**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 35**

I had barely seen Melissa and Lavi that morning as we had all overslept. I got some work done before Ji got there but she ran late too so it was a mad rush to the doctor’s office only for him to make us wait an hour past my appointment time before he saw us. In theory, though not likely, I could lose my arm and I was filling out the same paperwork I had over and over for the last week. I wondered if the sheer mundanity of something that could be so important to my life made it better or worse. Fortunately I had a book with me. I was rereading China Mieville’s “The City and the City.”

And Ji was good company. She was dressed in a light blue dress that might have been a classic cocktail dress but a loose jeans jacket over it made it look casual. She kept a white leather purse at her side. Her hair was pitch black and fell untended down her back. She had been easy going all morning, a different person from last night, relaxed instead of flirty. Now that I was looking at her as a woman the relaxed vibe was pretty damn sexy too. It wasn’t like Lavi or Melissa. With them I wanted them near all the time, so much that when we were apart during the day I felt a kind of tension ease when they were back with me. I was enjoying Ji’s company but I didn’t miss her when she wasn’t near.

I went back and forth between these thoughts and my book until a nurse finally called us. With the doctor Ji was serious and asked relevant questions. While there she took off my bandages and applied new ones. The doctor had some advice but no corrections for her. Any doubt I had about her ability to look after my bandages was dispelled. We both promised to contact his office if anything was the slightest bit off. When the doctor was finally happy we were dismissed, presumably so that the doctor could now see people who were waiting ninety minutes after their appointment times.

It was 11:30 AM when Ji got us back to my house. Ji got out first and held my car door for me. Having to reach across myself to open my door was awkward so it was appreciated. Making sure I didn’t unconsciously do little things like use my right arm to steady myself made me feel like I was moving in slow motion. Even working was hard as I could type with my right hand but my shoulder just couldn’t stay in position to do so for very long.

Ji had a hand on one hip as she held the door and asked, “What are you smiling at?”

“I was just thinking that no matter how much this hurts I at least have a prescription for controlled narcotics for the pain.”

She grinned, “And a seventeen year old girl who is going to get you naked every day.” She shut the door.

“Topless I think you mean,” I said.

“Nah, I think I should check all over, just to be thorough.” She was still grinning.

“Careful or I’ll think you mean it.”

“Mmmm maybe I should.” She said it with a bit of wistfulness in her voice. I had a feeling a lot of things were going on in her head. I did like the flirtatious Ji I’d met last night and she seemed to be back. “He seems to think I do,” she said with a nod of her head. I followed her line of sight to an older fellow who lived next to me, glaring at us from his porch.

“Ignore him,” I said.

“He probably figures I’m a hooker,” she said giggling.

“Because hookers give their johns rides home?”

“Hey, it’s a crowded market, there’s probably a space for combining ridesharing services with nooky. Here,” Ji said, “let’s give him a thrill.”

She stepped up to me and stood right in front of me. She was shorter so I suspect he couldn’t see her at all. She took my left arm and slid it around her waist.

I said, “You know, he can’t see you. I don’t actually have to do this.”

“Hush, I want to sell this.” She pressed herself to me. She wasn’t voluptuous but she was a firm presence and very female and I could see directly in her dark brown eyes. “So, what are you thinking?” She asked. Why the hell did every woman I’ve ever known ask me this question when they were being sexy? Could they really not tell?

“Honestly?”

“Honestly,” she replied.

“Two things.”

“What?”

“You’re very pretty,” I said.

“That’s only one.”

“The other is a bit cruder.”

“I’m a big girl.”

“I was thinking your lips would look good wrapped around my cock.”

Her eyes went big and then she smiled. “Maybe you’ll get to find out someday.” She skipped away from me and pulled on my good arm, holding my hand. “Come on big boy, let’s get you inside.” I glanced back and my neighbor was slamming his door.

We approached the house and I shared with her the code I’d set up for her to be able to come in. It was unique to her and I had her practice it several times. Inside I went downstairs to take off my shoes. The slip on shoes I had were easier to put on and off from my office chair. I never thought I’d miss tying shoe laces. I also put up my wallet from the kangaroo pouch of my sweat shirt since my sweat pants didn’t have real pockets. I was beginning to understand what women complained about when they said their pants didn’t have real pockets.

I rejoined Ji upstairs and sat on the couch with her. She had taken off her jacket and dropped it on the back of a chair. She tossed her hair over her shoulder and watched me. Her breasts were the size of firm apples and very perky. She was reclining against the end of the couch and had her phone balanced on one corner between her breasts tapping the other end against her lip.

“You left me all alone,” she said. “But this is an awesome couch.”

“Tell Melissa. She picked it.”

“She’s really getting domestic here isn’t she?”

“She and Lavi both decided to live here full time now to take care of me.”

“And their parents know?”

“They’ve both said that by Christmas they’re moving everything in. Linda doesn’t seem to want to make it a fight right now. Syliva already has plans for Lavi’s room as an office.”

Movement attracted my eyes. Ji’s feet were bare and she was moving them around wiggling toes at me so I grabbed one and started to knead the sole with my knuckles. I couldn’t move my right much but I made do while keeping one arm still.

Ji’s head dropped back over the arm of the couch. “Oh God!”

“You like?”

She sighed in pleasure. “Fuuuu ... I don’t know about the rest of you but your hands can do whatever they want to me.” I worked on her arches and moved up to her calves. “Lavi was right, your fingers are magic.”

“Never had a foot massage before?”

“I’ve had a boy rub my shoulders hoping to get my panties off. Melissa has rubbed my legs when they were sore. But, just to give me pleasure, no. I might not need sex after this.”

I grinned. “Maybe I should stop then.”

“If you do I’ll handcuff you to my ankles.” I think she was joking.

I continued but said, “Well, I will have to abandon my duties here soon.”

“You’ll leave me all alone? Even when I’m feeling frisky.”

“You look frisky, why?”

“Did you ever skip school, like at the end of the year?”

“Sure.”

She rolled her head around and stared at the ceiling. “I did last year. First time ever. I’m not a goody two-shoes but ... well, there are rules you can break and ones you can’t in my family. I could probably gain an opium habit and it would be all right so long as I got straight A’s.”

“So, skipping school is bad huh?”

“Yeah. Reggie Moussay, he was a senior, asked me to. We went to the lake, he wanted to skinny-dip. I wanted to too but didn’t.”

“Why not?”

“I liked breaking the rules and Reggie was nice but I didn’t want him to think he was why I wanted to break the rules.”

“Are you breaking rules here?”

“Apparently not. Seriously, what the fuck, Mom?” She threw out her arms dramatically. She pulled her arms back and sighed again. “No, this is better than breaking the rules, it’s making my own rules for once.”

“Well, my rules require that I get something to eat and get some more work in.”

“Do you mind if I kill time here? I don’t feel like going home.”

“Mom there?”

“Yeah, and she’ll have tons of questions. And she’ll be busy.”

“Busy? I had the impression she was a housewife.”

“Kinda. She does translation work.”

“I thought you said her English wasn’t great.”

“It’s not. She translates Cantonese, Mandarin, Veitnamese, Japanese and Korean. She does a lot of business work. Someone will make a document at the end of the business day and she has it translated by morning. Moving here was actually useful for her.”

“Sounds boring.”

“It’s how she met dad. She was translating meetings he was in.”

“You know she’s following me on Instagram?”

Her head lifted up. “No shit?” Apparently seeing that I wasn’t making it up she grabbed a throw pillow and covered her face with it before screaming.

“Sorry,” I said.

“Ah, fuck it.” She replaced the pillow.

I stood. “Well, you’re welcome to stay. I’m going to make myself a bite. Join me?”

Ji jumped up. “Do I get to start learning now?”

“Absolutely.”

I was just raiding the fridge for leftovers but we went ahead and made pizza dough. I set a reminder for the proving, left her with the TV and went downstairs. I logged onto the company chat and it was crazy. I’d tried to keep up in the hospital but the South American project was going full steam ahead and the Pacific Rim statistics that our new client sent us were very interesting. Soon I’d lost three hours staring at numbers. Suddenly I had a ping, it was my boss. I opened the Slack call.

“Hey Tony.”

“Hi Robert, how are you?”

“Alive and glad to be home.”

“Good man. And your lovely brides?”

“Still lovely and fortunately still haven’t realized I’m ugly and old.”

He nodded gravely. “And may they never.”

“Amen,” I replied.

“Anyway, I know you worked some this morning and based on emails you’re going solid this afternoon. How are you feeling?”

“Tired. I should log out.”

“Do that. You have over five weeks of sick time, burn it and rest.”

“A boss telling me to rest?”

He looked a little grim. “I need you hearty and whole. The board met while you were in the hospital last week. I’m going to be honest Robert. We’re getting more work than we can do. I want to hire two more people to help but the board is afraid it’s temporary so ... I don’t want to hurt morale and...” he held up hands defensively on the screen “I’m not going to tell anyone to work extra hours or anything but ... if we can make this work it’s going to be amazing, for all of us.”

“And a lot of that work is going to come from Laurence isn’t it?”

“Yeah, it is and I need you to be the pointman on it. He likes you. He’s mentioned you when talking to Julie, the president. He made a point of saying that his wife wants an excuse to fly you and your wives out to their house for dinner.”

“Uh...”

“Yeah, don’t sweat it. I don’t know if Julie cares or not about the poly thing but she cares about contracts a lot more. So, I need you rested and focused. Capisco?”

“Capisco.” There was a pause. “Does that mean I’m a mobster now?”

He was too nice to roll his eyes at me but I know he wanted to. “Finish what you need to and log off. Rest.”

“Yes sir.”

It took me a little bit to finish up and make notes. Then I turned to the boxes and mail on my desk. Melissa had sorted the mail the night before and put it in little piles for me. She had taken her and Lavi’s tasers and unpacked them to put them away wherever they were now. I opened this one, made sure all the parts were there and found that the videos I had watched online had been accurate. This thing was made to be dead simple, which was a virtue. I tried out the laser sight and pointed it at an imaginary bad guy.

“Make my day ... punk.”

I didn’t feel very tough holding it with a shaky left hand though. Pulling it closer to me I was able to get it a lot steadier. I made sure the safety switch was set and put it into a canvas messenger bag I was using since anything heavy tended to pull down the sweats. Lavi had called it my man purse.

I figured I would practice firing it outside later. But I went upstairs to find Ji still on the couch, her dress pulled up on her thighs and my thoughts changed direction. Something animated was on the screen. “What are you watching?”

“Rascal Does Not Dream of Bunny Girl Senpai.”

I blinked. “Gesundheit.”

She sighed dramatically. “Not an anime fan?”

“I’ve watched the Godzilla animated movies, that’s about it. What’s this about?”

“Uh, it’s a romance but kind of, like, there’s magical type things that happen like curses but it’s because of quantum stuff but the science is just a metaphor but not really because they say it’s the things a metaphor is usually for is causing the quantum physics stuff.” I tried to process that and failed. Seeing my confusion she said, “Sorry, I’m doing the babbling thing again, aren’t I?”

“You’re fine, I’m just not following.”

“I think it would explain itself better than I could.”

“I’m game.” I sat.

“Really?”

I did the one arm shrug. “Why not? If you say it’s good I’m willing to give it a try.” I put the messenger bag by the door.

“It’s not high literature.”

I looked, “None of it is really though, is it?”

She looked at me seriously. “You might be surprised. Still, this is based on light novels.”

“Light novels?”

“They’re an Asian thing. Short novels, often with some illustrations but not like manga.”

“Like novellas?”

“I guess, but they’re often series.”

“Interesting. And this is based on one?”

“Yeah. They’re often teenage stuff but there’s definitely an older audience too.”

I nodded. “All right, expectations are set.”

“I’ll start it from the beginning.”

By the time the second episode had ended I was rubbing my chin.

“So?” Ji asked.

“I like it, I’m just trying to decide if it’s good.”

“Don’t they mean the same thing?”

“Nah, take for example my musical tastes. Most of what I like is garbage, I like it but there’s a difference between subjective taste and objective quality.”

She studied me. “You are strange.” I ignored that.

“I think it is good, not great but good. I need to pee.”

“Need help?” She looked like she had a plan.

“Nah, I got it.”

“Melissa said I should help.” She stood.

“Sweat pants plus no underwear - even one handed I can manage.” I stood and gave her the thumbs up as if that proved a point.

She moved to be right behind me as I walked away. “Still, a medical professional should be on hand.”

“Call one then.”

She pouted. It was cute. “I’m getting paid, I count.”

“How are you getting paid?” We were nearly to the bathroom.

“In pizza.”

I started to blow her off but decided fuck it. I needed to pee and I was not going to have this conversation in the doorway of the hallway bathroom. “If you’re coming, come on.” I left the door open as I lifted the lid and pushed my sweat pants down. She surprised me by walking in and jumping her tiny ass onto the sink.

I started to pee. Being in the bathroom made me think of something she had said last night. “So, were you sick with stress last night?” I asked.

“A little. I was like ‘OMG what did I do?’ but Mellie and Lavi were so chill. And I saw that video she sent me! That was uber hot.”

“Sent you?”

“Yeah, the one of her wearing my panties! I diddled myself watching it.”

This conversation was having a reaction. I was pretty much done pissing which was good since I was getting hard. I noticed her watching it and might have moved it around a bit more than strictly necessary to piss.

“Thinking of her huh?” Ji asked.

“Actually looking at your legs and thinking of you.” She hadn’t pulled her dress down and it was very high on her thighs. I suspected she had noticed.

“Why?” She asked.

“Seriously?”

“It’s not like I have Mellie’s tits or Lavi’s booty.”

“There are ass men and tits men. Me, I like women, whole packages, lots of types. Everything you have is just right together.”

She blushed just a little at that. “Can I take a picture?” She asked.

“Why?”

“I want to tease Melissa.”

“Hmm no, but if you hold it I’ll take a video for her.”

“Deal!” I turned and she reached out and slid her fingernails across my dick which quickly helped it go from hardening to rigid. I hit record.

“You’re enjoying being naughty aren’t you?” I asked. She just smiled. It wasn’t wicked or mischievous but oddly serene. She stroked me a few times and it made me shudder. She reached around it, now using her palm and fingers to envelope it. “Use some spit,” I said, “it’s too dry.” She spit on her hand and returned to pulling on me. “Do you want to jerk me off?” She stayed silent but nodded yes.

I was already in front of her so I reached out and pushed at her right leg with my left arm. Both legs spread, making her dress ride up and expose herself. She was wearing thin white lacy panties, moist and nearly transparent.

Ji asked, “You like?”

“I do.”

“You actually want to look at me?”

“Absolutely. And more than look but I’m warning you - you’re going to get fucked if you keep this up.”

“You’re sure?” She was stroking my dick and biting her lip.

“I’m sure what’s going to happen the first time you say yes.”

“Is that what you want?”

“What I want is you on your knees begging for it.”

She was breathing deeply. She continued to stroke me and with her other hand stroked her thigh. “I want you to shoot it here.”

“If I do you know Melissa’s rule.”

“I know,” she said. Her eyes were locked on what her hand was doing to me.

I reached with my left hand and held onto that thin thigh while thrusting into her hand, fucking it. She squeezed gently and I felt the fingers rub around the head of my dick when I pulled nearly out and then pushed back in. I leaned forward and her breath was hot in my ear. It wasn’t long and I shot, spreading my seed across her inner thighs. She clenched her legs together. “Fuckitty fuck fuck...” she shook and then stilled, “I think I just came.” She looked down and giggled. “Ew ... it’s slimy.” I wiped myself on her thigh and stopped the recording. “Perv.” She smiled and then got serious. “Oh, don’t send that to Mellie, yet.”

“Why?” I had a moment of paranoia.

“Look at the time. She and Grace should be talking to Richardson about now.”

Oh, yeah.

I got out some limes and made a pitcher of limeade with agave for sweetener. The dough was ready and after staring at it for several minutes I admitted that I was not going to be able to make a decent circle one handed. Twenty minutes later Ji and I were both covered with a light dusting of flour and she had managed to make two mostly disc shaped forms of dough, if you squinted at them. And were drunk.

I bumped her with my good shoulder. “It’ll be fine. They’ll still taste great.” She didn’t look convinced.

I didn’t have any pre-made tomato sauce so I stepped her through creating a homemade garlic sauce for them we could make pretty quickly. As I verbally walked her through some knife skills I was really missing Lavi. Lavi would need to demonstrate some cutting for me. And when I bumped into Ji and had to say where things were I realized how much Melissa and I moved like a single machine in the kitchen. Still, Ji was pleasant to be around and I enjoyed teaching her. And fumbling aside we managed to get two pizzas in the oven.

“You look concerned,” I said.

“You’ve made the cauliflower one before but...”

“I know peaches are not usually a pizza topping but I saw the idea somewhere and thought it would be fun to try.” She gave me a look with crossed arms. “Hey, there’s a lot of fresh mozzarella, herbs, from my own garden I might add, and excellent balsamic on there. If the peaches don’t work we can pull them off and the rest will still be delicious.”

“All right, fine.” Ji looked at me as I set a timer for the oven. “You know, about earlier...”

“Yeah?”

“What if we don’t, you know?”

I sipped from my glass. “I’m having fun, if that’s all that happens it was still fun.”

“And this?” She gestured to the kitchen.

“What about it? If we went too far I’m sorry. I get caught up and ... you’re hot. You got me going.”

“I did, huh?” She looked proud.

“Yep.” I sipped more. It was a bit tarter than I had planned but I liked it.

She flipped her hair back. “I got caught up too but not sure if I regret it or regret not doing more.”

I knew that what I should have said was that she should do as much as she felt comfortable with. What I actually said was with a grin. “You definitely should have done more.”

She mirrored my grin and that was when I heard the front door open. Lavi had taken her car and Melissa the Jeep but they drove home in tandem so they came home together. Ji pulled down her dress from where she had let it stay high on her thighs, finishing just as Lavi’s me Melissa entered.

Melissa was wearing jeans and a black Iron Maiden T-shirt from her new collection. Lavi wore a high waisted tartan skirt, black and red with a black knit top. Both wore their earrings. Soon I had kisses from both as Melissa cut off any update about cheerleading to ask about the trip to the doctor’s office. I felt myself relax, that bleeding away of tension you get when you finally get home. It hadn’t been home with them not here.

Ji filled Melissa in, with details extracted along the way. It turned out Melissa had been learning more about this stuff than I realized. The only thing I accomplished in the hospital was listening to a lot of books and not dying. Lavi meanwhile had gotten glasses of limeade poured for her and Melissa. She gave a thumbs up and gave me a tart kiss after she tasted it. Then she went for the bottle of ranch and baby carrots. I went ahead and got her a dipping bowl.

After a back and forth about how clean my bandages had to stay Ji finally got to ask, “How did it go?”

Melissa picked out a baby carrot from the bag Lavi had opened. “I quit. Richardson was annoyed. Then Grace quit and Richardsonhad a stroke.” She dipped the carrot and began chewing.

“Screaming?” Ji asked.

Lavi, “I didn’t hear any from outside.”

Melissa swallowed. “Remember when Tracy jokingly threw that used pad towards T’Wana but was missing on purpose and it hit Richardson who walked around the corner just then?”

Lavi snickered and Ji grinned. “Yeah,” Lavi said, “She was so mad all she could do was say ‘get out’ over and over again.”

Ji, “so it was like that?”

“Not quite.” Melissa grabbed another baby carrot, dipped it into the ranch dressing and took a bite. “She said ‘thank you for letting me know’ and went non-verbal. Grace tried to say a few nice things but Richardson just stared at us until we left.”

I had to ask. “And the paperwork for the competition?”

Melissa swirled a carrot around in the ranch, clearly trying to perfect the ratio. “Done. Blackman did it. She paid the registration fees on her credit card.”

“She didn’t need to do that,” I said.

“She insisted, said it was worth it.”

Lavi, “That reminds me; Mom said she and Dad are picking up shares of meat and veg from those co-ops you use, two of each. They’re taking one and one of each is for you.”

“Uh, why?”

“She said eating over here a bit has convinced her to cook with fresher stuff.”

“I meant more, why for us?”

“Oh! Tossing in for the cheerlead ... uh, dancing team food. Plus something about groceries being a lot cheaper at the house recently.” She actually looked a bit annoyed at that last bit and I noticed she was putting only a very thin coat of ranch on her carrots. Ji reached over and decided to indulge. Soon the sound of three gorgeous young women chewing carrots filled the kitchen. I grabbed one and joined in.

Melissa started things by looking at me and dragging a carrot across the tip of her tongue. The ranch was left behind and she swallowed it, slowly, Not to be upstaged Lavi pretended to accidentally flick a splatter of ranch into her cleavage.

With a dramatic, and utterly fake, shock she said, “Oh my, I’m splooged!” Then she dipped her finger down and brought some out, giving the finger to Ji who licked it clean. It was all teasing but Ji looked at me. “Movie?”

“Movie.”

Melissa and Lavi glanced at me. “Movie?” They asked it together.

My phone pinged. “I gotta get the pizzas out, meet me in the living room.”

I unlocked my phone and handed it to Ji who jumped up and headed that way. Lavi and Melissa waited for me to get the pizzas on the oven top and then we followed.

Ji already had it ready to play, the frame showing her face in the bathroom with me in the mirror holding the phone was on the screen. Ji motioned excitedly from the center of the couch.

“What is it?” Melissa asked.

Ji replied, “It’s from earlier. We made it for you.” She bounced up and down on the couch gently. “I haven’t seen it yet either.”

Melissa plopped down next to Ji. Lavi took the seat on the other side of Ji. The recliner was hard to get out of. Moving across the room would take me in front of the TV and they were clearly eager to start and I didn’t want to sit with my injured shoulder next to anyone to bump into. So I quickly got to one knee and then sat on the floor in front of Lavi. It started playing before I was settled.

I heard myself say in the video, “You’re enjoying being naughty aren’t you?” Ji nodded and the camera panned down. I watched Melissa and Lavi, turning my head to watch them. Lavi was shamelessly pulling her skirt up and stroking the inside of her thigh.

“Use some spit,” I said from the TV, “it’s too dry.” In the video, Ji’s fingernails pulled softly. I tried to ignore how weird my own voice sounded. Melissa was transfixed.

“Hiah!” It was a gasp but high pitched as it escaped Melissa’s throat. Ji grinned. Lavi just moved her fingers inside the black panties she wore. I got on my knees and Lavi jerked her panties to the side and pulled me forward.

“Thank you, thank you.” She said as she leaned back right as my tongue entered her. Lavi tasted wonderful. I had missed this and I dug with my tongue. The television played behind me.

We reached where I heard myself say “What I want is you on your knees begging for it.” And Melissa said, “Oh yeah!” A few minutes passed while the TV played the sounds of heavy breathing. I filled my world with the taste of Lavi, who bucked her hips at me.

Behind me the past me said, “If I do you know Melissa’s rule.”

“I know,” the recorded Ji said. Lavi ground herself against my face and made purring sounds.

“Unf!” I thought that was Melissa and it was confirmed when I lifted my head long enough to see Melissa move next to me on the floor and push up Ji’s dress. A hand in my hair pulled me back down as I returned to Lavi’s flower. I felt something brush my forehead and realized it was Ji’s hand grabbing on Lavi’s thigh. It squeezed. Lavi got wetter and my face began to get slick as I flicked her clit with my tongue.

I felt Lavi’s toes on my thigh and she vibrated. Ji however was shaking. Lavi ran her fingers through my hair. “Keep going baby, I’m getting there. Your honey bee is licking Ji’s thighs. The little slut is going to stain the couch, not sure if it’s more from Mellie or her though.”

Lavi giggled then Ji’s grip tightened. Lavi narrated for me. “Oh, yes. Mellie is sucking the front of Ji’s panties and getting more than what you left there.”

I didn’t hear the rest of what Lavi said because Ji froze. The sudden lack of movement was as dramatic as thrashing. I lifted my head and Ji’s eyes were shut tight as Melissa stayed the course. The sound that escaped Ji was more like a whimper than a scream but pitched high and drawn out. As the last escaped her she slumped back into the couch and started giggling. Melissa lifted up and stretched.

Lavi looked at her. “Proud of yourself?”

Melissa, “Yep!”

Lavi hadn’t cum yet so I leaned back in, and soon teased a nice little orgasm from her as Melissa and Ji watched. As she finished Lavi pulled me up for a kiss and mumbled that she loved me. I was about to say something about being hungry for pizza now when Melissa’s phone rang.

“WHAT?” She looked at us. “Lavi, grab your keys, we gotta go! Chris and T’Wana just pulled up at Grace’s. She doesn’t know why.” Chris was the asshole that had assaulted Melissa and T’Wana was just an all round bitch.

I sprinted to get shoes on and grabbed my bag by the door. Ji and Lavi took the front while Melissa and I the back. Lavi knew the way and sped as fast as she figured she could without being pulled over.

Melissa leaned over and kissed me. “Thank you for the video, it was sweet.”

“So, no weirdness?”

“No, it was perfect.” She rubbed her face against my chest. “When you mentioned my name I knew you were thinking of me even while you wanted her. It made me feel hot and safe. So, it was perfect.”

I didn’t know what to say so I said nothing. Ji looked back at me.

“Think the pizzas will reheat?”

“If not, we do them again. We made extra dough and sauce anyway.”

“There’s no pressure-cooked cauliflower left. You said that takes a while.”

“We’ll figure it out. I do have a favor to ask when we get there though...”

I filled her in. It wasn’t much of a plan but Ji nodded and got her phone ready.

The drive wasn’t long and things went quiet for a few minutes. We pulled up to a nice ranch style house in a middle class neighborhood. I recognized Grace’s house by June’s VW that had been to my house several times. There was a large truck in the driveway and on the porch I saw June and Grace facing Chris and T’Wana, neither of whom I’d been this close to before. We got out and approached with Ji standing back just a little.

T’Wana sneered at us. “So Barbie called for backup huh?”

Lavi was quick on the trigger. “So you’re Chris’ current cock sleeve? That explains the ambient drop in IQ. I thought even a gorilla had more sense than this.”

Melissa, “What the fuck is going on?”

Chris turns around, “Fuck off, this isn’t your business.”

June exploded, “You don’t tell who to leave my house, young man! And I think we are done so why don’t you leave!”

Abruptly June stepped back into the house and Grace followed her. We made to join them but Chris stepped in our way, right in front of Melissa.

He growled, “You goddamn cunt, you’re fucking this up, what’s your problem!?”

“You attacked me asshole!” Melissa was screaming and Lavi pushed herself in to stand between them. Chris wasn’t a big man but I’d seen him on the football field. He was fast and probably strong. Lavi was a spitfire but this guy would have reach and strength on his side and his eyes were wide. He was enraged. Had I ever been this full of piss and anger as a teenager?

Meanwhile T’Wana walked towards me. “So you’re the hag fag huh?” I would have said she was gorgeous but the look on her face was nasty. I looked past her to where Chris had an arm raised and a fist formed. He looked like he was enjoying this.

“You bitches need to mind your own business so maybe I’ll have to teach you to.”

That was all the excuse I needed. My old man didn’t give me much good advice but I think he got in a lot more fights than me. After one of my few school days fights, back in sixth grade, he said there was only one good kind of fight and it had to be over in three seconds with you still standing. That stuck with me.

I already had the safety flipped so I pulled my hand from my messenger bag and keeping my arm by my side centered the red dot on Chris’ back and squeezed the trigger. He jerked, screamed and fell uncontrolled, flopping to the ground as the electricity seized his muscles. Ji walked up and took the phone she had been recording everything with and made sure she got the wet spot where Chris peed himself.

That was when I heard the sirens and a squad car pulled up.