

Smooth Move
by oyster50

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Description: Dil's just rocking along in a relationship with a girl who's good enough. Her best friend, though, is what he's thinking about, but he knows he shouldn't, because she's in a relationship of her own. But things get complicated sometimes.

Tags: Ma/Fa, Consensual, Heterosexual, Fiction, Cheating, Polygamy/Polyamory, First, Masturbation, Oral Sex

Posted: 2020-03-27

Last Modified: 2020-08-01 / 05:58:28 pm

Chapter 1

I'm Dillon Jacobs. Life was pretty good for a twenty-three year old guy. I had a pretty healthy, not bad-looking body, maybe five or ten pounds I could lose, a full head of rusty hair that I kept short because of another good thing – a community college degree and a job in the field of electrical power. I was making good money, especially when comparing myself to a lot of my contemporaries.

I had my own apartment – two bedrooms, one of which accepted my toys, the other holding a king-sized bed, a feature that worked well for another mostly positive thing – a live-in girlfriend.

That would be Jamie, five foot four, forty voluptuous pounds over that weight chart number, a sizable bit of that ensconced in a pair of double-D breasts. Fun. Not particularly bright, but she liked the play and the fact that she chose me to play with is, or was, a good thing. Eighteen, six months past graduation, still officially living with her folks in town, but we went weeks without her staying there overnight. She had laughing brown eyes when she was happy, and I guess I really don't know what color her hair is because ever since I met her a year ago, that hair color changes. She's been various shades of blonde, streaked, layered, and tossed, whatever. Doesn't matter. Fun girl.

This part of my story starts with me staggering into the apartment at 0700 on a Sunday morning. I was beat. Major client lost a major bit of

his power system and I, along with a supervisor and several other technicians, spent the last evening and night piecing things back together. When I left, the place was starting back up and I was dirty and tired.

Jamie was up when I hit the door. She's getting ready for her job. On Sundays she's behind a customer service desk until noon.

"Ewwwww! You're a wreck!"

"Thank you for that bit of observation," I replied. "I'm beat! Shower, then bed. What's on your agenda?"

"You sleep. After work, Jenny and I are gonna shop, then probably come back here and we can order pizza or something for dinner."

"Sounds good."

Jenny's the other side of what was, when I first met Jamie, an inseparable duo. Where Jamie is probably some variety of blondish brown, Jenny's hair is rich, dark brown, and unlike Jamie, who lives for curls and flips and contortions, ever since I met Jenn, it's been the same thing – parted in the middle, swept naturally behind her ears, collar-length. Jamie was about make-up. Jenn occasionally did something to those dark brown eyes. Size? Weight was about the same as Jamie – "The Butt Sisters" one of the guys had observed – but where Jamie's double-Ds required a marvel of structural engineering to keep them from sagging off in different directions, Jenny was small-breasted. I'd seen her in a bathing suit. No jiggle there.

And of the two, Jenn was the smart one. Never understood that. Jamie was bands and dating and social and ... And Jenn had been dating ONE guy for the last year.

Jamie'd been in and out of several beds.

"Jenn's still a virgin," Jamie confided. "She says that she's saving it for Kenneth."

So, okay ... No skin off my ass.

We'd socialized as two couples a bit. Kenneth's one of those guys whose family pulled a few strings and got him set up with an offshore petroleum production company, so he's in for a week, out for a week. And when he's out, there's a pretty good chance that Jenn's gonna eat with us or we'll go to a movie as a trio.

Jamie gets exasperated from time to time because Jenn and I will start joking and carrying on and a lot of our banter goes over Jamie's head. If she gets TOO exasperated, that means that extra effort goes into

the sex when Jenny leaves to go home. That's never a bad thing.

So that's the stage. I stripped, my dick got a squeeze, and I'm thinking, "Tonight's a good one" and she announces, "Last pill yesterday. Period."

Burst that bubble. I'm horny, and ... well, I tried to get her to get past that taboo and she's "No way! Gross!" and so I supposed that the best I'd get in the next four days MIGHT be a hand job.

Oh, she'd suck me. She was pretty enthusiastic. Dunno why, though, she'd never been able to get me off with her mouth, and it wasn't for lack of effort. Just always ended up with a very competent handjob. And she'd be wearing panties until the period was over. I'd be restricted to nothing below the waistband. Just have to make do with using those titties like headphones. When she laid on her back, they sagged off to the sides, huge light brown areolae with rather uninspiring nipples. Hell, they're titties, though, and I loved on 'em like she was a supermodel.

Jamie took off before I got out of the shower. I toweled off, shaved, hit the bed. Naked. Ever since I moved into my own place, I liked sleeping nude. My pillow received my head just about the time I went to sleep.

I'd just responded to a bladder call and was nearing dreamland again when I heard the front door open and two voices talking. Jamie and Jenny.

"I'm still sleeping," I announced.

"Hi, Dil," Jenn chirped.

"Go back to sleep, babe," Jamie said. "We'll be quiet. Got some wine for when you get up."

Wine. Jamie and I liked a bit of wine. Little buzz? Lots of sex.

Back to sleep, at least for a while. I got some more of that good, deep stuff, then was drifting, thinking about getting up. I could barely hear the two voices, mixed with the TV, from in the other room. Lots of giggling. Happy.

The bedroom door opened.

"Shhhhh! Don't wake 'im up. He sleeps hard. I can show you..." Jamie.

A giggle from Jenn. "Uh, he's ... no T-shirt..."

Giggle in reply. "We sleep naked. He does. Me, too."

The bed moved. I barely opened my eyes. I had no idea what was afoot, but I was curious. Jamie was kneeling on one side of me, Jenn on the other.

"Watch," Jamie whispered. She gently pushed me from my position on my side to flat on my back.

"Just a sheet. You can SEE!" Jamie said. Her hand fitted the cotton top sheet over the mound of my dick, her fingers forming it to the outline.

Giggle. "Wowww!" from Jenny.

Jamie's fingers stroked me through the thin cotton. Giggle. "Gonna just get 'im a little hard..."

"I can see it growin'," Jenny whispered. "Almost like..." She reached her hand out. I thought this would be where Jamie'd draw the line.

Wrong. Hands changed. Jenny's hand, tracing the shape of what rapidly became a diamond-cutter of an erection.

"Feels so alive," Jenny said softly. "I've touched Ken's, but we never ... like this..."

"Wanna catch a peek?" Jamie asked.

I saw Jenny nod. I'm thinking that this is getting really interesting.

Jenny nodded.

Jamie gently tugged the sheet from my chest, downward. I felt cool air on a sensitive dick.

"There's the head," Jamie said. She kept pulling the sheet down to my thighs, exposing me completely.

"Wow," Jenny said. "That's ... it's fascinating."

Giggle. "Mmmm. Tasty, too," Jamie said.

There's the little change in her voice. She's past just tipsy. She's drunk, and in a good mood, and at any other time we'd be going at each other, laughing and yelling, until we couldn't move any more. But now...

"Watch!" Jamie sniffed, bending. Gulp. Her tongue swirled. I moved almost uncontrollably. She sat back. I settled down. Still playing, I am.

Jamie looked solemn. "Let 'im get back to sleep good."

So I moved a leg like I was doing just that. Still erect, though.

Finally...

"You SUCKED 'im," Jenn whispered.

"No big deal. Do it all the time. He likes it. I like it." She stared at Jenn. Giggles. "Uh, you wanna..."

At first Jenn looked surprised. I thought that was as far as this was going. If they left me alone in this room, though, there's a box of Kleenex that's getting a workout.

Then, giggles. "You know I never..."

Slurred, "Just put your mouth over it, close your lips, do your tongue ... It shouldn't taste..."

"It's leakin' stuff right NOW," Jenn whispered. I can SEE it..."

"Oh, that ... that's my reward. Delicious!" Jamie chuckled. Her finger scooped a drop of pre-cum off the head of my dick. I moved again. Jamie stuck the finger out. "Try it!"

Okay, I admit I like Jenn's face, and the expression as she tentatively stuck her tongue out, licking up that drop, that was exquisite.

"Mmm. Not bad!"

"Told ya. You gonna try? Or we can go find another movie..."

The bed shifted, Jenn backing away so she could get down beside me. I could see the back of her head. She brushed her hair back, leaned forward.

Nirvana.

Okay, sometimes I guess I'm just charged up fully, right on the edge of coming, because Jenn's mouth, lips closed over about the first inch and a half of my dick, her tongue swirled. I heard a little "mmm," her head bobbed, tongue lively, and...

"Ohgod!!!!" I hissed. Jets of fire. Explosions!

Jenn, startled, tried to pull away but I had my hands on her head.

"Mmmphhh!"

"DON'T STOP!!!! PLEASE, GOD, DON'T STOP!!!!"

Miraculously, she didn't. Little noises. "Mmmphh. Mmmph."

I finally finished.

I was obviously awake now, looking at Jamie, who was wide-eyed, temporarily speechless, and Jenn, who was now sitting back, wiping the corner of her mouth, eying me accusingly.

"YOU CAME IN MY MOUTH!" she said accusingly.

"You were sucking me. What was I expected to do?"

Then Jamie. "You DAWG! You never come in MY mouth..."

Ever the caring male, I said, "Baby ... There's still some..." That was a common move for Jamie. After I came, she'd often suck my depleted dick. Right now, there was a little pearl-colored droplet still on the head of my dick. She took care of it.

"Now, what in hell is going on?" I questioned. "Why is Jenny sucking me?"

Jenny's smiling like she's won a contest. "She's been teasing me about having a dick of her own to play with, so she showed it to me..."

Jamie smiled sheepishly. "Didn't really think she would..." As she was talking, she stood beside the bed, undressing. She turned. "Unhook my bra."

I did, watching happy flesh sag. She turned around. "Panties stay on, Jenn. Mine, anyway."

"Wha..." I started.

"Oh, calm down, Dil," Jenny said. "We talked about you sleepin' nude and y'all runnin' around naked and I sorta wanted to try it for the evening..."

Just what I hoped. Naked Jenn. Titties just exactly everything I'd imagined, round, B-cup, maybe, neat, well-defined quarter-sized areolae with equally well-defined pink nipples. No drooping or sagging there.

Sadly, even though the fruit is in view, I assume it to be forbidden.

More fruit as the panties go down. Marvelous, rounded, her ass is a

work of art, and when she turned, there's that patch of sparse, straight pubic hair. I'm glad. I had one girlfriend who looked like she was stealing scouring pads.

I guess Jamie saw me making the assessments and desired to distract me, because she pushed me back onto my pillow, kissing me.

"Well, I guess I won't have to sneak you a hand-job tonight, then," she said.

"Sneak?"

"Yeah. Jenn's spending the weekend. Ken's offshore."

"Oh. Well, sure. No problem."

Jenn smiled. It was a different smile than I think I've ever gotten from her. "You don't mind, do you?" she questioned.

"Which part? You spending the weekend? Or us nude?"

"Either one," Jamie said, in between kisses.

We sort of got into conversation. Jenny's kind of excited. Giggle. "Always thought that Ken would be first one I ever sucked, Dil..."

"I'm privileged," I replied.

"I can't BELIEVE he came in YOUR mouth, Jenn. I never can get 'im ... Dillon, what'd SHE do that I don't do?"

"I dunno," I said. "Probably just timing. Two of you..."

"You're a DOG!"

"He's not..." Jenn soothed. "He's just helping a friend out ... Now I know. Poor Ken ... He always settles for a handjob. I've never even seen 'im like this ... All of it ... Dil, it's pretty. Jamie, can I sorta touch 'im?"

"You okay with that, Dil," Jamie asked.

"Don't wanna mess up what you and I have, sweetie," I said. Seriously, getting regular pussy's a definite plus in my life.

"Yeah, go ahead..."

Jenny fondled me, tracing, tugging the length of my dick, then cupping fingers under my balls, tugging, measuring, feeling. I moaned.

"Feels so good," I said. "Jamie, one of YOUR best moves."

"Glad you think so," she told me before our lips met.

"You'n Ken ... Never?" I questioned Jenny.

"Nope. Saving for marriage. I still give 'im handjobs, and he's felt me up, but all we ever do is dry-hump with clothes on."

While I'm talking with Jenn, Jamie's playing games, too. Her hand replaces Jenn's on my dick. "You DO have a great dick, boy," she said. I took one of those massive mammaries, sucked that nipple, trying to get it to perk up. Sometimes it does.

"Dry humping," Jenn said. "With clothes on..."

I released Jamie's mouth from mine, tasting another wine-flavored kiss.

"You 'n Jamie ever dry-hump?"

Jamie laughed. "'Bout three seconds before we tore each other's clothes off and just plain FUCKED."

"So you never just straddle 'im and rub?"

"Oh, yeah," Jamie returned, "but that's usually foreplay..."

"Naked?" Jenn asked.

"Well, yeah..."

Two hands on my dick, Jamie's, experienced, Jenn's, soft, exploring.

"Dry-humpin' ain't fuckin'," Jamie said, "But it's a good starter."

"Or it's pretty good to keep things bubbling," Jenn said. "And when I get home..."

"Yeah, you diddle yourself silly," came Jamie's drunken laugh. She reached for her wineglass on the nightstand, drained it. Thoughtful, although sodden, look on her face. "Why don'tcha dry-hump Dil, then diddle yourself." Giggle. "We'll watch..."

"Uh, nobody's ever watched..."

"Might be a good 'un," Jamie slurred. "Straddle 'im..."

Jenn's eyes... "Dil ... okay?"

Yeah, I'm gonna turn THAT down. "Help yourself."

So I was nice and hard. Feeling really good after a spectacular orgasm a bit ago. And here's Jenn, a female about whom I've harbored a fantasy or two, completely naked, tossing a leg across me, giving me a glimpse of pinkness that I desperately wanted to explore. But I'll settle for...

She wiggled herself down, pressing my erection against my belly, the shaft ensconced in lovely embrace between two warm, wet labia.

We laughed when we both said, "Ahhh," simultaneously.

"Don't have TOO much fun, buddy boy," Jamie said. We kissed passionately, one of my hands kneading one big happy tit.

Jenn moved a couple of times, dragging her wet pussy the length of my dick. "OHGOD! It's better without pants!"

"No shit!" Jamie giggled. "Here, suck this one..." pushing a nipple into my mouth.

At least that kept me from sounding entirely too happy about what Jenn was doing to me.

Jenn's movements developed, got a little more insistent. I thought I was going to lose it. Jamie was smothering me with hot kisses.

Jenny scooted way further forward, rose up, and... "Erk! Ouch!" and I was buried in heaven.

"OHGOD..." Jenny moaned.

Jamie's head turned. She took one look and, "You're fucking my boyfriend!"

"Can't. Help. It!" Jenn said in time to thrusts that I met with my own. And "Errrghhh!" escaped from her lips. She sagged.

"DAMMIT, JENN, DON'T STOP NOW!!!!" I hissed, jetting spurts of semen deep inside her.

She fell forward, shoving Jamie out of the way, planting her mouth on mine, the first time our lips ever met for a real kiss...

Yeah, she tasted like wine, too ... and it was heady stuff.

Jamie was sitting back, her face a spectrum of expressions.

"Right in FRONT of me! Damn, Jenn!"

I think Jenn actually did a good job of looking contrite. Drunk, but contrite. "Oh, God, I'm sorry, y'all ... I just sorta lost it..." she intoned as she rolled sideways off me, which meant...

"That's BLOOD! Dil, she just gave up her virginity to YOU!"

I'm thinking 'hey, nice that I got ONE in my life', then a flurry of thoughts that Jenn had made a mistake under the influence of the wine and the moment, and it really should be special.

"It's gone, and I had FUN! I came," Jenny said. "I'm sorry if I sorta crossed the line, but..." she kissed me, then wrapped Jamie in her arms, "Y'all made it special..."

I smirked. "Glad to be of service," I said. Inside, I was thinking a whole range of things. I wanted to wrap her in my arms and share tender thoughts, but I thought that'd put Jamie over the cliff, so... "I think I need a quick shower..."

"I got it when you finish," Jenn said.

I skipped out of the bedroom, heard whispering, somewhat strident, then apologetic, then nothing as I hit the hot water, sluicing off the juice and blood and semen. I was toweling myself off when Jenn pushed in, passing me. As she did, she glanced to see where Jamie was, then she hooked a hand behind my head, pulled me in for a brief but hot kiss, and whispered, "Thank you, Dil."

I got back in the bedroom. Jamie was sitting crosslegged on the bed. I bowled her over on her back, pressed between her legs, kissing her, holding her close. At first there was some resistance, then, "You think you can just hump on me and stay on my good side..."

"Move that rag outta the way and..."

"Ewww! No! But you OWE me..."

"Still me 'n' you?" I asked, making a sad face.

"How appropriate! Puppy-dog eyes. You dog." And she kissed me one of those good kisses.

When Jenn got back in the room, I think she was glowing, and I'm not attributing that to the shower.

"I'm glad I didn't come between y'all..."

"Hmmpfh! Girl, you CAME right in front of me..."

"You know what I mean ... If you want me to, I can go home ... Or put some clothes back on..."

"No," Jamie said. "But let's go in there. We got another bottle of wine..."

For the rest of the evening, Jamie made a point of being between me and Jenny as we lounged around watching movies. Still, I managed to spend a lot of time gazing at Jenny's naked form. Rubens would've had a field day.

Did she notice? I think she glimpsed me. Her legs spread, then closed, and her eye twinkled.

Bedtime. Not the first time that Jenn's spent the night. She usually nests on the sofa or in my recliner. This time, third bottle of wine, and...

"Noooo, shleep wif us."

"You serious?" Jenn and I both queried.

Jamie's head bobbed. "yeah-hmmm."

I thought Jamie'd be in the middle.

Wrong.

Didn't go right to sleep.

"Gotta do something first," Jamie slurred. "Boy gets sucked."

I'm thinking she's making a point of how she's still in possession of me.

She went down, made a big, noisy show. I made happy noises because, orgasm or not, getting my dick sucked is always good.

What Jamie didn't see is that when I looked over at Jenny while this was going on, Jenny pursed her lips in a kiss and winked at me.

In retrospect, Jamie should've been in the middle. The three of us made a very happy Dil sandwich, Jenny spooned up behind me to start. I know whose fingers touched my balls.

And with Jamie snoring softly beside me, I know whose lips closed over my soft shaft.

Chapter 2

Jenny's turn:

I should hate myself. Half of tonight was premeditated. Well, that makes it sound like I had a plan. I didn't. I guess I was just prepared to take advantage of situations.

Thing one: Jamie thinks that I'm in a serious relationship with Kenneth. I thought I was. Kenneth and I were close to exclusive. No, we were TOTALLY exclusive, if you limited that idea to I was his only girl and he was my only guy. You see, I found out that Ken also likes the dick. Bisexual. Some of my friends tried telling me to watch for it, but I ignored them. He's kind, gentle, intelligent ... but the last hitch when he came back from a week tour offshore, I thought maybe he and I would run off for an out of town weekend and we'd finally consummate our relationship and we'd come back engaged.

Wrong. He came back, we did a nice dinner together, went to his apartment for a while, a little petting and kissing and... "We can go for the weekend. Two of us. One room. One bed..."

"Uh, I promised Kyle we'd work on his camp boat..."

And four nights out of seven. Then a guy who works for the same company that Ken works for, that guy told me that they think Ken's providing additional 'services' to one of the other guys on the platform offshore.

Crushing.

Thing two: Jamie's been my friend all through high school, even though there's a lot of difference between us. Around guys she's brash and flirty. Dresses a bit flashy, make-up, hair styles. Goes through guys pretty regularly, like, she hangs one, does 'im pretty heavy for a few weeks or a month or two, then moves on. Distributes the goodies enough to get lots of attention and stuff like movies and dinners. Right now she's got Dillon Jacobs.

Remember "kind, gentle, intelligent"? Dillon's that. With a multiplier. I dunno why he's with Jamie. She doesn't get half his jokes. He's steady, conservative, and he treats her well. He's the first one she moved in with. Well, she keeps a lot of her stuff there. Like me, she's still got her room at home with her mom and dad.

Dil doesn't seem to mind me hanging with Jamie when Ken's offshore. He doesn't make me feel like an obstacle. He picks at me, I pick at him, and we pun and joke and I think that Jamie might get a little aggravated because Dil and I both have weird senses of humor and we use words and references that Jamie doesn't catch.

But at the end of the evenings, I usually go home and leave Jamie to play the cards she can play. She says they do it. A lot.

And I've never done it. Once.

Okay, Ken's had his hand in my pants, even to the point of jilling me off, and I've had his dick in my hand and I've given him handjobs, but that's as far as we've gotten. Until that news about the other options Ken's got, I wondered why he wasn't just a little more pushy.

So here I was. All these things in my head, and Jamie calls. "Come over after I get off work. We'll go shopping, then you can hang out with us." On a Sunday.

"Where's Dil?" I asked.

"Sleeping it off. He had to work an overnighiter. He's dead."

Time to get snarky. "And you put 'im to sleep for good?"

"Nah. Last pill yesterday. Period started."

"Poor Dil," I said.

"He'll be okay. You coming?"

"Sure!"

So we did that. I bought a few things, she bought a few things, then, "Let's go back to the apartment. Dil's got us some wine in the fridge."

Wine is something SHE likes.

We walk through the front door. I hear Dil: "Still sleeping..."

"Hi, Dil," I say.

"Go back to sleep, babe," Jamie says.

So we're watching a movie in the living room and Dil's asleep in the bedroom. First bottle's gone, we're almost through the second. Jamie's not keeping track, but she's almost two to my one.

We're talking about her lifestyle with Dil, me getting all jealous because, first, I think she's getting what I should have for myself, and second, she's intimating to me earlier that there's an old friend who, for some unknown reason, has renewed attractiveness to her.

And over there in the bedroom is Dil.

"It's pretty good, some evenings," she told me. "We come in, shower, pour some wine, and spend the evening lounging around naked. He gets goin', I get goin', and that makes for a great bedtime."

"Y'all just ... nude? Around the house?"

"Yep," she nodded. I can see and hear evidence that the wine's getting to her. Me? Pleasant buzz.

Giggle. "You wanna know somethin'?"

"What?" I asked.

"We sleep naked."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I betcha right now he's layin' there under the sheet, naked as a jaybird."

"Really?"

"Wanna bet?" Giggle.

"Noooo..."

"Come see. He's asleep. He won't know ... when he wakes up like that and goes back to sleep, he's zonked." She killed the rest of that glass of wine, ending the second bottle.

"You sure..."

Giggle. "You wanna see somethin'?"

"Uh, yeah..."

That's how paths begin. First step.

We killed the lights in the living room, she eased the bedroom door open. It's dimly lit by light coming around the closed blinds. My eyes adjust quickly. There he is, lying on his back, left leg kind of turned, covered with just a sheet.

She's giggling. "Careful..." and she gently kneels on his left side. I get on the right.

"No T-shirt," I said.

"We sleep naked," she repeated. "Shhhhhh ... Watch." And she forms the sheet over his dick, outlining it in thin cotton. She pulls her hand back. "That's it." She looks at me. "Go ahead."

Touching Ken's dick is usually way into a makeout session, when my hormones are cutting loose. That wasn't this. But seeing that outline under the sheet, I could feel my body heat kindle. I reached and felt the outline, tracing, squeezing gently, measuring.

Titter. "Wanna SEE it?"

I nodded. Yeah, I wanted to see it. And more.

She gently drew the sheet down, the dim light in the room revealing the head. There's the head of six beautiful inches of Dil. She kept pulling. It IS beautiful. I hope she didn't see me lick my lips reflexively.

"It's fascinating," I sighed.

"Tasty, too," she slurred. "Mmmm. Watch!"

And right there in front of me she bent over and sucked about an inch and a half into her mouth.

I felt my pussy twinge.

He moved. She released him. "Let 'im get back to sleep good."

He moved, rearranging himself on the bed, then sighed a little and his breathing resumed its regular rhythm.

"You SUCKED 'im," I hissed.

"No big deal. Do it all the time. Fun. We both like it." Her eyes twinkled. "Uh, you wanna try?"

Okay, a little giggle because, you know, 'drunk' and lowered inhibitions, and, "You know I never..."

"Nothin' to it," she slurred. "Just put your mouth over it, lips and tongue. Shouldn't taste..."

"It's leakin' stuff right now. I see it." My eyes were drawn to his dick. There was a droplet on it.

"Oh, that ... that's a reward. Tasty." She picked the drop off with her finger, offering it near my lips. "Try it."

Okay, I know what I'm gonna do, but I act a little surprised and

reluctant, but she's right – salty and well, delicious. "Mmm. Not bad."

"Well, there's your chance. Or we could go rent another movie..."

I scooted back, leaned forward, and, yeah, it's like that. Mmmmm. Let my tongue explore this new thing. Suck. Oh, good ... I felt the head swell, at least I thought that's what I felt, then...

"Ohgod!!!!" he hissed.

He thrust into my mouth, jets spurting. I tried to back away but his hands held my head.

Keep going, Jenn. This is one of those moments.

"Mmmphhh!"

"DON'T STOP!!!! PLEASE, GOD, DON'T STOP!!!!"

It's important to HIM, so I'm. like, "Mmmphh. Mmmph."

Finally, his whole body released. I sat back. His eyes were open, looking at me.

"You came in my mouth..." I said.

"What was I supposed to do?" he asked.

"You DOG!" Jamie spat, "You never come in MY mouth!"

Piece of data.

"Baby," he said to her, "there's still some."

Yep. Big ol' drop of pearlish white. Jamie's head bobbed, collecting it.

"Now what' going on?" Dil asked her.

"She's been teasing me about having a dick of her own to play with, so she showed it to me." I played my part as confused and remorseful and a bit drunk.

The conversation went further, talking about nudity, and she started undressing. I guess it's my turn. Dil paid a lot more attention to me than I expected.

Now all three of us are in bed, no clothes. Jamie's got huge boobs. They're impressive in a bra, but without one, they hang. Her nipples

are kinda not well defined, rising in the middle of huge light brown areolae.

I'm ambivalent about mine. Nice, because bras aren't an issue, but if a guy wants boobs, well ... Ken never did seem too interested. I think Dil's eyes were glued until he forced himself to turn away and mess with Jamie.

I wasn't too sure that drunk or not, Jamie wouldn't come unglued, but Dil paid her a little attention and she unwound. "At least I won't have to give you a handjob this evening."

She went on to explain that nudity was the order of the evening and that I was spending the night. He's agreeable, and so there's the three of us, all happy in bed, except he's playing with her, they're kissing, he's sucking her tits, and me, I'm just...

Be brave, Jenn. "Jamie, can I sorta touch 'im?"

"You okay with that?" she asked Dil.

"Yeah, I guess..."

I want this. Permission to explore. I trace, feel, squeeze, tug, get his BALLS, listen to the pitch of his moans change as he's nursing one of those huge bazongas.

"You do that good, Jenny," he says. She turned to see what I was doing, nodded, kissed him.

His hand touched mine, a gentle stroke. Encouragement.

We talked about what I was doing with Dil and what I'd done with Ken. "Seriously. Handjob. Dry humpings. That's it," I said. "Y'all ever dry hump?"

Jamie giggled. "For about thirty seconds before we ripped each other's clothes off and FUCKED."

I'm thinking that I will NEVER 'fuck' this guy. If I DO copulate with him, it's NOT gonna be fucking at all.

"So," I asked, "You never just get on there naked and rub?"

Jamie smiled. "Sometimes, maybe, for foreplay. Then we fuck."

Drunk Jamie spoke again. "Why don'tcha give 'im a little dry hump? Get goin', then diddle yourself silly?" Giggle. "'N we can watch..."

I wasn't sure about them watching, but the opportunity... "Dil, you

okay with me..."

I'm trying to read the look in his eyes. "Sure..."

When I tossed a leg over him, I paused, giving him a view of my pussy, then settled down onto him, his hardness running the length of my slit and, ohhhhh ... I think I just found a big piece of a mysterious puzzle. I started sliding back and forth.

"Don't have too much fun, buddy," Jamie slurred, kissing him as he kneaded one of those tits.

Me? Close to heaven. Slides, rubbing my clit. Rubbing everything. Like never before.

"Oh, god! It's better without pants," I hissed. Jamie giggled, feeding a tittie to Dil's mouth.

"No joke," she said. "Here! Do this one!" and she fed him the other tittie.

Harder, dammit, Jenn. No, wait! Raise up just a little. You KNOW what that head looks like. Feel it pushing in. Hymen? Pfehheh. Push!

I squeaked at the stitch of pain and he was IN me. All the way. "Ohgod!"

Jamie turned, seeing me slide down on him again. "You're FUCKING my boyfriend!"

"Can't. Help. It!" I said. He was thrusting, each one I met with my own. And a whine escaped my lips when I came.

"DAMMIT, JENN, DON'T STOP NOW!!!!" I could feel him squirting inside me.

I pushed Jamie out of the way as I fell forward, putting my lips to his. There always HAS to be a first kiss, and the one between Dil and me was a whopper, when our lips met for a real kiss...

Jamie made 'coming unglued' sounds, so I rolled off Dil.

"There's blood! You gave MY boyfriend your virginity!"

She started to chew him out.

"Jamie, no," I said. "It's gone, and I had FUN! I came," I said. "I'm sorry if I sorta crossed the line, but..." I kissed Dil again, then wrapped Jamie in my arms, "Y'all made it special..."

Dil and I took separate showers. I thought we'd get dressed no, but no, another bottle of wine, and it was movies and me kinda laughing because Jamie made sure she was between me and Dil, right up to bedtime.

That's when I thought that, like before, I'd get a light blanket and a pillow and hit the sofa.

Surprise. Tippy Jamie said, "Noooo ... you shleep wif us..."

"Okay."

I thought she'd be in the middle between me and Dil. Wrong again. She hit the bed, went sound asleep. Dil shrugged, crawled in the middle and I took the other side.

I didn't dare move until I thought I heard Dil's breathing become regular and drowsy, then I slid down, knowing exactly what I wanted to do. I sucked him into my mouth, lovingly, gently, and I hoped, memorably, for a few moments. His hand caressed my head. I released him, slid back up beside him and whispered, "I meant for all this to happen, Dil..."

He turned, our lips brushed. "Shhh..."

Somewhere in the night I heard Jamie wake up, felt the bed shift as she exited, then bathroom sounds. She returned to the bed. I guess she looked. I heard her say "nuh-uh" then felt her shove herself in the gap between me and Dil.

The alarm went off, waking us. Jamie's got to work. Her job gets her on Sunday mornings and Monday through Friday. Me? College. Monday has my first class at nine, an English class that I'm blowing through. After all, last year in high school I was in an advanced placement course that gave me credit for the freshman level equivalent to this one, and honestly, this one's not hard at all.

Dil? "Y'all go ahead. I got a vacation day I need to use." And he rolls back into the bed, arranging pillows.

Jamie and I are out the door at the same time. She's got an office to hit. I head to a McDonald's drive-thru, intent on a breakfast sandwich and a cold drink to fuel a last minute of reviewing notes in the parking lot before the long trek from underclass parking to the classroom.

I was driving with one hand, sipping my drink with the other, when some moron drove through a stop sign in front of me. I dropped the drink, grabbed the wheel, slewed to the right to miss him. Accident avoided. At least the one between two vehicles. There was this other

accident as several ounces of sweet soda and ice landed in my lap.

My car's entire reserve of fast food napkins sopped up the ice and liquid from the vinyl seat, but I was marinating from my navel halfway to my knees.

There goes class. Okay, I'd normally turn around and drive home – Mom and Dad's – and change, getting a quick shower to head off the stickiness, but, as the phrase goes – "Sea change." Dil's apartment is much closer.

I guess I really am being a conniving bitch. Well, maybe not 'bitch', but I will admit to a certain amount of conniving.

Jamie gave me a key to Dil's apartment when they went off for a week. Somebody needs to water his plants, okay? The 'week' thing, that's where I got the idea for Ken and me to go off together.

I have a key. Dil was asleep when I left him, so, no harm...

I opened the door very quietly, closed it behind me, went to the bathroom, stripped off the sticky clothes, took them to the washer in an alcove near the kitchen, and started them washing.

Yes, I'm naked.

I hit the shower. It didn't take long to get the stickiness off me. I toweled off, stepped out of the shower, looked down the hall to the bedroom door.

I thought that if I'd premeditated things up to this point, that door was the next step.

Self-assessment, okay? I'd known Dil as long as Jamie had. We were sitting together when she met him. Or rather, he met us. She was unattached. I was harboring designs on Kenneth, so...

Otherwise Dil would've had an equal chance to be mine. Starry eyes over Ken kept me from being jealous up until I found out about Ken's other world. I knew that Jamie's plans for a long-term relationship were non-existent.

I LIKED Dil. I enjoyed his banter, his intelligence, his looks, and last night, his body.

Open the door, Jen. But quietly.

I was still naked when I stepped into the bedroom and gently eased into the bed beside him.

Upside down.

I peeled sheets back, exposing his dick. It's cute when it's soft.
Dare I?

You bet. Just the head. Mmmm...

"Jen, am I supposed to get used to waking up to this?"

I sucked more into my mouth, feeling it alive, hardening. Slurp.

"I dunno. Do you like it?"

"Absolutely. Did you just shower?"

I explained, all the while, easing my own pussy towards his face.
Jamie says he likes eating...

Another suck.

"Ohgod, Jen!"

Wiggle.

His hands clasped my butt, pulling me towards him. I felt his breath,
then a kiss on my mound.

"You're serious..."

"More than you know," I said.

"I can't help..." and he gently bit my mound. His 'mmm' reverberated
through me.

"I've never..."

"Turn around," he commanded.

I did so. Got wrapped up in his arms, our faces inches apart, me
looking into his eyes.

"You have to know I've been here in my dreams."

"Mmm-hmm," I sighed. "I shoulda been here a long time ago." Sigh. "I'm
here now."

Kiss, breaking loose an avalanche, his hands ranging over me leaving
trails of fire, kindling a yearning.

I broke a kiss and leaked a secret desire. "Dil, make love to me..."

"Jen, my little dream..."

It was that easy. And that wonderful, and I had HIM between my thighs, pushing into me as I bucked up to receive him. Ecstasy! Second time. Dil in ME! Mated.

I came, squealing unrestrained this time, better this time, completed this time because HE was holding onto me, splashing his life into me.

Aftermath, just like the steamy romance novels, a glowing bliss, soft touches, coos.

"You wanted to do this, Dil ... I know..."

"I did. Never imagined, until last night. You whispered..."

"Shoulda been me and you," I said.

"I know that, but it is what it is. You have Ken. I have Jamie..."

"Transient conditions," I sighed softly. "This ain't Jenn's intro into the new slutty phase in her life, Dillon."

"I can dream about that..."

"Me bein' a slut?"

"No, you and me..."

"Seriously?"

"If you didn't want it to be serious, you wouldn't be here."

"You always did have a path into my head, Dillon Jacobs."

"I know, Jen. And that fact caused me more than one regret."

"If you keep doing that, Dil, there's gonna be trouble..."

"What?"

"Touching my nipple."

"It's a very nice nipple," he said. "Quite possibly a perfect nipple..."

"What keeps it from being a perfect nipple?"

"It might taste bad." His head dipped.

THAT'S what that feels like!

"Are we playing, or are we still talking about serious things?"

"I can't even THINK when you do that..."

"Thinking's way overrated, sometimes," he said. "That's definitely a perfect nipple. Look, here's another one..."

And then the boy slid down in the bed.

"You don't know how much I wanted to wrap my arms around you last night, Jen..."

"Yeah ... I wanted to go to sleep in your arms."

"Sleep might've been postponed," he said, burying his face in my belly. Then he slid further.

"You never?" he queried, kissing his way gently though my pubic hair. I was vibrating like a 3guitar string.

I sighed. "Please..."

And, oh, god ... I found out about multiple orgasms today.

He gathered my semi-conscious body in his arms, kissing me. "Gentle, sweet Jenny," he said softly, "this means a lot to me..."

"Everything," I said.

The kiss that followed was unmistakable in its meaning.

After seriousness, there's fun. It's my second day as a non-virgin, my first day with my man all to myself, and we took advantage of it.

Learned that it's not just my nipples that he adores.

Learned that I REALLY like the dick. HIS dick. And three shots before lunch is his limit.

We have to make this work somehow. Jamie's the key here, because if there was no Jamie, this would be Jenny's new home.

Chapter 3

Dil's turn:

You know, I DO have a conscience. I know, I'm a guy, right? "Stiff dick has no conscience", right?

Maybe some guys are like that. Okay, I guess I've kinda been like that for the last few months with Jamie. Jamie's fun, as long as I don't try to analyze it too much. She's a bit of a typical pop culture girl, about fashions and movies and contemporary music, but she can be coerced into a discussion of other subjects. Just don't expect it to last too long, to get too deep, nor broach ideas outside the more popular views. She's not BAD looking if you accept a version of current fashion. Her makeup and hair follow the current moods. I can accept that. Might not be what I'd choose, but it's acceptable.

We have a certain comfortable compatibility in the sexual component of life. It's sex, okay? Not particularly adventurous sex, but we pretty much get each other once or twice every day, except for her periods. Then she refuses to be touched below the waist. I'm relegated to – oh horror – blowjobs and hand jobs. She loves nipping and nibbling and sucking around me until I come, but never has she been able to bring me off with her blowjobs. It's not for lack of enthusiasm. She really does try, and it feels great, but I just never quite get there. She's jerked me until the first spurt, then sucked me, but it's always like that.

And the 'l-word' has never been mentioned. She apparently doesn't operate like that. Oh, we've been exclusive since she moved in, but the only time she talks about love is when she's ragging on other people.

Like Jenn. "Jenn's in luuvvvv with Kenneth. They don't have sex. They don't live together. He's gone a week at a time and all she does is stay home or come over here. But she's in luuvvv."

What I'm trying to say is that I'm not 'using' Jamie and she's not 'using' me, well, except I do end up paying for rent and groceries and when we go out to eat or order in. I cover that. In return, I get a snuggly, big-titted bed partner who fills a bunch of other appetites, one in particular. Scintillating conversation can be vastly overrated.

And here's Jenn. I like Jenn. Always did. Smart. Smarter than Jamie. Doesn't go nuts with makeup and clothes and hair, just sort of says 'here I am. Take it or leave it'. In three-way conversations, it often becomes two-way because Jenn's like me, a reader, and we've read a lot of the same books and watched a lot of the same movies and we start tossing quotes around and Jamie's like "I didn't SEE that" and Jenn and I are laughing at each other.

I would've pursued Jenn except 'she's in luuvvv.' And so Jamie and I just sort of ended up together.

Last night Jenn didn't seem quite so 'in luuuuvvv'. Didn't seem that way this morning, either, unless she's redirected.

After she got dressed, before she left, we kissed. Held each other close. It was, in my mind, as intimate a thing as the previous three hours of loving each other in every way we could.

"Dil," she sighed, brown eyes sparkling, "I mean this all. Serious."

"I do too, Jenn. But..."

"But you just hang on for me. I know things. You'll see..."

And she left. I went into 'domestic' mode, stripping the sheets of the bed for laundry, refreshing the bed with a fresh set. Started the washer, made a few additions to the grocery list, headed out, came back with necessities. And a couple of cases of wine. We have some inexpensive favorites. Doesn't hurt to stock up.

Three bottles of a favorite white wine went into the fridge. Yeah, I know ... too cold. Get over it. We like it like that.

I continued housekeeping until the door opened and Jamie swarmed in. Pleasant to look at. On weekdays she wears a dress or a skirt and blouse ensemble and really does look good.

"How was YOUR day?" I asked.

She glanced around the house. My efforts were obvious. "Normal stuff. Processing orders, mostly. You've been busy."

"Just took a bit of catching up," I said. "What's on tap for the evening?"

Giggle. (It's one of her best moves. I love a feminine giggle and Jamie's good at it) "Me 'n' you and a movie, I guess. Day Two of my period." She eyed me with an odd smirk. "Not like you didn't get your pressure relieved last night, huh?"

"I'm still trying to figure out what last night was," I said.

"Jenn did you GOOD," she snorted. "I talked with 'er on the way to work this morning. Seriously. She did HERSELF good. That really was the first time..."

"I saw the blood. I thought it was all painful, you know..."

"Mine was. I guess Jenn was just ready."

"All came as a surprise to me. Never thought you'd be into threesomes."

"I'm not," she affirmed. "First time for any of that for me, too. Wasn't REALLY a threesome. We both did you. That's all." Giggle. "Besides. A little wine. And it must've done something to you. She didn't suck you for a minute before you came..."

"Thought I was having a wet dream..."

"You have wet dreams starring Jenn?!?"

"No, they're usually randomly generated females. And since it's been you 'n' me, I haven't had any. You do a good job of keeping pressure from building up."

She smiled. "I like that. But you came in her mouth. You never..."

"Like I said, it was just the way things ... I've never fantasized about two women, and there it was, one, then the other..."

"And you came..."

"Majorly."

"Well, I think it was good for Jenn. She needs some relief. Her and Ken, well ... I hear rumors..."

"I thought they were a thing."

"I dunno what kind of thing, now." She stood up, unbuttoning the vest of her ensemble. "I'm getting out of this get-up."

"Can I help?"

"Always."

I undressed her down to her panties. Got me a face-full of tittles for my troubles. That's never bad.

"You changed the bedsheets," she observed.

"Yeah..."

"I like fresh sheets. It's fun to put the first spot on 'em..." Her hands started fumbling with the belt on my jeans. "I hate this belt..."

I flipped the buckle to release it. "Here..."

"Get out of 'em. I got a goal."

"Goal?"

"Yeah, you came in HER mouth, so I know it works like that..." she pushed me back onto the bed, laughing, then pulled my jeans down.

Come or don't come, I do love a blowjob. She was in a playful mood, really going at me, but I had three good ones, REALLY good ones, this morning with Jenn. And she's not Jenn. Why does that make a difference?

Still, I could feel the stirrings. Maybe this was the time.

RIIINNNGGGG!!! Her phone.

"Damnit!" she said, rolling reaching for the nightstand. She eyed the screen, hissed "Jenn!" then "Hey, sis! Wassup?!?" Pause. "No, I'm already home. Dil did the shopping. We're just kinda messin' around." Pause. "Well, uh-huh, sorta THAT kind of messin' around." Pause. "Nah, it ain't getting further than this. Seriously." Pause. "Sure, come on over." Pause. "Yeah, spend the night. Tonight you get the sofa, though..." Giggle. "Okay. Bye!"

She turned to me. "Your other girlfriend's coming over this evening."

"Cool," I said, trying to sound unexcited. "What's for dinner?"

"Oh, we hadn't had pizza in a while."

I sighed. Not my favorite, but good enough. "Go ahead and use my account. You know what you and Jenn like. I'll eat anything."

She cast a wry eye at me. "Just so one of 'em's not Jenn."

I played silly. "Why not? She's eaten me."

"You ARE a dog! Get up and get dressed."

"Okay," I said. "I appreciate our little interlude. By the way, got wine in the fridge. Why don't you see if we can get a good movie this evening?"

That's what I thought the evening would hold – pizza, wine, a movie, conversation.

So it takes an hour for Jenn to show up. She bounces in the door past me, saying "I had to go to the house to get a change of clothes for tomorrow, and I brought my nightshirt in case we ain't doin' that 'naked' thing." She looked at me and then Jamie. "But I really liked

that. Uh, you got any wine?"

"I'll open the first one," I said, "but my pants stay on until after the pizza."

"Bummer!" Jenn giggled.

"I think I created a monster," Jamie said.

"I'm not a monster. It's just that, well, there's no place I can just lounge around naked. Maybe if I locked my bedroom door at home, but no..."

An hour later, the pizza box is in the trash, hands are washed, three wineglasses are refilled and Jamie's, well, I thought she'd pull back from nudity tonight but...

"We get to watch YOU strip," she giggled.

"Yeah," Jenn agreed.

Did I mention SECOND refill?

"I'm bashful," I said, turning my back on the two of them sitting together on the sofa.

"That's okay like, that, Dil. You got a nice ass," Jamie tittered.

At least I didn't have socks on. I turned, nude, sporting a chubbie. "Well, here I am," I said. "Your turn."

They did it. Two of them. Naked. And I'm the only guy in the room and...

"He's getting HARD," Jenn squealed. She wasn't able to pull off a good 'outrage'.

"It'll go away," Jamie countered. "Boy, come sit on the sofa. I'll get the movie started."

I plopped myself down between them, wiggling my butt to make a space. The movie started.

About ten minutes into it, Jamie waved her empty glass. "Can I get just ONE more?"

Jenn tilted hers back, waved it, too.

"Okay. I guess I'll get that third bottle out." I stood up, walked across the room and around the bar to the kitchen area.

"He's fun to watch," Jenn said.

"Oh, I know," Jamie agreed. "I love it. Dicks're fun."

"I brought the glasses back.

"C'mere, boy," Jamie commanded after I handed Jenn back her glass.

I stepped over as she took a sip, then she grasped my dick with a cool hand.

"Jamie..."

Giggle. "Dip!" And she raided her glass, dipping the tip of my dick into the chilled wine.

"Hey! That's COLD," I blurted.

Giggle. "I'll warm it up." And she engulfed the first inch and a half in her mouth. It was also chilled, but her tongue was agile, slurping around then she released me. "Mmmmm..." she looked at Jenn, who was staring at both of us. "First time I ever tried that."

"I can't believe you did that in front of 'er, Jamie," I blurted.

"Oh, get over yourself. I watched you two last night, didn't I?"

"Yeah, but..."

She smiled a little oddly, the wine working. "Jenn, honey ... You can get one if you want. I'll loan 'im to you..."

"I'm, like, PROPERTY?"

"Just follow instructions, darlin'," she slurred. "Jenn?"

I looked at Jenn's face. Got a wink for my attentions. "Sure, why not?"

I stepped over, Jenn did the same dipping move, but when she got me into her mouth, she sighed an audible and palpable "Mmmmm" as well.

I shook.

"One more and I'll quit," she giggled.

When she finished, I sagged back into my seat.

"Really, Jamie? Sharing me?"

Jamie kissed me sloppily, "Didn't think you'd mind too much, boy."

Jenn's hand was between her and me. I felt her finger wiggle, turned, saw her smile and lick her lips.

"Wait, wait wait!" Jamie squealed. "Back up! I like this part of the movie."

She was draining her glass as I performed the operation on the TV. I got up.

"Where you goin'?" Jenn asked.

"Bathroom. Offload some used wine," I answered.

"Bring that last bottle from the fridge," Jamie ordered.

"You ain't had enough?" I questioned.

"I'll go slow..."

As I walked across the living room, Jenn giggled. "It's cute the way it swings when he's walkin'."

"Cuz it's soft," Jamie explained. "Watch. Dil, we're talkin' about your dick. Stop."

I stopped, felt the blood diverting.

"See?" Jamie giggled. "Won't swing now. Just sort of bobs."

"Are we finished exploiting me sexually?" I snickered.

"Oh, you haven't been exploited YET!" Jamie said. "Hurry back."

Now I have get rid of an erection so I can pee. I was standing in front of the toilet, waiting, when a hand came softly around my waist, then Jenn whispered in my ear, "Hurry. I'm next."

I would've let her go first, but then I'm realizing that in my present state, here with beautifully nude Jenn, losing an erection wasn't happening.

"I'm gonna have you before the night's over, baby, and Jamie's gonna watch me do it."

"Brave little thing," I whispered back.

"Your brave bunny," she returned.

The erection disappeared when Jamie bumped into the two of us. "What's the hold-up?"

"Dil's got a hard-on," Jenn said.

The thunderous sound of my explosive urination denied that statement. I sighed relief, got out of the way and went back to the sofa. In a couple of minutes I was joined by Jenn. She planted a hot kiss on me before Jamie returned.

"Seriously, Dil, if you want me..."

"I want you."

"Not just for sex. Not for a fling..."

"I want you. But this is weird..."

We were sitting chastely side by side when Jamie returned, plopping her round butt on the other side of me.

She glanced sideways. "See?!? He's soft now."

"Y'all're supposed to be watching this stupid movie, not staring at my dick," I feigned a whine. "I feel exploited."

"I'll show you 'exploited'," Jamie slurred, rolling sideways off the sofa to kneel in front of me. Her head bobbed. "Mmmm..."

Oh, I LOVE being sucked.

Surprisingly, Jenn reacted by twisting the two of us into a hot embrace. I could kiss Jenn all day. My hand met hers on the back of Jamie's head.

From my crotch, a giggle, "What movie?" and a lovely slurp, then "Jenn, work 'im up. I want 'im to come in my mouth..."

"God, Jamie," I blurted when Jenn backed off with a sigh, "that's good."

Jenn reacted by pulling my hand over the breast I'd pronounced 'perfect' earlier today, and redoubling her kiss. She whispered very softly, "I'm gonna get the one she's trying to get."

"What'd you say?" Jamie asked.

"I said this would be better in the bed," Jenn lied. "You have a TV in there, too..."

"If we get in that bed, I ain't watchin' no movie," I countered.

Jamie stood up. "Bed, then..."

We pulled the covers back to the foot of the bed, making a king-sized expanse of fresh, clean cotton. Jamie looked at Jenn, said, "Get 'im!" I got covered up by two happy females. That's okay. I smothered myself with Jamie's huge titties. I don't know whose hand was at my crotch. Wait! There's two of them. Good good!

After the initial scrum, Jamie rocked back on her knees, as did Jenn. One on each side. Me in the middle. Threesomes were heretofore only the stuff of fantasies. In retrospect, this wasn't exactly a threesome. It was more like the two of them sharing a limited resource.

Alochol-fueled Jamie said, "I think I figured it out."

"What?" Jenn asked.

"How he ended up coming in YOUR mouth last night."

"Okay..."

Me? I'm just listening. There's a good probability that whatever the outcome, I'll be happy with it."

"Here's what happened," Jamie explained, a little bit of a slur in her speech. "I got 'im right to the trigger, and when YOU hit 'im, he went off."

Jenn nodded. "That might be it."

Jamie's face brightened. "So if YOU give 'im a quick sucking, then I get to trigger, right?"

Jenn nodded. My dick knew better. Jamie's hand was stroking my shaft, Jenn's gently exploring my balls.

"Do 'im!" Jamie commanded.

I watched Jenn pull her hair behind her ears. It was sleek, warm brown, and the simplicity and sincerity of the move, well...

Her head dipped, her cheek on my belly. She eased downward, a kiss, then she sucked in half my shaft, moaning, her tongue massaging.

"Mmmmm. I love this," she said.

Dipped back down and... "OHGODJENN!!! Don't stop!!!"

"Mmmph!"

Second spurt. She raised up. "Finish it, Jamie!"

"Yeah..." I gasped. "Pleeeeeease!"

At least Jamie didn't stop to analyze. In fact, she did a great job of sucking just the right amount to prolong my orgasm as I tasted myself in Jenn's kiss.

As I went from straining erection to satiated flaccidity, Jamie pushed up alongside me.

"Dammit, Dillon! You did it again!"

I glanced at Jenn's somewhat smug face, then at Jamie's little bit of a frown. "Felt too good. That thing doesn't care..." I explained, but even as I said it, I knew I was lying. It cared. Because I cared.

Jamie fondled my depleted dick. "But wow," she said. "you came so fast..."

"I know," I told her. "Y'all kinda teased me to where I was about to explode all by myself."

"I just like it," Jenn said. "It's like, if it's in my mouth, I got 'im. All of him."

"You might," Jamie said. "Maybe I oughta sign over the title..."

My mind went "HUH?!?"

"I'm not a piece of equipment..." I started.

"Nice equipment," Jenn giggled. "Wanna finder's fee?"

"Jamie..." I said with just the hint of a whine. I don't want to be TOO eager.

"Oh, it's not like it's a big surprise. We all been together since we met. It's just that Jenn had Ken, so I got you."

I'm amazed that I'm hearing this from Jamie. Maybe the alcohol makes her smarter. Maybe I don't know how inebriated she is. Make that 'we are'.

Jenn surprised me by pushing herself over atop me. "Then he's MINE, Jamie?"

"Hey, what am I? An old pair of shoes?" I protested.

Jenn giggled. "MY old pair of shoes."

"Did I just get traded?"

Jenn's nose to nose with me. Oh well, time to refamiliarize my hands with that luxuriously curved ass.

"I could think of worse ways to dump you," Jamie said.

"You're dumping me? Twenty minutes ago you were sucking my dick."

"It's a great dick," Jamie said.

"Truly," appended Jenn.

"But..." I stammered. Might've said something stupid, but that was stopped by Jenn's mouth covering mine, her tongue battling its way in between my lips. I succumbed to that assault.

"We never said we'd be forever, Dillon," Jamie said softly.

"Is this you talking? Or the wine?" I queried.

"It's me," she replied.

I looked at Jenn, whose face was hovering above mine. "Did YOU know about this?"

She shook her head in the negative. Then she gave herself a wiggle, like she was settling into me even closer. "No," she said, then, "should I stop?"

"Keep 'im," Jamie slurred. "He's a good 'un."

"What was all this evening about?" I asked.

Jamie nudged Jenn aside, kissed me. "Buddy, I always thought sex was fun with us, you know..."

"Yeah..." I replied, a bit weakly because Jenn was still atop me and if this morning was any indication, the physical aspects of loving were stepping up in my life.

"Wasn't gonna be forever, Dil," Jamie continued. "You're the longest I ever stayed with a guy. There's another one..."

"You haven't..." because we never used condoms. I assumed we were

exclusive.

"No, or you'd be wearing rubbers," she said.

Jenn pushed up with her hands, rotating her hips, ensconcing my flaccid dick in steamy wet warmth.

"Good to know," Jenn said. "I got crazy last night, didn't even think about it..."

"We're safe," Jamie affirmed. And she kissed me. It was a good one, but as soon as her face was out of the way, Jenn was there.

"So, Mister Dillon. You and me? Or you want a period to mourn your loss and survey the field?"

"Dammit, Jenn! You KNOW you've been my friend as long as I've known Jamie. You know me well. Are you? I mean, it's like 'here's this guy. Take 'im off my hands and he's yours.' You're okay with that?" A speech entirely for Jamie's benefit.

"I've gotten worse gifts," Jenn said.

"Just one stipulation," Jamie spoke, having a fun time trying to get 'stipulation' out, being way past 'buzzed' on the wine spectrum.

"What's that?" Jenn inquired.

"We all sleep in this bed tonight."

"We did that last night," I said.

"Yeah, but ... anyway, I get some of you tonight..."

"You're on your period," I pointed out.

"Get a towel. I want your dick in me." She paused. "Jenn, last time. Then you can wash 'im off and he's yours."

"You get to say," I told Jenn.

She shrugged. "Part of the deal. Not like y'all ain't been fucking for months."

"You weren't here..."

"Yeah, okay. But I'll be here from now on. So go ahead. I've never seen two people fuck in real life." The word was alien to Jenn's vocabulary, so I'm guessing a combination of the wine and Jamie's language eased Jenn's tongue.

"Go in the bathroom and get us a towel, Jenn," Jamie commanded. "Then we gotta get ol' Dil hard again."

"We can do that," Jenn said getting up, returning with a bathtowel.

One thing to know. The actions of these two turn me into a sexual athlete. This was going to be number six in twenty-four hours. Just the thought of the two of them got me going. Jamie got up, went to the bathroom, came back sans panties. The two of them smothered me with kisses, ending up with Jamie sucking me, then she rolled onto her back, legs spread.

It's the first time I ever had sex during a woman's period. Felt different, but Jamie was obviously anticipating, and we engaged wonderfully.

Added bonus – Jenn couldn't resist fondling my sack while I pumped into Jamie.

One of the compatibilities of sex with me and Jamie is that she usually reached orgasm with me inside her. This time was no different, except that I was getting close to depletion, so she started coming, bucking into me, breath in panting bursts, her little characteristic whine. I popped. No, not an explosion, just a pop. Totally enjoyable, but just a pop.

And as was normally the case, she gave me a gentle shove sideways off her. I responded by twisting onto my side, suckling one of those huge tits.

The bed moved, I heard water running in the bathroom, then Jenn knelt beside me. "On your back. You're a mess." She cleaned my dick with a warm wet washcloth.

"Man!" Jamie said. "Good one. Jenn, maybe I don't wanna give him to you..."

"Too late," Jenn snickered. "The deal was that this was your final fuck."

"I know..." Jamie whined. "But ... Oh, let me go get a shower."

She bounced out of bed clasping the towel between her legs. The shower started running.

Jenn looked at me. "That WAS your last one with her, Dillon Jacobs. All the rest are mine."

"Yes, angel," I said.

"She doesn't have to know about this morning."

"You're right. I was trying to think about how to break it to her gently."

"You're mine," Jenn said.

"Conversely, you're mine," I returned.

"Between us. After a suitable bit of time, we'll make the fact known to the world," she said. "of course, it'd be easier for them to figure out if I sort of moved in."

"Cohabitation?"

"And from Day One, know that just living together is to be of finite length. I was going to marry Ken one day. I expect that you and I..."

"Seriously?"

"You'd better be."

I relaxed. "Yeah. I am."

We heard the shower turn off, then Jamie came out, dug a pair of panties from the dresser and put them on.

"You now," Jenn said, pushing me off the bed. "And wash that thing good."

Chapter 4

Jenn's turn:

I watched that fine male ass walk away into the bathroom.

I've seen a few porn films – Ken's insistence – in the past, so I knew what it looked like when a couple did it, even though watching him and Jamie, there was no fakey stuff like 'reverse cowgirl'. That looks uncomfortable. I'll try it with Dil, though, because I intend to explore it ALL. But I watched Jamie and Dil. Played with his balls because they're just made for my hand.

Didn't see him going in and out of her because GROSS! She's on her period.

But she said that's the last one between them. Which means all the

future ones are mine.

I looked at my best friend. She picked up her wineglass and took a sip. "Wow! Seriously, Jenn. He's good."

"I enjoyed last night," I said. (I can't very well tell her about this morning, can I?)

"He'll do anything you want. Take good care of 'im."

"Like you're giving me a puppy," I giggled.

"Yeah, kinda ... Dil's fun, but there's just something about him that I can't get past. It's something that'd keep me from marrying 'im. So..."

"You're going after what'sisname?"

"That'll be an easy catch."

"Good luck."

"Yeah."

"I like Dillon," I said. "Of course you know that."

"Y'all do seem to work together. Even before last night."

"Yeah. So we'll see."

"Take as long as you want. But keep 'im. If you don't, well, maybe the second time around..."

"Don't you be eying my guy, Jamie."

"I wouldn't. I'll come over here tomorrow and start movin' stuff out. Ain't much. Clothes. Makeup. A few things. I never made it my home, you know."

"I noticed that."

"I'd still like to come over and watch movies, too."

"That's cool," I said. "But we watch 'em in the living room."

I heard the shower stop. Dillon came out, still naked, completely flaccid, smelling great from a favorite cologne.

"C'mere, you!" I commanded. "Put yourself right here."

"Yes ma'am," he said with that smirk of his. He knelt beside me.

"No," I commanded. "On your back."

He snorted. "I feel so exposed."

"It's only proper," I countered. "Jamie, you wanna suck on that ol' thing?"

Her eyes flashed. "He's YOUR guy. You sure?"

"When he was YOUR guy, you let me."

"Okay, then," Jamie smiled. Gulp. "I love when it's soft."

I saw it stirring. If I... "My turn." Jamie moved aside. She's right. Semi-soft now. In my mouth it's getting harder. Jamie's hand touches my face, then goes past, cupping his sack. I feel him harden even more, and right now I am massively juicy from everything that's gone on. I pull my head away. Jamie's there. I watch as she bites his shaft lightly, having it sideways in her mouth.

Okay, good stuff to know, because he's fully erect now and there's a drop of that clear stuff oozing out of that luscious purple head.

"Watch out," I admonish Jamie. She moves back and I'm astride MY Dillon, him deep inside me.

"Okay, then," Jamie smirks. "You're the only one I've ever seen do it in real life, you know..."

I don't know. The world doesn't exist, except this tiny little bit where he connects with me, and right now that's the whole universe. And I'm riding him hard, his hands grasping my hips, guiding, urging, because I'm driving towards a goal, fire, pressure, sound building in me until...

"Dillon! Push!" I hiss through clenched teeth.

The boy bucks up hard into me, then again, and again, and...

"HangonJenn!!!!" and I collapse into his arms. He does a few more pushes.

"Wow!" Jamie remarked. "That was HOT! You're ... you got come oozing out of you..."

I almost didn't hear her because MY Dillon was kissing me.

Tonight, I didn't feel guilty. I didn't have to sneak a touch. I didn't have to dream of being in my lover's arms. That's the way we

fell asleep. It's wonderful. In the night, I awoke to go to the bathroom, returning to find him still there. I formed against him gently, not trying to wake him because I know he has to work tomorrow. But yes, I did gently fondle him. He IS mine.

Of course, Dil's a guy with a REAL job that's tied to heavy industry, so he starts off with an alarm that's waaaay too early for me or Jamie. He rolled out of bed. No, he didn't sleep in the middle, I did, so when he rolled out, he put a hand gently on me.

"Just stay in bed, I got this," he said. There was a bit of noise, although I think he was trying to be quiet. Finally, he softly re-entered the bedroom, bent over, and kissed me. "See you this evening, right?"

"Yes, my love," I said.

I have classes on campus this morning and Jamie has a job, so we both rolled out of bed an hour and a half later than Dil's alarm. I was in no big hurry. My first class is at nine. Jamie, on the other hand, is usually at work by 8:30.

I said something about coffee.

"I don't drink the stuff. Dil does, but..." she pointed at a little odd-shaped pot, "he uses that thing and I have no idea how to do it. You can get him to show you..."

I'm thinking that first, I will learn, and second, instead of Dil wandering off to work without caffeine, I will get up with him and share a cup.

So we're both eating cold cereal for breakfast.

"You're sober now," I said. "Were you serious? Gave Dil to me?"

"You want 'im, rght?" she questioned.

"Well, yeah ... I guess ... I mean ... Just like that?"

"Dil likes you. Talks about you entirely too much. And you like him. I can see the sparks flying. So, why not?"

"But you 'n Dil..."

"Convenient. But you and me, we're different. Me and Dil, same thing – just different."

"How?"

"Uh, he's kind of boring – stay-at-home too much. Weekends, I'd kinda like to party. Dil won't..."

"I've been to some of those parties..."

"Yeah, and you say YOU don't like 'em ... I mean, a little weed, maybe some pills, stuff ... I'm not talkin' about shootin' up heroin or smokin' crack, you know..."

"And Dil? Never?"

"He uses the excuse that he's subject to random drug testing because of the kind of work he does, but I think he's just not into that stuff..."

"And what's his name?"

Jamie shook her head. "He's, like, a bartender/DJ wanna-be. Stuff like that's practically mandatory, yaknow."

"And that's enough to make you drop Dil?"

"I wanna play out there, Jenn. I'm not a slut. I never messed around on Dil. But there's a couple of guys ... I really thought about it, but Dil's been good to me, and it just wasn't right to mess around on 'im. If you don't want 'im, though, I think he'll survive."

Gongs banging in my head. Little voices saying 'Hey, Jenn ... You better take this... '

"I don't wanna act like I'm stealing from you?"

"I'm GIVING him to you. Seriously."

"It's just ... weird!"

"YOU'RE just weird," she laughed. We've had that conversation before, yet somehow still maintained a curious relationship since we met in middle school. "Seriously, the guy deserves somebody who wants to put more into the relationship than I do. I really hope that's you."

"We'll see, I guess," was my answer, at least externally. Inside, I was far more confident. I'd been seeing Dil in social and domestic situations for a long time, and I know Jamie well enough to assume that if the guy was abusive, she'd've dumped him by now. Doesn't want to play around with drugs and wants to avoid the party scene? My kind of boring.

My morning class this morning was a chance to let my mind idle along for the ride. The professor had turned over the actual teaching to a

graduate student who was working on an advanced degree, a foreign exchange student in fact, who had a bad habit of letting his accent turn English into gibberish when he got excited, and this subject matter excited him quite often. Fortunately I had an annotated textbook from a previous student, and I could read, for heaven's sake, even though actually reading the text was more work, leaving me with knowledge excess to the requirements to pass the course.

I executed a ten-dollar bill for lunch at a nearby McDonald's, went on to the afternoon class where I had to actually pay some attention. When I got out of class, I headed home, as in 'where the parents live' home.

"That's not like you to stay out two nights," Mom said.

"Life changes," I told her. "Big ones."

"You and Ken? Finally?"

"There's some 'finally' to it, Mom. I found out he's bisexual and he's been seeing a guy behind my back."

"Oh, baby ... I'm so sorry..."

"I wish I could read signs, Mom. He didn't ... to me..."

She gave me one of those soft-eyed looks. "So what're you gonna do now?"

"You know the guy Jamie was seeing?"

"You used to hang out over there a lot when Ken was offshore."

"Yeah, that guy. Nice. Smart. Funny. And Jamie dumped 'im."

"You've BEEN with him..." somewhat accusing look. Mom and Dad were old-fashioned, dyed in the wool Baptists. Morality weighed heavily in their thoughts.

"Mom, first, I've known Dil for over a year. I've seen him, talked with him, practically lived at their apartment. I know how he is. He was wrong for Jamie..."

"Always did say she was too loose for you to hang out with."

"That's the thing, kinda. She wants to be a party animal. Dil's not. He's more like me than I am."

"So you and him ... Two nights. Jenn..."

"Mom, I know what I did. What's more, I know WHO I did it with..."

"So you were serious about Kenneth..."

"And I think it could've been Ken, 'except that he likes guys too. Kinda hard to go into marriage with that hanging over your head."

"But you talked about marryin' Kenneth, baby. Just last week. And now, out of the blue, you're..."

"Dil will marry me, Mom. I know this."

"Baby, you're been my strange little girl since I rolled you out, but this is pushing in a new direction."

"Mom, you don't know how many times I looked across the room at Dil and had thoughts. You know, like 'I wish Ken was more like that' and 'I'm just a little jealous of Jamie', things like that." I fixed her in my stare. "And maybe I might've prayed a little about it, you know..." I know that talking about prayer with Mom is an unfair move on my part.

"Baby, I don't know that shacking up is the way prayers get answered."

"What if words are spoken? Commitments made?"

"Oh, baby..."

"Mom. Serious. You'll probably have him sitting in the living room before the weekend gets here."

"Is he crazy?"

"No, ma'am. He's like me."

"So are you here tonight?"

"No, ma'am. Gonna be with your new son-in-law."

"Do you want me to talk to your dad?"

"No, I'll call 'im when he gets off work. You might need to provide support. I hope you're on my side, Mom."

"I am. Always. I just don't know if I'm completely onboard, though."

"Talk to me about it in a year. Five years. Ten years, while you're chasing grandkids."

"Baby..."

"Mom, did you ever look at Ken and imagine him as a daddy, really? I'm thinking Dil's got that written all over him. Either Jamie didn't want it, or she missed it. Probably didn't want it. But I do. And I see it. Okay?"

"Okay, baby. I'll be praying about all this. Maybe put it on the prayer chain. Without details."

I smiled. Got her. "That's probably how all this got started."

I went to my bedroom and collected a few things I needed to bring over to Dil's apartment, which was now MY apartment, too.

That's a drive all the way to the other side of town. No problem. I have my own car. I have my key, too, so I'm inside, sitting on the sofa, laptop on the coffee table alongside my notes, when the door opens.

Ain't gonna stay sitting for that. Dil closed the door behind him, I got my arms around his neck.

"I hope this is what you want, sir," I said, kissing him.

"A guy can dream," he said, returning his own kiss. "I spent the day hoping that this wasn't some kind of strange tangent you and Jamie whipped up together."

"Come sit down. Let's talk," I said.

He looked worried, sitting on the sofa. I sat close to him. Had a choice. It's a big sofa.

"Don't look worried. Baby, yesterday morning..."

"Yesterday morning," he repeated.

"I told you this wasn't a joke, not the new, slutty Jenn."

"I never wanted to see that, Jenn. I was jealous of Kenneth. You, me, Ken, Jamie, I knew I was with the wrong one, but what could I do about it?"

"You and I have done what needed to be done. You get me."

"You get me, Jenn. You laugh at the wrong kind of jokes."

"I'd rather stay home on the sofa with you than go to a dozen parties," I said. "Would you miss that?"

"No. Jamie wanted that. I didn't. And I just couldn't see myself hanging around with all the creatures she wanted to hang with."

"Yet you stayed with her."

"She stayed with ME. You had Ken. I wanted ... Well, Jamie was inertia." He tugged me toward him. I can take a hint. "You're the irresistible force."

"Uh, sweetie, what'd you do today? Work, I mean..."

"Oh," he said, the facts dawning. "I worked next to a big generator. Hot. Sweaty. I need a shower..."

"Mmmm-hmmm. And would it be likely that you'd need some help?"

"I could use help."

The ONLY guy outside my own dad (years ago, pre-puberty) and a gynecologist who's ever seen me naked shoved me into a shower with himself. At least the first part of the shower was about hygiene, anyway.

I could get used to having a partner help me dry off. He shaved while I dried my hair, then we both looked at each other.

"Clothes?" I asked.

"What'd'ya have in mind?"

"This is pretty good." I backed toward the bed. "Inevitable" has a negative connotation. "Anticipated" doesn't.

Satisfaction. Times two. I was still shaking from mine and still leaking from his.

He propped up on an elbow, brushed his lips across mine. "Jenn ... You know I love you."

"I know I love you too, Dillard. I don't want you to think I'm crazy, though ... Time ... So soon..."

"You know I love you..."

"I do."

"'I do' is a good phrase. Useful if repeated in the right circumstances," he said with that goofy smirk he retains for some of his most horrible jokes. His eyes, though, are not joking.

"I won't shack up with a guy, Dil. Not gonna be here six months, then ditch you for somebody..."

"If YOU did that, it'd kill me, Jenn. You're ... Okay, I'm being stupid here, but you're the one I really wanted."

"As it should be. Tried to fit Ken into a hole in my soul that was suspiciously shaped like you, Dil."

"I distinctly remember a hole Ken didn't fit in."

I bumped his forehead with mine, then kissed his nose. "As is proper and fitting. The man has lain with the maiden."

He smiled. "I remember that stuff. Kinda makes us..."

"So old-fashioned," I said, "But, you know..."

"I do know ... Serious stuff. 'Specially when it's some dude that you just..."

"Don't start with me. Just what? Just met? I've known you for a year. You and me, we've probably had more serious conversation than you and Jamie..."

"Can't argue that."

"I could do it, you know..."

"Do what?"

"Live here, jump into bed every time either of us gets an urge, stare at you across the dinner table, watch TV, go to movies, that stuff. I could. Just like you 'n Jamie did."

"No, you couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because about the time a day passed, I'd be in love with you and be plotting how to get you in front of somebody to say our vows."

"Ohhhh," I said. "You could boink Jamie for six months, but me, you'd have to marry?"

"Because YOU are worth hanging my life on."

"Then say it."

"Say what?"

"You know..."

"Jenn, will you marry me?"

"See? That wasn't difficult."

"So answer, then."

"Yes, I will."

"Okay." He kissed me, his strong hands roaming over my body, me relishing every bit of his touches.

"I'm moving in. I told Mom," I said.

"She didn't come unglued? Jamie told me about your family."

"I told her I'd saved myself for marriage. That you were who I married."

"Past tense," he said.

"Unless I read you wrong and your intent is to use me and cast my defiled carcass aside."

He growled, attacking my neck. "There are lots of things I could do to your carcass. Tossing it aside isn't on the list."

I love it. I can wiggle and I end up with Dil inside me. Again.

Another lesson in lassitude.

"I told Mom I'd tell Dad myself."

"This is the part where the charming boyfriend gets a hole blown in him by dad's twelve gauge," he said.

"Hardly. Mom was buying into it, which means that Dad will accept it, but he may have gruff words for me."

"Call 'im, then. And know that I love you."

"You do, don't you?"

"Inevitable."

I dialed Dad's cell number.

"Your Mom's about to explode, darlin'," Dad said. "You 'n Ken?"

"Ken's history, Dad. Long story."

"Which you'll share one day," he resigned. "Just like always. If it helps, I didn't like something about that boy."

"He's been replaced by the right one, Dad."

"Kinda fast."

"Like two magnets on a coffee table," I said.

"Have I met 'im?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, I think, once. You barbecued for me and Ken and Jamie. Dil was with Jamie."

"Oh, then I didn't give 'im a passing thought. Jamie, well ... you know..."

"I know, Dad. But Dil was totally wrong for her and totally right for me."

"You get to say, punkin, but you know how we feel about marriage..."

"This is what Mom prayed for, Dad."

"How many months before the big wedding?"

"I dunno," I said. I knew that Dad lives in uncomfortable anticipation of his daughter's wedding day, having seen some of the circuses put on for my contemporaries. He has nightmares about wedding planners and reception halls and rehearsal dinners and wedding gowns suitable for royalty.

I have other images in my head for Jennifer Parten, daughter of a grocery store manager and a petrochemical plant supervisor. I had images. I need to check against what images might exist in the mind of this guy lying naked in bed with me. If they match, Dad's gonna save some bucks.

"So you're coming home?"

"No, Dad," I said softly. "Staying with my husband. Married. For real."

"I love you, baby," Dad said. "You've always been level-headed. I' hope you're thinking correctly about this."

"You'll talk with Dil, Dad. I think you two will hit it off."

"If we both have something in common," Dad answered. "Taking good care of you."

"Bye, Dad. I love you." And I hung up.

"I heard most of that. So, big wedding?"

"Is that what YOU want? I know you and Jamie were at that one..."

'That one' was my cousin whom Jamie and I both knew. It involved the big church downtown, transformed for the day into St. Paul's, complete with groomsmen and bridesmaids and a dress with a white train that could've stopped enough mosquitoes to kill a yellow fever epidemic.

"If it's what YOU want," he said.

"Or Dil and Jenn and our parents in front of Mom and Dad's pastor in his office, vows, a kiss, and done?"

"Sounds terribly practical and charming," he said. "But doesn't every girl..."

"Am I 'every girl'?"

"No, you're my beautiful, funny, intelligent Jenn."

"Right answer."

Dil's turn:

Apparently I'm getting married. That's good. I always wanted to be married. Whole problem, though, was finding the right girl.

Done. She's lying next to me, naked as the day she was born. She's got a half-smug smile on her face. First time I ever had a naked girl lying beside me talking to her dad about wedding plans.

Since she made her phone call to her dad a public event, I did the same to my parents, got the initial 'That girl with the multicolored hair? (Jamie)' comments out of the way and promised to trek out to the farm and show off Jenn.

Jenn grinned. "So basically they're just glad I'm not Jamie?"

"Me too. Of course, a social visit to the farm was one more nail in Jamie's coffin, as far as a serious relationship was concerned. I LIKE how I was raised." I sighed. "Mom talked with her a bit, told me later that there was just 'no there, there' and Mom was pretty sure I knew it."

"That was a month and a half ago," Jenn said. "I got Jamie's side of the story. I think you're closer to reality than she was." She paused. "Sir, you've had your way with me twice. Don't you think you should reward my performance with food?"

"Here or out?"

"Your choice."

"I'm tired. Let's go out."

And as much fun as I used to enjoy when Jenn was a tag-along with me and Jamie for dinner, she's even MORE fun by herself.

Chapter 5

Dil's turn:

Friday. I'm doing the very best of wrap-ups to a week's work, in the office, in my cubicle, formalizing reports of the week's efforts. My cellphone rings, and it's distinctive, a special ringtone that I'd reserved for Jamie when we were a thing. That is, for certain values of 'thing'. It didn't take me a month of living with Jamie, she having moved right in with me, to decide that she wasn't going to be the LAST one ever, but she was fun, sexy in a soft, voluptuous way, and a very pleasant way to end a day.

With Jamie, though, came Jenn, and Jenn intrigued me from the beginning. But Jenn had Ken, so I stayed with Jamie, although I laughed louder with Jenn. Kept eyeballing Jenn, though.

And it all changed in a matter of a flash. Two days. Jamie basically said, 'Jenn, you can have 'im. I'm gone.' I was too boring and conventional for Jamie, who wanted parties and 'events' with artsy and interesting people who might occasionally partake of artsy and interesting recreational substances and Dill don't do that because first, I just don't. Never have. And ain't gonna start because my employer works in facilities covered by federal laws requiring drug testing. I've watched guys get fired over stuff like that. Wasn't gonna be me.

So... "Hi, Jamie."

"Used to be all 'sweetie' 'n stuff," she answered.

"I remember being signed over to Jenn, you know. Changing your mind?"

"No, just checkin' on how you're doing."

"Doing fine. Have you asked Jenn?"

"Jenn's in luuuvvvvv!"

"Dil likes Jenn being in luuvvvv, Jamie."

"Says y'all're getting married."

"If she lives past meeting my folks."

"Oh, she will. She'll be right there in the kitchen with your mom. Sorry, Dil ... I'm not ready for that yet. Prolly have a kid in a year..."

"Nah. We talked. After her college..."

"See? That's what I couldn't do. Not my thing."

"I understand. Still, we had a great time..."

Giggle. "Sometimes several great times a night..."

"Never complained, did I?"

"Still can't figure out how Jenn just makes you shoot in 'er mouth..."

"Dunno. Just works for her. Maybe that's a sign..."

"As good a sign as any," she returned. "Good enough. Well, just checkin' on you. Uh, big wedding?"

"Heavens, no. Immediate family. Preacher. Week's vacation maybe, for a honeymoon."

"Jenn says y'all honeymooning pretty hard right now..."

"Jamie!"

Giggle. "Just so you hear it one more time, buddy boy, THAT wasn't ever a problem."

"Thank you, lady. Same thing goes. 'Cept for that suckin' thing."

"Dammit! I WANTED you to."

"I know."

"Well, I may still come around, but I'll guaran-damned-tee that Jenn

won't let me and you go off alone."

"You'll always be a bit of temptation."

Giggle. "I know. Bye!"

And I'm thinking I'd never touch that thing again without a double coating of latex.

I attached some scans to a Word document, printed a hard copy, converted the things to pdf, and then waved bye to the boss on my way out the door.

I really look forward to going home. On Fridays, Jenn has a morning class at college, so she's out before noon, and in two weeks I've learned that MY apartment has become OUR apartment and she buys groceries and runs errands and...

I walk in the door. Get wrapped up for a kiss.

"You need to go shower. I may help. And then we need to jump in bed and..."

"And then?"

"Dinner. Then back home. Make sure we got everything..."

"Tomorrow. I turn you into an honest woman."

"Buddy, YOU'RE the one who turned me into a woman in the first place."

"My pleasure."

"Mine too, bouncin' on you with the taste of my first dick still in my mouth."

"You know, very few men ever live to see fantasy fulfilled in their lives. You did that for me."

Giggle. "With your girlfriend watching."

"EX-girlfriend. She called me today." I knew that was a risk. Maybe. Maybe not. Jenn's, well, different.

"I knew she would. She said so."

"She did. Said she was just checking on my side of the story."

"And you told her..."

"That you abused me horribly..."

Jenn tittered. "I told her that I was leaving you lying there, a mere dried husk of a man, that I'd found my true nature as a succubus."

"That'd explain the question, then."

"What question?"

"How come I got off in your mouth every time and I never did with her."

"Because I must have your essence to live, sir."

"Works for me. Didn't ever know I needed a succubus. Now I'm glad I got one."

"Go shower."

I got up, started undressing in the bedroom, turned and saw her almost as naked as I was.

"Told you I'd help," she grinned.

Gotta hug that. Which leads to...

"Baby, the water's getting cold..."

We got out, wrestled with toweling each other off, finished our rituals and practically dove into bed.

"No TV?" I asked.

"Nope," she smiled confidently. "I find this endlessly entertaining."

"Thought you might want to save up for the wedding night."

Giggle. "I think I can work up enough enthusiasm so that you won't be disappointed."

I rolled her giggling brown-haired self over and attacked. She puts up an enthusiastic defense and I find that in a bit of time my best weapon is depleted.

We've found out that we can handle post-coital lassitude, which makes me point out that I have a mate who can define 'post-coital lassitude' on her own.

Okay, one more before sleep.

The next morning we drove out to eat breakfast, came back, got dressed, her in a blue dress that was adorned by having her inside it, me with my best suit. Yes, I own two.

At noon we pulled up at the church office. Her parents were already there, and mine were just behind me.

Forty-five minutes later my life was legally bound to that of this charming creature sitting in the seat next to me. Our parents and the pastor who performed the ceremony were headed to lunch. Jenn and I are headed to a hotel for the night – Galveston – for a good seafood dinner, not that such things aren't available locally, and a romp in a strange bed. There are worse things in life.

She extended her hand, looking at the simple gold band. "We did it! Dil, you really love me!"

"I really love you, darlin'," I returned.

I won't bore you with what happened in Galveston. Just understand that neither of us were bored. It's the way a life together should begin.

The End

If you liked the story, take time to drop me an email:
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