behind us when Lavi’s shoes came off and her dress was following. By the time we reached the bedroom, Lavi had shoe straps held in one hand and her dress in the other. She stood by the bed in a black bra and panties. She began loosening my belt and I cupped her breasts through her bra. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Melissa walk over to the fridge. While Lavi undressed me Melissa poured all of us glasses of Moscato. I helped Lavi so I was down to boxers quickly which she then divested me of them. I made a motion for Lavi to spin around and took her bra off for her and then slid her panties down. I realized I had never actually looked at her bras before or asked her size. The label said 36DDD.

Lavi grinned and took it out of my hand and tossed it on the chair saying, “Mellie is a 34DD in case you needed to know. Sheesh, married and you don’t even know our sizes. How are you going to buy us gifts?”

I grinned. “I thought I’d just let you two buy for each other and then surprise me so it could be my gift too.”

Lavi grinned back. “Smart man.” She climbed on the bed patting next to her. “Melissa has a plan.” I joined her. Melissa was still fully dressed and a mellow song with a strong beat came on. I didn’t recognize the language but I was guessing Korean or Japanese as I knew Melissa liked both genres of pop music. Occasionally an English refrain kicked in with the words “look at me.” She began dancing with the beat in place, undulating. Looking at Lavi it was clear it was affecting her too but we sipped our wine. Halfway through the song, Melissa began slinking with the beat, slowly moving her shoulders until they escaped the dress. Over the next minute, and I had no idea a minute could take so long, she worked the dress down off her body.

As the song ended another took its place and Melissa stepped out from the dress. I had noticed earlier the bright red stocking. What I hadn’t known was that it was paired with a red bra and panties along with garters connecting the stockings. And her legs ... in five-inch heels they were stunning. I wasn’t generally that interested in a woman’s legs. Sure, I liked a nice pair of legs but it was impossible to not want to run my tongue up and down them like this. Melissa for her part simply put her hands on her hips and smiled in a way I had never seen before, it was a gloating smile of superiority. I sighed. She had warned me.

I think I had lost the capacity for words so I just made a ‘come here’ motion with my hand. She shook her head no. It was Lavi who said, “One more thing.” Melissa put one heel elongated leg up, undid her garters, and then pulled her panties outside and reattached them. She slowly did the same thing with the other leg and then slowly stood up and pushed the panties all the way down, kicking them to Lavi. Lavi smelled them while Melissa stood legs spread and ran a hand over her light blonde mound of hair.

Finally, Melissa got on the bed, folded her arms, and put her head down and ass up. Lavi made a head motion for me to get up. I walked around and Melissa moved her arms to grasp her ass cheeks, spreading them open to reveal a golden shiny gem, probably quartz, right in the rosebud of her ass. Melissa wiggled her ass and said, “Tonight I’m taking you, all the way, no warm-up.” Now I understood why she had trouble sitting at dinner.

I slapped her ass, alternating cheeks for three loud smacks each. “You little slut, you’ve been warming your ass up for me.”

“Oh yes, I want your cock in my ass. Come on, take the plug out.” While she talked Lavi maneuvered under her, which made me back up for a second to accommodate the limitations of human bodies but when they resettled they were enjoying sixty-nining.

I stood behind Melissa and grabbed the butt plug with my fingers and slowly worked it out. It wasn’t very big I felt her sphincter ring object to my getting the bulbous end out. It was thinner than my cock I could feel some of what I suspected was lube on it. The smart thing would have been to put more lube in but I tossed the plug onto the bed and lined up my cock. I knew what Melissa wanted and I wanted to please. I pulled the cheeks apart and opened Melissa’s ass as far as I could.

“Are you ready?” I asked.

“YES I...” That’s as far as I let her get before I shoved in violently. She fell onto Lavi who screamed in surprise. I bore down and hammered at her, not letting her have any respite until I was completely buried in her. Slowly we lifted back up until we weren’t squishing Lavi anymore.

“Warn me next time you’re going to spear the skank!” She fussed at me.

In contrast, Melissa’s voice was strained, “Is that all?”

“Yep,” I said, maybe just a bit smugly.

“God that feels good, it felt like all I could do was take it.”

“You are going to take it.” And I started fucking her. I pounded her ass until it started to feel dry so I reached down while Lavi was licking, put two fingers in Melissa’s folds and wet my fingers as much as I could to put on my cock. It wasn’t much but helped.

Lavi evidently decided to be a team player. “Robert! Hold the bitch’s ass open and give me that cock.” She opened her mouth wide and I understood. Leaving Melissa’s ass I leaned down and let Lavi suck me in. She slobbered on my cock and now dripping with saliva I returned to Melissa’s ass.

“What was that?!” Melissa sucked in a gasp of air as I pounded back in.

“Our wife decided to lube up your ass getting reamed with her mouth,” I replied.

“Oh my god! Lavi, you took from my ass to mouth? You slut!” Something about that must have inspired Melissa because while she had been letting me do the work suddenly she was pushing back against me like a madwoman. I then saw her grab the butt plug from where it lay on the bed and stick in her mouth. Slobbering all over it I saw her grab Lavi’s ass cheeks and begin working it in.

I suspect that at first, she thought Melissa was going to finger her ass but as soon as the cold metal hit I heard, “What ... What the fu... “ and it was cut off as she grunted and Melissa slammed the plug into our wife’s ass. With the butt plug in her ass and Melissa’s mouth on her, Lavi only lasted a few minutes before she came and Melissa was right behind her.

As she came I heard her muttering, “That’s it cock sucker, lick right there with his cock...” They both lay limp and I pulled out and walked around, and jerked my cock right off into Melissa’s face and let it drip onto Lavi. Once she realized what she was doing she looked up and smiled, full of pride, and took it. She reached out and massaged my balls. “Thank you,” she said. Then she laid her head down and lazily started using one finger to collect my spunk and lick it off.

We lay in bed for a bit. I topped up everyone’s glasses and we chatted. Melissa was happy to have several new firsts. She hadn’t thought she’d like taking a facial but liked how it felt to be exposed. She had thought it would be about humiliation and at least for us it wasn’t. Lavi worked the plug out and fussed at Melissa about how that sort of thing should be discussed first. Melissa teased back and Lavi admitted she liked it. Lavi also said she had wanted to get penetrated tonight so after Melissa getting me hard again with her mouth she stopped proceeding to get a warm washcloth. As she pointed out the vagina got infections way more easily than a mouth did and I had been in her ass. Then Lavi climbed on and rode me while Melissa rubbed her clit. Lavi came and I held her while she shook through it. All during it Melissa recovered her phone and got close up. I managed to cum again and Lavi said she could feel it inside her and smiled at the feeling, rubbing her belly as she did. It was only later I found out that the phone had been on and recording the whole time, just left to sit in place without Melissa holding it.

We rinsed off in the shower and settled into bed. I was taking a lot of showers this weekend. I found a bad horror movie on the television and we made fun of it and talked until we fell asleep. That night, if I dreamed, I didn’t remember them.

**Chapter 20**

The morning came quickly but I was surprised as I disentangled from Melissa to find Lavi wasn’t in the bed. I got up, used the bathroom, and went into the living space in my boxers, just in time to find Lavi walking back in. She was wearing a black and purple sundress I hadn’t seen her in yet. She was carrying a large plastic bag and drink carrier, awkwardly pushing the door open with her butt. She smiled when she saw me.

She spun slowly in place and asked, “Likey?”

“I do.”

“Good, because it was on sale super cheap and I bought it when I got the dinner dress. Mellie said it would be fine.”

“I’m glad you did. What do you have?”

She walked past me. “I decided to get bagels from a deli I saw down the street, and coffee while I was at it.”

She put the carrier down and passed me a large coffee that had ‘con leche’ handwritten on the side. She put another down that had on it, ‘snow white.’ I had a feeling that was Melissa’s.

The last one I had to ask about. “Chaotic Good?”

“Agave and soy milk. No idea why they call it that.”

“I think it’s a D&D joke. Do you prefer soy milk?”

“Yeah. I’m not lactose intolerant or anything but soy milk just seems to go down a bit easier.” She looked at me and gave me another smile. I was seriously addicted to seeing both her and Melissa being happy. She started pulling out bagels, using a little table near the window and opened blinds to let the sun in. I made a mental note to buy soy milk for the house.

As she put out bagels, she also got out a small tub of cream cheese and a folded package of wax paper that turned out to be thinly sliced pastrami.

“You play D&D?” She asked.

“No, never have. I’ve played some computer games based on it.”

“I haven’t either,” she said, “but it’s blown up these days. I know a few of the football team who play. Mellie did once. She had a boyfriend for a while who played so she sat in.”

“Wow, when I was in school a football player wouldn’t get near a game like that. No lox?”

She shrugged. “It’s all right but I prefer good pastrami.”

“What happened to the D&D boyfriend?”

Lavi shrugged. “She liked him but he didn’t get her going.” She grinned, “I had been kind of hoping to play though and try it out but it didn’t last. Mellie still goes out of her way to be nice to him though.”

“So people don’t think she’s the cheer bitch?”

Lavi just nodded in response. She hummed as she set out bagels and was the quiet version of Lavi. I made a sandwich with a garlic bagel, spreadable cheese, and pastrami. Before she threw the bag away I saw her pull out a small paper bag from the gift store downstairs.

“What’s that?”

She held it up for me, pulling out a postcard that showed the hotel. “Whenever I go somewhere special I send myself a postcard before I go home and write to myself about what I want to remember. Then when I get home I look forward to it.”

“That’s beautiful.” Somewhere behind me, I heard a door to the bathroom shut.

“This one is extra special. I’m sending it to your ... I mean our house.”

“Still getting used to that idea?”

“Yeah.”

I looked at her as she addressed it and started fixing a sesame bagel for herself with cream cheese and pastrami. She was gorgeous. I wished I’d gotten up earlier and seen her walking around in her panties. The sun was in her hair.

“Tell me something.” I said it before I realized it was out loud.

“Yeah?” She looked up at me.

“I mean, tell me something about you, something I don’t know.”

She shook the pen trying to get it to work and then put it down, giving up on it. “Hmm ... insects freak me out. You probably know that. I’m getting used to bees. However, I think slugs and worms are really neat. My mom got me fish for my tenth birthday and I let the fish die and just kept it going for water snails.”

I chuckled and said, “More.”

She thought for a second. “I like jigsaw puzzles. They’re really relaxing.”

“Do you do the thing where you put them on a board and put epoxy over them?”

“No, I take them apart and give them away.” She blushed, something I rarely saw from her, certainly not when talking about risqué things. I kept looking at her. “You’re being weird,” she said as she got up and looked around for another pen to put with the postcard. She found a hotel pen.

“I can’t help it,” I replied.

“Still weird,” but she didn’t sound upset, in fact, she moved a lock of hair behind her hair so I could look at her better as she sat back down.

I replied,

“I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz, or the arrow of carnations I love you as certain dark things are to be loved, in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where. I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride; so I love you because I know no other way”

That’s when I felt movement behind me. It was Melissa. She put her arms around me and her chin on my shoulder. “Pretty poetry,” she said. “Whose?”

“I don’t remember,” I replied. “I probably didn’t get it quite right. It wouldn’t apply to you though. You’re more...”

“My mistress’ eyes outshine the sun; Blood is pallid next to her lips’ red; If snow be white, why then her breasts are moonlight; If hairs be flaxen, silk grows upon her head. In no perfume is there more delight than her breath.”

“You’re very sweet,” she half mumbled, “but I probably have morning breath and you’re abusing the Bard again.” I handed her her coffee in response.

She immediately started drinking it, then tasting the cream and coffee kissed me and then mumbled, “I love you.” Her hair fell around her like a disheveled mess.

“Lavi got the coffee,” I said.

She moved over to Lavi dressed only in her t-shirt from yesterday and sat in Lavi’s lap. They kissed. I heard Melissa say, “You’re my angel,” before she returned to sipping the coffee. Lavi abandoned her writing to put her arms around Melissa and held her. Melissa snuggled against Lavi and slowly woke up. I slipped back to the bedroom, grabbed my phone, and got a few photos.

Melissa looked at me and asked, “What are you doing?”

“I’m doing a photo series called the angel and the bed rat.”

She stuck her tongue out at me in response.

“Ooo I can tell you something about Mellie!” Lavi said. Melissa looked suspicious.

This sounded good. “What?”

“She doesn’t play a lot of video games but when she finds a new puzzle game she likes she becomes totally obsessed.”

Now Lavi earned Melissa stocking her tongue out in response. “I’m not that bad.”

“You are why your mom banned tablets at Christmas,” Lavi replied.

“She shouldn’t have bought me one if she didn’t want me to use it.” There was a hint of petulance in her voice.

“You were muttering ‘what the fuck’ and spinning 3D models around while everyone was trying to watch a Charlie Brown Christmas,” Lavi said flatly.

“There was a key hidden in it, I had to find it for the next stage!”

I couldn’t hold it anymore. I started laughing, Melissa made a harumphing sound and took her own seat to drink coffee and make a bagel. In a bit, we were all fed and Melissa and I wandered into the bedroom to get dressed while Lavi wrote a few lines on the postcard. She was going to save the rest for later and mail it right before we left.

Once in the bedroom, I went to find a clean shirt while watching Melissa from the corner of my eye take her shirt off. I swear she took longer to bend over and look in the nightstand than she needed to. For that matter, I wasn’t sure she really needed to straighten those long perfect legs and bend at the waist just to look in the nightstand. Oh...

I walked up behind her and stroked my hand up the back of her thigh and let my fingertips play with the cleft between her legs. She was already wet.

“Mmmm, I was hoping you’d get the hint,” she said.

“You’re awfully wet already.”

“Lavi had a finger inside me while I was eating.”

I chuckled, “The slut; I didn’t even notice.”

“Another minute and you would have.” She grabbed the nightstand and remained in that position. I can take a hint. I slipped into Melissa and simply slammed home.

“FUCK YES!” She yelled. Lavi wandered in and went to the other nightstand. She pulled out a dildo I hadn’t noticed before though it was a very familiar size. She got on the bed, pulled up her dress and pulled her panties to the side and began sliding the dildo between her lips as Melissa and I fucked. I held Melissa’s cheeks and watched Lavi and it didn’t take long before Melissa came and I fucked her through two more rapid orgasms before I came in her myself. Lavi now had her head back and was making a frothy mess. Melissa crawled over to the bed and grabbed Lavi’s breast through her dress and started kissing her neck.

Melissa motioned to me and said, “Plug’s this slut’s mouth hole.”

Obediently I got on the bed and knelt near Lavi’s head pulling her around to wrap her lips around me to clean Melissa’s juices off. Within seconds I felt her shaking. Melissa let her lay there a second catching her breath and then tweaked Lavi’s nipple through her dress and asked, “Happy, slut?”

“Happy,” Lavi confirmed.

I chuckled and returned to getting dressed. With shorts and a plain white shirt I was ready in minutes, Lavi straightened herself and Melissa decided to put on a yellow summer dress I’d seen in her before. I had a bunch of possibilities planned for today and suddenly realized something. I’d thought about the girls interests, I’d asked them for ideas but had I actually let them decide? Breakfast plans had already changed and the bagels had been perfect.

“What’s next?” I asked.

They looked at each other. Melissa seemed unsure what to say but Lavi said, “I’d like to hit the beach. Do we have time before the aquarium?”

“Tanning again?” I asked.

“No, I want to do the whole walk on the beach thing, walk in the shoreline, look for shells, that kind of thing. It’s still early; we can beat the crowds.”

“That sounds like fun,” Melissa said.

“As you wish,” I said with a slight bow. “And yes, plenty of time before the aquarium.”

“You mean if you don’t get called in for the meeting,” said Melissa.

“Nah, you two can do it anyway but I hope I can be there with you.”

“You are really excited about the aquarium,” said Lavi.

“I love aquariums!”

“I mean I like aquariums,” she replied, “but...”

“It’s the turtles,” I said. “Watching turtles swim is fucking awesome.”

“Turtles are nice but...” said Lavi as we started to put shoes on and head out.

“Don’t be a turtle hater...”

“I’m not hating turtles!”

We reached the elevator. Melissa, “This isn’t a Gamera thing is it?”

“You want to watch a Gamera/Godzilla movie? That’s a great idea!” I grinned.

“Pretty sure that’s not what I said,” she replied.

Lavi chimed in, “I’m game, we can, like, marathon them!”

Now Melissa fussed at Lavi, “Don’t encourage him!”

And so we went through the lobby to the beach giving each other grief. I hadn’t lied; I do really enjoy aquariums and like watching the turtles but it was their reaction to the surprise I was really looking forward to. We walked hand in hand, sometimes me in the middle, sometimes at an end. We walked, shoes off, at the waterline and Melissa would giggle sometimes when the sand squished between her toes. We talked about things coming up. Melissa wanted to re-do the living room at home to make it more comfortable for three of us. Lavi had said she had a hundred ideas for outfits. They had to do some kind of big project for their fashion and design elective, and Lavi felt energized by the Cuban art we’d seen. Melissa got more interested when Lavi mentioned dresses to dance in. The beach fell behind us as we walked.

Long down the beach we worked our way back to the street and walked by tourist shops back to the hotel. It soon turned into a shopping trip as we walked, with souvenirs picked up for friends, teammates, families. I picked out a cute Miami messenger bag and asked the girls if they thought a thirteen-year-old might like it.

“For whom?” Asked Lavi.

“Secret love child?” teased Melissa.

“You’re silly. No, Helene’s older daughter is 13 so I thought she might like a bag. Girls always need bags, right?” Melissa shrugged. She actually wore things with pockets most of the time but Lavi agreed. “And she has a younger sister, about ten so I thought I’d grab some stuffed toys for her at the aquarium.” That idea was more broadly applauded and I was told I should probably buy one really cute one for the 13 year old too. I also decided to buy some Miami swim trunks with dolphins on them and teased them into buying some one-pieces that matched. They rolled their eyes but gave in. I stuffed the swim clothes into the girly bag.

Melissa and I were waiting for Lavi to pick out something for her dad when Melissa leaned against me. “I want to ask something,” she said, “but I don’t want it to sound weird.”

I grinned. “No, I won’t fuck your brother.”

She slapped me on the arm. “No, you goofball. Sheesh. Though he’d probably be up for it, the slut. He hasn’t asked though.”

“All right, joking aside, what?”

“The poetry,” she replied.

“What about it?”

“Is that something you plan? Like you sit around and think, ‘I will use this on Melissa.’”

“You make it sound like a pickup line.” I looked when she didn’t reply right away and she had an unreadable look on her face. “No, no, I don’t. Friday night that one had been going through my head and that day and I just wanted to say it. This morning, I was thinking about them but not planning to say anything out loud.”

“What were you thinking?”

“I was thinking Lavi was beautiful and Shakespeare’s sonnet 130 has always been one of my favorites. It kind of describes her but not really. Shakespeare was trying to describe someone who wasn’t physically stunning and Lavi is, just not in the way Shakespeare was using for contrast but what has really made Lavi special to me is how she’s taken this place in my heart and ... I’m not very good at saying things like that and it kind of came out as it said what I was thinking better than I could.”

“And then what you said to me?” She looked up at me into my eyes.

“Isn’t it obvious, that absurd, ridiculously perfect image of a woman that Shakespeare was using for contrast, you are that thing. I started to say that my mistress’s eyes were everything like the sun but that’s absurd. I couldn’t say it and ‘outshine’ came out. The sun is a thing, a physical thing that brings life and Shakespeare was describing physical things but you bring life to my heart as well as body so you outshine the sun.”

She leaned back against me. “Thank you.”

“Feeling anxious?”

She sighed. “Yeah, I’m glad you find me pretty but... “ She trailed off.

“I understand.” There was a lot there.

“You do?”

“I think so.” That’s when Lavi finished. “All right ladies,” I said, “It’s voting time. What’s next?”

“What did you have planned,” asked Lavi.

“Originally, I had thought we’d hit the design district for you, Lavi, but it’s still early, I don’t know how much is open.”

Melissa was on her phone. “Ooo, how about,” she held up her phone to show us the web site for the Perez Art Museum.

“Museums are an easy sell for me,” I said.

“Lavi?” Melissa prompted. “I’d enjoy it and I think you’d love it.”

Lavi replied, “What about you?”

Melissa looked sheepish but said, “Well ... it’s just across the bay from Books Books Books.”

Lavi’s face went rigid and oriented on Melissa. “You know the price.”

“Seriously? Even now?” Melissa looked a bit indignant.

Lavi crossed her arms. “Oh yeah.”

“It’s our honeymoon!”

“Rules are rules.” Lavi folded her arms across her chest while holding onto her tea she’d opted for instead of fruit juice. “Him too,” she pointed at me.

“What?” I asked.

Before Lavi could respond Melissa cut back in, “That’s not in the rules!”

“He’ll probably be as bad as you, maybe worse. He has to pay too.”

“Ladies!” I held up my hands. “Explanation, please.”

Lavi looked at me. “Mellie takes forever in bookstores. Forever!”

“You have to browse, that’s what’s fun, reading a few pages and getting a feel for them like you can’t do online,” Melissa replied.

“Forever,” Lavi responded, clearly feeling Melissa had confirmed her point for her.

Melissa, “So, this thirsty wench came up with a price I had to pay for her to take me book shopping.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Well,” Lavi supplied, “I didn’t have many who would let me practice live drawing so she had to pose for me.”

“Topless,” Melissa added.

“I’ll bet you liked that,” I said eyeing Lavi. She just grinned in response.

“So, Robert and I topless?”

Lavi shook her head, “Nope, I want the full deal, on a promissory note I can cash in, in the future.”

I laughed, “You could just ask, but yeah, deal.”

“It’s more fun this way,” Lavi said, “and I get to pose you. Mellie?”

“Oh well, I have little choice, deal,” she said with mock severity. “So, not tonight?”

Lavi shook her head, “Nope, like you said, it’s our honeymoon.”

Melissa, “Good, I’ll probably be stuffed after eating the, what is it, seven-course tasting menu?”

“Nine,” I said. “Supposed to be super fancy and really experimental.”

“I’d rather just hang out in the kitchen with you,” Melissa said and put her arm in mine, “but if it makes you happy,” and she kissed me on the cheek. With that, we started back towards the hotel. A few more souvenir shops were stopped at and by the time we got back, we had bags full of t-shirts, a few mugs, and other knick-knacks for people. I said to not worry about dropping stuff off in the room so we got the car and the bags ended up in the trunk.

I admit I would have picked a museum of more traditional and less modern art but it was a blast. The exhibitions were varied and sparked a lot of discussion. A few things we all either were unimpressed by or liked. More often we had different tastes.

One exhibit showed colorful undersides of boats hung from the ceiling. They were beautiful and supposed to be about the danger at sea while being completely still. We got the idea of viewing them from below like we were in the water but it failed to have any emotional reaction from any of us. Meanwhile, we spent a long time with George Segal’s ‘Abraham’s Farewell to Ishmael.’ Lavi was able to give us the basics of the story and Melissa supplemented with research on her phone. We began a rambling discussion as so many points came up and we kept coming back to the sheer power of the sculptures. Ultimately we agreed it wasn’t about philosophy or religion but love but many of those talking points would come up again.

A series of installation pieces called Elemental I thought were pretty but didn’t see the point of as art, while Lavi and Melissa said I was hopeless in some ways. I’m not usually a fan of abstract art but a series by a painter named Gelfman I thought had wonderful technique and command of repetition with variation. Lavi joined me in my admiration of them and she pointed out things I didn’t notice about the textures. Melissa was ready to move on past the abstracts in a few minutes. We made our way through and back through the sculpture garden, which was fun, especially the interactive pieces, and by the time we were done each of us was ready to eat.

At one point during the garden stroll, Melissa got a call from her mom. They spoke a minute and then Lavi took the phone. Lavi asked if Linda wanted to talk to me but Linda hung up on Lavi at that point so I guess that was a no. In contrast, Lavi got a call from her mom while we were in the museum and she texted that she would call them back. Lavi called her back in the garden, confirming she was going to my place from the airport since they had cheerleader practice tomorrow. I chatted with Sylvia briefly and made Lavi promise to bring her an art book back from the gift store which we dutifully did. I took the phone and asked her if she’d be willing to sign a few books for Phillipa as a surprise for her. I found it felt normal and casual, she wasn’t calling to make sure Lavi was okay, but just because she wanted to chat for a moment. It was sweet.

We were leaving when Melissa turned to me, “You have a problem, my love.”

“Yes?”

She pointed at her yellow sundress covered stomach. “Your nymph has a growly tummy.”

“Is that your way of saying you’re hungry?”

“I could eat Lavi’s cooking.”

I couldn’t see it but I heard Lavi blowing a raspberry at Melissa. I’d planned on a taqueria but were really close to a place called Mambo Cafe and it was near the aquarium so we wouldn’t be quite so rushed. They described themselves as a Cuban cafe but they had Puerto Rican which intrigued me.

“Puerto Rican all right?”

“I won’t know until I eat it but I’ll eat it,” was Lavi’s reply from Melissa’s other side. That’s how I ended up on an outside deck eating something called mofongo, which had fried green plantains mashed with garlic, bacon, and chicken. It was delicious. While eating I had a message from Tony - they didn’t need me at 2 pm so my plan was on.

**Chapter 21**

I must have been smiling like an idiot because Melissa asked, “Good news?”

“Yep, I’m free and clear for the aquarium, which is good because it’s nearly time. Ready?”

“Gamera time!” shouted Lavi, a bit louder than she had to. Thank goodness we were outside on the deck.

Melissa rolled her eyes at Lavi and wiped a bit of mango off her lips from her mango sauteed chicken breast. She did it slowly in that way that a woman can make something commonplace erotic. She had Lavi and I both wanting to go back to the hotel. What she said was “Let’s go see the turtles!” Lavi finished the last bite of her ropa vieja and we headed out.

Arriving at the aquarium we parked and I grabbed the girly bag, explaining to Melissa and Lavi that I didn’t want to accidentally buy anything too big to fit in it. They thought it was silly but I took it in with me. The Seaquarium was amazing. We watched schools of fish and the reefs while Lavi and Melissa talked about SCUBA diving. Apparently, they had gotten certified last year together and done a few dives. I wanted to go with them and do that. I’d been snorkeling but never learned to dive.

We bought vouchers to feed the seals and I really enjoyed watching the turtles. There were several gift stores and I hit each one, filling the bag with stuffed animals. Penguin Isle was a blast and Melissa and Lavi took photos that would have bankrupted us to develop if we still had to use film. We wandered for over an hour and then we ended up at the dolphins. I knew they would love the dolphins. Is there anyone who doesn’t love watching dolphins? The girls oohed and awed over them which was delightful.

Lavi was staring intently. “I thought about marine biology once, but then I realized I didn’t really care about all the science, I just thought dolphins were neat.”

“Now, that is something we should do sometime,” said Melissa, “find one of those boat rental places that take you out to swim with dolphins.” She said this as she leaned against a railing and watched one dolphin jump up to grab at the food offered by a caretaker.

“Or do it here,” I said. “You have to get the passes in advance but they have something called the Dolphin Odyssey that lets you swim with them here.”

Melissa, “Oh my god, that would be sooo much fun. Let’s come back and do that sometime in the future.”

I shrugged, “Or...” I looked at my watch for dramatic effect, “we could go do it now since our appointed time for the passes I bought last week is in fifteen minutes.” Without warning, I was jumped by two eighteen-year-old girls. It was delightful but I was also reminded that they were athletic cheerleaders by the fact of how hard they squeezed. It was completely worth it though to hear them squeal in delight like little kids.

“Seriously?” Melissa asked it while beaming.

“Seriously.” I nudged Lavi with my elbow and teased her. “So, am I getting laid tonight?”

She reached over and grabbed my ass. “At this rate lover, you could axe murder someone in front of me I might just be fine with it.”

“I’ll try not to abuse that fact,” I said and pinched her butt in return.

“Okay, you two, grab ass later, dolphins now,” said Melissa with a bit of real sternness.

“Yes, ma’am,” Lavi and I said together, and then we looked at each other and broke out giggling.

Melissa stopped dead in her tracks. “Shit.”

“What?” Lavi asked.

“Don’t we need swimsuits?”

“Yeah,” I said, “they’ll give us wetsuits but we’ll need swimsuits underneath.” I opened the bag for Helene’s daughter Maxine. On the top was Katiya’s stuffed dolphin and a stuffed octopus and key chains for both of them. From the bottom where I had hidden them I pulled out the garish dolphin printed swimsuits that we had all bought that morning.

I grinned. Melissa pointed at me and said, “I already said it but you’re a sneaky bastard.”

“Beware, literature majors,” I said, “We love a dramatic moment.”

With that, we continued. The next few hours became priceless memories. They got to feed dolphins, pet them, swim with them. I did as well but my joy was in watching them. Lavi and Melissa were normally so mature but right now they regressed to being little girls and it was the cutest thing in the world. I had plenty of fun of my own. The dolphins were amazing and at one point one bumped up against me and started rubbing up against me, a female named Pansy.

“Uh oh,” said Lavi, “I think she’s flirting with him.”

“Don’t worry,” replied Melissa, “he won’t figure it out.”

I did the mature thing and waited until no one could see and goosed them both, which turned out to not work well through wet suits so I just decided I would have to do it again later. Oh, the tragedy. By the time we were done, we had showered off and changed back to our street clothes. I was relaxed, waiting for them and the girls came out of the changing area still beaming.

We headed across the bay and arrived at the bookstore with everyone in high spirits. I expected Lavi to head to the cafe but she surprised me by heading to the shelves as eagerly as Melissa and I did. However, neither Melissa nor I had selected a single book by the time Lavi had found The Adventures of Kavalier and Clay, a Hebrew edition of The Yiddish Policemen’s Union and a pile of art books to look at. She settled in the cafe to look at art books while Melissa and I browsed. After an hour of browsing, Melissa picked out The Devil in the White City, since she had enjoyed the last Larson book she read and then surprised me by picking out Neuromancer by William Gibson and Brandon Sanderson’s The Way of Kings.

“Gibson and Sanderson?”

She nodded yes. “Trying new stuff. Have you read these?”

“Neuromancer years ago, back in undergrad. Sanderson’s no, though I did like his Mistborn books. I admit I tend to get nervous that big books like that are just bloated but if you like it I’ll give it a shot.”

“Sounds good,” she said and gave me a light peck on the lips.

I grabbed a few books by Ibram Xendi, which Annaleise had recommended to me and also found a hardback of a Rex Stout novel I didn’t have which I picked up without regard for the fact that I’ve read it a dozen times already. Eventually, Melissa and I joined Lavi for coffee and we sat around chatting. Lavi selected a hardback collection of black and white photographs of men and women together, with fair and dark skin creating incredible contrasts along with the two Chabon books.

“So... “ I found myself starting to say something without having planned what to say. Melissa Lavi looked at me to continue. “What do you two think about the fancy restaurant tonight?”

“What do you mean?” Asked Melissa.

“Well, I got the impression earlier that you weren’t really excited.”

“I can’t say I’m hyped but I’m sure it’ll be fun,” offered Lavi.

Melissa shrugged, “You want to go.”

“Honestly, I’m not that excited about it at this point.”

“Really?” Melissa and Lavi said it together with identical expressions.

I leaned back in my chair. “I thought it would be a great capstone, a really fancy place to go but, I really just want to spend time with both of you. I thought I’d spend all day today looking forward to the food but honestly, I haven’t given it a second thought.”

“Babe,” Melissa reached out to hold my hand, “I like trying out new foods with you but I’d be fine with rice and beans so long as you’re with me.”

Lavi added her hand to ours. “We could grab burgers and eat on the beach and I’d be fine with it.”

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

Melissa replied, “What do you mean?”

“Picnic on the beach for dinner?”

“That would be lovely,” Melissa said. Lavi nodded enthusiastically.

“I have an idea then. But ... Lavi, how do you feel about pork tonight?”

“Would I have to eat it?”

“No, I was thinking of having the hotel restaurant make us a picnic and they have bacon-wrapped dates and chorizo meatballs. I have to admit I really like both.”

She blinked at me. Melissa snorted.

“What?” I asked.

“Whatever you’re planning on, order triple of the dates,” said Melissa.

I was confused. Lavi lifted her hand up, scooted her chair to mine and took my hand between both of hers.

“Robert, I know you like to cook but you have to understand that some things are magic.”

I blinked and narrowed my eyes. “What?”

Lavi looked at me wide-eyed like a child. “When the bacon is cooked with the date, it’s magic. I’m not an expert on Kabbalah stuff but it’s some kind of alchemy and it’s not pork anymore. It’s a gift from God.”

Intellectually I knew Lavi was messing with me but she was really committing to this, I just didn’t know if the whole thing was a joke or just the serious part. I looked over to Melissa for help. She was smirking, which I felt was a tad unfair.

“She tried one when we were at a restaurant doing competitions in DC our freshman year,” Melissa offered. “The slut can put away her body weight in the things.”

Lavi very seriously nodded that Melissa was correct. “Will they have walnut sauce?” Lavi asked.

“Should they?” I asked.

“Yes.” She finally broke character and was grinning.

“I’ll see what I can do.”

She signaled her approval by leaning forward and giving me a quick kiss. After that, I had to collect a kiss from Melissa and they kissed each other and we made our way back to the hotel. The girls had appointments for a full spa treatment. I was going to get a massage later myself but while they did all other stuff I was going to go beg the kitchen staff for favors.

So, just as they were checking in for pedicures I was approaching the concierge desk and, seeing a cute Hispanic girl with blonde hair standing there with a name tag that said, Jillian.

“Jillian, I hope you’re a romantic.” She blinked. “Because I need some help.”

“Yes sir, what can I help you with?”

“I want to set up a romantic dinner on the beach with my wives.”

“That’s sweet ... wait, did you say wives?” That was how the hour started.

Sixty minutes later, I had explained my situation to three different people, including why I needed a romantic picnic for three. My audiences were Jillian, Christoph, the sous chef, and Mabel the head of hospitality services on the beach. Along with the advice from the sous chef that I should have my head examined he agreed to substitute a walnut sauce for their pecan one, leave off the goat cheese and make the picnic I asked for. The negotiations included a substantial gratuity for several parties and my promises of eternal gratitude. The beach attendant’s name was Skylar, which was important because whoever I got to get the sundries was going to have to work with him. Fortunately, my habit of not leaving the house and using things like TaskRabbit turned out to be useful when in a distant city too. After that, I made it to the spa and managed to get a massage which I found myself needing a lot more than I had an hour before. I hadn’t even realized how wound up I’d gotten talking to all those people. A guy named Brian took care of me and hurt me and by the time I left, I felt like a gooey relaxed mess. When I came out I found Melissa and Lavi waiting for me outside the spa. Melissa was tapping on her phone and Lavi waved at me. As I came up they were talking.

Melissa, “So, Emma and Xinyi are coming tomorrow and bringing Coraline with them.”

“Coraline?”

“The girl with that light brown hair on the JV squad.”

“Not ringing a bell.”

“B-cup, you once commented she had an ass made for you to eat when she wore really tight shorts to practice.”

“Not clicking.”

Melissa sighed, “I think what you exactly said was ‘I’d toss that salad without dressing.’”

Lavi smiled, “Oh yeah, her.” Melissa didn’t even bother to roll her eyes and I sat on the bench with them sipping a glass of cucumber water I’d been handed as I left. Each of them had one as well. Lavi continued, “She was okay. She wants to do the varsity squad?”

“Apparently. She’s tight with Xinyi and Emma so if they can work together already that’s good. Amber is back so that’ll be everyone except T’wana and we’ll have four days with three possible new squaddies. It’s a really solid start.”

Lavi squeezed Melissa’s hand. “You can do this.”

“We,” Melissa corrected. “The whole squad.”

“Nationals?” I asked. I’d heard them mention it before.

“Yeah,” Melissa said. “We almost won our division my sophomore year but last year was just a mess. We had a lot of turn-over, two seniors got sick and Grace broke her leg during regionals. We still did well but didn’t make it to nationals, much less place.”

“I’m just surprised you’re so big into it given I know you have these mixed feelings about cheering.”

Lavi looked at me. “Robert?”

“Yes?”

“You might as well know your sweet honey bee there can be,” she held her fingers together and slowly increased the gap between them, “a wee bit competitive.”

Melissa shrugged. “I’m not my mom. Highschool will be in my rearview when I graduate. But I’m here now and it would be awesome to win the national. And it would be super cool for some of the other girls who do want to go on and do cheering in college.”

“Like Grace?” I asked.

Melissa nodded. “Grace has been a good friend. I want to make this happen for her.”

Lavi elbowed me gently, “The girls weren’t happy when I told them we would be getting back in tomorrow morning so no Robert special snacks. I swear, I heard Ji pout over a text message.”

I snorted, “I thought she was on the anti-me team.”

“Maybe,” said Melissa, “but she’s been eating the food and gotten ... well, I won’t say friendly but she’s not being...”

When Melissa hesitated Lavi filled in, “Not acting like a queen bitch on the rag?”

Melissa laughed, “Yeah, that. Every day she asks about the food before we bring it out. She only eats a little but she really savors it.”

Lavi was flipping through her phone and showed me a picture of Ji. I’d seen her in a few pictures before but standing next to Melissa standing straight up was kind of shocking. “Wow, she’s tiny.” It’s the only thing I had to say.

“No shit,” said Lavi, “I once saw her actually eat a good-sized meal and she looked pregnant.”

“When we’ve talked about food she said her mom only makes Chinese food at home. I kinda got the feeling she’s not much of a cook either.”

“What’s Ji’s favorite food?” I asked.

Instead of replying together, they did the thing where Melissa began the reply and Lavi finished it. “Vegetarian,” said Melissa, Lavi, “pizza.”

“She’s not vegetarian though, is she?” I was thinking about all the meat stuff I put out and I’d asked about food requirements.

“Nah,” said Lavi, “She just always likes to get the vegetarian pies but she complains there are never enough toppings for variety.”

“When the squad goes out, she’s always down for pizza,” said Melissa. “Like, 100% of the time. She has never turned a chance for pizza down.”

“Uh, oh, I know that look,” said Lavi.

“Huh?” What was she talking about?

“You’re thinking,” added Melissa. “About what is the question.”

“Just adding pizza to the menu for the party.”

Melissa, “That’s really nice of you but just because she likes the food doesn’t mean she won’t be a cunt to you.”

I shrugged. “If she enjoys the food that’s enough for me. Come on,” I patted her knee, “we have some time to kill before dinner. The sun doesn’t set until late but the food will be ready by 7:30. That still gives us a few hours.”

“The room?” Lavi posed the question.

“Anything in mind?” Asked Melissa. Lavi leaned over and whispered in Melissa’s ear which earned a salacious grin from Melissa.

“Anything I should know?” I asked.

Melissa jumped up, took a few steps, and spun around giving me a come hither gesture in response. So, I followed, with Lavi beside me. The elevator seemed to be extra slow but as we got in the room Melissa and Lavi headed straight to the bedroom. Melissa and Lavi removed shoes, dresses, and underwear in rapid succession. I felt like I was slow in comparison but did my best to keep up and soon jumped on the bed as Lavi and Melissa retreated to the bathroom.

I shouted at their backs, “You showered at the aquarium.”

Lavi just said, “Not everywhere.” The door shut. After a moment I heard the water running. I laid there thinking about watching some porn but decided instead I wanted a different kind of show. I walked to the bathroom and just opened the door. The floor was covered in towels. Melissa was on her hands and knees while Lavi had a tube stuck in her ass and was squeezing what looked like a balloon.

I leaned against the door frame, “Now that’s sexy.”

“You kinda get used to it,” said Lavi, not even looking at me.

Melissa, “Robert! You’re not supposed to be in here!”

“What if I need to pee?”

“Not while I’m getting an enema!” She said.

“Why can Lavi stick a tube in your ass and I can’t?”

She turned her head to look at me, “Really? She and I have periods together, it’s different!”

Lavi, “If you think about it he kind of does put a tube in your ass. There you go, now clench.” Lavi gave Melissa a gentle pat on her ass.

I stood behind Lavi, “Are you clenching?” I rubbed myself against her and immediately got a little hard as I pressed against her back.

She giggled, “Nope, it only takes about five minutes, so we do one at a time.”

“I’m not good at being patient. Get down on your knees, I’ll help.”

She wiggled against me, “You know how to do an enema kit?”

“It won’t be the first time I’ve done it.”

“Coolness, Melissa complains the angle is weird when she tries to help and is holding hers in.”

“Ghaaaa! Can you two not have a conversation while I’m holding saline in my ass!?”

We ignored her. “You could probably do it yourself,” I said.

Lavi, “Probably, but why if someone can help?”

“That seems fair. Get down next to Melissa.”

Lavi did. She got on her hands and knees and looked at her wife. “Hey babe, how are you doing?”

Melissa grumbled incoherently for a moment.

Lavi, “What was that?”

“It’s a good thing I love you two.”

“Yep,” Lavi said cheerily and then gasped loudly as that was when I got the nozzle and pushed it about two inches into her ass. The liquid soon followed.

Melissa, “Are you done?”

“Yes dear,” I replied.

“Get out.”

“Yes, dear.” I stood up, gave both of them a sharp smack on the left butt cheek, and left, shutting the door behind me. In the bedroom, I sat on the bed with a very self-satisfied smirk on my face.

I was only in the bed a few minutes and in the midst of playing a game on my phone when I heard the shower running and the girls came out, gloriously nude and dried off. I didn’t even get the first syllable of ‘hello loves’ out when Melissa pointed at me and said, “You’re a bad man!”

“Moi?” I put on my most innocent face.

“For that, you can stay over there. For now.” As Melissa fussed at me our wife Lavi was getting something out of her bag, something rubbery. It took a minute of fumbling on Lavi’s part but soon the item’s nature was more clear as she got the straps around her hips and started tightening them. The purple silicone phallus pointed out proudly from between her legs.

I lifted one eyebrow at Lavi. “I thought that had been a joke.”

“At the airport it was. This is what we went out for yesterday during your meeting. Melissa wants to see what it’s like.”

Melissa meanwhile was sitting on the edge of the bed watching Lavi get the strap on situated. “How does it feel to wear it?” Melissa asked.

“Weird. It’s got this thing that rubs against my clit. It’s supposed to stimulate me when I’m thrusting. It kind of makes me feel I really do have a cock.”

“Come here!” Melissa patted the bed next to her. I leaned back and decided to play videographer and record this. Lavi sat next to Melissa and Melissa immediately reached out and stroked Lavi’s fake dick. “So, it doesn’t feel like a real penis, of course, but it’s between your legs and it’s still kind of like I’m touching you.”

Lavi leaned forward and they started kissing, their tongues exchanging loving strokes. Melissa stroked the phallus while Lavi played with Melissa’s nipple. Melissa grabbed a bottle of lube she had put next to her on the bed and began lubing up the silicon dick. I actually thought it was pretty funny but decided laughter might be a mood killer so I stifled it. Lavi seemed unimpressed with what Melissa was doing with her hands but certainly getting turned on by the kissing. I was enraptured by Melissa’s excitement.

“So, do you like that, baby, Lavi with a dick?”

Melissa was breathing heavily when she responded, “Yeah, it’s weird. It’s like ... I’m not interested in other men Robert but Lavi with a dick is really hot. I really like being underneath and being thrust into, and having Lavi to do that sounds amazing.”

“Enough talking,” Lavi said. “On your back slut.”

Melissa eagerly obeyed and scooted back on the bed and spread her legs. Lavi leaned down and licked at Melissa’s sex for a moment to make sure she was nice and wet but left her just on the edge of orgasm. Melissa pulled her legs back, holding onto her calves with her hands to keep herself well spread. Lavi positioned the tip at Melissa’s entrance and slowly pushed in, checking to make sure it didn’t hurt. Melissa watched intently.

“How does it feel?” Lavi asked.

Melissa giggled, “Like a dildo but seeing it as a part of you is still hot.” Then, once it was completely in Lavi began rocking back and forth with her hips. “Oh god, yes, oh.”

I had to ask, “Is that like a dildo?”

“Fuck no, this is different. It doesn’t feel real, it’s not as good as feeling your dick but the hips, and it comes from Lavi, it’s so different. Oh, fuck...” Her hand squeezed the sheet in a fist and she came. “More, more, fuck me more,” she breathed out heavily.

Lavi in reply didn’t say anything but grabbed Melissa’s legs for her and leaned in. She began fucking Melissa in longer and quicker strokes. Melissa used her now free hands to reach up and play with Lavi’s nipples. “That’s it, fuck me, fuck me with your dick.” I don’t know if it was the dirty talk or the tit play but Lavi started to get really excited and her hips became more energetic and slammed in and out of Melissa aggressively. In less than a minute after she sped up Melissa came again, a little orgasm this time but it was quickly followed by another and another until she yelled “Red!”

Lavi laughed and stopped, “Is that your safe word?”

Melissa panted, “Red, stop, pineapple, Beetlejuice, sunstone, whatever, I need a minute.”

I put the camera on the bed stand and let it keep recording. Grabbing a bottle of water I passed it to Melissa and she began sipping while I went to stand behind Lavi. I reached around and started playing with her titties, rolling the nipples under my palms. “So, babe, how was that?”

“I really liked it but, well, it felt like I really had some control there and that was hot but the strapon didn’t do much for me. It did rub against my clit but not enough to get me anywhere.”

“Poor baby.” I started kissing her neck pressed against her back. I didn’t have to get hard. I hadn’t softened an iota since they walked into the room. The strapon was just strapping connecting a harness and left a lot open. I pressed down with my palm on Lavi’s back and she lowered herself over Melissa. Meanwhile, Melissa saw what was happening and grabbed the silicone dick to make sure it didn’t fall out. With Lavi leaning forward, holding herself up by her arms I grabbed her hips and slid into her pussy. Lavi hadn’t been joking about being worked up. She was already very wet and didn’t need stimulation.

Melissa looked up, “That’s it you half-goat bastard, slid your real dick in next to her fake one.” She was grinning. Lavi for her part was letting out a throaty purr that sounded like happiness. I tried to look around to see what was going on between them but couldn’t get a good view. I did see Lavi’s tits flying around and Melissa trying to catch them with her mouth. I knew Melissa wasn’t letting Lavi stay unstimulated though and it was confirmed a minute later when I felt fingertips brush along my length that had to be Melissa’s since Lavi was still holding herself up.

From experience, I knew that Lavi needed a longer build-up than Melissa so I fucked her eagerly but paced myself and felt her slowly build up. Despite the combined attention on Lavi, it was Melissa who grunted as she released next and yelled a non-word sound out of the back of her throat that was half growl. When she gathered herself she grabbed Lavi’s breast and brought it to her mouth, her eyes wide and wild.

Lavi, “Fuck yeah, bite that nipple, don’t let it go.” Lavi began pushing back against me, speeding up. She was eager for it now. I looked around and saw one of her breasts wasn’t moving. She went from wet around my cock to soaking and soon started screaming a stream of obscenities and endearments, “Oh yeah, fuck my pussy, I love you, Melissa you glorious slut, I adore you ... fuck me with that dick baby...” and she came hard collapsing on Melissa who squealed with delight and I stepped around to see her kissing Lavi’s face while holding her.

I offered Melissa my dick and she eagerly took it. I stroked the length while looking in her eyes and she sucked the knob. Lavi pushed herself up and leaned in to take one of my nipples in her mouth and sucked on it while I came in her wife’s mouth. I felt myself pulse and Melissa hummed with joy as she swallowed me. Afterward we lay in the bed, me in the middle and they both half on top of me. We all had our water bottles.

“So ... thoughts?” I asked after we’d been silent for a few minutes.

Melissa half babbled, “When Lavi laid on me the strap on dick fell out but when you were fucking her, it didn’t hit me like when she fucked me but the feeling of her and you over me and it stimulating me, that was really awesome.”

“The strap on got me going but it was kind of frustrating too,” said Lavi, “I kind of liked the feel of it and I loved pounding you but I wasn’t going to physically get off on it. I’ll definitely do it again though I don’t think it’ll be one of my favorites.”

“That’s fair, you really seemed to like Melissa biting your nipple hard though,” I said.

“Oh, yeah,” Lavi moved her hair and played with her nipple that had red bite marks around it. She had a studious look on her face. “My nipples have always been sensitive so I thought I wouldn’t like something that intense but it was great. I might like it harder than I thought with them.”

“I’ll be glad to oblige, my love,” said Melissa stroking it for Lavi who had a tiny shudder run through her and smiled.

“I never get tired of hearing you say that.”

“Good,” and Melissa leaned forward to kiss her. “Do you want to try the receiving end sometime?”

“Maybe,” Lavi said, “no, never mind, I’ll do it sometime. Just not right now” She shrugged. “How about you,” Lavi said looking at me, “you want to try it?”

“Pegging?”

“Yeah,” said Melissa.

“Not really. I’ve never even had a finger up there. No idea what I’d think of it.”

Melissa followed up, “Are you concerned that it’s kind of ... gay?”

“You sound really concerned about this. Why?” I asked.

Melissa sat partway up so she could look at me better. “A lot of guys really freak out if they think someone even thinks something they do is gay.”

“And then they get off on bi-girl porn,” I pointed out.

Melissa, “I never said men weren’t hypocrites.”

I shrugged. “When I was a kid I might have felt like that but I’ve had experiences. I’m straight and comfortable with that. I’m willing to try a finger sometime and see how that goes first. I do like being rimmed. My bigger thing isn’t that it’s gay but, well, let me put it this way, why do you like being underneath like you were?”

Melissa thought a second and said, “I don’t really have control, I like that.”

“Like it’s a bit submissive?”

She blushed, “Yeah.”

“Exactly,” I said, “there’s a reason the person receiving is called the bottom. It’s not a turn on for me bottoming. But if you really want to try it I’m willing, for you.”

Melissa had a very serious look on her face, “Let me think about it.”

“Well,” said Lavi, “that brings us to round two. I didn’t wash my ass out for nothing. But ... what do you mean when you say you’ve had experiences?”

“I’ve never had gay sex if that’s what you’re asking. But when I used to go to parties there were gay members of the scenes. I watched it sometimes. There were times a guy would be there without anyone to top him and I’d do things like spankings or wax play to be neighborly.”

That was when Melissa snorted water through her nose onto my chest. Before I could say anything Lavi yelled, “OH MY GOD! How many times am I going to get sprayed by you!”

I laughed, “A lot if you’re underneath her.”

Lavi, gently thank goodness, slapped my arm, and said, “That’s not what I meant!”

Meanwhile, Melissa was laughing hysterically. “What’s so funny,” I asked.

She collected herself just long enough to wheeze out, “Neighborly!”

“It’s not that funny a choice of words.” I felt a tad indignant.

She was having trouble breathing, “Yes, it is!” She took some deep breaths. “Don’t be neighborly with Mrs. Richardson, it’ll kill her.”

“Who is that?”

“The ninety-four-year-old, blue house, next to your’s?”

“I don’t know her.”

“You don’t know any of them, do you?”

“All right! Enough teasing Robert for being a hermit.” She put emphasis on her declaration by fondling my balls. She certainly had my attention. “Let’s get back to what’s important ... my ass.”

“Oh, yeah, why did you wash it? Anal?”

Lavi replied, “Well, maybe but first...”

“The skank wants to be rimmed,” offered Melissa.

“You or me?”

“Me, I assumed but...”

“Melissa definitely,” Lavi interjected. “I don’t know but I like the vibe of making her do it.”

I laughed, “I think you might have a little domme streak in you, at least as far as Melissa goes.” I reached out and stroked Lavi’s face. “How about I get underneath you and we give each other some fun then.”

Lavi shouted “Deal!” and moved to make room for me to go ahead and get in place. I would be hard-pressed to say which felt better in the next few minutes, Lavi’s wonderful breasts pressed against me or her mouth suckling on my cock. I couldn’t see what Melissa was doing but was able to reach up and run my hand along her thigh. I used one hand and gently played with Lavi’s clit, teasing it while lapping at her folds and occasionally pushing my tongue as far in as I could. Her juices flowed steadily and after about five minutes she began to shake. At this point, she’d lost focus on blowing me but that was fine. I laid my mouth over her lips and sucked at her cleft, savoring every ounce of juice she gave me as she continued shaking. It was a light quake across her body, not strong but continued for almost a whole minute.

I felt Melissa move back and Lavi rolled off. She had a content smile on her face. “Now, that was fun,” she said. “It was weird, the rimming wasn’t what I expected, it was really relaxing and then Robert eating me was exciting and ... it was like getting a massage while getting fucked.”

Melissa sat cross-legged on the bed and ran her hand across Lavi’s stomach. “So, game for it again sometime?”

I lay next to Lavi who reached down and slowly stroked me. If I hadn’t already cum recently I would have, right then. “Oh, yeah! But, I see Robert still needs some more love and you still want to try that thing?”

“Ummm ... Maybe another time?”

Lavi seemed curious, “Not interested now?”

“No, I am, but I want the real thing in me right now.” Melissa’s other hand had moved down and was stroking herself between her legs. Lavi grabbed Melissa’s other hand and moved the hand between her own legs and let Melissa stroke both of them.

I got up and shifted over, grabbed Melissa by the shoulders, and half lifted and half dragged her onto her back. She started to go “What are you...” but was interrupted by finding herself lying on her back in Lavi’s lap. I spread her legs and got between them and grinned at her.

Melissa, “Oh, I see the satyr is going to ravish the innocent maiden without even talking to ... oh...” she sucked air in suddenly as I slammed in.

Lavi giggled then said, “You are chatty for a nymph being ravaged.” She then leaned forward and put a nipple in Melissa’s mouth. I fucked her at that point. I wasn’t slow or gentle, I didn’t worry about building her up, I just fucked her hard, watching her breasts bounce as she pushed back at me and suckled on Lavi. Melissa’s habit of being very orgasmic didn’t disappoint and even as ready as I was to cum she came three times before I finally let loose in her and felt my cock pulse hard twice.

I remained there on my knees a few more minutes lazily stroking in and out in my own mess and letting Melissa milk me of a few more tiny bits. I watched as Melissa continued to suckle on Lavi who had a hand in her lap under Melissa’s head and started rocking harder on her unseen hand. I moved up and grabbed her by her hair and turned her head to me and kissed Lavi hard as she came, sucking her breath into me.

Her body stopped shaking and she lay back on the bed. Melissa remained in place and had a finger in her pussy playing with my cum mixed with her juices and took some to her mouth to taste and fed a few drops to Lavi, who didn’t have the same fascination with it but didn’t object. I watched for a few minutes and then found myself gently kissing Melissa.

I was the first to find my voice. “Don’t take this the wrong way but it’s going to be really hard to go back to only having you ladies over on some days.” I stroked Lavi’s arm and tickled Melissa’s hip with my foot. “You’re both spoiling me and not just with sex.”

Lavi pulled on my arm and I obliged, moving until I was face to face with her. “I know, I feel the same,” she said and she started kissing me.

Melissa crawled and got behind me, wrapping her arms around me and kissed my neck. Melissa’s voice was low but could be easily heard. “It won’t be long. We gotta figure this out but we’re moving in as soon as we can.”

We remained comfortably like that for what seemed like an hour but was probably much less. We just held each other and the world felt simple and lovely. Eventually, Melissa disengaged needing the bathroom. I hadn’t wanted to say it, but I needed to pee too. We all showered and put on comfortable clothes. This meant shorts and a t-shirt for me and summer dresses for the girls. I had a message on my phone that everything was ready. We worked our way down to the restaurant where they had a large wicker picnic basket waiting for us. I took it and we made our way to the beach where Skylar, the blonde twenty-something I’d met earlier took us over to our umbrella. They had done an excellent job. It was about six and there was still light but you could see the battery-operated candles glinting in the sand and half a dozen thick towels made a quasi floor.

I broke out the basket and found plastic containers with the bacon-wrapped dates, danish meatballs with chorizo, and grilled chicken sandwiches with mozzarella and peppers. Two bottles of excellent sangria were served in red plastic cups. I brought out my Bluetooth speaker and put on music. We took off our shoes, we ran into the surf, we danced on the beach and ate by electric candlelight.

We drank more and more and, though it took time, both bottles were drained and we were all buzzing happily. Melissa talked excitedly about learning to harvest honey from the hives. Lavi wanted to go to the movies next week for a movie coming out I hadn’t heard about. We discussed the party on Friday and the girls shared that they were going to take Zahra out to buy a swimsuit. We talked about the light on the water and closet space back home. We talked about a dozen other things I can’t remember now but each one was important because it was us.

The sangria hit Melissa a little harder and she was fading in and out of light sleep as we sat there illuminated by candles and the moon. Her head was in my lap, one of her hands intertwined with Lavi’s who was stroking Melissa’s hair.

Lavi, “Robert, do you remember what you said to me back when I got blood on your shirt?”

“On your birthday?”

“Yeah.”

“Mostly, not the exact words but roughly, why?”

Melissa wandered into wakefulness for a second, “I wondered what you two were talking about when I was washing my hair.”

“I thought you heard it,” I said to Melissa. “Later, you mentioned something we said.”

“Only a little,” she replied.

Lavi, “He told me he was jealous of all the time you got to spend with me.”

“Oh.” Melissa looked more awake now.

Lavi continued, “But I was jealous of Robert too.”

I responded, “Huh?”

“Melissa fell in love with you first.”

“That’s not how I see it. She knew you and loved you a lot longer.”

Lavi sighed, “I know but that’s in one way, not all ways. Then, and this will sound stupid, but you stood there with my blood on your shirt and it soaked through and I thought suddenly that I couldn’t imagine any man ever doing that, caring so much for me without hesitation.”

I smiled, “It’s not like I bled for you.”

“But you would.”

There was no point denying it, “Yes.”

“I didn’t realize it until later but I was jealous of her for falling in love with you first.”

Melissa’s eyes fluttered closed again. “You two are really sweet and shit.”

“You’re still drunk,” giggled Lavi.

“Yeppers! But I’m on the beach with the girl who was the first person I ever wanted to kiss and the only man who didn’t look at me like he wanted to kiss me.”

“I didn’t,” I said. “I wanted to attack you and steal you away and never let you go after making you mine. I wanted to taste your breath on my tongue and become so filled with it I wouldn’t know where you ended and I began. I wanted it to be forever.”

“Thank goodness,” she sighed and settled back down.

“Hey, slut! Don’t pass out!” That was Lavi. “When did you want to kiss me? That first time?”

Melissa smiled, remembering, “Ninth grade. We were sitting outside waiting for your mom to pick us up and you gave me one of your earbuds and we were listening to music. I wanted to kiss you so badly but knew everyone would make fun of me.”

Lavi smiled, “I remember the song, Side to Side.”

Melissa, “I still like that song.”

“Me too. I was already jilling off to you, you know.” Lavi said it affectionately stroking Melissa’s cheek.

“I didn’t know. I just thought you thought I was pretty, I didn’t know you really really wanted me.”

“How could you not know?”

“Because you are so fearless. I figured you would have told me.”

“You’re the only thing I’ve been afraid of. I won’t make that mistake again.”

“Good.”

We kissed, all three of us, not in turn but in one little knot and then smiled at each other. We were tired and mellow and gathered up our shoes and put all the trash in the picnic basket. Tomorrow was Monday and we had to return to the real world and summer was nearly at an end with only one more week to go.