

Font of Fertility Chapter 16 Beta

By BreaktheBar

The following is the Alpha Draft of Font of Fertility Ch 16. As a Betadraft, this is not the final work and may see some changes prior to final posting out in the wide world.

=====

All Characters are 18 years or older.

This story is a continuation of the Font of Fertility series. I would suggest reading Chapter 1 if you have not already. This chapter includes casual MF oral and MFFF. Fair warning to readers, this series also includes sex between people who have grown up together but are not blood-related.

Jeremiah makes real estate arrangements, prepares moves and meets an agent.

=====

“I need to be honest, I’m still not sure how I feel about the whole hook-up thing,” I said, yawning my way through the ‘I’m’ as I stretched and watched out the passenger side window of the car.

“But it was super hot,” Stacey pointed out. “And we walked away happy, and she was happy. Papi.”

Lindsey snickered and smirked from the driver’s seat. It was still early enough that the sun hadn’t fully risen over the horizon, but Stacey had jumped on me in my bed to wake me up - I’d gotten kisses, but nothing else, since we were apparently in a rush.

They’d decided that I had to sit in the passenger seat of the car as we drove up to Cardinal. It wasn’t fair to whoever was driving if I was in the back with the other, and if I was driving then whichever of them was in the passenger seat would probably try to give me road head. It was either me in the passenger seat alone, or me in the back alone, and the passenger seat had more legroom.

“I wish I’d been there,” Lindsey sighed. “She sounds hot as hell, and I bet hearing her call you that was sexy.”

“She called me ‘motherfucker’ way more,” I pointed out.

“That would have been funny, too,” Lindsey smirked.

The university was about two hours away by car up in the city. We could have made better time if we'd taken Victorious - Lindsey and Lauren still hadn't actually met the nightmare car - but the trip was known by all our parents and they would have asked questions if we weren't borrowing a vehicle. The only reason I was even able to make the trip with the girls seem legitimate was because I was being brought along as 'the muscle' for the move, at least in my parent's eyes.

Stacey leaned forward from the back seat, rubbing my shoulder. "You're going to need to get used to it, Jerry," she said. "Not every girl or woman you have sex with is going to be someone you can make a deep connection with. That'll get untenable really quickly."

"I know that," I said, closing my eyes to try and enjoy the feeling of her thumbs on my shoulders and definitely not starting to drift back to sleep. "It's just- Everything about that day was great except for leaving. I feel like I should have said more, or done more, or... I don't know."

"Oh, baby," Lindsey said, reaching over and rubbing the top of my thigh. "You want to tie all of the complications up in a bow and make sure she feels good about it too. That's just who you are, but Stacey is right and you need to get over it. You know she came like gangbusters, you know she'd like to see you again if you're back down there, so just trust what she actually said and not what you're worried she's feeling."

"Fine, fine," I said, holding up my hands in surrender. "I'll trust."

"Good," Lindsey said. "Now, we need to stop for gas, and you're getting in the back seat with Stace."

"I am?" I asked.

"He is?" Stacey asked.

"Yeah," Lindsey said. "Romeo needs a distraction, and I don't know what the hell we were thinking trying to keep things 'equal' or 'fair.' You can't fuck back there, but you can definitely suck our man's cock and juice his magical batteries some more."

"Very. True," Stacey said, and I could hear the grin on her lips.

As we pulled into the city I'd already blown two loads in Stacey's mouth and Lindsey, who had swapped spots with Stacey after she'd started trying to finger herself while driving, was now working on my third. By the time we were entering the urban centre Lindsey was smacking her lips, satisfied with her mouthful of cum as she carefully tucked my cock away and zipped me up.

"You three are fucking wild, you know that?" I asked.

“And Lauren is missing out on two whole days,” Lindsey smirked. “God, you two have barely spent longer than twenty-four hours without seeing each other for weeks, let alone sex. I bet she’s humping the corner of her bed by the time we get back.”

That set us all to chuckling, and Stacey drove us to her place first. We, or rather the girls, had come up with a multi-stage plan to keep our trip quick and succinct. Step one was packing up Stacey’s room as much as we could ahead of time this morning. Step two was our noon appointment with the realtor who was supposed to show us the penthouse apartment we’d located. Step three we were going to spend the afternoon at Lindsey’s place packing up her stuff. I was going to need to use a little magic to make sure it happened, but we’d ensure we could take possession of the apartment tomorrow, and for step four we’d spend the day moving both girls over. Stacey had a couple of teammates from the rowing team that were going to help out with that.

I’d been to Stacey’s apartment in the city before. She shared the place with three other girls she’d met in the dorms her first year, and it had been an arrangement of convenience more than anything. They were friendly, but not *friends*, and hadn’t gotten on each other’s nerves. When she’d told them she was moving out but would cover the rest of her part of the rent for the lease through the end of the next semester the three roommates had barely asked any questions. Stacey parked in the underground parking lot and we rode the elevator up, which I immediately realized was going to be a pain in the ass to load up the car with stuff over and over. That was something we hadn’t considered - and the fact that I had magic to make it easier, but we had collectively decided that I should save my reserves and do this the old-fashioned way, made it even more annoying.

Up in the apartment, the place was quiet and a little cool, so Stacey turned up the heat and turned on some music as we started to pack under her directions. We’d brought some boxes and her empty luggage from home, but even in the half-year she’d spent in the place she’d accumulated stuff. As we packed and tetris’d said stuff to try and find the most efficient way of getting things together there was some grabass fun between the three of us. Even Stacey and Lindsey were smacking each other on the butt, hands lingering and squeezing, in a sexually familiar way. And though it made me want to talk to Stacey about her burgeoning openness to playing with the opposite sex, I also found it really, really nice to just be doing something that felt so normal with them. Not that any of this was really normal, but we weren’t stressing about magic-related stuff, or how to gain access to the potentially tens of millions of dollars scattered across five continents by Ezekial, or worrying about juggling relationships or sex time or planning how to fight or any of the other dozen things I felt like were going on.

We had a task to do, and the only thing missing was Lauren doing it with us.

After an hour we’d made a solid dent in the stuff, and the girls set me to work on taking apart Stacey’s desk.

She didn't have any tools and had thrown away the Allen keys that had come with the Ikea furniture. Let alone the instruction manuals that would have helped us rebuild it.

"What if we just leave it?" I asked after about twenty minutes of trying to figure out how to tackle the desk issue without breaking the thing or resorting to magic. The car wasn't big enough to fit it in one piece, and I doubted Stacey's teammates drove a pickup truck. *And* I didn't want to carry it down the hall and the elevator.

"It's a perfectly good desk," Stacey said, turning from where she was folding clothes and stashing them into a piece of luggage. "And I paid good money for it, why would I just leave it behind?"

I sighed and looked at the desk, then back to Stacey, then back to the desk. We'd been raised well when it came to money, and I knew we probably both had the same revulsion to being wasteful with a purchase like the desk.

"So, here's the thing," I said. "I get it. You know I do. But it's an Ikea desk, and we are about to move you and Linds into a multi-million dollar penthouse apartment that we can afford to entirely refurnish with literally anything you want. Can we maybe ask your roommates if they'll want your desk, bed or nightstand and just leave them here?"

I could see the war inside of Stacey. I could hear my Dad saying 'Can't put good money after bad' and all those little things that drilled into us that we should value what we had and take care of it. On the other hand, we had a *lot* of money now...

"Fine," she sighed, then broke into a little smile. "We're going to need a bigger bed anyways."

"Yeah we are," Lindsey said.

We got about two-thirds done, and Stacey's roommates had let her know that she could leave all three pieces of furniture in the room. That immediately made me wonder if they were going to sublease the room to try and make some extra cash, but then I stopped caring about that almost immediately because just like I'd told Stacey, we had money. Hell, we had Fuck You money.

Not to mention magic.

With half an hour to our appointment time, the girls slipped away to the washroom to get themselves ready and I did what I could to keep working until they came back out all dolled up and changed. Stacey was wearing a cute dress with leggings underneath, along with a pair of knee-high boots and a scarf, while Lindsey had changed into a pair of skin-tight black jeans and a baggy black knitted sweater that did nothing but obscure her figure - right up until she lifted it and flashed me her braless tits with a teasing grin.

Then I got berated for not bringing nice clothes with me, and soon we were doing the Outfit Dance again where they pulled up clothes on their phones and I eventually used up a touch of my magic to change my sweater and jeans into a bespoke 'streetware' outfit that they swore would impress the realtor lady. Then my winter coat got changed into a sporty leather jacket to finish the look.

We were out the door ten minutes later than planned, and I stopped in front of the family sedan down in the parking lot. "You know," I said. "There isn't much point in the flashy clothes display if she sees us drive up in this."

"What, is there a problem with the Baxley Mobile?" Lindsey asked, putting her hands on her hips and smirking playfully.

"Oh no," Stacey muttered.

"Hey," I said. "The Baxley Mobile is a classic. But-"

"But she's a mid-range sedan," Lindsey sighed.

"I know where this is going," Stacey said.

I fished into the pocket of my fancy new distressed jeans and pulled out the car key. "Wanna meet Victorious?"

We walked out of the parking garage and I fed a bead of power into the key, and then winced as a long moment later the roar of Victorious' engines echoed off of the nearby buildings.

"Holy fuck," Lindsey said, watching with wide eyes as the black and fire-wreathed car burned out of the sky. Victorious was, somewhat ironically based on my judgement of his music choices two days prior, blasting 'You Shook Me All Night Long' by AC/DC. "He's fucking beautiful," Lindsey said as Victorious landed. And after the muscle car screeched to a halt she went right up to him and laid down on his hood like she was giving him a massive hug. "He's so fucking sexy."

The music skipped and the song jumped back to the first verse. "*She was a fast machine, she kept her motor clean. She was the best damn woman that I ever seen. She had the sightless eyes, telling me no lies, knocking me out with those American thighs.*"

"Damn, Vicky," Stacey said, leaning in the window. "How come I didn't get a hello like that?"

The music cut off. "You didn't show me proper awe and wonder," he said through his mixed radio voices. "This new filly knows how to properly show me appreciation."

“Note to self, Victorious likes tits,” I muttered, then raised my voice. “The new ‘filly’ is named Lindsey,” I walked around the front of the car and gave Linds a slap on the ass. “And she’s one of the loves of my life, just like Stacey.”

“Mmm, thanks baby,” Lindsey said, standing back up from splaying herself on the sentient car and hugging her arms around my waist as she kissed me.

“Hey, hornies, we’re on the move,” Stacey said with a clap of her hands to urge us on.

We piled into the car and gave Victorious the address, and he kicked into gear and roared down the street.

“I mean, seriously you guys,” Lindsey said. The three of us had piled onto the front bench seat and she was running her hands along Victorious’s dash. “He’s fucking gorgeous.”

“Since when are you a car girl?” I asked with a grin.

“I’m not, really,” she said, looking over at me with a smile. “But I know a sexy as hell vehicle when I see one.”

“OK, remember that he also killed a guy a couple days ago,” I said.

Lindsey hesitated, then shrugged and bit the corner of her lip. “Still sexy.”

“Oh boy,” I sighed. “Alright, well, Vic, where did you end up going when you got to our home town?”

“Oh, I found a nice little covered parking structure with a pristine vehicle with a big, fat rump that’s called a PT Cruiser,” Victorious said.

I opened my mouth, so many questions running through my head, but looked over and saw the same looks on both Lindsey and Stacey and gave up. Sometimes there just wasn’t a good place to even start.

We reached the building, a tall glass and stone edifice, and Victorious pulled into a parking space on the street and let us out. Stacey and Lindsey immediately flanked me, looping their arms in mine as we walked towards the front door, and as we entered the lobby there was a long stretch of wide hall with a bank of elevators and a couple of other doors, along with a nice little entrance into a convenience store on the opposite side of the building. A big, monolithic desk with an older gentleman in a bellhop uniform was set just off to the side of the entrance, and he looked up and only slightly raised an eyebrow seeing me with two stunningly gorgeous women.

“Hello,” he said. “Can I help you folks?”

“We have an appointment with Moira,” Stacey said.

Again, just the slightest reaction from him. A small blink, a fractional tightening of his brow. “Ah,” he nodded. “Miss Venture did mention she would be in. I apologize but I can’t let you up without— Actually, it seems like she’s coming in right behind you now.”

We turned and I saw a very pretty, thin blonde woman sauntering in through the front doors. She was wearing a flattering, business-like grey dress with a wide black belt, and her wavy blonde hair hung just past her shoulder and would have looked at home on a surfer chick at the beach. She took off a pair of big sunglasses and folded them into her purse and approached.

“Stacey and Lindsey?” she asked, equally unreactive to our youth though I could see her eyes scanning over us quickly and making judgements.

“Yes,” Stacey said, stepping forward and offering her hand. “I’m Stacey, this is Lindsey. And this is our boyfriend Jeremiah.”

“I... see,” Moira said with just a hint of hesitation at all the information she’d just been given. She turned to the doorman. “Good to see you again, Fred. Everything ready up there?”

“It is, Miss Venture,” he nodded. Fred pushed a couple of buttons behind the lip of the desk and an elevator dinged in the middle of the bank, its door opening.

“Wonderful. Thanks,” Moira said, then turned to us. “Let’s head up and I’ll talk you through the details of the place, yes?”

As we followed her Lindsey squeezed my arm and I looked over at her. *‘She’s fucking hot,’* she mouthed to me.

Lindsey wasn’t wrong. Moira had to be in her thirties, and based on the tightness of her dress it was obvious she had almost no breasts to speak of, but she had a cute bum and a tight figure to go with her pretty surfer girl face and hair.

‘Down girl,’ I mouthed back.

Moira, for her part, kept the conversation flowing as she told us about the building on the way up the elevator. Stacey and Lindsey had done their research and already knew about the amenities and the recent renovations to put in a private gym area on an upper floor of the building, along with a sauna and a series of meeting and sitting rooms that residents of the building could book for use.

Not that we were going to need the space. The elevator doors opened onto a small foyer with just two doors, the top of the building split into two penthouses, and when Moira led us into the

left door we found ourselves somehow both overlooking half of the city and also in a cavernous room. She led us around the big apartment, showing us the four bedrooms, the study, the sitting room, the three full bathrooms, the kitchen and then out onto the big covered balcony.

At the end Stacey turned to me, pursing her lips slightly. "I don't know, baby," she said. "I mean, the view is nice and all, but the interior decoration looks a little dated."

"That is, of course, a negotiable feature," Moira put in. "And I don't hold the opinion against you. All the wooden panels and shelving were installed by the last resident about a decade ago."

"Are there plans to renovate?" Lindsey asked.

Moira hesitated, then slowly smiled and looked to me. "Your partners are smart cookies, Mr Jeremiah."

"Just Jerry, please," I said and hugged both Lindsey and Stacey to me by their hips. "And I know, I'm extremely lucky."

"For your answer, there are plans to reno the space if it isn't rented out in the next few months," Moira said. "Modernization of the decor, mostly. The fittings and appliances are already brand new, as I said."

"If we sign today, what are the chances we can have some input into those renovations?" Stacey asked.

Moira quirked her lips. "We could figure something out. The asking price right now is twelve-five."

Twelve thousand five hundred dollars a month, even for this view, felt like a staggering amount of money to my ears. And yet I'd walked out of the bank a few days ago with two stacks of cash like it was nothing.

"And what's your commission on it, if I might ask?" Lindsey asked her.

"Ah, my usual rate is ten per cent on the first year and five on the second," Moira said.

The quick math in my head said that she'd make something like twenty-two thousand dollars off of the deal if we stayed the full length. I had to wonder if that was a lot for her, or was just an everyday deal, because she was a wall of customer service smile and gave very little away.

"What would you say," Stacey said, stepping away from me and circling around the kitchen island where we were standing. "If I told you we could sign today and pay two years rental up front, and double your commission besides? Could you maybe figure out a way to do us some favours on the terms for taking possession and the reno's and such?"

That got Moira's attention and she raised both eyebrows, glancing between the three of us. "I think that would buy you a lot," she said.

In the end it didn't take any magic whatsoever to lock in the lease agreement. Well, no more magic than a shitload of cash could provide. Moira took down some notes, our request to take possession as early as tomorrow not surprising her too much. We made plans to meet for dinner where she'd have the contracts for me to sign and we could provide her with a cashier's check.

"I'll text you the details of the dinner reservations," she said, shaking each of our hands warmly. "And believe me, I'll pick somewhere good. You three just clinched my spot at the top of the firm sales for the year. There's no way that jackass MacGregor can steal it back this late."

"Happy to help," I said. "MacGregor can suck it."

She laughed and led us to the elevator to send us down, air-kissing with each of us before thumbing the lobby button for us. "See you tonight," she said. "I've got some work to do."

Down in the lobby Fred the doorman turned and nodded to us. "Miss Venture sounded pleased. Will you be joining us?"

"We will," I said, and offered him my hand. "Nice to meet you, Fred. I'm Jeremiah, and these are Lindsey and Stacey. I'm not going to be able to be here as often as I'd like so I'll be counting on you to make sure they are safe in our new home."

"Happy to, sir," Fred nodded.

We left, and outside the building we all sort of slouched and exhaled from putting on the 'wealthy twenty-something' show we'd been putting on as we decompressed.

"Holy shit, you guys," Lindsey said. "We're getting a penthouse."

"And you deserve it," I said and pulled her into a kiss. Stacey got one right after.

"We should get Fred a Christmas present," Lindsey said as we walked over to Victorious, whose engine roared to life as he saw us coming. "That's what rich people do, right? They get presents for their doorman and their maid and stuff?"

"I don't know," I laughed. "But he seems like a professional, so we might as well try and show him we'll appreciate him."

We ended up bickering lightheartedly over what we should buy Fred, and also Moira, for their work. Neither of them technically worked for us, but we decided we wanted to lay down the roots of building a network of people.

I kind of liked the idea of being the 'I know a guy' person, and taking care of the guy in charge of keeping people out of Lindsey and Stacey's new home felt like a good move to make. Not to mention having a real estate person - if I ever wanted to set up my own 'sanctum' I was going to need space to do it.

Victorious brought us back to Stacey's so we could finish packing up her room, and the three of us changed back into our grubbier clothes - well, Stacey and Lindsey did. I changed into the grubby work clothes I'd been planning to wear the next day.

It took another forty-five minutes to finish packing everything except the furniture, and by the end Stacey's room and the short hallway had luggage and boxes lining them thigh-deep. Then we went down and, since he was there anyways, hopped back in Victorious and he drove us across town and passed the main Cardinal campus into a student housing residential area.

When we pulled onto the street where Lindsey had been staying for the past year and a half she started crying. I'd noticed that she had been getting less... well, less 'her' through the drive. She was sitting in between Stacey and I by chance, and as Victorious parked at the curb in front of the house I turned and wrapped my arms around Lindsey as she broke down, and Stacey did the same on the other side.

"I'm sorry," Lindsey gasped between sobs. "I just- I don't-"

"Shh," Stacey shushed her softly, rubbing her back. "It's OK."

I squeezed the crap out of her, not sure what I could say or do for her other than try and keep her close and make her feel that I was there for her.

It took a couple of minutes, and even Victorious had the decency not to speak up as Lindsey struggled to find the words. "I feel so fucking ashamed. It's- God. I don't want to go in there. The things I did, and allowed..." She turned to me and clutched my shoulders, pressing her lips to mine in a tearful kiss. "I'm so sorry, Jerry."

I wanted to tell her she didn't need to be. We'd had this conversation before in a couple of different ways, and I'd told her that then. But I knew it wouldn't help make her feel better or reassured if I just repeated it again and again. I hugged her harder instead of saying anything, and she buried her face in my neck. Slowly her panicked breathing subsided and she got a light grasp on her emotions.

"Let's just be as fast as we can," Stacey said softly, still slowly rubbing Lindsey's back as I held her. "We'll just get the most important stuff to you and leave the rest. We can replace everything else. I'll help. A whole new wardrobe, all new cosmetics."

Lindsey slowly nodded and pulled herself from me a bit, turning around and looping an arm around Stacey's shoulders to hug her. "Thank you," she said, and kissed Stacey on the cheek and then rested their foreheads together.

We piled out of Victorious, who grumbled about not being a pack mule until Stacey stuck her head back inside and said something to him that I didn't hear. The three of us then crossed the lightly snow-covered yard to the front door and Lindsey pulled out her keys and opened it up. Inside the place looked about like I would imagine a bachelor student housing unit would look - it wasn't a dump, but it clearly was inhabited by dudes. There were cheap posters on the walls for decoration, and the furniture was mismatched and generally screamed 'thrift store.' It was also a mess.

"What the fuck?" Lindsey sighed, glaring from the front door into what looked like the main living room. "I cleaned before I left. How the hell did they get it so messy?"

There were pizza boxes and takeout bags scattered across the beat-up coffee table and dishes stacked on the side table next to the couch. There was also a pile of colourful something on one of the couch seats, and Stacey narrowed her eyes as she stepped over and then turned around and gagged a little.

"That's disgusting," she said.

Lindsey looked pained, her face burning with embarrassment and anger. "I asked them not to do that," she said in a hurt and defeated voice.

I couldn't help myself, I walked over and looked at what Stacey had seen. It was a pile of wadded-up panties and thongs, some of them frilly and lacey, others just basic stuff, and they had the clear sign of having been... used. And crusty.

Anger didn't describe what I felt. It was hard to really narrow down what it was. Disgust was high in there too. Revulsion? Loathing? And a massive dose of hurt for Lindsey.

I turned and went back to her, taking her into my arms and holding her tightly again. "Don't worry about it," I whispered to her. "You'll never have to go through this again. I *love you*."

Lindsey led us deeper into the house to her room and we started piling up the stuff she wanted to take with her on the bed. We'd used up all the boxes at Stacey's, so we only had Lindsey's luggage that she'd left here to work with. She swore it would be enough. As she and Stacey started to quickly sort through the things she would need to take - schoolwork and textbooks, important keepsakes like pictures, and her favourite clothes - I went and grabbed a couple of garbage bags from under the kitchen sink and started to cleanse her presence from the rest of the house.

I didn't care about the fact that it might have been a waste of some magic - I focused and dropped a spell into my pool of power so that anything that Lindsey considered her property in the house would glow a little bit to me. I started in the living room, not wanting to leave her perverted ex-roommates with the chance to keep even her soiled underwear. Then I moved through the kitchen, tossing out anything that looked plain and was obviously bought on the cheap, and bringing her a few mugs that looked like they might actually mean something to her. One she packed away, smiling as she looked at it, but the other made her wince and she shook her head. I didn't ask why, I just tossed it in the garbage bag.

The next stop was the washroom and I emptied out everything except for an unopened bottle of hair conditioner. Everything went, from hairbrushes to makeup to shampoo. If nothing else we were leaving the guys with a lot more bathroom counter and drawer space.

Having covered the main 'public' areas, I did something that most people would have probably thought of as wrong. But what did I care? I was just a punk high school kid who was angry at the way someone dear to him had been treated. Not to mention a Sorcerer of Sex.

I went into one of the bedrooms. I didn't know who it belonged to - Lindsey hadn't even ever told me the names of her roommates and so-called friends. Inside I poked around, opening drawers and the closet, grabbing anything that glowed. I found another couple of pairs of her panties and some socks. One of the pillows on the bed was hers.

The next bedroom had a similar scattering of her discarded clothes, including a t-shirt and a tight dress. There was also a buttplug that went into the garbage bag.

I was just entering the last room when the front door to the house opened.

"Hey, who's back? And what's with that fuckin' hot rod of a car out front?" a guy called.

"Fuck," I muttered. That explained the mess. Lindsey had been expecting all three of her roommates to be away still, but it seemed like one of them had spent the break here. I glanced around the room, grabbing and throwing everything that glowed into the bag without taking the time to evaluate it as I listened carefully to the conversation in the hallway.

"It's me, Oliver," Lindsey said, coming out of her room. "I have people here with me."

"Linds?" Oliver said, his happiness clearly evident in his tone. "Awesome. I missed you."

I bet you did, I thought, picturing the pile of nasty panties on the couch.

"Don't," Lindsey said, her tone a little tense but not overly so, warning him off from something. "I'm here with my girlfriend Stacey."

"Girlfriend?" Oliver asked.

“Yes. I’m her girlfriend,” Stacey said forcefully.

“That’s... super hot,” Oliver said. “I didn’t realize you were looking to-”

“It’s not like that at all, Oliver,” Lindsey said. “I’m leaving. I’m moving out. This is all over.”

“W- wait, what?” Oliver stammered. “You can’t. You live *here*. With us. Your name is on the lease, you can’t just bail on us.”

“I’m going to cover the rest of my rent for the lease term,” Lindsey said. “But I’m not staying. This house... I’m done with *all* of this, Oliver. All of it.”

“Lindsey,” he said, a massive patronizing tone seeping into his words. “Honey, I don’t know what this bitch has been trying to convince you of, but everything is *perfect*-”

I dropped the garbage bag in the hallway and stepped around the corner towards the conversation. Lindsey was standing with her arms crossed over her chest at the top of the hallway, Stacey standing next to her with an arm around Lindsey’s waist. Oliver, who up until recently I would have likely considered a threatening-looking guy with a strap of beard along his jaw and a physique that looked like he’d been an athlete in high school but had put on the Freshman 15 each year of university, was standing at the mouth of the living room.

“Who the fuck is that?” Oliver asked when he saw me round the corner.

“I’m the guy who’s going to shut your mouth for you if you don’t tone down the bullshit and insults,” I said, moving to stand next to Lindsey. I put my hand on her shoulder so that she would look to me and asked her quietly. “I want to throw him out of here until we’re done, but I don’t want to overstep and I know this conversation is probably important for you. What do you want me to do?”

She smiled softly and mouthed ‘Thank you,’ and then said, “I’ll handle this.”

“OK,” I said and kissed her on the cheek.

“Seriously, who the fuck is that?” Oliver demanded.

“He’s my sister’s boyfriend,” Lindsey said. “And he means more to me than you and Charlie and Zander put together. And he *will* make you eat your own dick if you act like an asshole.”

I stepped back down the hallway and grabbed the three garbage bags I’d filled as the conversation continued. I was careful when moving around the girls but bulldozed my way past Oliver as he shifted through what I could only think of as the stages of grief in the argument. He refused to accept that this was what Lindsey wanted. Then he got pissy and called the other

roommates and was yelling at them. Then he started begging with Lindsey, making promises that they'd be better. That they would treat her like a queen. They'd cover her rent.

By the time I'd gotten the garbage bags into Victorious's trunk (much to the car's annoyance) and then brought out the packed luggage and put it in the back seat, Oliver was sulking and looking around at the filthy living room as he texted someone and muttered to himself. He had to have noticed his missing pile of used undergarments at some point and knew we knew what he'd been doing.

"I'll send you guys the money for the rest of the semester," Lindsey said from the door.

"You don't need to do this," Oliver said from his spot on the couch.

"I do," Lindsey said, openly holding Stacey's hand and secretly holding mine where Oliver couldn't see. "I shouldn't have ever even let it get started. You know, at one point I actually liked you, Oli? But now I- just don't. I need you and the others to just leave me alone, OK?"

Oliver didn't answer other than nodding without looking up, and we left.

Lindsey cried again in the car, this time from the relief she was feeling, and Victorious drove us out of the neighbourhood as Linds let out her emotions. Eventually he brought us back to Stacey's and I brought the garbage bags over to the big bins at one end of the underground parking while Linds and Stace moved the luggage over to the sedan so that we weren't making Victorious haul it around.

The whole deal at Lindsey's old place had taken a little over an hour total including travel time, so we thankfully still had time to handle some of the other business we needed to. We sat down at the kitchen table and worked out a plan, then started to put it into action. I called up the Bank that Stacey and I had gone to and asked to speak to Phillip Singer, the manager we had dealt with before.

"This is Phillip. How may I be of assistance, Mr Grant?"

I smirked a little. "How did you know it was me?"

"Our secretary has call display, sir," he said.

I couldn't help but snort at my own cluelessness. "Of course. Well, first I want to thank you again for your assistance the other day, and I was hoping to ask you for a favour."

"For a man of your position, Mr Grant, I would be happy to do anything within my power," he said.

“Well, hopefully I won’t be asking too much of you,” I said, trying to play it cool and chill. “I am signing a lease for a temporary property and will need a cashier’s check for three hundred thousand dollars, plus enough to cover the applicable taxes. I’ll also need another cashier’s check for twenty-five thousand, and the same again in cash if it’s available.”

“I can handle processing the cashier’s checks myself, sir,” Singer said. “And I should be able to arrange a cash withdrawal within the hour. When should we expect you?”

“Is an hour enough time?” I asked.

“Certainly, sir.”

“Then I’ll see you in an hour,” I said. “And Phillip, I know these withdrawals are a decent dent in my funds that you’re holding. I just want to assure you that as I acquire some of the other resources in the... estate, I’ll be consolidating some. My predecessor spread himself wider than I want to deal with going forward.”

“A welcome assurance, sir,” he said. “Unnecessary, but thank you nonetheless.”

I said goodbye and we hung up, the plan on the move. Between the money that had gone to Annalise and Maya, paying for their Bed and Breakfast, and the purchases that had been happening it was surprising how fast our first stack of cash had been disappearing so I was happy to be replenishing it, especially if we were going to start laying out big tips when appropriate.

With Stacey’s place fully packed and the money situation sorted I ended up sitting with Lindsey on the couch and just holding her. She was quiet, still sensitive from earlier, and Stacey pattered around the apartment and checked in on us by peeking her head around the corner occasionally.

“Thank you,” Lindsey said finally. She was sitting with her head on my shoulder, one of my hands in booths of hers as she traced her fingers along the creases of my palm. “I know you don’t want me to think of it like I owe you or anything, but I still need you to know I feel thankful for you.”

“You’re welcome,” I said and kissed the top of her head. “And I love you.”

“I love you too,” she sighed, wrapping her fingers in mine. She tilted her face towards me and kissed the edge of my jaw. “I don’t think I’m ready for sex right now, but later tonight... whatever else is going on, I want you to be rough with me, OK? I love every time we’re together, but tonight I need it like that first foursome we had. Order me around, make me do things. Take me hard however you want. I need to know I’m yours tonight.”

“OK,” I agreed. “You’re mine. Tonight and forever.”

“Promise?” she asked.

“Absolutely,” I said, and kissed her softly. “One question though.”

“What’s that?”

“What did you mean by ‘whatever else is going on?’”

“Oh,” Lindsey said and smirked a bit. “Nothing. Don’t worry about it.”

I sighed and gave her a look.

“Seriously, don’t worry about it,” she said, her smirk turning into a full playful smile. “I promise, all good things.”

I just shook my head and rolled my eyes a little, making her giggle.

* * * * *

I ended up taking Lindsey with me to the bank since the power cost of the teleporting was about half a blowjob.

Yes, I still hadn’t been able to shake that method of quantification. I didn’t have numbers to compare it to, OK?

Phillip Singer, after getting the necessary names from us to print on the checks, handed them over and then brought me a big manilla legal envelope with the cash inside. Lindsey thanked him, and I promised that I wanted to sit down with him soon to discuss bringing over more money and working with him on investments. Linds held my hand almost the entire trip, and we both shook his hand before leaving.

Back at Stacey’s, we stashed the cash deep in one of Stacey’s luggage bags other than a thousand dollars. While we’d been gone Moira had been texting with Stacey and we’d gotten an address for our dinner meeting, and since it was going to be a little later in the evening we were left with ‘nothing’ to do.

Stacey hadn’t ever hooked up with anyone in the apartment, and we had it to ourselves for one last night, so...

We all ended up needing to shower afterwards. Not because we’d been so vigorous that we were sweating everywhere or anything, but because Stacey had had a can of whipped cream in the fridge still and the two of them had fun spraying it on me and licking it off, and it had gotten all over their faces.

Of course we were late getting out the door, but with Victorious driving we still arrived on time. We'd all dressed back up in our nice clothes, and we walked into the fancy sushi place to the glances of a lot of older, more prestigious-looking people who probably had fancy jobs and shit. I had to assume we looked like 'new money' or something, but I didn't care.

The only thing I would have changed was having Lauren with us as well. Lindsey and I had texted her updates after we set up the bank plan, and then a picture of the three of us in our outfits. She'd let us know that everything was going fine back at home, and Annalise and Maya were good. I texted Anna anyways and asked her to get Lauren to hang out that night to watch a movie in their rooms or something. I had a feeling that after two weeks of almost never being alone without me or Lindsey close by she would be feeling lonely. I'd also texted Angie, just a kissing lips emoji to let her know I was thinking of her, and she replied with a kissy face emoji back.

The hostess, a pretty Asian woman of nebulous Japanese descent (I had a feeling she was actually Korean), led us through the restaurant and Moira stood as we approached. She had changed at some point and was wearing a shimmery silver sleeveless dress that went down to an asymmetric angled hem just above her knee on one side and down to the middle of her shin on the other. It was beautiful and fancy, but not a full ballgown. She'd also done up her hair, pulling it back from her face in pretty waves and curls.

She greeted us with a smile and stepped forward to shake our hands. I accepted, but Stacey pulled her into a hug and Lindsey did the same, even planting a kiss on her cheek.

"I hope you all had a good day in the city?" Moira said as she gestured for us to sit. "I know we aren't New York or LA, but we still have a lot to do and see if you know where to go."

"We did," Lindsey said. We were at a square table with Moira sitting across from me, Stacey on my left and Lindsey on my right. Lindsey took my hand and smiled at me, then turned to Moira. "Stacey and I are actually attending Cardinal though, so we know the city. Jeremiah is planning on joining us next year."

"Ah, well that makes some sense," Moira smiled. I could tell that she was still feeling a little guarded, a professional barrier up, but the ease with which Stacey and Lindsey interacted with her was slowly chipping down her walls.

Our conversation was interrupted by our waiter. Moira ordered a bottle of wine for the table and a glass of sake for each of us and no one ever questioned the three of us about IDs - I had to wonder if that was on purpose, or if our outfits and our presence in a place like this just made people assume we were wealthy young adults.

Stacey, for her part, ordered for me and Lindsey since neither of us were particularly knowledgeable about sushi and it was her favourite cheat meal when she was in training. Once

the waiter had left with our orders we went into business mode. Moira produced a slim leather folio and Lindsey motioned for it. Moira talked us through the agreement, and Lindsey followed along in the document.

Moira had taken our requests to heart and had weaselled them into the contract. Paying two years upfront bought us a lot of goodwill with the building manager and the corporation that owned it. She'd also worked in a few other 'stealth perks' for us like free maintenance checks on our new appliances on request, free top-of-the-line satellite and internet services, multiple prime parking spaces in the underground garage and other little things we likely would have had to figure out ourselves if she hadn't taken care of them.

Our food had been delivered during the rundown and the conversation slowed as well as started eating, but we kept going. It turned out I actually really enjoyed the sake, but not the white wine that Moira had ordered. I also loved the simple sashimi, but the complicated 'deconstructed sushi rolls' went right over my head in terms of how I could enjoy them.

Once we'd finished with the contract I glanced to Lindsey and she smiled and nodded, and then to Stacey and she took my hand and grinned. I pulled the two checks out of my jacket pocket and slid them across the table to Moira, who took them with a brief glance. When she saw the number on hers, her eyes widened. "This is more than we discussed."

"It's what you deserve," I said. "You have been wonderfully easy to work with, and I hope entirely open with us. All those little additions to the agreement just reinforce that we'll want to work with you again."

She glanced down at the check again, then took a breath and smiled as she slipped them into her purse. I signed the two copies of the rental agreement, as did Stacey and Lindsey, and Moira accepted the folio back. Once the deal was done I could tell the blonde woman relaxed a bit more, settling into the conversation. Stacey and Lindsey drove it, giving me the opportunity to just cut in with little comments and quick opinions.

My girls talked about issues at the university, and recent events in the city. Moira talked about her own issues in the city - she was born and raised on the west coast and had moved inland with her fiance five years ago to be near his family. He'd cheated during his bachelor party, and she'd broken up with him dramatically at the altar. But by then she was established and rising in the real estate market in the city, and had made some friends, so she hadn't moved back home. The most amazing part of her story was that she'd been on the Bachelor a few years ago as a contestant - not surprising, since she was a very pretty woman with striking features and kind eyes. More surprising was that she'd been booted off the show in the second week without ever getting more than two quick conversations with the Bachelor, and about a minute of screen time between the two episodes.

We ordered desserts and Moira leaned forward. "Alright, I have to ask. The three of you are dating?"

“Four, actually,” Stacey said, taking my hand without looking. “We have another girlfriend as well, Lauren, but she’s back home right now. She’ll join us here in the city when Jerry does.”

“How does that work, exactly?” Moira asked. “I mean, maintaining a relationship with one guy can be a lot of work. And with my experience on the show I know what a guy needing to split his attention is like.”

“Hah,” Lindsey barked a little laugh. “I bet Jerry would be the best Bachelor ever if he went on. The only problem would be him getting down to like ten women and not wanting to send anyone else home because he’d legitimately care too much for all of them. I dunno, it’s easy with us. All four of us grew up very close. Our parents know each other. We spent the holidays in each other’s houses. When we realized we all loved each other it just came naturally.”

“We disagree sometimes, obviously,” Stacey said. “But all it takes is a quick talk and we figure it out. Or a quick spank from our man.” She glanced at me and winked playfully.

“Honestly, I worry about it a lot,” I confessed. “Believe me, I know exactly how lucky I am. All three of them are forces of nature.”

“We’re lucky, too,” Lindsey said, taking my other hand with a smile and then turning back to Moira. “Plus the sex is amazing.”

“Ugh, don’t even get me started on sex,” Moira laughed. “Seriously, you three *are* lucky. You found each other early in life. I thought I had that too, but Derek was a prude and I thought that was just normal for us. Turned out he just needed a couple of escorts to let his freak flag fly. Dating in your early thirties is so different than in your twenties.”

“All it takes is the right guy,” Lindsey said. “Or girl. Jerry has another couple of women eating out of his palm right now; at least one of them is probably going to join our poly pod sooner than later. Probably both.”

Moira almost did a spit take of her white wine, looking over at me with a raised eyebrow. “You have three girlfriends and still see other women?”

“It’s complicated,” I said with a rueful smile.

“Not that complicated,” Stacey grinned, turning and putting a hand on Moira’s arm. “Lindsey, Lauren and I are all open to sharing him. One of them is a long-time friend of Lindsey that I know as well, so she fits right in. The other *is* more complicated, but she’s a very sweet girl who absolutely deserves the kind of attention only Jerry can give.” She leaned in close, a smirk on her face, and dropped her voice. “She’s also got massive tits, so she gives Jerry something the other three of us don’t.”

Moira was blushing hard at this point and eyed me across the table like I was going to whip out my cock right there at the table.

The conversation turned more mundane after that. Moira ordered an Irish coffee, and Stacey took one as well while Lindsey asked for an ice wine and got one for me too. It came in a little sipping glass and was sweet as hell, which seemed weird to me since it was light like the tarter white wine from earlier. Yet another topic I guessed I would only get more info on as I got older.

At the end of the meal the waiter brought over the bill, and both Moira and I reached for it.

“Please, it’s on my firm,” Moira said.

“I wouldn’t want to eat into your commission,” I said.

“You’re not, I promise,” Moira assured me. “These sorts of expenses are expected for a big client and come out of my firm’s cut of the commission. You could have bought a moderate house for the amount you’re paying in rent for two years, and we’ll get the chance to make more money on it when you renew or move on.”

“Alright, alright,” I agreed. Moira took the check and placed down a credit card, and once we were paid up she cleared her throat. “There’s just that one more formality,” she said. “I can file all the paperwork first thing in the morning, and you can have possession by ten AM, but we do need to do the physical walkthrough first. I’ve already got a list of the things you’ll want to point out, but if we don’t get it on record that we physically did the check together the owners could contest the agreement. Do you have time to head over now?”

“Sure,” I said, glancing to the others. The only other thing we had going for the night was going back to Staceys, so one more stop would be fine. Both of them nodded in agreement, though I saw a glance pass between them that made me feel like they were silently communicating something. “Do you want to drive with us, or take your own car?”

“I’ll meet you there in mine,” Moira said.

We walked out and headed for our cars. “I” had parked Victorious down the street a little way, while Moira had used the valet. Lindsey and Stacey both hugged and kissed her on the cheek despite the fact that we’d be seeing her again in less than ten minutes, and I followed suit this time though I just put my hands lightly on her hips and gave a peck on the cheek. She was a thin woman and reminded me of Suzie more than anyone else, though she was taller than Angie’s roommate.

“Alright, what’s the deal?” I asked once the girls and I had gotten back into Victorious and he was on the road.

“Oh, she is super down to fuck,” Stacey said.

"I bet she's dripping right now," Lindsey nodded in agreement.

"Guys, come on," I said. "It was a good meal, and a great deal for her. That's all."

"Jerry. Love of my life," Lindsey said, touching my cheek with one hand. "Sometimes you can be really dumb. I love you for it though."

"Just listen to your girlfriends, babe," Stacey said. "And don't stress. If it happens, it happens. OK?"

"That sounds like terrible advice," Victorious said through the radio. "Is this new filly attractive, Jeremiah Grant?"

"She is," I admitted.

"Then you should take her," he said. "That is what all fillies want. To be chased, mounted and bred with the strongest stock. And yours is the strongest as the Seat. She will enjoy it, and thank you for it."

"Jesus," I muttered as Stacey and Lindsey both suppressed their laughter at the ridiculously outrageous statement.

"No, he did not do such things," Victorious said. "Ezekial discussed this with him extensively and they never came to an agreement on the matter. The man was a complete celibate despite spending his time amongst whores and prostitutes."

That stopped the giggles as the three of us looked at each other with wide eyes.

"It's the Atlantis thing all over again," I said.

File another one away for a necessary follow-up conversation.

We arrived at the building and the streets were a lot more empty than during the day so we found a parking spot easily enough. We were just strolling up to the front doors when a nice, mid-range BMW slowed on the street next to us and chirped its horn, Moira waving to us from inside. We waited for her and she joined us, keying us into the front door and then introducing us to Frank the overnight security guard.

Once we were in the elevator I raised an eyebrow. "Fred and Frank? Really?"

"I didn't hire them," Moira shrugged with a laugh. "Fred is excellent from what I understand of my other clients in the building. Frank doesn't really have to do much, but he's got regular patrols through the building and down in the parking garage."

When we got up to the penthouse floor Moira keyed us into the apartment and then handed me the keys. "You might as well have them now, they'll be yours tomorrow morning. I'll get you another couple of keys when we do the official handoff."

We did a cursory walkthrough of the place again. The view at night was just as good as during the day. The downtown core was to the north, lit up in a colourful display, while there was a park and the river to the west. Moira went through her list, making 'surprise' discoveries to let us know the things that we'd be having workers come in to fix or update or change in the coming week or two.

We ended at the master bedroom, and I couldn't decide if that was manipulated by the girls or just happened by chance.

"And that's everything," Moira said, turning to us and the big window looking out towards the park. "It really is an amazing view. I hope you three enjoy it."

"Actually, I had a question about the kitchen," Stacey said, lightly touching Moira's elbow to guide her to the door. "Let me just show you..."

Moira let herself be guided out, and Stacey looked back at Lindsey and I and made the universal gesture for 'blowjob' at us behind Moira's back.

Lindsey giggled softly and pressed herself to me, kissing me and running her hands over my crotch. I naturally had my hands fall to her hips as I kissed her back, but stopped her from going down to her knees. "Are you really sure about this?" I asked. "I don't want to make her feel uncomfortable, or forced, or bought or something."

"Very sure," Lindsey said, her lips brushing mine. She unzipped my fly and her hand slithered into the hole, finding my cock. "She ended us at the master bedroom, Jerry. She just wants an excuse to let it happen."

Soon I was naked from the waist down, sitting at the end of the big king bed with Lindsey between my legs and kneeling on the floor as she rubbed her face with my cock. She was looking up at me with pure love in her eyes, absolutely enjoying debasing herself for me with the lewd act.

"See?" Stacey said, stepping back into the room. "It's the perfect size."

I looked over to the door and Stacey was standing just behind Moira. The blonde woman had lost her dress at some point and was wearing a sexy one-piece of black lingerie that left all of her open to my view. She had almost no breasts to speak of, just a soft bulge and pretty puffy nipples that were pressing out against the black mesh and lace of her garment. Her stomach was flat, her hips and ribs just slightly showing with her skinniness. She was clearly the kind of

woman who dedicated herself to yoga or some other aerobic routine. She had a curly little blonde bush between her legs.

She was also blushing, but her lips were slightly parted as she looked at Lindsey as she lowered her lips to my balls, leaving my hard cock pointing straight up over her face.

“Hi,” I said, trying to project confidence.

“Hey,” she replied, obviously trying to do the same. I got the distinct impression that hooking up with her clients was definitely not her usual sales tactic.

“If you’d like to join us, I think all three of us would be thrilled,” I told her. “No pressure. You could even just watch, if that’s your thing.”

“No!” she said, then quickly corrected herself. “I mean, no, I don’t want to just watch.”

I reached out a hand to her, offering for her to come closer, and Stacey gave her an encouraging peck on the cheek from behind and a push on the bum. Moira crossed the room to the bed and Lindsey popped her lips off my balls to shift out of the way so that I could stand to meet her. I pulled Moira into my arms, cradling her carefully, and bent down to kiss her. Her hands went to my chest, flat on my muscled pecks, and I held her by her small waist as our lips met. It was a cautious kiss at first, exploratory, but she seemed to like what she was experiencing and eagerly went further. Our tongues met, and danced, and then she broke away to look up at me.

“I’m not a whore,” she said. “I don’t do this with clients.”

“I don’t pay for sex,” I replied. “We’ll never expect this of you, and whatever happens in here stays in here.”

“Unless you want it to stay somewhere else, too,” Lindsey joked. In the time of the kiss she’d stripped down to her bra and panties, and Stacey stepped up and wrapped her arm around her waist, also down to her own lingerie bra and panties.

“OK, I want this,” Moira agreed.

I kissed her again, sliding my hand up to her neck to hold her in place, and she moaned happily into it as she pressed her cheek down for me to cup it.

“I want to taste you,” I told her once our lips separated.

Soon she was on the bed and I was kneeling in front of her, pulling the crotch of her lingerie to the side so I could begin teasing her. She hissed in a breath, and instead of starting to tongue her I surprised her by moving back up her body to kiss her again while she was pressed flat to

the bed. She kissed me back, and then I kissed down her jaw to whisper in her ear. She paused for just a moment, then nodded.

“You sure?” I asked her.

“Yeah,” she nodded again.

I turned to Lindsey. “Love of my life. *My* horny little slut. Come here,” I said. Lindsey climbed up on the bed next to us, looking eager. I slid back down to my knees on the floor and took one of Moira’s bare feet in my hands, lifting it up high and pushing it towards Lindsey. “I’m going to taste this beautiful angel and eat her until she comes,” I said. “You’re going to help by sucking on her toes.”

“Yes, baby,” Lindsey said with a grin, immediately taking Moira’s heel in her hands and wrapping her lips around Moira’s smallest two toes.

“Umf,” Moira huffed in surprise at the feeling.

“What can I do to help, baby?” Stacey asked me.

I turned to Moira. “Would you rather make out with Stacey and let her play with your beautiful nipples, or should she start sucking my cock to get me nice and wet for when I fuck you?”

“Oh, God. Yes? Both?” Moira gasped.

“Make out first, then,” Stacey smirked and climbed onto the bed.

I buried my face between Moira’s legs and went to work. She was a little lippy, and didn’t taste as sweet as my girls, but the way her thighs twitched and flexed when she liked what I did was sexy as hell. I ended up using similar patterns to those Angie liked, as she seemed to appreciate that the most, and she quickly drove into a small starter-orgasm that had her curling her toes. I backed off a touch, then pushed forward again once it had subsided to push urge her into another by adding my fingers into play.

“Oh, balls. Oh, God,” Moira whimpered as I tongued her clit and fingered her quickly. It was funny, Amara had been so fucking loud, and Moira whispered and whimpered in a way that was just as individual and sexy.

As she crashed down from her second orgasm I pulled away from her pussy and grabbed Lindsey by the hair, hauling her down to take my place. She did so eagerly, lapping and tonguefucking the older blonde, tugging on her golden pubes. I slid onto the bed and took a pit stop at Moira’s chest, pulling aside the mesh cup over her breast and sucking hard on her nipple and running my tongue over it repeatedly until it was as hard as I thought it could get. Then I

moved higher and Stacey made space for me to join them in kissing. It was a mess and there was no way to get a good rhythm going, but that wasn't the point. It was just hot.

"Feed us your cock, baby," Stacey finally said.

I got on my knees next to Moira's head and Stacey grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed to put under her head. Moira looked up at me with lusty, pale blue eyes and slowly opened her mouth, sticking out her tongue in a silent request to suck me off. I tapped the head of my cock on her tongue, making her smile, then let her get a full taste. Stacey joined her, allowing her to do most of the sucking and contenting herself with licking and kissing my shaft and Moira's face. Then she wove her fingers in Moira's blonde hair and guided her in her bobbing, occasionally speeding up to almost a face-fucking pace before backing off.

Moira looked fucking hot with my cock in her mouth, and she worked her tongue in a way that I hadn't felt before. Eventually I felt my orgasm starting to rear itself deep in my nuts and I pulled away, leaning down to kiss her sloppy mouth.

"How many times has Lindsey made you come?" I asked.

"Fuck. Three?" she stammered.

"I'm losing my touch," Lindsey giggled from between the blonde's legs.

"God, no," Moira said, looking down her body at Lindsey. "That's three more times than my ex ever did with his mouth. I usually only come with a vibrator."

I stroked her face and kissed her forehead. "I'm going to fuck Stacey now. Would you rather get in a sixty-nine with her to watch up close, or do you want to ride Lindsey's face?"

She blinked and then laughed softly. "You know, I wouldn't ever do either of those things, usually? But when you offer me an option like that my gut jumps at one and I realize I really do want it."

Stacey giggled and nuzzled her nose into the crook of Moira's neck. "We're corrupting you."

That made Moira laugh. "The sixty-nine, I think," she said.

"Do you want to be on top or on the bottom?"

"... Bottom," she said.

Stacey helped her quickly get into position, with Stacey kneeling over her with her bodacious ass pointed back at me. I slid into position, but let my cock bob down without putting it into position. "Want to do the honours?" I asked Moira.

She nodded, bit her lip, and took my cock in her hand and rubbed the head up and down Stacey's wet pussy before putting it in place. I pushed in slowly, teasing Stacey while also giving Moira an up close slo-mo view. Once I was buried in her, Stacey moaned throatily and hung her head low, then pressed her body down onto Moira's and started kissing her thighs. I motioned to Lindsey to come to me, and she got on the bed next to me and we made out as I fondled her ass and slow-thrusted into Stacey.

"What can I do now, baby?" Lindsey asked me.

I reached down and adjusted Stacey's foot out a little bit, her toes biting into the covers of the bed and her heel pointing up. "Grind your needy little cunt on that, love-slut," I ordered her. "And finger your ass if you want to stretch yourself out a bit. Once I've fucked Moira, I'm coming for your hole."

Lindsey lowered her pussy to Stacey's upturned heel and immediately started rotating her hips, grinding her wet pussy lips on it. She had a glazed look on her face as she did it, and she very blatantly put her hands on her breasts to tell me she wasn't going to stretch herself at all with her fingers. I pulled her close by her hair, kissing her hard. "I love you, and you're all mine. Forever."

She kissed me back and whispered into my ear. "Thank you."

I turned my attention back to Stacey and adjusted my own stance and started fucking her harder, letting up on the teasing. I pounded her hard, listening to the mewling of Moira as she watched the fucking from inches away and Stacey sucked on her pussy lips.

Stacey came with a shake of her legs and panting before she released a long moan of my name. When I pulled out of her, her pussy clenching and flexing to try and keep hold of me, a big dollop of her girl cum oozed out and down her lips and clit, dripping onto Moira's face. The blonde guffawed at that, her grin showing she wasn't turned off by it. I shifted and leaned down, kissing the girlcum off of her.

"I'm going to fuck you now," I told her.

"He's going to stretch out your pussy so good," Lindsey said.

"What position? I'd like to be facing you so I can kiss you when you come, but you can be on top or bottom," I offered.

She hesitated for a moment, clearly trying to decide. "Missionary," she finally said. "I- I want you to really fuck me."

“Oh, he’ll really fuck you,” Stacey laughed, rolling off of Moira which caused Lindsey to lose her pussy-perch.

I lifted Moira partially and spun her around on the bed, making her moan softly at the manhandling. She spread her thin legs for me and I lowered myself between them, kissing her hard and tweaking her puffy nipples through her lingerie.

“Have I mentioned how fucking sexy this underwear is?” I asked her. “You have amazing taste.”

“You didn’t, but thank you,” she said and kissed me back.

It was our first time, so I didn’t get Stacey or Lindsey to fix me into position. Instead, I leaned myself up and Moira did it herself, reaching down with both hands and running her fingers along my cock before pulling the head into position.

“It’s been a little while,” she said. “Go slow?”

I bent back down and kissed her, my cock head sliding into her. She sucked in a breath around my lips and I felt her body tense and relax as she wrapped her arms around my torso, holding me still.

We started slow, making out as I used my hips to roll my cock, sliding back and forth as I delved deeper into her. She rolled her body with me and we found a smooth rhythm until I finally rooted myself in her.

I kissed her cheeks and we gazed at each other for a long moment, smiling at the little accomplishment. She glanced beside us and saw that Lindsey was currently face-first in Stacey’s pussy, who was laying next to us and watching the slow fuck. I’d neglected to give my blonde girlfriend new orders, so Stacey had stepped in to help out.

Turning back to Moira, I kissed her nose lightly and teasingly. “Ready?”

She pressed her lips together and nodded quickly.

I fucked her. I maybe didn’t reach the level of ‘savagely,’ but it was close. In under a minute our bodies were slapping together, Moira thrusting her hips up to meet mine as I slammed down into her. She raised one leg, wrapping it over my hip, the other out and flexing for leverage. For all that she continued her quiet, barely-vocal whimpering of pleasure, I noticed that she did share one thing in common with Amara - she grinned feral and gritted her teeth as she fucked hard.

Her first orgasm surprised the both of us, popping up out of nowhere as she gasped in a breath and squeezed out a little yelp as her cunt bore down on me. I did as I said and planted my lips on hers, kissing her messily through it. Then we were right back to fucking.

I manipulated her legs, testing my yoga theory and finding her very flexible. She could put one leg behind her ear, though not both at the same time. After her second orgasm while I hard stroked her and flicked her clit with one finger I pulled out of her and flipped her over onto her stomach and shoved myself back into her as she lay prone. She gasped and humped her ass back at me as best she could, and I wrapped my arms around her chest and palmed her tiny tits as I buried my lips against her neck and breathed in the smell of her wavy hair. For some reason I expected her hair to smell salty deep down, like the surfer girl she'd once been, but she just smelled clean and softly of lilacs.

She came again, and this time I'd been pounding down into her pussy and my cock found her g-spot and she dribbled out a little squirt that I could feel against my balls. Then I pulled her up onto her hands and knees and grabbed her by the hair similar to the way Lauren loved, swatting her small ass with the other hand. She fucked back at me, panting and whimpering all the way, and then I started meeting her thrusts until she came yet again.

I'd been suppressing my orgasm for a while now, pushing it down with my focus, and as she collapsed forward off of her hands I went with her, laying on top of her and cradling her as I slow-stroked. "Moira," I whispered. "I'm close. I'd like to come inside you."

"Fuck it," she panted softly. "Do it. Cum inside me."

I thrust into her three more times, reaching under her to finger her clit, and then I unloaded into her as I grunted her name and she shuddered and had her own small orgasm from the feeling and my fingers.

When I finished and kissed her shoulder, then her cheek, she turned back to kiss me fully on the mouth.

"You're a pretty amazing woman," I whispered to her quietly. "And I'm definitely not done with you tonight. But right now Lindsey has been waiting a long time for some attention and I promised I'd fuck her ass."

"You're really going to do that?" Moira asked. "Without lube?"

I smirked. "She actually prefers it like that. Her pussy gets nice and wet and a mess of spit and vaginal lube seems to be enough for her."

"God, you guys are wild," Moira laughed.

I pulled out of her, keeping a hand on her lower back to keep her in place. "You have no idea," I said. "Stace?"

Stacey had flipped Lindsey over and was riding her face while watching us. She immediately knew what I was offering and clambered off of Lindsey, getting between Moira's legs and burying her tongue in the woman's cummy snatch.

"Oh my God!" Moira huffed in surprise.

"Lauren is going to be so jealous," Stacey mumbled with a smirk.

I wasn't really paying attention though because I'd gotten between Lindsey's legs and pushed them back so her knees were under her armpits. "I love you," I said, leaning down between them to kiss her.

"Love you," she moaned back with a broad grin and a spark in her eyes as I pushed my cock into her ass.

I had another round with Stacey after I finished with Lindsey, Moira trying out sitting on Stacey's face as we kissed through the fucking. Then I ended the night by spooning up behind Moira for a long, leisurely fuck that ended with my pumping another load into her pussy as she hugged my arms to her chest and kissed them.

We ended up deciding to stay in the apartment - we were the new owners after all and no one else was going to come up there. I fell asleep with Moira splayed on top of me, her cheek on my chest, while Lindsey curled up on one side and Stacey on the other.

"What a day," I sighed softly into the dark of the bedroom. Lindsey was snoring softly, and I could feel the steady, deep breathing of Moira against my body, but Stacey stirred just a little to lift her lips and kiss me on the ear.

"Get your rest, Jerry," she whispered. "I have another surprise tomorrow."

I almost groaned. I don't know why, these things seemed to keep working out in my favour. I just didn't like all the secrets.