**The Skin Ball**

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**The Skin Ball Part Four: Mason**

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TRI GAM
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The basement had gotten loud. When Jessa and Alex had been down here earlier, playing pong, it had been a little bit more subdued. The TriGam brothers and Ep Chi sisters had gotten more accustomed to each other, gotten more used to the fact that the girls were nude, and gotten significantly more drunk since earlier in the night, however. All around them were nude girls, knocking back shots and cocktails while flirting heavily with the still-clothed men around them.

"You want to do a body shot?" Jessa heard from the bar, and turned in that direction.

Caitlyn Owens hadn't been talking to her, but rather to one of the brothers nearby. Nonetheless, she'd caught the attention of both Jessa and Alex, who wandered closer.

Caitlyn was sitting on the bar itself, her naked ass touching the wood below it. Standing on the floor next to her was her buddy for the night, another junior by the name of Natalie Easley. Both girls had their hair done up, and their faces covered with an astounding amount of makeup. Jessa had later heard that Caitlyn had decided that if she were going to prance around a frat house like a porn star, she was going to look the part. Caitlyn had close-cropped brown hair, only about as long as many of the brothers that surrounded her, yet it was undeniably sexy. She sat on the bar, her legs crossed, and held the attention of at least seven guys who had surrounded her.

The gathering of brothers parted to let Jessa and Alex through. Undeterred by the presence of the Ep Chi president, Caitlyn chose Chris Taft as the lucky brother to do a shot. Grabbing a shot glass, the brunette poured enough tequila so that it overflowed, and set it down on the bar - between her parted legs.

Chris's eyes were as wide as supper plates, but the show had only just begun.

"So we have our tequila," Caitlyn said. She reached down the bar and grabbed a slice of lime, careful not to spill the shot sitting just inches from her pussy. "And we have our lime. That means we're just missing the salt, right?" The question was directed at no one but Natalie.

The other girl nodded in the affirmative, and leaned in closer to her partner. As Jessa, Alex, and the TriGam brothers around them watched in disbelief, Natalie brought Caitlyn's left nipple into her mouth.

"Daaamn!" one of the brothers said from next to Jessa, breaking the sexually charged silence.

Natalie didn't just lick Caitlyn's nipple, though. She played with it. Between her lips. Between her teeth. Surrounded by her tongue. Covered in her saliva. When she finally let go, both of Caitlyn's nipples were standing straight out. The brunette was shifting around on the bar, obviously being at least as turned on as the crowd around her.

Dusting her nipple with salt, Caitlyn next looked towards a waiting Chris. "Your turn," she said, beckoning him with her finger.

The chosen brother wasted no time. After shooting a look of disbelief to the men around him, Chris took a step towards the bar, standing within Caitlyn's reach. He dropped his hand towards the shot glass, letting it linger for a few seconds, before he went through with the whole thing. His mouth enveloped the same nipple that had been licked only a few seconds earlier by a different person, tracing circles around areole, and licking up the salt that was on Caitlyn's skin. Reluctantly, he pulled away, tossed back the tequila, and bit into the lime that the brunette had waiting for him. The crowd let loose a cheer.

"So do you want to do a real body shot?" Alex asked. Before Jessa even realized it, she was pulled towards the bar, Alex leading the way.

"Lie down," Alex ordered the younger sister. Caitlyn looked a little bit confused, but she complied, twisting her body around so that her feet were at one end of the bar and her head was at the other.

Alex ran her hand over Caitlyn's stomach as she reached for the tequila, telling the girl, "Stay still. Don't move." With that warning, Alex began pouring a small amount of tequila into Caitlyn's navel, letting it fill up without spilling over and running down her body. She took another slice of lime, and inserted it between Caitlyn's teeth. And finally, being handed the saltshaker from Natalie, Alex spread a healthy amount of salt below Caitlyn's belly button, right at the point where her pubic hair started.

"Are you okay with this?" Alex whispered into Caitlyn's ear, just loud enough that only Jessa could overhear her.

Caitlyn grunted an affirmative through the lime.

"Drew," Alex said, turning to one of the waiting brothers. "I believe that it's your turn next."

Drew Benson was, needless to say, more than a little bit excited. He approached the bar, shooting looks of disbelief at the men gathered around him. He leaned it quickly and licked the salt from the top of Caitlyn's pubic hair, causing the girl to squirm slightly on the table, and cause the tequila to begin cascading out of her navel, across her stomach, and down towards her left hip. Drew didn't let it get away, though. In one quick motion, he used to tongue to slurp up the escaping alcohol, tracing his way back to its source, and finishing off all that had been left behind. The alcohol consumed, the brother turned his attention towards Caitlyn's mouth, leaning in for an act suspiciously like a kiss, their lips meeting, but Drew's teeth sinking into the lime.

Once the kiss/lime-sucking was broken, Drew stood up to the cheers of the TriGams gathered around him. Caitlyn sat up, her face flushed red with embarassment, but it was clear to Jessa that the junior had at least partially enjoyed the attention and contact that she'd just received.

"So who's next?" Caitlyn asked, confirming Jessa's suspicions.

As the party carried on, more and more of the girls were following Caitlyn's lead, and allowing the guys - and each other - to do body shots out of their belly buttons, from the small of their backs, from between their breasts, and just about anywhere else that they could think of. These girls were certainly in the minority, with most of the sisters watching from the sidelines with a mix of disgust and jealousy. But Caitlyn and Natalie certainly weren't the only girls entertaining the TriGams in this particular way.

A short while later, Jessa and Alex found themselves in the corner of the basement, talking with Kristin, Wendy, Dunny, and Seth McGreevey, and watching the party from a distance. Jessa stared in shock at Caitlyn and Natalie, who were getting more and more daring the more attention they received.

"And you were afraid of the BROTHERS?" Mason said, coming around the corner and plopping onto the couch between Jessa and Alex. The two girls were still handcuffed together, but wrapped their conjoined arms together on the couch, behind the fraternity president's head.

"Now I'm beginning to worry FOR the brothers," Jessa replied.

The blonde crossed her legs, unaware how long they'd been uncrossed. Across the way, the look on Dunny's face told her that it was disappointment.

"So have you had a good night?" Mason asked, he himself scanning the basement before settling his eyes back on Jessa and Alex.

"Surprisingly, yes," Alex replied. "We'll have to do this again."

"You just name the date," the TriGam president answered.

The seven of them sat watching the basement for a while longer. There was a part of Jessa that wanted to join the rest of the girls, who were playing various games, coyly allowing the men to look at or touch their bodies. Even the girls who were normally fairly uptight had managed to loosen themselves up a little, even if their new-found freedom owed some credit to the free-flowing alcohol.

But still, Jessa wasn't sure that she wanted to move. Her left hand had absent-mindedly drifted across her lap towards Mason's left, working its way to the inside of his thigh. Honestly, the blonde hadn't even been thinking about what she was doing. But a cursory glance towards Mason's lap, and the bulge that had formed there, told her that her actions hadn't gone unnoticed.

Pretending to be listening to what Seth was saying, Jessa used the fact that he was seated towards the right as an opportunity to get a better look at the obvious erection that Mason was sporting alongside her. This second look, longer than the first, told that perhaps it wasn't HER hand that was getting Mason excited, but Alex's. The brunette's free hand was on top of Mason's right, guiding it in a stroking pattern on the inside of her own naked thigh. There was a little jealousy on Jessa's part, but as she had told Alex earlier, things with Mason had never been anything deeper than wanting physical pleasure. As she uncrossed her legs, she told herself that tonight was no different.

Like Jessa, it was clear that Mason was only pretending to pay attention to Seth's continued dialogue about various nude sports. His mind had wandered to where his hand was, circling closer and closer to Alex's pussy, but never quite getting there. It was all terribly casual, completely under the radar for everyone but Jessa, Mason, and Alex herself. Dunny's eyes were fixed on Kristin's tits, Kristin's on Dunny's blank stare, and Wendy's on the increasingly sexual goings-on of the other sisters in the basement. And just when Mason was sure that it couldn't possibly get any better, he felt Jessa grab his left hand and pull it towards her.

As Seth rambled on about what sort of rules should be involved in a game of strip football, both Mason's hands were busy rubbing the skin on inside of different girls' thighs. His left stroked the soft, pale-white skin of Jessa's right leg, while his right was busy tracing circles on Alex's slightly darker left leg. Both girls were sighing heavily, trying to keep their quickening breathing hidden from the people around them.

Mason's hand was now high enough up on the inside of Jessa's leg that his pinky had brushed up against a free-standing pubic hair at least three or four times at that point, sending anticipatory energy surging through the blonde's petite body and causing a quiet, guttural moan to escape from the back of her throat. His middle finger was his lead agent, getting bolder and bolder with each motion of his hand, inching closer and closer to her pussy. He was nodding at Seth, even giving input on what a two-point conversion would mean in terms of stripping, but his middle finger continued its trek towards the holy land. Jessa felt Mason's big, slightly callused finger reach the intersection between her thigh and her crotch, just alongside her now completely soaked pussy. On the verge of going from foreplay to finger-play, however, they were interrupted.

"Hey, Mason!" Jeff Rowland's voice came booming from the far side of the basement.

Reluctantly, Mason's hands found their way closer to the girls' knees than where they'd be going. Jessa's breathing had become heavy, and there was little that she could do to hide the disappointment in her eyes.

"What?" Mason asked through gritted teeth as Jeff got closer, obviously more than a little disappointed himself. Jessa couldn't be sure that he had been gotten to the exact same point with Alex as he had with her, but it didn't seem to matter - no matter where Mason had gotten to, it was all put on hold for the time being.

"Um, it's getting close to three. We kind of need you for bringing the mats in for the girls." Jeff didn't know what he had just interrupted, but he could tell that Mason was displeased with him.

"You can't just get the pledges to do that?" Mason asked in disbelief. "They're just out in the lot in the back of my truck." Besides the fact that being president of TriGam should have allowed him out of manual labor, he and Jeff had already spent nearly an hour that afternoon loading old wrestling mats into the back his Explorer. Jeff was the captain of the wrestling team, and had his own key to the gym, which met access to all the equipment inside. He and Mason had figured the girls could sleep on the mats for the night, rather than having to spend the night on the floor.

"I already sent a bunch of guys out there," Jeff explained. "But the doors are locked."

"Fuck," Mason cursed, reluctantly easing himself off the couch and away from two distraught girls. "The keys are up in my room. I'll got get them."

As he bounded towards the stairs, he turned to Jessa and Alex. "Don't go anywhere. I'll be back in a few."

They both nodded, their eyes still slightly glazed over.

A beat passed, and then Alex said, "I need to use the bathroom."

"Yeah," Jessa replied, gaining some of her composure back. "Me, too."

The bathroom in the basement had been thrown up in, and then cleaned. Someone had booted in it again a short while later. Someone had mopped up afterwards. The two girls were surprised when they saw no line for it at that point in the night, but a quick look inside revealed why.

"Was that one of our girls again?" Alex asked Maria Napolitano, a sophomore who was sitting on the shelf nearby, doing her best to prop up the girl to whom she was handcuffed.

Maria shook her head. "No, it's been Paul Holden the past two times."

"Jesus," Jessa said. "Is he all right? Is he still drinking?"

The sophomore shook her head again. "No, he's not drinking tonight - he's just really sick."

Jessa and Alex exchanged looks with each other.

"He didn't want to miss the Skin Ball," Maria continued, trailing off towards the end.

Though Jessa shrugged her shoulders and turned for the stairs, she felt Alex pull her in the other direction. Towards the trough.

Over the course of the hour they'd spent in the basement, Jessa had watched the brothers come and go from the trough in the other room, and had even noticed a few couples of girls enter and exit. The thought of using a drain on the floor hadn't even crossed her mind, but obviously it hadn't frightened Alex off.

The blonde certainly wasn't comfortable about the idea, but she followed her friend anyways. After all, there were very few moments tonight during which she felt comfortable to begin with. One more wasn't going to kill her. Joined by a few standing brothers that looked over in her direction with casual interest as they peed, Jessa squatted and began to relieve herself.

As they returned to the basement proper, the lights were flickering off and on, someone by the switch obviously signaling that it was now three o'clock in the morning. The party was over. Slowly, with reluctance on the parts of both the girls and the guys, people began trickling towards the stairs. Jessa and Alex, however, plopped themselves back down on the couch next to Kristin and Wendy. Seth and Dunny seemed to have disappeared.

"Let's go, everyone," Chaz Ehrlich's voice said from the top of the staircase, booming through the house over the speakers. "I know you all hate me, but the party's coming to a close. You can thank our wonderful presidents for agreeing to strict party rules."

Even as the basement emptied out, Mason worked his way against the tide of people as he descended back down the stairs.

Chaz continued. "Ladies, make yourself at home on the mats here in the main hall. Fellas, if you live here, head upstairs to your rooms. If you don't live here, get the fuck out!"

Mason's return signaled to Kristin that there was something that she didn't know about. There were silent looks that bounced between Jessa, Alex, and Mason, and Kristin could tell there was something more.

"Come on," she said to Wendy, standing first and pulling her partner up behind her. "Let's go." To her other two sisters, she gave a quick wink before telling them, "We'll save you some space on one of the mats." As Wendy and Kristin followed the bulk of the partygoers upstairs, Mason took a few steps closer to blonde and brunette pair. The two girls stood up, waiting for the TriGam president to come even closer.

"I thought we had until three-thirty before we had be all tucked in?" Jessa teased the man.

"We do," Mason replied. "I just thought that it probably would take a while for the basement to completely clear out, so I had Chaz give everyone a verbal kick in the ass."

Looking around, it was clear that not everyone was paying strict attention to the night's DJ. There were still a couple of pong games going on in one corner, and there was a pocket of people engaged in a few last shots by the bar.

"Maybe a quick game, then?" Alex asked lustily, sexual energy dripping off each syllable that escaped her red lips. She gestured towards the pong table in the corner, out of sight from the rest of the basement.

Jessa knew that once they were in that corner, there was little chance of being seen by any of the other stragglers that were scattered about. Certainly, there were angles which allowed a direct line-of-sight towards the pong table, but they weren't on any route towards the stairs. If someone were to peek in, it would have to be intentional.

As Mason got closer, Alex took his left hand in her right. Following her friend's lead, Jessa grabbed Mason's right. Both of them slowly backed towards the corner, pulling the TriGam president along with them.

"Exactly what sort of game are we playing?" Mason asked coyly.

"Well, we're all going to have a chance to score," Alex teased.

"Aren't there rules? Aren't there rules that you two wrote to prevent something like this from happening?"

Jessa knew he was right, but she didn't know why he was bringing that fact up. All she wanted right now was to be fucked. Ever since she'd masturbated up in Mason's room, he whole body had been abuzz with sexual energy. Her libido, after four hours of stares and lustful glances, was controlling the rest of her body, the rest of her cognitive processes. This was exactly the sort of bad situation that she and Alex had feared would arise among the other girls - getting drunk, getting horny, and having sex. But she honestly didn't care about anything at that point - the fact that they were in a public basement, the fact that Alex was still handcuffed to her, the fact that Mason was nothing more than a sexual object at that point - she just wanted to get off.

"Well, we'll play by the rules for tonight," Jessa started, feeling her ass nudge the pong table behind her. She leaned back, settling herself onto that table, and pulled Mason's face towards her. With their lips just a few millimeters apart, she continued, "But 'no intercourse' certainly leaves a lot of wiggle room." With that, she slipped her tongue into his mouth and wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him against her body.

Next to her, it was clear that Alex was not going to just stand by and watch. And while Jessa had never done anything like this before, she and Alex had...bonded...over the course of the night. Between her own breasts and Mason's body, Jessa could feel the brunette's hand running down Mason's pectorals and stomach, moving closer to his waist. As the kiss between Jessa and Mason intensified, Alex forced her hand down further, separating Jessa's own wet pussy from the erection that was desperate to get out of Mason's pants.

Mason wanted it out. He wanted to slip it into Jessa, just lay her back on the table and then lay into her while Alex kissed his back. Even as the brunette's hand squeezed his dick, he was reaching for his belt, ready to drop his pants immediately. Alex, however, stopped him.

"Sorry, honey," she whispered into his ear, brushing his hand aside before returning her own to his crotch. "We're going to be cock teases for tonight."

There was a groan of disappointment the escaped from Mason, but he had no ability to protest, his mouth and tongue too busy with Jessa there in front of him. The blonde pulled back for a few seconds, though, briefly adding, "You know, remember the rules."

Mason had to keep all his clothes on. Mason couldn't have intercourse with either of the girls.

"But..." Jessa began, leaning for another kiss.

"But if you do well by the two of us tonight," Alex continued the thought, catching Jessa's eyes, "you might just well be rewarded tomorrow after breakfast."

The decision wasn't difficult for Mason. Even if he couldn't get off, even if he had to wait until after breakfast and the rule expired, even if he would be torturing himself right here and right now, this was still too fantastic for him to refuse. And the thought of Alex and Jessa returning the favor - together - was enough to make him want to do anything for these two girls. There was no need to wait for Mason to consent - his actions told the girls that he was on board.

Alex forced the lip-locked couple apart, pirouetting around and slipping herself backwards into Jessa's open legs. The tiny blonde's large breasts pressed up against her back, Alex pulled Mason up against her body and began her turn at kissing him. Her left arm and his clothes were all that separated them, but Alex made good use of the former, despite the latter. As Mason kissed Alex, and Jessa leaned her naked body against Alex's naked back, both girls used their cuffed hands to rub Mason's dick through his khakis.

Behind Alex, Jessa wasn't exactly sure what to do, how exactly to be involved. Her right hand was hard at work, but her left was simply resting on Alex's naked thigh. As that hand began stroking the brunette's leg, Jessa's thoughts and inhibitions just disappeared - she was just going to do what felt natural, what felt good. And at that moment, what felt natural was for her to lean in and kiss Alex's neck.

Afterwards, Jessa wondered what would have happened if Alex hadn't accepted her. Jessa certainly wasn't gay, but as she kissed the soft, smooth skin of her friend's body, she felt giddy inside - naughty, dirty, and overwhelmingly sexual. Two girls at once was probably one of Mason's most dominant fantasies - one of every guy's most dominant fantasies. But as the blonde moved her hand up the brunette's side and over her hips, Jessa began to realize that somewhere down deep, this had been a fantasy of her own.

Sighs escaped from the brunette's mouth, owing partly to the kiss with the man, partly to the kisses she was receiving from the blonde, partly from the feminine hand on her hip, and partly from the masculine fingertips that had found her right nipple. Two heads were definitely better than one, but two heads and four hands were divine.

Mason broke the kiss, pulling away from Alex's mouth. It was clear that he was operating on all sexual energy at that point, as he grabbed the brunette by the hips and hefted her up onto the table next to her friend. Both girls were waiting for whatever Mason wanted next, though both were a little surprised by how much they wanted to go back to having Jessa kiss Alex's neck. The were both pushed down, so their backs were flat on the table, their shoes perched up on the edge of the pong table, their legs spread apart. Like when they had masturbated on Mason's bed, a little over an hour earlier, they were lying alongside each other, the fingers of their cuffed hands intertwined. This time, though, they just lay back and let Mason do all the work.

Like an expert, Mason dipped the index finger of each hand into a different pussy, his right for Jessa and his left for Alex. Jessa arched her back as she felt the digit inside her, while Alex simply cooed with pleasure and drove her pelvis into his hand. As his fingers drove in and out, back and forth, up and down into the two naked girls on the pong table, Mason let his thumbs creep up to the tops of their slits, pushing into flesh to find each girl's clit. Both gasped in pleasure simultaneously.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god," Jessa sighed quietly, doing her best to keep her voice at low decibels, aware that at any moment a TriGam brother could overhear them and come around the corner to investigate. Next to her, Alex had begun her now familiar routine of guttural noises, half sounding like vowel sounds and the other half sounding like little more than grunts. Off in the distance, Chaz continued to use the mike to round up the girls and kick out the guys, but Jessa's mind was focused only on her pussy. She did catch the odd word over her own proclamations of pleasure, like "shoes" and "hose" and "lipstick." Just when Jessa thought it couldn't get much better, she felt Mason's tongue replace his thumb. She opened her eyes, glancing down to see the man's face buried in her cunt. Next to her, Alex was still being finger-fucked, but Mason had switched to two fingers, and the brunette was driving herself harder and harder against his hand - she was humping at the air. Her eyes were wide open, staring blankly up at the basement ceiling.

Mason's tongue was experienced or Jessa was hornier than she'd ever been in her life or some combination of two ensured that the first waves of her orgasm arrived after less than a minute from the onset of the cunnilingus. Just as she felt herself nearing her climax, Mason pulled back, causing Jessa to protest, "No!" louder than she had intended.

Both Alex and Mason hissed at her at the same time, but Jessa still couldn't get past the fact that Mason was stopping before she finished. His fingers and his thumb replaced his mouth, and his face disappeared between Alex's legs. Though two fingers certainly filled her in a way that no tongue could, Jessa was more than a little upset about not cumming. Still, she pushed hard against Mason's index and middle fingers as they reached inside of her, her whole body writhing in pleasure in spite of the jealousy she felt as she gave another glance in her friend's direction.

Alex caught her looking. Instead of being upset, the attention that Jessa was giving her apparently turned the brunette on. With her free hand, Alex pulled the blonde's face toward her, and their lips met.

It wasn't the first time that Jessa had kissed another girl. It wasn't even the second. But this third time was completely different, full of so much more uncontrollable lust that it felt as if her lips and tongue had become sexual organs. Kissing each other while lying on their back was uncomfortable, so despite the bolts of lightning that were shooting out from Mason's tongue against her pussy, Alex rolled on top of the blonde.

Jessa could feel Alex's juices on her stomach, could feel the heat emanating from somewhere deep inside her sex. The brunette inched her way up the blonde's body, settling around her midsection, and leaving Mason enough room to go down on Jessa once again. Jessa's left hand found the top of Mason's head and pulled it in tight. As her fingers ran through his close-cropped hair, she applied more than a little pressure - she wasn't going to let him get away this time. Meanwhile, with her right hand, Jessa had found Alex's breasts. As their lips pressed hard against each other, and their tongues battle from dominance inside their mouths, Jessa squeezed Alex's whole right breast in exactly the what that she herself loved. Kissing another girl before had felt so good on purely a physical level - so soft, so gentle. This time, there was a fury - an urgency - behind the kiss. Which was why Jessa was surprised when Alex eventually pulled away.

Breathing shallow, face flushed, and hair mussed, Alex panted, "If you get me off, I promise to get you off later."

Jessa's own pussy was already pulsing in ecstasy - she could entirely understand why Alex wanted to feel the same way. She simply nodded at first, but the concession was apparently not quite enough for the brunette.

"Are you sure? You can say no." Jessa nodded again, this time adding, "Yesssss....unmh....yesss."

"Is that a yes to me?" Alex asked, wanting to make entirely sure that she wasn't forcing Jessa to do something she didn't want to do. "It's just that I've never...and I know we're both not...but I promise I will later so it's not just...and -"

Tired of bantering back and forth, Jessa just grabbed the brunette's ass and pulled towards her. She had definitely, definitely never done THIS before. But having had it done to her by half a dozen guys over the course of her life, and having seen enough porno to have seen women do it to each other, Jessa wasn't too worried. Like with Alex's breast, Jessa simply did what she herself wanted to have done to her own pussy, what Mason was doing to her at that very moment.

Mason's curiosity was obviously piqued, and he attempted to pull his head away from the business at hand to get a better look. He only got a quick glance before Jessa's little hand had dragged him back to her cunt, back to her clit, because she was once again nearing her orgasm.

Alex had gone from being very uptight about this particular act to just letting herself go completely. Whether it was Mason's tongue or Jessa's tongue, a tongue was a tongue, and this particular tongue felt sublime. She was on her hands and knees, somewhat squatting on the blonde's face, and grinding her pussy hard against her friend's lips. Jessa's tongue alternated between lapping at the top of Alex's slit and driving deep within it, and Alex quickly caught up to the where Jessa already was - on the top of a climax.

It was unclear whom exactly orgasmed first - it was a photo finish. All Jessa knew was that once Alex had begun to cascade, the vowels and grunts just made her that much hornier, and intensified her orgasm that much more. Her squeals of delight were muffled between Alex's thighs, which was a good thing, because Jessa was very close to completely letting herself go, completely losing all control, and screaming in orgasmic glory. Instead, she finished to an audience of only two, the rest of the basement stragglers entirely unaware of the sexual circus going on just around the corner from the bar.

Panting, Alex rolled over off her friend and onto her back. Both girls had their eyes wide open, lost in post-coital numbness. At the edge of the table, Mason's forehead was repeatedly banging itself against the wooden surface.

"Are you sure we want to stick to the rules?" he asked miserably.

Despite the fact that she was completely drained, Jessa forced herself to sit up. "I promise you - tomorrow after breakfast." Alex propped herself up on her elbows. "Bacon. Eggs. Menage-a-trois. It's all on the menu."

Both girls giggled, but Mason was hardly amused. He was never going to be able to fall asleep.

The three of them were the last to emerge from the basement, twenty minutes behind everyone else. Jessa was sure that she and Alex both stunk of sex, but at nearly half past three in the morning at a fraternity house were all the girls were naked and stunk of alcohol, Jessa wasn't terribly sure how much she really cared.

At the top of the staircase, each girl took turns giving Mason a goodnight kiss before they entered the main hall and he ascended alone towards his bedroom. Chaz and Dunny were the last two brothers left in the main hall, sitting on a desk by the entrance and engaged in conversation with Jen Sanford and Allison Huckabee. A few other couples were listening and laughing nearby, huddled together on old wrestling mats, assorted pillows, an array of sleeping pads, and dozens of mismatched comforters and sleeping bags. The brothers had provided a nice comfortable layer for the girls to spend the night, and all eighty-six girls lay squeezed into this room.

"We're it," Alex announced to Chaz as she and Jessa strolled into the room. On the far side of the hall, by the fireplace, there still seemed to be a small amount of space by Kristin and Wendy on one of the wrestling mats. As they picked their way through open spaces and across naked girls, Chaz and Dunny both stood to leave.

"Good night, my princesses of Hancock, my queens of old Green College," Chaz joked, eliciting a groan from nearly every single girl in the main hall. With that, Dunny flicked the light switch, and the last two brothers disappeared from the main hall.

By that point, Jessa and Alex had dropped into their chosen nest for the night, snug between Kristin and Wendy on one side, Liz Perry and Amy Hoeven on the other, and an unidentified set of tits just inches from the top of Jessa's head. The little blonde kicked off her heels while Alex unzipped her boots.

"Do you mind if I put my jewelry in your shoes?" Jessa asked her friend, to which Alex just nodded. The blonde dropped her choker, her bracelets, her rings, and her earrings into Alex's left boot, while Alex put her own assorted things in the right.

They dropped down onto the mat together, handcuffs obviously inhibiting their sleeping positions for the night. Alex nestled up close to her friend, her nipples rubbing against the blonde's back, her breath warm and comforting against Jessa's neck. In just four hours, the two had gone from being close friends to something deeper. The only way the two possibly could have been happier was if Mason was there with them, cuddled in between.

**The Skin Ball Part Five:**

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TRI GAM
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Five and half hours of sleep was not anywhere as much sleep as Jessa needed. Not on a good night, and definitely not on a night like the night before. But yet, five and half hours of sleep was all that she was going to get that particular night.

Someone was shaking her awake, and as she opened her eyes, she was a little shocked to see Mason hovering over her. He was crouched down by her feet, having snuck into the main hall through the side door by the library.

“Hey, executive decision, you two,” he began, Jessa noticing that Alex was awake, as well. “I can wake everyone up, and you guys can get started on the day, or I can let you all sleep a bit longer.”

Why would they not choose another hour of sleep?

“I just figured you all might want to get up and out of here by eleven.”

A good point, Jessa thought to herself. If they got up now, at…at…”What time is it, Mason?”

“It’s nine.”

Both the blonde and brunette let out a quiet groan. If they got up now, they could cook and clean and probably be back at Ep Chi not much later than eleven, eleven thirty. But would one more hour of sleep be worth one more hour of nudity.

“No, you’re right,” Alex replied, rolling into a sitting position. There was a sea of flesh scattered around the main hall’s floor, legs and breasts as far as the eye could see. Instead of being cold, though, everyone had a slight sheen of sweat on their bodies, the main hall being ridiculously warm, given the fact that it was December; Mason had obviously turned up the heat before going to bed.

“Are you guys gonna wake everyone up?” Mason asked, he himself taken back by the amount of naked skin laid out in front of him.

“Sure,” Jessa said. The two girls peeled themselves off the floor at the same time, waking Kristin and Liz Perry in the motion. In the corner, Chaz’s DJ booth hadn’t been broken down, the speakers still connected to his PowerBook.

Tiptoeing across the naked rug of sorority girls, Alex and Jessa groggily set themselves down behind the computer. Each of them was able to get single ass cheek on the chair that was set up there, pulling up iTunes as Mason joined them behind the computer.

“I told the brothers who didn’t live here to be back by ten,” he whispered to Alex as Jessa scrolled through Chaz’s music files. “There’s a shitload of pancake batter, fruit, bacon, eggs, and juice in the kitchen. We sent the pledges shopping yesterday afternoon.”

“Pots, pans?” Alex asked.

“All there. Just look around,” Mason replied. “Once the masses are awake, if you guys could pile the mats in the corner of the room and set the room back up, that would be awesome.”

“Anything that we should know for cleaning?” Jessa asked absentmindedly as she found a song that would do. She clicked on it, and waited for the music to begin. Marvin Gaye’s smooth voice gently began the words for “Let’s Get It On” through the speakers.

All around them, stark naked sorority girls groggily shook themselves from the their slumber. No one seemed particularly happy about such a short night of sleep, muttering that the past five and half to six hours had been nothing more than a nap.

Mason chuckled at Jessa’s musical selection. “There are mops and brooms downstairs in the basement. There’s also a hose down there, which you guys can use to shower if you want to.”

Jessa raised an eyebrow.

“Chaz made the announcement last night,” he explained, “but we were a little bit busy.”

The blonde girl blushed, and a quick glance towards Alex told her that she wasn’t the only one that was a little embarrassed about last night. Had they really let Mason finger-fuck them? On a pong table? Had Jessa really gone down on Alex? Suddenly, all the inhibitions that seemed so irrelevant by the end of the party the night before came rushing back. Jessa was completely naked, sitting in the middle of TriGam, with Mason leering at her body. Hung-over and sobered up, getting through the morning was certainly not going to be easy as getting through the party itself, now that they no longer had alcohol as a crutch.

“You guys are welcome to shower upstairs on the second or third floors, but the water heater has been on the fritz lately, so there might not enough hot water for more than a couple of people. There’s not going to be too much difference between upstairs and downstairs after about five or ten minutes.”

“The third floor is locked,” Alex said absentmindedly. “Or it was, last night.”

“Yeah,” Mason smiled, “that’s where we were keeping your presents.”

“Presents?”

The TriGam took hold of the microphone that was lying on the table next to Jessa. Flipping it on, he began to speak, rousing the girls that had managed to sleep through Marvin’s continued pleas to get it on. “Good morning, girls. We at TriGam decided to buy a gift for each of you, to commemorate the night, and to say ‘thank you’ for giving us brothers the party of a lifetime.”

“A gift?” Jessa asked. “You’re telling me that you guys raised enough money to beat us, AND buy us each a present?”

Mason covered the mike and spoke directly to the blonde. “Knox. Knox sent us another check when he heard we’d won – he wanted us to treat you all to something special.”

The fact that an old alum knew about the bet between the two houses bothered Jessa some. “And the money couldn’t got to Homes for the Homeless?”

“Jessa,” the man said, feigning complete exasperation, “I think Lingle did well enough between our two houses without getting one more check. He’s pretty much covered his budget for the next year and a half.” Turning his attention back to the girls scattered around the room, Mason continued, “Mike and Jeff brought down those cardboard boxes you’ll see if you step out into the foyer…”

Mason waited patiently as Jen Sanford and Allison Huckabee stepped out into the foyer, returning to the main hall with a stack of big, soft-looking, pink towels. “There’s a ton of these out there,” Allison said, setting them down on the couch where Dunny had been sitting at the end of last night.

“Toss me one,” Mason told the girls, who complied by throwing a towel in the direction of the DJ booth. It made it less than a quarter of a way across the large room, but unclad girls that were now sitting up passed it towards Mason.

Finding the corner of that particular towel, Mason showed a small little logo, a few words, and a grouping of letters to the Ep Chi president and fundraising chair. The picture was of a champagne glass that mimicked the silhouette of a naked woman. Above it, the words “The Skin Ball,” had been sewn in. Below it, the letters “AOD” had been added, as well. “They’re monogrammed, so you need to find the one with your initials,” Mason explained. He turned quizzically towards Jessa and Alex, pointing at the monogram on that particular towel.

“Andrea Doyle,” Jessa told him.

“Andrea Olivia Doyle,” Alex expanded. But something bothered her. “How did you get everyone’s middle initial?”

Covering the mike again as the girls began to look through the first stack of towels that Allison and Jen had retrieved, Mason explained, “Your e-mail addresses, Alexandra M. Poe.” Looking at the blonde next to her, he continued, “Isn’t that just ingenious, Miss Jessica A. West?”

“Ingenious,” Jessa replied sarcastically. alexandra.m.poe@greencollege.edu. jessica.a.west@greencollege.edu. She had to say, the thought of a gift was a pretty nice. And, feeling Andrea’s pink towel there in front of her, they were fairly high-quality towels.

“You don’t have to use them this morning, if you don’t want,” the TriGam president explained, turning his attention back to the girls around the main hall. “If you want to shower downstairs, or upstairs, feel free. The pledges bought a couple bottles of shampoo and conditioner yesterday – they’re downstairs underneath the bar.”

When the morning’s announcement was done, and the girls who weren’t pretending to be still asleep were fawning over their new gifts, Mason shut the microphone off, excusing himself to head back upstairs. “Breakfast at ten?” he asked as he walked away.

Alex nodded, and began to rouse the slower (or more hung-over) girls from their makeshift beds.

Jessa wanted a warm shower. As a senior, she felt that she deserved one. As an officer, she felt that she had earned one. And, because she was handcuffed to the sorority president, she thought that a warm shower was ensured. But she also knew that since the Skin Ball had been primarily pushed by she and Alex, she and Alex were going to have to kick everyone’s ass and get them moving on the cooking and cleaning.

“You’ll all get a turn,” Alex assured everyone who began bolting for the upstairs showers in a hurry to get warm water. Certainly, some of the girls were just going to wait the two hours, go home, and shower alone. But everyone was covered in make-up, sweat, and alcohol, and it was clear that only a shower was going to make some of them feel up to the tasks at hand. Jessa had to admit that a cold shower might have been exactly what she needed at that point.

“Hey, Kristin and Wendy!” the brunette called, getting the attention of her two sisters. Both girls were standing around a newly opened cardboard box full of pink towels that someone had dragged into the main hall. “Why don’t you take a bunch of girls and get breakfast started?”

The two girls did as their friend told them, gathering a number of sisters around them and finding their way towards the kitchen. Alex and Jessa then put together a few teams of girls to do other various chores around the frat house, from cleaning the basement to cleaning the bathrooms, cleaning the main hall to stacking the wrestling mats in the corner of room, as Mason had asked. The girls who had rushed off to take showers upstairs, it had been decided, were going to act as waitresses throughout breakfast, allowing the rest of the house to sit and eat with the TriGam brothers.

Jessa and Alex ended up being one of the first couples in the basement, followed closely by about a dozen other girls from various different pledge classes. Mason, apparently, had already been down there that morning, collapsing the pong table upon which the two girls had gotten off. The whole area had been cleared out, and the hose unraveled. There was a drain on the four, and it was clear that Mason intended them shower there. Mercy Davis and her partner were the first ones over there, testing out the hose, and preparing themselves for the frigid water.

Sure enough, there were three large bottles of shampoo, as well as three large bottles of conditioner, stashed beneath the bar between the Jack Daniels and Absolut Mandarin. Jessa pulled them out, slid them across the bar, and began to get work. Both she and Alex had decided they’d shower right before breakfast, after doing some cleaning first.

There was a noticeable tension between the two as they tossed plastic cups and empty beer cans away, neither one saying anything beyond what was needed. Last night had been an odd night in their friendship. They’d masturbated side by side. They’d been fingered by the same guy. Jessa had even eaten Alex out. Jessa winced as the thought of losing her close friend crossed her mind. She didn’t know if that was going to happen, but it was quite clear that they were not at the same place that they’d been the afternoon before.

Alex was the first to break the silence, though she didn’t bring up the party. Instead, she began, “Jessa, about Mason. I know you said they’re nothing but a physical attraction between you and him, but I’ll step back if you want me to. I mean, I know we promised him….but we were both pretty bombed at that point.”

“Yeah. Yeah.” It was awkward. “But no. I mean, there’s nothing between Mason and I. Nothing romantic. So if you’re thinking that you want to…you know, with Mason…I’ll step back and let you have him to yourself.”

“No,” the brunette shook her head. “I don’t really need him. I mean, I’ve got a vibrator at home, right? If I feel like getting off this afternoon, there’s really no need to come back and do something I regret.”

There was a silence that followed, things going completely unsaid between the two.

“Fuck it,” Jessa finally said. The tension was bullshit – Alex was her best friend.

“What?”

“Fuck it,” she repeated. “Look, I don’t regret last night, if that’s what’s going through your head. I hope that you don’t, either. I’m not gay. I’m pretty sure that you’re not, either. But I can tell you this – kissing you last night felt good. And dancing with you last night felt good. And what we did together with Mason? Also good.”

Alex just stared at her friend blankly.

“So I’m going to come back here this afternoon and get laid. I’m still reeling from the after-effects of the alcohol from last night, but I’m also still knee-deep in hormones that tell me that orgasming twice last night wasn’t quite enough. I had fun with you and Mason last night. I’d like to have fun with you and Mason again after breakfast.”

Alex’s blank look slowly broke, a smile forming on the brunette’s face. “Knee-deep in hormones, huh?”

“You think that climaxing twice last night would satiate my libido just a little,” Jessa replied, returning the smile. They were still good. “But just thinking about the orgasming itself makes me want it again.”

They both laughed, Alex agreeing with the assessment. The brunette admitted that she herself was still floating on last night’s endorphins, and despite the inhibitions that were returning with sobriety, the fact that she was naked in TriGam at nine thirty on a Saturday morning was still turning her on.

Jessa had almost completely forgotten about the nudity. So focused on what had happened among the two girls and Mason last night, she hadn’t given much thought to the fact that she was still in the nude, and had been for close to eleven hours at that point. Around the basement, naked sisters were mopping, scrubbing, and washing the house, as well as washing themselves in the corner. A peek into the corner found one pair of girls hosing two pairs down, waiting their turn for a chance at the makeshift, ice-cold “shower.”

As ten o’clock encroached upon them, the basement was looking cleaner and cleaner. Having left her sandals up in main hall, Jessa hadn’t been entirely enthralled by the prospects of walking around barefoot on the mung-covered floor. In less than an hour, though, a dozen pairs of girls had been able to make the basement cleaner than it had been the night before. A few of the brothers started showing up, playing games of Pong with water, none of them eager to start drinking again so early in the morning. Every now and then, a ping-pong ball with “accidentally” sail in the direction of the showering girls, the brothers taking the opportunity to sneak glances into the corner.

“Breakfast is almost ready,” Wendy announced as she and Kristin descended into the basement. “And the brothers are starting to get up and around. They’ve got the television on, and they’re waiting for their meal.”

The fact that the brothers were watching TV irked Jessa some. It wasn’t that she wanted all the attention on the naked bodies that were fluttering about the house, but had their nudity really become mundane over the course of a single night? She laughed to herself, realizing how far off she was. While she, Alex, and a number of the other girls had begun to feel more and more comfortable with their bodies, the brothers were still unsure of how to act. After all, this wasn’t a strip club, and these girls weren’t strippers; most of the TriGam brothers were still trying to soak in the beautiful bodies around them without appearing as if they were perverts.

Kristin was carrying a handful of towels with her, which she laid down on the bar in from of Alex and Jessa. “J.A.W. and A.M.P. for our lovely officers,” the girl said, laying the towels down in front of them. Her own towel and Wendy’s were there with them.

“Are you two going to ‘shower’?” Wendy asked, careful to make the quotations symbol with her fingers. Being hosed down in the corner of the basement could only marginally be called a “shower.”

“That was the plan,” Alex replied, tossing the last of the beer cans into the recycling bin. Looking over at the four brothers playing Pong by the bathroom, and the three brothers watching them, the brunette’s eyes began to twinkle with mischief.

The next thing any of them knew, all four girls were standing under the spray of water in the corner of the basement. Jed Wise, a junior who had actually gone to boarding school with Jessa, was the lucky brother currently operating the hose. He followed the girls’ commands and instructions, rinsing them off when they wanted to be, just happy be needed. Two other juniors stood next to him, trying their best to act casual and converse with the dripping, naked girls.

The water wasn’t as cold as Jessa had feared it would be. It certainly wasn’t warm – but it was sufferable. She made alternate chit-chat with Kristin, who was soaping herself up less than a foot away, and with Jed, who was doing his best to try to talk about high school with Jessa while ignoring the hard-on that seemed to have control over the rest of his body. She soaped up her body, wanting to get her skin clean. The brothers had bought simple soap, nothing more – no moisturizers, no scrubs, no perfume bars – but it was enough to get off the sweat and beer that was clinging to the blonde’s body. The shampoos and conditioners were similar – simple, off-the-shelf varieties which were no-nonsense and sensibly priced.

Knowingly teasing the three boys that were watching, Alex asked Jessa to scrub her back. They were soon all touching, mostly for the pleasure of their onlookers. The thought of the TV distracting her audience seemed laughable to Jessa at that point, and they eyes on her body only increased the amount of sexual thoughts that were running through her mind.

Breakfast was mostly uneventful. All four girls dried themselves off with their new towels, but none of them wrapped the fabric around their bodies – they still had some time to go before they’d be able to get dressed again. The girls who’d rushed off to grab the first showers, the warm showers, found themselves at the center of attention, being called for more food and gawked at as their tits bounced up and down on their routes to and from the kitchen.

Mason sat with Evan and Dunny that morning, perched on the edge of a couch in front of the television. Though his ears were listening to what the football commentators had to say about the day’s games, and his mouth was yammering on with its own opinions to his brothers, his eyes wandered from girl to girl to girl. They settled, more often than not, on Alex and Jessa. The two girls had found themselves a spot on the stack of wrestling mats with Kristin and Wendy, and they were engaged in conversation about the henna tattoos on their midriffs – how long would they last? How hard were they to apply? Where did they get the designs? But like Mason, Jessa was paying little attention to the topic at hand, her mind running through positions and pleasures that she wanted to try and feel with Mason and Alex.

There was definitely a little pressure in the thing, though. Last night, she and Alex had both been drunk. There had been little on either of their minds other than just their own sensations of pleasure, their own orgasms, their own pussies. Now, Jessa was faced with the fact that she and Alex were both going to have sex with Mason – they HAD promised him, after all. And Jessa wanted to do it. But what if Alex was better? The brunette certainly had a little more experience. What if Mason found her more attractive? What was Jessa supposed to if Mason orgasmed with Alex, and then didn’t have the ability to get Jessa off? There were dozens of thoughts like this, some rational, some completely irrational, running through Jessa’s head. A part of her wished she were more like Beth Baldacci, who claimed that she was still drunk. A few less inhibitions. A little less pressure.

Nonetheless, Jessa was looking forward to it, butterflies and all. And though she didn’t know it at the time, Mason was just as nervous about the task of pleasing two girls.

Breakfast came and went, and the whole house was suddenly sparkling clean, due the hard work eighty-six unclad sorority girls. At 11:20, Mason declared that the terms of the bet had been met, and the Ep Chis could retreat down Calhoun Ave, back their own house. First, though, they needed to get dressed.

“Whose do you think these are?” Alex asked, picking up a leopard-print thong that was on the top of one of the baskets of clothes. She, Jessa, Mason, and Dunny had all ascended to Mason’s room to collect the laundry baskets.

“Well, that’s Basket B, so it was obviously someone up on the dance floor at eleven,” Dunny suggested. He himself had baskets A, C, and G tucked under his chin, his face just inches away from a collection of dresses and lingerie that had once adorned the naked bodies downstairs.

Dunny and Mason started out the door, each carrying three baskets. Jessa and Alex, on the other hand, were sifting through basket F, trying to find their own clothes. Their dresses were simple enough to locate, Jessa’s bright pink cocktail dress and Alex’s simple white one. Their underwear was another story, however. Jessa’s red thong had somehow gotten tucked inside someone else’s bra cup, and they picked through five or six pairs of white panties before they found Alex’s. At the very, very bottom of the basket was Alex’s bra, one of the first articles of clothing to be shed the previous night.

“Can we take the handcuffs off now?” Jessa asked, realizing that getting dressed was going to be twice as much work while she was still attached to the brunette.

“Am I cramping your style?” Alex asked, taking her key-necklace off. While the rest of her jewelry was still in her boot in the main hall, she had kept the handcuffs key on her for obvious reasons.

The petite blonde smiled at her friend. “On the contrary,” she began, not finishing her thought. It was clear where she was going, however.

When Alex undid Jessa’s cuff, it suddenly felt weird to have total and complete movement of her right hand back. Suddenly, it wasn’t pulling someone else’s arm along with it every time it moved. While it was liberating, it signaled an end to the Skin Ball, something that made Jessa a little sad. As awkward as it may have been at first, when was she ever going to have a chance to be naked like this again?

Both girls pulled their cocktail dresses on, but neither wasted time with their panties. Alex shot a mischievous glance at Jessa, letting her know that she was going to go commando for now. “After being completely nude for over twelve hours,” the brunette explained, “you’ve got work up to being fully dressed. Step by step.”

Jessa blinked, but followed Alex’s lead. Instead of sliding the red thong up her body and under her dress, she dropped them onto Mason’s bed. Alex slid both pair under Mason’s pillow – he was in for a treat later on…in more ways than one.

The pair descended the stairs together, Jessa first and Alex following. It seemed to strange that they didn’t have to walk side by side. It seemed strange having full use of her right hand. It seemed strange that there was something covering her skin.

Baskets B and F joined the rest of the laundry baskets on the floor of the main hall. All around them, there were girls in various states of dress. There were girls waiting patiently in just their panties and bras, hoping that they’d be able to work their way through the throng of sisters to find their dresses. Other girls had found their dresses, but had them draped over their forearms as they looked for their under things. Still others were still completely nude, waiting towards the back of the room, obviously in no rush to put their clothes back on.

The master key began to circulate, and couple by couple, the girls freed themselves from their partners. No one had gotten hurt, no one had gotten separated last night – the handcuffs had kept the girls safe, Jessa thought. Or, in the case of she and Alex, allowed them to bond a little bit more. She wondered if there were any other couples around the house that had experimented at all, gotten themselves off with another girl just inches away. Though the idea that being special and enjoying something unique was nice, the thought that others had been as turned on as she and Alex had been left Jessa feeling less like a slut.

As the girls around them continued to dress, Alex and Jessa made their way over to Mason, secure in their convictions that they wanted to follow through on the promises they had made last night. Now it was just a matter of finding the right time, the right place.

“So,” Jessa flirted, “what are we doing this afternoon?”

Mason just blinked a couple of times. To be honest, he had convinced himself that the promises made the night before had been drunken sex talk. But the idea that the conversation was going to lead to more than just empty fantasies was enough to bring him halfway to cumming right there in the main hall.

“Well, I do have to bring these mats back,” Mason finally spit out. “But I was planning on doing that after your guys leave, and getting it over with.” He looked at the girls, before quickly adding, “I have to. It’s my truck, remember? I don’t know if anyone else has a car big enough to fit them.”

“Perfect,” Alex answered. “Would you like some help?”

“I was going to have Dunny or a couple of the pledges give me a hand. Are you saying you want to heft these mats halfway across campus?”

“Just have the pledges load them up,” Alex offered. “I mean, if Dunny was going to be your help, I’m sure that Jessa and I can help you unload them over in the gym.”

“Actually, either one of you would probably be more than enough to replace Dunny,” the TriGam president joked. “Alright, then. What if I come pick you two up in about an hour? We need to load the mats, and I’d kind of like to take a shower.”

“Perfect,” Jessa repeated Alex’s earlier response.

Eighty-six girls, dressed to kill in cocktail dresses and heels, were seen walking down Calhoun Ave that morning, seemingly doing a joint “walk of shame.” Green College students were up and milling around by that point, and more than one did a double take. Eighty-six of the campus’s most attractive girls strutted down the street on the cold Hancock morning, hurrying away from what must have been a long, enjoyable night to their own house a short walk from TriGam.

From Ep Chi, a number of girls simply grabbed their coats and headed back to their dorms and apartments. Others milled around in the kitchen and living room, talking in the relative comfort that clothes now allowed them. Alex and Jessa, however, ascended the stairs to get changed for their afternoon with Mason MacNeill.

**The Skin Ball Part Six:**

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EP CHI

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Mason arrived at Ep Chi a little less than an hour after the girls had left TriGam. There were still sisters hanging around the house, though many of them had changed into something more comfortable than the previous night’s party attire. More than a few eyebrows were raised as Mason let himself into the house, heading up the stairs to Jessa’s bedroom.

In Jessa’s room, the blonde was sitting on the floor, absentmindedly flipping through channels on the television, trying to quell nervous butterflies that had come alive in her stomach. Alex didn’t seem to be quite as nervous, having passed out on Jessa’s bed seconds after letting herself in. Both girls had changed out of their cocktail dresses, Jessa clad in a pair of exercise shorts and a tank-top, Alex completely covered by her long, tan winter coat.

Mason’s knock, though expected, startled Jessa. She was on edge, and while part of her couldn’t wait for the sex to come, another part of her wanted the waiting to be over, for the uneasiness to be replaced by bodily instinct and the pursuit of pleasure.

“Are you girls ready?” Mason asked, sticking his head into the bedroom.

“The question is,” Alex asked sleepily as she sat up, “Are YOU ready?”

Mason’s smile stretched from ear to ear.

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MEMORIAL GYM

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The drive over to the gym was filled with idle chitchat, as was the process of actually hauling the mats into the gym. Not only were the mats heavier than Jessa had guessed them to be, but there were also a lot more than she had noticed before. All three of them had gotten fairly sweaty from the workout, and as they dropped the last mat on the floor in the center of the gym, all three stopped to catch their breath. The mats still had to make it back up onto the walls were they were kept, but none of them were eager for that particular task to begin just yet.

Alex, still dressed in her winter coat, excused herself to use the bathroom. Jessa and Mason, an arm’s length apart, just lay on the mats in silence, unsure of what to say to each other at that particular moment.

The Memorial Gym went unused by anyone but sports teams, and most of teams had already stopped practices for finals and the coming Christmas break. As Evan had gone unnoticed the day before as he and his pledges removed the mats, it was completely unlikely that anyone was going to notice Mason, Jessa, and Alex now, as they were putting them back.

Memorial was small, at least in comparison to gyms that Jessa had seen at other colleges. There were two basketball courts, side by side, but the blonde was fairly sure that neither was the right length for regulation. Games were held over at Jefferson Arena, but the smaller courts here in Memorial were acceptable for practice.

Around the courts ran an overhead track, only a tenth of a mile in length. Jessa’s friend Cat had spent more than one afternoon in Memorial Gym on that track, losing count of laps when she got into the twenties. The track was small, yes, but it served as a welcome alternative to running outdoors during the cold New England winters.

Both Jessa and Mason looked up as they heard Alex come back from the bathroom, the heavy gym doors closing noisily behind her. Casually, the brunette reached over and flicked the light switch, allowing the natural light from the windows overhead to fill the gym. And, with the attention of both the man and the girl across the floor, she began to drop her winter coat to the floor, revealing nothing but skin underneath.

Mason’s mouth was agape, watching the brunette strut across the large room as her hips swayed and her breasts gently bounced. Jessa had to admit that the scene was turning her on, as well, but unlike her male counterpart, she was able to speak. “Here?” she asked incredulously. “I was figuring we’d go back to TriGam.”

As Alex got closer, she walked towards her girl friend, seemingly ignoring Mason for now. “Why not here?” she countered. “We seem to be alone in here.”

“Well, I just thought, you know, a bed, and…no chance of anyone walking in on us.” Even as Jessa spoke, Alex knelt down on top of her, softly pushing her back down onto the mats. The blonde was now on her back, staring up at her friend and the ceiling above.

Alex, completely naked and straddling Jessa’s sweat-covered body, answered her friend first with a chin, and then by saying, “I’m willing to risk it.” She followed her first kiss with another, this time a little bit lower, working her way under Jessa’s chin to her neck. Each subsequent kiss caused goose bumps to rise up on Jessa’s skin in places where she was sure she’d never felt goose bumps before. As Alex worked her way down to the hollow at the base of Jessa’s neck, the blonde felt her nipples harden in erotic pleasure.

Alex continued down her friend’s body, kissing her through her top as she worked her way to Jessa’s waist. Once there, the brunette let her tongue linger on the blonde’s exposed belly button, tracing the henna tattoo around her stomach, and then slowly moved it northward again, forcing the tank top up with her nose. As more and more skin began to show, both girls felt Mason shift on the mats two feet away, leaning in to get involved.

Her left hand grabbing the hem of Jessa’s tank top, Alex lifted her face from the body in front of her and pushed Mason’s chest away with her right hand. “Sit back and watch for now,” she reprimanded him. “I just want to get her primed up first.”

Mason looked a little disappointed, but seemed to be happy about the lesbian show that was being put on in front of him. But this wasn’t just about his pleasure, a point made by a gasp of satisfaction that escaped Jessa’s lips. Alex’s hand had pulled the blonde’s tank top up, exposing the cup of her bra. Now, it had found her nipple through the bra’s material, and was gently pinching it as Alex’s lips once again touched on the bare skin below.

Jessa wasn’t exactly sure what to do with her hands, but she did know that her first task was to pull her shirt off. Though she wasn’t quite sure how she felt about Mason sitting this round out, she didn’t have long to think about it – her body was soon lost to sensual bliss. One of Alex’s knees was now in between Jessa’s thighs, the other off the side. And even Alex’s left hand reached under the red bra cup to grasp the nipple itself, her right palm was now grinding into Jessa’s pussy through her shorts. The brunette’s tongue traced a line towards Jessa’s left nipple.

Her body was quivering. Her pussy was hot and growing moister by the second. And yet all Jessa could do was run her hands up and down her friend’s naked back, losing herself in the surges of sexual pleasure that were enveloping her body. The red bra snapped in the front, and Alex allowed herself only a few seconds away from the blonde’s right nipple to undo the clasp, revealing Jessa’s breasts once again to the man seated inches away. Alex’s lips blanketed Jessa’s nipple, her tongue snaking around the rock-hard protrusion and flicking against it. As she did this, she swung her right leg over Jessa’s, positioning herself on the far side of the blonde’s body from Mason. She continued to rub her palm on the other girl’s pussy, but moved her hand under the girl’s shorts. Jessa, having not worn any panties with her exercise shorts, felt a wave of energy shoot out from her pussy.

Mason sat just inches away, his mouth salivating at the flesh in front of him. He had seen them both naked, and he had touched them both the previous night. Now, though, he was looking forward to the reality of his cock out, and inside both of these girls.

Jessa, watching Alex’s naked breasts dangle in front of her, leaned up and took a nipple into her mouth. Even as she herself was sighing heavily, she began hearing Alex’s recognizable guttural sounds. And, as she continued to lick the brunette’s areole, she felt one of Alex’s fingers dip inside her pussy.

“Mason,” she said, pulling the waistband of her shorts down past her hips. The man’s eyes bulged when he saw the finger dipping in and out of the blonde’s vagina, but he knew what she wanted. He slid her shorts down past her ankles before resuming his position alongside the two girls.

The blonde spread her legs a little further, allowing Alex to get her first finger deeper into Jessa’s pussy. One finger was soon replaced by two, however, testing the limits of Jessa’s tight sex.

Mason didn’t have to sit out much longer, but neither girl was going to expend much energy telling him what to do or how to do it. Instead, Alex simply growled, “Kiss her,” before repositioning herself so that she was back between Jessa’s legs. As Mason brought his lips to Jessa’s, Alex brought hers to the glistening slit in front of her. Her tongue penetrated deeply, licking both the inside and the outside of the blonde’s neatly shaven pussy.

Jessa’s moans of pleasure were muted by the tongue kiss that she and Mason were sharing. He had rolled onto his side next to her, and her left hand was running up and down his back. But while the kiss was intense, there was little that Mason could do to distract Jessa from what was going on elsewhere in her body. She was breathing heavily, gasping for air in between lip locks. And, as Alex moved from the depth of her pussy to find her clit, Jessa’s free hand found the top of Alex’s head. Her fingers intertwined with her friend’s friends brown hair, Jessa pulled the other girl’s face as tightly as she could to her pussy. Her whole body was shaking, reacting to the kiss and the fact that Mason had begun fondling her breasts, but mostly to tongue tracing circles around her clit. Although she arched her back violently as the wave of orgasm began to role in, she refused to release her death grip on her friend’s head.

Alex didn’t seem to mind. In fact, she herself had grabbed a hold of the blonde’s buttocks, pulling Jessa’s closer to her mouth at the same time that Jessa was pulling Alex’s mouth closer towards her pussy. She listened to the panting girls, Jessa’s breaths getting shallower and shallower, with more and more vowel sounds and moans mixed in with each passing second. Finally, Jessa could hold it in no longer, letting out a powerful, noisy moan of climax. He body shook uncontrollably, feeling her orgasm take a hold of her more quickly than ever before.

But Jessa’s first orgasm would not be her last, and even as she recovered from it, she and Alex had already begun to gang up on Mason. Both girls sat up, swapping mischievous looks with each other as they forced the man higher up on the mats. Alex took her turn locking lips with Mason, while Jessa simultaneously began rubbing her hands under her shirt and against the significant bulge under his jeans. Alex took hold of his shirt, pulling it up his body while Jessa turned her attention to the fly of his pants. It took only a second to get Mason out of his clothes, and only one more to get him out of the black boxer-briefs he was wearing underneath them. But when they did, they both looked at his cock in wonder.

“Jesus,” Jessa gasped, not realizing that she had said it aloud. Cat had complained about Mason’s cock being TOO big, but Jessa had always just chalked it up to Cat’s inexperience with men. But, in Jessa’s own few sexual encounters, she’d never seen a dick as big as Mason’s. She and Alex had both lost their concentration when it rose out of Mason’s underwear, both of them wondering if Mason would even fit inside their pussies.

As soon as she had recovered, though, Jessa let her instincts take over, and she leaned in to take the tip into her mouth. Alex had lost all interest in anything from Mason’s waist up, and dropped down to the same level as her friend. As Jessa worked the tip in and out of her lips, Alex began to suck and lick along the shaft, their faces only an inch apart. As the brunette’s mouth progressed along the huge penis, Jessa made room for her at the tip. Their own lips and tongues rubbed against each other, and Jessa could taste her own juices through the salty taste of Mason’s pre-cum.

Both girls were on all fours, hovering intently over the man’s cock. Jessa’s hands were gently massaging his testicles, while Alex was squeezing the base of his dick. As the brunette took more and more of Mason into her mouth, Jessa was forced down his shaft, where she licked the underside of his member and began running her tongue across the warm sack beneath it. Glancing up now and then, Jessa could tell that Alex was deep-throating as much of Mason as she could, but there was significant more dick that hadn’t yet made it past her lips. Still, the brunette’s head was bobbing up and down, up and down on Mason’s dick, leaving a blanket of saliva behind it. Not wanting to be left out, Jessa took her turn on the dick, not getting much more of it into her mouth than Alex had.

“If I’m going to last….” Mason began, not finishing the thought. Both girls back off his dick a few seconds later. Both of them wanted him inside of them just then.

“Fuck Jessa first,” Alex ordered the man. “But so me help me god, if you cum before I get fucked…”

Mason just nodded.

Alex positioned the blonde onto her back, and then crawled on top of her, as if they were about to sixty-nine. It was clear that Alex wanted to be eaten out, at least, even as she grabbed Mason and pulled his cock towards her mouth. After a few brief seconds with the cock in her mouth, the brunette began to insert it into her friend’s pussy, right in front of her face. Jessa’s eyes bugged, but her sighs of intermingled pleasure and pain were muffled by Alex’s vaginal lips. Mason was deep inside her in three quick strokes, Jessa’s pussy still sopping wet from her earlier orgasm. Even now, as the cock moved back and forth inside her, Jessa could feel Alex’s tongue on her clit, occasionally jumping to the base of Mason’s dick and back to her clit again.

They had been sweaty when they began, but now the increased activity had caused all three bodies to become covered in a slight sheen of perspiration. Jessa’s whole body moved back and forth with the pounding she was receiving in her slit, and Alex’s body was writhing in pleasure on top of her as her pussy ground further and harder against Jessa’s mouth.

After a few minutes, Mason pulled out of Jessa, looking worried that he was going to cum. While the better thing to do probably would have been to give him time to rest, Alex allowed the man no such thing. She forced him backwards until he was lying on his back, his enormous cock standing free in the air. And she wasted no time in positioning herself on top of it, sliding the whole thing into her pussy in one quick motion. While Jessa would have gotten on her knees in that particular sexual position, Alex was up on the balls of her feet, squatting over Mason’s body. She used her bent legs to drive herself up and down on the man’s dick, and only paused for a second to grab Jessa’s arm and pull her towards the fucking couple.

Jessa straddled Mason’s face, looking down his body into Alex’s eyes. And though Alex shut her eyes from time to time as the sex brought her closer and closer to climaxing, they shared an erotic gaze throughout most of their session. Alex bounced up and down on Mason’s dick, while Jessa felt the skilled tongue against her own pussy. She was transfixed, however, with the scene going on in front of her, watching the brunette’s pussy slide up and down on the throbbing skin. She had never really watched her own body with such attention, and she found herself enthralled with simple and yet amazing action going on in front her. Even as she ground her crotch harder against Mason’s eager tongue, she bent forward to wrap her lips around the base of his dick. It was not her own pussy juices that she tasted now, but Alex’s. Her friend’s body was moving up and down from a point just in front of her, her lungs calling out guttural sounds again and again, sounding more like grunts than sighs or moans. And then the talking began.

Jessa had never been one for talking dirty during sex, though she had to admit that she loved hearing her lover do so. And Alex later admitted that she herself had rarely ever done it before, but at that moment, she was so moved by the pure dirtiness of what they were doing. As Mason touched the very depths of pussy, she began talking out load, almost imperceptibly at first.

“Oh oh oh oh oh fuck fuck fuck,” Alex began under her breath. But what started out soft just began to move her, and she began saying, “Fuck me fuck me fuck me. Mason, fuck me fuck me. Mason. Mason! Fuck me! Fuck me! Deeper. Deeper.”

Though it caused Jessa to raise her eyebrow, she realized that Alex was turning her on ever more.

“Put your tongue on my clit,” Alex ordered her, seemingly only half-aware of anything going on outside her groin. Jessa did as she was told, and was rewarded with a slight squeal, she herself sighing loudly as Mason’s lapping speed increased; obvious, he was getting more turned on by hearing Alex talk, as well. Alex ran her hands through her friend’s blonde hair as the simultaneous pleasures in her clitoris and inside her body crashed together.

She rolled quickly, pulling both of her partners were with her. She was suddenly on her back, in the same position that Jessa had first felt Mason’s cock inside her. Jessa, repositioning herself, was now on all fours, her ass facing towards Mason. Looking down, she stared into Alex’s half-open eyes. The brunette was still chanting to herself, repeating, “fuck me,” again and again and again. Mason was still driving deep inside Alex, and Jessa felt each stroke between the two of them when Mason’s abs slapped against her own naked ass. Leaning forward, she locked lips with her friend for a few seconds, their lips intertwining. Alex pulled away, though, choosing instead to again kiss Jessa’s neck as she continued to moan, grunt, and speak all at the same time.

The brunette’s hand dropped to her crotch. With her forefinger and thumb, she formed a ring at her pussy, squeezing Mason’s dick each time it came in and out of her, letting the slickness of her own moistness pass against her hand. As she did this, she rubbed her palm against her clit, masturbating even as she was being fucked. Alex’s actions were not only working for her, however. In addition, the back of her hand was rubbing up against Jessa’s pussy, as well, and the blonde was obviously not going to sit this particular session out. All throughout, Alex kept talking.

“Oh, oh, oh. I am so so so hot. My whole pussy is so hot. Don’t…stop…fucking…me!”

And with that, she let out a massive sigh, her whole body frozen in silence for a few seconds as she rode the crest of her orgasm. Her lips formed a perfect circle, and Jessa stared down into her friend’s open eyes as she came. Alex seemed to lose her connection to everything around her as she finished, staring blankly up at the blonde.

But while Alex had orgasmed, Mason had waited. And with one girl down, he quickly turned his attentions to the other. He pulled out of Alex and shoved himself deep into Jessa’s waiting vagina. She was already position in front of him on all fours, perched over Alex’s body. Slick with wetness, Jessa was already a third of a way towards her own orgasm when Mason stuck his dick inside of her. It was probably less than six or seven strokes before Jessa began to cum again, this one dwarfing the earlier orgasm that Alex had given her. Oral sex was good, but there was nothing like a vaginal orgasm in Jessa’s mind. Instead of sighing loudly, or even moaning, Jessa let out a loud, piercing, “YESSSSSS,” hissing towards the end.

Mason wanted this session to last forever. The entirety of his sexually active life, he had looked forward to the chance of one day having a threesome. And now here he was, taking turns inside two different girls. But the fantasy proved too much for him, and as Jessa’s scream of orgasmic pleasure echoed through the gym, Mason knew he was down. He quickly pulled himself out of Jessa, losing control of his body. He held himself up against Jessa’s ass, shooting load after load up against her stomach.

Jessa felt the cum on her body, just above her pubic hair. As Mason’s semen hit her body, gravity took hold and it dropped onto Alex’s body below her.

Mason, energy completely sapped, fell to one side on the mats. Jessa did much the same, rolling into the nook under his arm. Alex rolled as well, putting her own thigh between Jessa’s legs and losing herself in another kiss with her friend. There was cum and sweat in between them, but both girls concentrated on nothing more than the kiss. Eventually, they broke away, and all three of them lay on the mats, looking up at the ceiling.

After the panting had stopped, Mason finally spoke up. “Now, maybe it’s just me, but we should definitely, definitely do this again.”

Alex looked at him in disbelief. “You mean, right now?”

The man grunted a negative. “I don’t think I can even stand up right now.”

The two girls giggled, essentially feeling the same way. Jessa’s legs were trembling from her orgasm.

“Well, we’ll have to wait for the next Skin Ball,” Jessa finally responded.

Mason looked over at her curiously. “And when would that be?”

Jessa smiled. “I’m sure we can work something out. How about next term, we hold it at Ep Chi?”