**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 37**

The rest of the week went by quickly. My mornings were spent working and afternoons relaxing so my body could heal. Then I would cook to have food ready when the girls got home. We fell into a routine of Ji checking my shoulder outside every day. I kept thinking of it as bandaged but the truth was the bandages were long gone, it was just a series of really nasty looking bunched skin and stitches. Still, I thought of it as bandaged. Being stitched sounded wrong and made me feel more broken. Lavi and Melissa quickly gave up correcting me when I used the wrong word. While Ji checked me out Melissa cleaned the pool and Lavi did some housework. They would finish up about the time Zahra and Grace arrived.

Grace was voted in as team captain and Melissa was elected choreographer. Lavi, Ji and Zahra filled out the starting roster. A few more girls were interested but Grace delayed tryouts saying she needed to figure out a system for it and Blackman agreed. It was made clear I was not only welcome to stay but encouraged to do so. Grace referred to me as an auxiliary member, rank of cook obviously. So, I sat in a deck chair and put in sound canceling earbuds to read or watched a movie while they practiced. Watching them practice was a pleasant distraction but I stayed out of it. We would chat when they took a break. Grace took every chance to apologize for her mother. I told her that I’d talk to June when I was ready. Zahra opened up around me quickly, probably an effect of knowing the other four well and the group being small. I quickly found that Zahra was the devil’s advocate of the group. She would challenge others, often starting a sentence with “but what if” or “let’s think about this.” She would alternate between sounding like a California Valley girl and a teacher.

Meanwhile I was developing a list of things that were on my mind and Friday afternoon started to work through them. First, I was getting more letters from the HOA about my lawn which was absurd so I talked to the lawn service owner and we worked out a plan. Secondly, Lavi had come home with an A+ on her history exam so a piercing was added to the agenda for Saturday. Next, Clarence Marshall emailed me to say that the school’s attorney was dragging his feet on the slander issue. I had a chat with Clarence and filled him on everything that happened. I could hear the glee in the man’s voice over the phone. Clarence promised to push on it next week and I reminded him that if they didn’t give the public apology I did want to take it to court. I was living with two teenage girls that acted more mature than Richardson and I would be pleased to give her back some of the grief she had given me.

Finally, Ji’s family was also on my mind. Ji’s mother didn’t appear to be an issue. Xinyi, though, was a troublemaker. The younger sister had pressed to come over and see what Ji was doing here after school. The new dance team was now common knowledge but since they couldn’t meet as a school function here they were just friends getting together, almost daily, and if they happened to go over a few dance moves ... well, that might happen but only informally. Mrs. Guo put her foot down saying that Xinyi had her friends and Jiang had hers and they could stay out of each other’s business. But there was also a father that came home on the weekends and it was Friday.

I had posted a picture of adding some apple mint from my garden to a cup of green tea when I saw Mrs. Guo’s account mark it as liked. She wrote a comment, “Looks wonderful!” It had a green heart emoji after it. On a whim I replied. “Come on over, glad to share.” It wasn’t serious. Then her reply appeared. “Be there in thirty minutes. Make big pot!”

I blinked. Did she know where I lived? Of course she did, she had picked up Ji here once. Fuck me. I looked around for something to clean up but Lavi kept the place impeccable. Have you ever felt the two sides of your brain argue with each other? One half was yelling and the other was calmly reminding the other half that we might as well be polite since I was boinking her daughter. I thought about texting Syliva to tell her I’d used the word ‘boinking’ but then decided I didn’t have the time to explain the context, assuming she even remembered when she had used it. Besides, maybe I could find out if I needed to be concerned about Meilin Guo’s husband.

But first, I headed into the kitchen. I needed wax paper and to double check a recipe quickly. Maybe I’d have time if she ran a little late.

She did run late and forty-five minutes later an attractive middle aged Mrs. Guo was sitting down across from me at one of the patio tables. She was pale and while she didn’t have Ji’s youth she had a radiant smile and glint in her eyes. Her black hair was pulled back into a simple bun that was kept in place by two metal pins with butterflies on them. She had bright red lips and red earrings. I think because of Ji’s descriptions I had expected some kind of exotic styling but the dress was very western. It was green and started right at her knees, hugging her closely until it ended below her breasts with ties over the shoulder. A white long sleeve shirt covered her where the dress stopped. I was also relieved to see she was at ease.

Because of my arm I had to bring things out one at a time. She poured us tea from the pot as I put down honey and then fetched the fresh eggy cakes, wrapped in paper, just like I’ve had in Chinese bakeries. As I was walking back she asked, “Do you want honey in your tea Mr. Carlo?” Her voice had an awkward cadence as if it still took a split second to think about how to say something. Still, it was her fourth or fifth best language according to her daughter and better than my second best language so I wasn’t going to be critical.

“Yes please, and it’s Robert.”

“Meilin, then. This is from your bees?”

“Yes, Ji told you?”

“No, but I watch your Instagram.”

“Oh, of course.” I felt stupid.

“Jiang talks to me very little. But what she does tell me I know is true.”

“And what has she told you about me?”

She smiled and added honey to her tea. “She says you and your wives are her friends. Friends with benefits I think is the saying.”

I might have swallowed involuntarily. “Well, sometimes friends with benefits are more about the benefits. I think we are really friends.”

“That is important to you,” she asked. I nodded yes. Meilin closed her eyes and breathed in from her tea cup deeply. “It smells wonderful and the cakes look delicious.” Rather than daintily taking one she simply picked it up and tore it open. She pulled a hot steaming section out to eat and ate it with relish. “Thank you for inviting me,” she said.

“Thank you for coming,” I replied. I sipped my own tea.

She looked around at my home. “Tea, bees, plants, this reminds me of my childhood on grandfather’s farm. Good memories. But, about today. I wanted to meet you Robert. Jiang has been very happy but I have questions.”

I looked at her searching for those eyes while she looked around and I sipped my own tea. “Questions?”

“How many friends like Jiang do you have?” She was looking directly at me now.

“None.”

“No others?”

I shook my head. “We aren’t swingers. We don’t trade, it’s not like that. If we like someone we might be willing to ... uh make more friends but we don’t go looking for it.”

“Other men?”

“No. I’m not interested in men and the girls said they aren’t either. It doesn’t feel like it would work with our... “ I almost said dynamic but that felt wrong so I concluded with “family.” She nodded as if she approved of it.

“But they like men?”

“Melissa yeah, Lavi not much.”

“But you all look at women? New friends are tempting a lot?” She looked at me and I had the sense this question was a test.

“Yes, very tempting, but sometimes stupid.” I think I was turning red.

“You are bashful. Surprising in a man like you.” She studied me over her tea.

She was so relaxed I couldn’t help but feel I should put my cards on the table. “I wanted to talk to you about something too. Her father.”

“Ah, he thinks she is a virgin. Good father, good husband, only sees in us what he thinks are good things.”

“Should I worry?”

“About?”

“Shotguns. I’m allergic to them.”

“Shotgu... ? Ah, the shotgun marriage.” She chuckled, “No, worry about what I think.”

“And what do you think?”

“Jiang has tried to be a good girl. I thought being American would teach her to take care of herself.”

“Take care of herself? I’m not sure I understand.”

“As a person and as a woman. She followed that T’wana girl. My grandmother would say you can’t see the sun if you stand behind others.”

“Lavi told me Ji is really speaking for herself now, not just trying to fit in.”

“Yes, that. And more as a woman.”

“You mean...” I still wasn’t comfortable with the idea of talking about Ji’s sexuality with her mother, especially without Ji’s permission, so I was trying to skirt the issue.

“When I met her father I asked ‘Do you know how to lick vagina?’ and he said ‘no, a man does not do that’ so I told him he could learn now or no second date.”

I smiled. “Obviously there was a second date.”

She smiled. “He was a good student.”

“You still haven’t told me what you think.”

“I think Jiang must learn to be a woman and that is complicated. You wouldn’t understand anymore than I would understand what it means to change from boy to man. She has stood up to me recently. She is becoming strong. She did not begin this with you and your wives but has found you along her road.”

“So, your husband...”

“He came home last night.” I must have looked surprised because she laughed. “His schedule does vary. I talked to him and he agreed to leave this with me.”

“How did you manage that?”

“I gave him oral sex while talking to him. He is incapable of disagreeing with me when I do that.” I couldn’t help it, she said it with such a straight face I laughed. She grinned to show she understood what she had said just fine.

“I have to ask about Xinyi. Is she going to cause problems for Ji?”

Meilin sighed. “Xinyi is her father’s daughter, she expects the world to follow her rules.” Her seriousness evaporated. “Maybe she needs a man to fuck her happy like you did her sister.”

I grinned. “That was a team effort.” I shouldn’t have said that and think I blushed again.

She laughed and it was a rich sound. “That is the real reason Xinyi is so mad, she is jealous!” She calmed down but kept the smile. “Maybe it will be good for her.”

I raised my tea cup. “Ganbei!”

“Ganbai!” She enthusiastically joined me. “You know some Chinese?”

“I only remembered that because I heard it in a movie once and I thought it was really close to the Japanese ‘kanpai’ which I learned from a book once.”

She smiled. “I will teach you another word now. ‘Mimi.’”

I practiced it a few times until she found my pronunciation satisfactory. I still didn’t understand tones.

“What does it mean,” I asked.

“A secret. I’m going to tell you one.”

“Uh, I can’t promise to keep a secret if it involves Ji, not as a friend.”

She waved her hand dismissively. “No, not that kind of secret. This secret is about me.”

That surprised me. “I think I can keep that.”

She smiled. “My grandfather had two wives, many children. My best memories were on their farm. You remind me of him.”

“I thought polygamy wasn’t legal in China.” I had looked up a lot about it over the last few months.

She shrugged. “China is a big space. After the revolution the central party didn’t mean much to people out in the country far away from cities. It took a long time for things to reach out that far, especially with wars happening. When they did get around to finding out Zufu, Zumu and Ai, the wife who was not my grandmother, were all old. It was much easier to let it go though it was clear younger folks could not do it. When anyone official was around Zumu was Ai’s sister and just living with them.”

“Wow.” A lot made sense about her reaction to me now.

Meilin looked at me. “One last question. What will you do if Ji does fall in love with you or one of your wives?”

“She doesn’t love us like that, she’s more of a really good friend, Mielin.”

“Feelings can shift. I fell in love with my husband while just using him for pleasure.”

I blinked. “Uh, she’d have a place with us. We’d have to figure that out.”

“She could move in?”

“Yes.”

“And if she leaves town for college?”

“I’d miss her and welcome her back anytime she could visit.”

“Good.” She set her tea down. “You love her for who she chooses to be, then you are the right kind of man. I don’t know what she will feel but if there is one truth about my girls is that both are storms, one just didn’t know it until June.”

“June?” That was well before things began here with practice.

Meilin nodded. “We went home to Guangdong to visit. Jiang used to be very close to her cousins. Something happened between them. I saw her thinking even then and after we came back she started changing. Have you ever watched a baby learn to walk?”

I shook my head, I hadn’t.

“Their legs become strong and powerful but they don’t know how to use it and fall a lot. I saw that with Jiang’s feelings. She began pushing back against her sister, me, even her father. It was only little things, I don’t think Xinyi or Li Jung even noticed. And like a baby she fell some too.”

“You’re worried about her?”

“Shi. Yes. But excited too. She will not learn who she is without crashing some but there are men that would take advantage of her.”

“And you worry I will.”

“You are the right kind of naughty man I think.”

“Maybe I’m not so nice.”

She shrugged. “Good men are often not nice. I think you are a good man. That is enough. I was dropped, no dumped, several times before I met my husband. All hurt when they happened but the ones that hurt long after were the ones who lied or cared nothing.”

I didn’t have anything to say to that so we finished our tea, poured new cups and talked of baking. She asked in depth about Ji’s cooking. She admitted she hadn’t developed a taste for western food and wasn’t a very good cook but liked more foods than Ji gave her credit for. She stayed away from pizza and Italian in general because she hated tomatoes. I promised to send Ji home with some other kinds of pizza that didn’t use tomato sauces sometime. It was all very nice and she left.

At no point had I been concerned about her cutting my balls off. I could really get used to that. Later I was reading to the bees when Ji, Lavi and Melissa came towards me nearly at a sprint. Melissa, “We have to ask”

Melissa didn’t get to finish because Ji saw the paper wrapped cake in my lap. “He did!”

I looked at them. “I take it you checked Instagram. It was a spur of the moment thing.”

Ji, “Topic of discussion was... ?”

“Just getting to know each other.”

“Hmmm.”

“I swear, no intimacies were shared. I did not tell her you make the sound of a balloon deflating when you cum.”

Ji turned red. “I do not!”

Lavi, “well, you kinda do.”

Melissa, “it’s cute.”

Ji surrendered. “God, all right, let’s check your shoulder.” She motioned back towards the patio and I dutifully got up and headed there.

Melissa finished cleaning the pool and did a few other errands. I stopped her from watering the herbs since I already had.

“How’s the reading going?” She asked.

“They’re enjoying Joseph Conrad now.”

Melissa started playing a new game she was obsessed with called Kurokami on her tablet while Ji was watching her play after declaring the stitches fine. We were letting the arm get some air and sun so I was watching Lavi when she came out. She had worn a skirt today and plopped in my lap facing me.

“I missed you,” I said.

“I know.” She grinned at me. She kissed me.

“I loved you first: but afterwards your love / Outsoaring mine, sang such a loftier song / As drowned the friendly cooings of my dove.”

“That’s pretty.”

“It’s Rosetti.”

“At this point do you look stuff up just to recite to us?”

“No, but I find myself reading poetry thinking of both of you so I think certain things stick more.”

“Awww...” She kissed me again. I liked her decision making skills.

“How did classes go?” I asked.

“Ji made cajun canine in the hallway.”

“Huh?” I wasn’t following.

“She burned a bitch.”

“It wasn’t a thing,” Ji said.

Melissa was playing and ignoring us so Lavi continued, “One of T’wana’s clique thought she was being clever. So, she ambushed Ji and sprayed water from a bottle into Ji’s face. Pretended it was an accident.”

“Seems juvenile but I have a feeling there was more,” I said.

Lavi had must have taken her bra off inside because as she hugged me I could feel a lot of loose chest rubbing against me. I ran my hand down and grabbed one cheek. Hmmm ... I ran my hand around, nope no panties. She had taken a few things off. She grinned at me as my hand explored.

Ji, “Yeah, it was Suzy Allbright, she thought she was being smart. She said, ‘Oh so sorry, still you should be used to taking it to the face.’”

“And what did you say back?” I asked.

“Nothing, I just blew her off.”

Lavi scoffed. “Oh no you didn’t, Ji said, and I quote ‘Please, when I take a load it’s a lot more and a lot thicker than that. But I can understand how you don’t have a point of reference.’”

Melissa looked up finally and looked at Ji. “Holy shit. You said that? I wondered what Mary and Suzy were talking about in history.”

Ji shrugged. “It just popped in my head.”

Lavi, “Everyone is trying to figure out if she was saying Robert is like a firehose of jelly or Suzy’s boyfriends are weak sauce or some combination. I spent the last two hours of school with girls asking me just how virile you are Robert.”

I put my head on Lavi’s shoulder. “Not this again.”

Lavi laughed and rubbed my back. “Poor baby.” The back rub felt good so I stayed there. And I kept my hand moving around. Ji and Melissa returned to the game and let my fingers find their way into Lavi’s bottom. She tensed as I got the tip of one finger in her anus. She whispered in my ear. “We don’t have time to play around. Grace and Zahra will be here soon.”

I whispered back. “You’re worked up.”

“It’s been one of those days.”

“Something happened?”

“No, just horny. Fuck me.”

“You said we don’t have time.”

She sounded exasperated and said the next part slowly as if to make it easy for me to follow. “No playtime, just fuck me.”

I smiled, “You sweet talker.”

She pushed down my sweat pants and sat back down. Sure enough she was already wet and I slid right in. I laid back in the chair while she held onto the armrests and bounced up and down on me. My good arm reached out and massaged her chest which helped keep her from getting slapped by them. “That’s it, play with my tits baby.”

“After tomorrow one of these will have a piercing in it.”

“I know,” she squealed. “I want the rings with balls on them.”

“They take longer to heal,” I said.

“I’ll tape them down so they don’t move around so much but I want to be able to put little chains on them.” She grinned.

A thought forced its way into my brain. “You keep using the plural. I only agreed to one.”

“Robert, my beloved husband.” Lavi pouted and pulled her shirt up exposing her magnificent breasts. “You don’t want them to match? I want to put that chain on them and let you pull me around by it on my knees baby.” She squeezed me as she pulled up.

I reached towards her clit and began playing with it. “And you waited until now to mention that?”

“I thought you’d like the image.” She looked at me with a knowing grin. “OH!” Her eyes went wide.

I looked around to see what made Lavi jump. She had been on a downward stroke or she would have pulled off me. Behind Lavi, Ji had decided she wanted to join us and was doing something which I later found out was her thumb up Lavi’s ass. Lavi began bouncing up and down faster.

Ji was giggling and Melissa finally had turned off her tablet to watch and was broadly smiling enjoying the show. Lavi was not taking her time and quickly was chanting “fuck fuck fuck” and seized up which was my cue to stop trying to hold it back and I flooded her. Lavi settled on my lap and rolled her head back, “Fuck, I needed that.”

Ji put her arms around Lavi and held up her tits. “Come on Robert, don’t you want to see both of these huge tits pierced?”

“Really, you’re going to join in on this?” Ji walked around Lavi and leaned down to whisper in my ear. I looked at her. “You’re sure?” She nodded yes. I let my head fall back against the chair. “Fine, Lavi you can get both done tomorrow.”

“Woot!” Lavi threw her arms up.

“But, you still need to get an A in History for the whole semester.”

“I can do that.” I looked over to Melissa. She was smiling and watching us. Lavi wiggled on me happily. “Well, I better go get the sports bra and shorts I’d left in the kitchen.”

“No problem. I brought them out for you.” To say that we jumped would be an understatement. Zahra was holding said clothing just outside the sliding door to the house. She tossed the clothing to Lavi.

With no shame, Lavi said “Thanks!” She pulled off her shirt and put the sports bra on, leaving the shirt off and then after getting off me pulled on the shorts letting the skirt stay over them. For my part I kind of pulled Ji in front of me while I tucked myself away.

Once I was done Ji scooted past Zahra, “I gotta wash my hand.”

Zahra giggled, “I’ll say.” Zahra was acting very casual but even with her complexion I could tell she was blushing deeply.

I felt pretty chagrined. “Sorry.”

“Nah, don’t be,” she made a dismissive wave. “It’s your house. And I’m early so it’s totally my fault. I was going to do an errand but Pops told me he went ahead and did it earlier. I was already part way here so I came on over. I should have let you know.”

I started to say “I hope you’re not uncomfortable...”

But I didn’t get to finish the sentence when Zahra interrupted me. “Please, I’ve seen plenty of porn.”

“It’s true,” Ji said, “I’ve seen her browsing history. Zahra is the straightest girl on the squad. Even Grace has some kinky stuff on her computer. But Zahra makes up for it in quantity.”

Zahra glared at Ji, “That’s rude!”

Ji, “Are you kidding, it’s like the best way to find good new stuff.”

“It’s private!”

Lavi chimed in, “If it was that private you’d go incognito mode for it.”

Zahra, “What about bookmarks?”

Melissa, “Zahra, do you bookmark your porn?”

She nodded yes and the other three shook their heads.

Lavi put her arm around Zahra. “We’re not mad, we’re disappointed.”

I decided I wanted a drink and headed in. I passed Grace coming through the kitchen. I grabbed a bottle of the Japanese whiskey to try.

“Hey,” she said, “how are things?”

As she looked at me I burst out laughing and just waved her onto the ongoing conversation outside about the privacy of porn.

The place was called Atomic Ink and it was only a short while after 5 pm on Saturday. My appointment had been for Lavi but Amy, our tattooist and piercer, said she could do whatever we wanted so long as it didn’t get close to 6 pm since that was her next appointment. Amy was a goth looking girl, probably early 20s and obviously a devotee of piercing herself. Mikal, Helene’s husband, had recommended her and she had done work on his sleeves. Amy and I had agreed to a special accommodation as well, which is why some bags were lined up against the wall.

We were in a square space against the back of the shop separated by white cloth hanging from a metal frame. It provided privacy but we could see shapes moving and hear everyone. Lavi sat there looking down at her nipples with the metal bars through them. “So,” she asked, “when the swelling goes down I can put in shorter bars, right?”

“Oh yeah, certainly. Or rings like you asked about if you want but the rings will rub around more so use the bars for day to day.”

Ji looked at her own. “How long to heal?”

“Use the salt water spray three times a day, try to keep them from moving too much and I’ve heard everything from four weeks to a year. And ... uh, be careful of loofas.”

Lavi froze and held hands over her nipples protectively. “Ouch.” Lavi had stifled screams when the bars went in but said it didn’t hurt nearly as much as she had expected. Ji had said “that’s all?” and was surprised at how quickly it was over. Both now were looking at each other’s barbells. Both had gotten titanium ones to reduce the chance of their bodies rejecting them.

Lavi got a roll of gauze and tape out of her purse. “I’m going to tap these puppies down so that they don’t move a nanometer.”

Ji, “For once I’m glad mine aren’t big enough to bounce!”

Amy looked at Melissa. “Sure you don’t want to go too?”

She nodded gravely. “I’ll pass, between the three of us one of us needs to be able to nurse the old satyr.”

I nodded. “It’s true, I drool and need to be pacified.”

Amy snorted. “Sure you don’t want something? You girls took it like champs. I got plenty of time.”

Melissa replied, “Nah, this was a reward for Lavi and it’s Ji’s birthday.”

Amy, “Happy birthday!”

“Thanks!” Ji turned to Melissa, “Come on,” Ji said, “if you want something, do it.”

“It’s not my...”

Lavi, “Oh get your ink done! It doesn’t matter why we’re here.” I didn’t even bother to ask how Lavi knew Melissa was thinking of a tattoo. You might as well ask a bird how it flies.

“Yeah,” Ji added, “it’s more special if I get to share it. That’s why I made my deal with Robert.”

“Deal?” Amy asked.

Lavi grinned. “Robert only agreed to get me one at first. Ji said that if he agreed to both for me she’d get her’s done too and he could do a special something with her too.”

“What?” Amy asked.

Lavi leaned over and whispered to her.

Amy blinked and looked over Ji and Lavi, nodded appreciatively and said. “Hot.”

Melissa poked me. “Do I not get to know?”

“Oh, you’ll find out babe.” Lavi said.

Melissa scrunched up her face at Lavi. “This is annoying.”

“I know,” I said, “being conspired against, kept in the dark, it’s like you’re being treated like me.” She treated me to the obligatory eye roll. I followed up, “Get your tattoo. I’m picking it all up.”

“Hey, I’m getting mine,” Ji said.

“Nope.” She was looking cute with her piercings on display.

“You already said you were talking me out to dinner and”

I held up my hand. “Your points have been acknowledged and rejected. I’m paying.”

Ji looked to Melissa, “If he’s paying for mine you have to get something or that’d be weird.”

Melissa crossed her arms. “They probably don’t have a honey bee.”

Amy grinned. “Realistic or cartoon or what?”

“Realistic,” Melissa said.

“Give me like five minutes.” Then Amy turned around and walked over to a laptop hooked up to a printer. Within ten minutes Amy had a realistic honey bee drawn up and Melissa was pulling down her pants to let Amy tattoo it right above her mound. They finished up and Amy taped some plastic over the tiny tattoo.

“So,” Amy started. “I’ll gather up the cleaning supplies and stuff at the counter.” She looked at me. The second part of our agreement was about to start. I handed her some folded bills. “I’ll wait up front and ring this up.” She smiled.

Amy left and pulled the curtain shut behind her. Ji headed towards the bags while Melissa and Lavi sat in waiting chairs next to each other. Ji turned to say something to them, probably to ask why they were sitting but I interrupted her thoughts by wrapping my good arm around her. I felt her taut stomach and ran my palm under her breast, cupping it but avoiding the newly pierced nipple. Moving down I let my fingertips play in the space of her waistband while I kissed her neck. Lavi and Melissa were down to panties quickly and reached over to play with each other.

When Melissa leaned over to kiss Lavi I pushed further down. Ji groaned but it was a strangled sound.

I whispered in her ear. “Look to your right Ji. You can see them out there, see their shapes on the other sides of the curtains. This isn’t a restaurant with a table hiding you being naughty. You’re in full display here, they just don’t know. They just know I’m standing close to you. Unless you scream that is.”

She whimpered. Melissa and Lavi strummed each other’s clits while they watched us. Their eyes were riveted on Ji.

“Look at them,” I said. “It’s not just them you know. I just told Amy we needed to change clothes but I saw that look she gave. She suspects. She is probably watching right now and knows that my finger is stroking your sex. They’re watching you. You’re wet.”

Melissa shuddered, and grabbed Lavi’s hand squeezing her hand around it. Lavi pulled her hand back and Melissa stood, completely naked now and approached us. She put her hands on Ji’s hips and kissed her. Ji’s knee came up and rubbed it against Melissa’s wet sex. I fucked Ji with my fingers and she came whimpering loudly into Melissa’s mouth who smothered the sound. Her knees went limp as she sagged but Melissa and I caught her.

I looked over and Lavi was taking care of herself, her legs spread wide and grinning. Ji got her feet under her and looked punch drunk but was smiling. Lavi stood up, took her fingers from her pussy and put them in Ji’s mouth who sucked instinctively.

“You’re going to owe me later,” Lavi said.

Ji sounded light headed and Melissa still supported her, “Oh my. That was ... that was my fantasy.”

I grinned. “You’re welcome.”

I felt my temperature rise with the look she gave me. “I’m going to show you my thanks later.”

I was going to say we should be getting dressed when the curtain parted and Amy with a grin stuck her head in. “So, how’s the clothes changing?” She looked very pleased with herself.

“Just getting to it,” I said. The girls just walked to the bags and got their dinner dresses out.

Amy eyed Melissa’s heart shaped ass for a second and then ducked back out. “I’ll be up front.” She seemed a little reluctant to leave. I couldn’t blame her. I got out my jacket and tie, the only pieces of my suit I didn’t have on already. The girls slipped into three identical thigh length backless little black dresses. They added black heels and each had a little black clutch which they transferred personal effects into. A standing mirror was used to apply makeup.

For my part, I sat there and recorded it on my phone. Ji and Lavi ignored me but Melissa kept giving me the eye. Eventually she shook her hair loose and all three girls lined up. I recorded one last shot and put my phone up. Melissa nodded at the phone where I’d put it up in my pocket.

“What was that about?”

“Normally your species disappears into the bathroom and I’m barred from observing, I decided to take this rare occasion to document the grooming behavior.”

Lavi and Ji giggled. Melissa said, “I am starting to think you try to get me to roll my eyes at you.”

“Moi?” I put my hand over my heart.

“It’s a good thing I love you.” Even stern she was a goddess.

“It is,” I agreed.

We walked out and all eyes were on the girls. A whistle sounded out from the side and I shot my eyes over to a big biker looking guy. He looked hurt that none of the girls even looked his way. Amy was at the counter and was amused. She had bags for us with salt water spray and other items. She gave the girls the bags and made to pass me back some bills. There was still easily $100 there.

“Keep it. It’s a tip.” She didn’t argue and slipped it into her pocket. I figured I was tipping for three jobs and her discretion.

“Come back any time.” She waved as we left.

We got back in Lavi’s car and made our way to La Granier where I had made a reservation for dinner. Dinner was great. I had talked to Helene and Mikal in advance and she had said she would make sure the five courses were kosher friendly if not strictly speaking kosher. A bottle of very nice red arrived and we started with duck pâté on freshly made crackers. A dandelion greens salad followed before a very classic French beef bourguignon came out. It was colorful with golden yellow carrots, purple potatoes and mushrooms that were bright blue. I would have to ask later if they were naturally like that or if she had cheated with some kind of dye. The whole effect was classic taste with a surprising rainbow-like presentation. Mikal himself brought out the cheese course he said it was dedicated to me, since I liked to fry everything. It was small cubes of some kind of soy blend made to act like cheese and deep fried. It had the texture but not taste of cheese but had an after taste of ... corn that hit me at the end. Interesting. The final course was a slice of caramel cake with excellent espresso. At the end Helene and Mikal both came out and ate desserts with us. They could only stay about ten minutes before they needed to get back in the kitchen. She and the girls hit it off and we were all in high spirits as we left.

Ji did join us for some post meal entertainment. I was treated to a new experience, the triple blowjob. It was logistically difficult but they were determined to do it, especially Ji. It was awkward and honestly didn’t work very well but damn if I didn’t enjoy them figuring it out. Lavi made up for not cuming at the tattoo shop by monopolizing Ji for a good hour. Melissa and I enjoyed each other and watched before we re-arranged. Eventually Ji headed home again a bit after midnight. I stayed up until she texted us that she was home safe and I fell asleep again wrapped up between Melissa and Lavi.

I was glad to be exhausted as it let me sleep despite my thoughts. I needed to read over Coraline’s manuscripts again but that wasn’t the big thing. The thing that really occupied my thoughts was that it was finally happening. After a week of trying to not think about it I wouldn’t be able to avoid it. Lavi’s grandparents were due to arrive in about 13 hours.