

Triple-Blonde Study
A
One-Shot Novella
by
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If I hadn't been staring at India I might have noticed how picturesque the house was when she parked in the driveway. It was a whitewashed little bungalow with a porch out front and a tall fir-tree hedge circling the backyard, but the girls hadn't been keeping up with the gardening so the plants ringing the front porch had become overgrown. Instead of realizing what 'help out with the yardwork' was going to entail as part of my new rent for the summer, my eyes had surreptitiously dropped from India's face down to her chest where her loose tank top revealed the upper curves of her considerable bust and the heat had left her skin slick with sweat.

"You're sure this is alright?" I asked her. "I can find another place if your roommates aren't comfortable with it."

India turned off the car and glanced at me, my eyes darting up from her chest hoping not to be caught. She grinned and shrugged, opening the car door. "Peter, it's cool. Don't worry about it, I already spoke with them. You're a friend in need and you're just here for the summer." She smiled, her mirrored sunglasses bouncing my reflection back at me.

I followed her out of the car and hefted one of the boxes that held my worldly possessions from the back seat. She grabbed a rolled-up blanket from her side of the car and led me to the front door under the veranda of the porch where the shade did little to help against the blazing heat of early summer.

"Well, thank you," I said. "Again. You're a lifesaver."

Her smile slid into a sarcastic smirk I knew well, "What can I say, I'm a hero." She fished her keys back out of the knit purse slung over her shoulder and pulled them out in a jangle of keychains, somehow managing to pinpoint the door key from amongst the eclectic collection and opening the door. "You know, you're saving us too. When Trish bailed on her part of the rent we weren't sure we would find someone in time."

"Well, when one of my roommates dropped out of his thesis program and the other transferred to NYU I was left with the bag for three months by myself before I could get out of our lease." I followed India into the house. The front hall closet was open, a mound of shoes spilling out in all makes and varieties, a rainbow of jackets and coats lined up inside. Living with three women was going to be a change of pace. "The glorious life of a Master's student, I guess."

"Hello?" A voice called, light and pleasant, from deeper into the house.

"Hey Ellie," India called back. "It's me. Peter's here, come meet him."

"Oh, wonderful," the voice said, moving closer. The accent was strange, not quite British but still prim and proper. Ellie stepped around the corner and I was sure if I had met her when I was a freshman undergrad, I would have been a slack jawed mess. In my opinion there is a three-way ratio to describe hotness: Pretty, Sexy and Cute. I could go into more detail, hell if I

was a sociology grad I could probably write a paper on my theory, but suffice to say it was something of a ratio. India was Sexy, with a secondary in Pretty - her sensual facial expressions and mannerisms, her hippie styling and long blonde hair all left a man weak in the knees if she gave him the right look but she wasn't a classic beauty.

Ellie was very much 'Pretty-hot,' with a solid secondary of Cuteness. Her eyes were a bright gray, her blonde hair almost the same length as India's except it looked a little lighter and was tied back in a loose braid, a few loose locks spilling out. It was her smile and voice that amped up her cute factor though, her bright white teeth gleaming in a smile as she stepped forward, wiping her hands on a towel hung from the strings of the apron she was wearing before holding it out to me. "I'm Penelope Birkheir, it is so nice to meet you Peter."

I shuffled the box in my arms to precariously balance it between my left hand and my chest, taking her hand in my right and shaking it. "You too, Penelope," I said without a quaver in my voice - I was surprised it didn't crack like a nervous thirteen year old. I was feeling the same way I had when I first met India.

"Oh please, call me Ellie," she replied. "Everyone does here in America, and I like it. Now, I can not wait to get to know you better, Peter, but I'm in the middle of cooking dinner right now. Excuse me." Another smile and she turned on her heels, the light summer dress she was wearing flaring out just slightly from her bare legs. I'd never been a leg man but for some reason hers were tantalizing; it probably had to do with the proper way she spoke and the fact that she wasn't showing any cleavage, her sun dress very modest and covering up to the base of her neck. I felt like I was getting a naughty glimpse of some foreign princess.

"Down boy," India whispered to me, lips pressed into a teasing smirk. She waved me in the direction of the basement stairs with a nod of her head and I followed.

"Was it that obvious?" I asked her quietly as she led me down the stairs.

"Yeah, but she has that effect on all the boys," India said. "Don't worry, she never notices."

"Where is she from? I couldn't place her accent at all."

"All over," India said as she reached the bottom of the stairs and stepped out of the way, finding the light switch. "She's Swiss, but spent time all over Europe because her father is an ambassador. Boarding schools, private schools, all that sort of stuff. Anyways, here's your new home."

The basement was forgivingly cool compared to the main floor, which was without air conditioning. There was a single-sized bed and a few unmatched pieces of furniture, all lit by a soft glow from the domed light above. The other side of the basement was dominated by a washer and dryer and a big chest freezer that was humming lightly.

"Sorry there isn't a whole lot to it," India said. "Technically it isn't really a legal apartment, what with there being no windows. I promise if there's a fire I'll try and rescue you."

"Thanks," I laughed. "No, this is good. It's only one summer."

Unloading the car didn't take long with the two of us working at it and I gladly followed India up and down the basement stairs watching her move. She was wearing a loose, billowy brown skirt that rode low on her hips and swayed with every motion down to her ankles. I had been dreaming of those hips and her amazing chest since I had met her two years before in the University gym. Nothing had ever happened between us, but we had become gym-buddies and

then lunch friends on campus. God, I had been trying to make something happen since I had met her but the couple of times I had gotten up the nerve to ask her out to one event or another India had always had a reason not to go.

Once my things were in the basement she left me to unpack and get settled. "I'm almost jealous," she said, one foot on the stairs. "It's so much cooler down here, you wanna trade rooms? I've got the second biggest one upstairs."

"No chance," I said. "I think I'm going to need the extra privacy down here, living with three women."

India smirked and made a jerking motion in the air with one hand, letting it go in my direction.

"Not what I meant," I said.

"Sure," she laughed, and I laughed as well.

It was half an hour before I heard the door to the basement open and I was about halfway through unpacking my clothes into the dresser and setting up my work desk. "Peter?" Ellie asked from halfway down the stairs.

"Hey," I replied.

She smiled and came the rest of the way down the stairs carrying a plate with a napkin over top. "Dinner is ready, I made you a plate. I had a feeling you weren't done unpacking yet."

Fuck me, I thought, smiling back to her. *She's fucking stunning*. Ellie walked over to where I was crouching on the floor next to a box of my clothes and offered me the plate, which I accepted and placed on the desk. "Wow, thanks," I said. "You didn't need to go to the trouble."

"Oh, it wasn't any trouble at all," she said, stepping back. "How is unpacking going?"

I took the napkin off of the plate and found a rice stir-fry with meat and vegetables, the thick aroma quickly wafting up with the steam and filling my nose. "It's fine," I answered her. "This smells great." She gestured and I realized she was holding out utensils for me. I took them and picked up the plate, sitting on the desk and motioning her to take a seat on the bed. "You know how it is," I said after my first bite of the stir-fry. "Pack, unpack, life changing before your eyes."

"I do," she said, her smile quirking to the side. "India has been telling my stories again, hasn't she?"

"Just a little," I said before taking another bite. "Mmm, this is good."

"I'm glad you like it," Ellie said. "India told me a little about you as well. You're in the Cultural Studies department, right?"

"Mmhmm," I hummed around my mouthful, nodding my head.

"I'm in International Development," she said, her hand coming up to rest on her chest for a moment. "We should talk, I bet there's some interesting crossovers between our disciplines. Maybe we could find a project to do together."

"That would be cool," I said. I really didn't know that much about International Development, since it was a program I had avoided through my undergrad, but I knew it had a lot to do with second- and third-world countries so she was probably right there could be some sort of crossover. I was more interested in working with *her*, but she didn't need to know that.

"You were hungry," Ellie said, and I looked down at my plate to realize I was almost finished.

"I guess I was," I said, scraping the last of the food up and shoveling it down. "Thank you, I really appreciate it."

"It was my pleasure," she said. "I don't cook every night, but when I do I usually make enough for everyone. You're more than welcome to come up and share."

"I will if you keep putting out food like that."

She laughed. "Always. I learned in France that there's no point in eating if it isn't delicious." She took the plate and cutlery from me. "Jules is usually home from work by now, so she's probably gone out for drinks with coworkers. You should come up and say hello once she comes home."

"I will," I agreed. "Thank you again for the food, and the warm welcome."

"You are very welcome, Peter," Ellie smiled, then turned and walked to and up the stairs. I watched her legs the entire way as they moved under her sundress, and when she was gone I sat for a long moment thinking about her cute smile and the way it reached up into her eyes. She was like a vision of the perfect all-american '60's housewife, except behind it was a hint of European chic with her proper accent.

Between India and Ellie, I wasn't sure I was going to last the summer without some sort of heartbreaking crush.

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I could almost feel the arrival of Jules more than hear it when the front door of the house slammed somewhere above me. I had finished unpacking hours ago and was working at my laptop with headphones on when it happened and I took them off when I sensed the commotion going on. When they came off I could hear someone talking loudly upstairs and I hesitated, wondering whether I should go up to see what was going on or not. Was this normal, or was something wrong?

Deciding it was better to check the first time than risk it being an actual emergency, I hopped up the stairs but hesitated at the door when I heard what was going on.

"I can't fucking believe him," a woman's voice was saying. It was soft and light but she was half-shouting. "He ran out on the fucking tab because some hussy calls him?"

"Jules, you can't be serious," India replied. "His girlfriend went into labour. You knew he was serious with her, what were you expecting?"

"I don't know. Maybe some loyalty or something? We've been flirting for almost a year now. You know what he was doing when he got the call? His hand was on my leg and he was talking about how he had taken a massage class in college. A massage class. How does that not scream 'Let's go back to my place'?"

"That is pretty dirty of him," Ellie said.

"I just- fuck, I just wanted to get fucked tonight," the woman said. "He had these nice big hands, smooth and soft. Ugh, why do I have such bad luck with men?"

"Because you want what you can't have," India said. "Every time you meet an attractive guy who is taken, you want to get him into bed."

"Thanks, Doctor Shrink. Stop psychoanalyzing me. I'm just cursed," the woman groaned. "I'm swearing off of men. It's gonna be just me and my vibrator for the rest of the year."

Ok, and with that... I thought, then stomped my feet a few times to make it sound like I was coming up the stairs before opening the door. The kitchen directly ahead of me was empty but the girls were in the living room to my left. India was sitting on the couch and Ellie was standing next to the third woman, her hand on her shoulder comfortingly.

The third roommate was shorter than the other two but the only word I could think of to describe her was 'bombshell.' She was dressed in a sexy black number that only reached a short way down her thighs, her blonde hair cut just above shoulder length and had been wrapped up in a messy bun that was coming undone. Everything else about her was tight and perfectly manicured and she looked like she would fit into a legal drama on television - probably as the fierce, sexy secretary. The thing I couldn't help noticing about her though were her tits, which looked about the same size as India's considerable bust but on her smaller frame seemed nearly extravagant. The deep neckline of her dress accentuated them heavily, so I didn't feel like a total pervert when my eyes caught on them like a fish on a hook for one long moment.

"Who the fuck?" she asked, looking back at me with surprise.

"Oh, Jules," India said. "This is Peter. He's subletting the basement, remember?"

Jules sighed and blinked. "Yeah, I remember." She turned to me and forced a smile, her lips small but full. "Sorry, I hope you didn't hear all of that."

"Not at all," I said. "It was like listening to the adults in Charlie Brown. 'Wha-whaa, wha-wha-wha-whaaa.'" I raised my hand and mimicked talking with it.

Jules snorted and her fake smile dissolved into a smaller, real one. "Great, just what I needed. A cute, nerdy guy living right below me. Nice to meet you, Peter. Right now I need to go drown my sorrows with some ice cream." She walked past me into the kitchen.

India made a 'yikes' face to me and she, Ellie and I looked back and forth between ourselves for a long moment. Ellie shrugged and smiled, then made a shooping motion to me. "Shh," she whispered. "We'll take care of her."

I followed her instructions, closing the basement door behind me as I descended back to my room.

Fuck, I thought to myself. Two of them wasn't enough, all three of the roommates needed to be super attractive? *The hippie, the housewife and the bombshell. I'm going to get tendonitis by the end of the summer. Or calluses on my dick. Or both.* Once the lights had gone off upstairs I jerked off while lying in my cool, quiet basement.

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I moved in on a Monday afternoon so it was almost an entire week of going to work at the University before I was going to be spending a full day in my temporary home. India and I kept to our usual schedules, going to the gym in the morning and meeting up for lunch on the University campus, except now we carpoled in together since we kept mostly the same hours.

In the evenings I had short encounters with Ellie and Jules, who were both sweet to me but otherwise our conversations remained light.

Most of them were about the weather. It was hot. Not just hot, it was cook-an-egg-on-the-sidewalk hot. From seven in the morning until nine at night the sun was beating down on the world interrupted only by flash thunderstorms that made things just wet enough to keep up the humidity. Sweat became a standard.

Usually this wouldn't have been a problem at my old place since, as three bachelors, we could walk around in our shorts and crack another cold beer. Living with three women made me feel a little more awkward about walking around shirtless since they couldn't do the same, but that didn't stop the four of us from cracking beers and sitting mostly still in the living room watching television. The nice thing was that when things got too hot I could disappear down to my basement abode and the cool, the only issue being that I felt rude and antisocial doing it.

The real problem arose, so to speak, when the girls started wearing looser and looser clothing in the afternoons. It was my first Saturday in the house and India and Jules were sitting in the living room when I came up from the basement after a morning of working on my thesis paper. They were both wearing loose tank tops that showed off plenty of cleavage and hints of enticing side-boob, and I was fairly certain neither of them had a bra on. Their skin was slick and aglow with sweat from the sweltering heat.

"God, I feel like I could be tanning right here on the couch," Jules said. Even though her hair was short I rarely saw it down, she usually kept it up in a sexy bun.

India laughed breathily, then groaned, "I feel like I'm being cooked, tanning oil would just finish the job by basting me first."

Both girls snickered, then India turned her head to me as I leaned against the doorway. "Petey..." she said, the imminent request clear in her tone.

"Yes?" I asked.

She reached a hand out to me and made a grabbing motion. "Popsicle?"

I rolled my eyes, "Fine."

I turned and went into the kitchen, Jules calling after me, "Me too, please." I grabbed three of the popsicles from the freezer, which I had stocked with the things when I went and bought groceries earlier in the week, and went back into the living room. I tossed one to each of the girls and India caught hers, but Jules didn't see it coming and it landed high on her chest above her tank top.

"Oh my god," she said, half lurching from her seat as she grabbed the cold treat from her bare skin. She sat back down and her smile grew. She pressed the popsicle, still in its plastic wrap, back to her chest. "Mmmm, oh my god. That is sooo cool," she moaned, leaning her head back with her eyes closed.

India looked over to her friend and raised an eyebrow. "Oh, good idea," she said, and pressed her own popsicle to her chest. "Oh. Oh yeah, that's good," she said.

Jules was moving the popsicle around her chest and slid it down between her breasts, breathing in deeply as the cold pressed the sensitive skin there. "Mmmm, yeah. So good."

I just stood there and watched as Jules and India groaned in appreciation, rubbing the cold popsicles over their chests and down the valleys between their breasts, disappearing out of view under their tank tops. My dick was starting to respond to their moans of delight, along with

the visual, and I hurried to sit in one of the chairs before it became apparent quite how hot I thought their display was. I picked up the remote and started searching through the Netflix menus as they cooled off.

India was the first to stop, unwrapping her popsicle. Jules just left hers between her tits as she leaned back with her eyes closed, chest rising and falling as her nipples made dimples in the thin fabric of her tank top. I wanted to add my own groan to the noises they had been making.

"Let's watch that," India said, and I selected whatever the remote had been hovering on. I'd stopped paying attention to the TV altogether because now India was sucking on her popsicle. I swear, I hadn't planned it, but I had bought the cheap red, white and blue 'rockets' since they had been on sale.

Now Jules had the phallic-shaped popsicle wrapped up between her breasts, and India was slowly sucking on hers, lips wrapped around the cold treat. I don't think even the most senile of old men would have thought of anything other than those lips sucking on a dick at that moment as India slurped up the melting juices of the popsicle, her tongue flitting out to lick the shaft- *sides*, the sides of the popsicle. I could barely take my eyes off of her as she worked the popsicle in and out of her mouth, lips pursed around it. At one point I stopped breathing and finally took in a huge breath when the lack of oxygen kicked through the horny lust clogging my brain, drawing India's eyes from the screen to me.

"Um," I said, glancing away. I had no idea what the show she had chosen was on the television. "I'm gonna get back to work I think," I said, standing and hurrying back across the room.

"Ok," India said.

"Thanks for the popsicles," Jules said.

I looked over my shoulder and India was watching me innocently, the tip of her popsicle resting just inside her lips. Jules was unwrapping hers and licked from the base to the tip before sucking on the end.

Later I wondered if I had slammed the basement door behind me or managed to shut it quietly before rushing downstairs. I jerked off standing up, I was in such a rush to find relief, and felt incredibly satisfied afterwards as I panted my own relief, remembering their moans of delight.

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Neither of the girls mentioned me running out of the room so awkwardly that afternoon, and things quickly fell back into the routine we had developed as the next week started. India and I would wake up and hit the University athletic center around nine in the morning for our workouts before heading to our respective departments on campus, while Ellie went in earlier to start her day at eight, and Jules disappeared off to her job later in the morning since she was interning afternoons at Court downtown for the summer.

Afternoons were much the same as before, though now every time I saw any of the girls enjoying one of my popsicles I couldn't get the moans of India and Jules out of my head. Even sweet Ellie, delicately slurping away, looked like a devilish cocksucker to my eyes. This led to me needing to jerk off more often, reaching two times a day easily.

It became a problem when I was in the shower the next Thursday morning. I was doing my thing in the one bathroom with a shower upstairs by the girls' rooms and was thinking about Jules's tits. The scenario I had thought up was that she was in the little black dress I had first seen her in and we had been out on the town, and after a fantastic dinner and great conversation we had parked out on a scenic hill and she crawled over to straddle my lap for a good old fashioned make out session. I'd just taken imaginary-Jules' tits out from the low neckline of her dress and started burying my face in them, my hand slowly working my cock as the water of the shower beat down on me, when someone knocked on the bathroom door.

"Hello?" I called.

"Oh, shit," Ellie said from outside the door. It was the first time I had heard her swear. "Peter?"

"Yeah, it's me," I replied.

"Peter, I'm running really late and I desperately need to use the vanity in there. Would you mind if I came in?"

I looked down at my dick, standing out proudly. Letting her in the bathroom with my cock like this would have been rude at best, but the shower curtain was a solid beige so she wouldn't be able to see me anyways. I hesitated in answering anyways, unsure what to say.

"Peter?"

"Yeah, sorry. Yes, you can come in."

"The door's locked," Ellie called.

Shit, I thought. I ended up half stepping out of the shower to reach the door, hitting the lock and then quickly retreating into the shower again. "Ok, try now. The floor is a little wet though. Be careful."

The door to the bathroom opened. "Thank you so much, I am so sorry about this," Ellie said. I could hear her move to the sink and mirror and items rattled on the counter. "I am running so behind, it's all my fault. I forgot to set my alarm and I probably had a beer too many last night so I didn't wake up in time. I really am sorry about this Peter."

"No problem at all," I said. I closed my eyes and let the water run over me. Ellie apologized again, then started talking to me about how she would make up a nice dinner that night to pay me back. The problem was I was only half listening, since my imaginary scenario had changed. I gave perfunctory grunts of acknowledgement as Ellie talked, but in my head I was imagining her pulling aside the shower curtain and looking down at my cock, then stepping inside with me. Our bodies came together and I palmed her ass - she was naked now in my head - before she went down on her knees and started sucking me off, looking up at me with those bright eyes of hers.

I started, my eyes coming open, when she started to sing. It was soft and clearly to herself, her voice lilting slightly as if she was singing an Irish ballad, and I chanced a peek over the top of the shower curtain. She was brushing her hair quickly and she smiled when she saw me peeking in the mirror, but didn't stop singing.

My hand also didn't stop moving and I shrunk back down into my little shower nook as I jerked myself off. Ellie would never be a famous singer, but her voice had a wonderfully sexy quality and as I pictured her sitting at the edge of a bed naked, brushing her hair and singing while I lay next to her and my hand traced the small of her back, I came. I grunted as my body tensed and my foot slid slightly on the shower floor making a noise.

"You ok in there?" Ellie asked, stopping her song.

"Yeah, I just lost my balance for a second," I said back, trying to control my breathing. I splashed water at the mess I had made on the wall and tried to shush my cum down the drain.

"I really am sorry for this," Ellie said on the other side of the shower curtain. "It won't ever happen again."

"No problem, Ellie," I replied, and she left, closing the bathroom door behind her.

"Fuck me," I sighed, taking deep breaths. *That was incredibly stupid of me.* If Ellie had caught me jerking off on the other side of the shower curtain, it could have meant all kinds of problems. Instead of feeling bad, I was hoping she would barge in every morning. I also felt more than a little guilty that I had used her the way I had. Ellie was such a sweet soul it just felt wrong to lust after her, and yet I did it every day even though there were two other women in the same house. Well, I lusted after them, too. *I am such a perv.*

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The following Saturday it was time for me to pay up with my own chores around the house. As part of the agreement for me to sublet the basement I had agreed to take care of the cutting and trimming outside, not realizing the trimming of hedges was going to take even more time than the cutting of the lawn. I had been expecting a bush or two, not a yard-ringing evergreen hedge that had been out of control all spring, and quite possibly the entire year before. Still, I'd promised to take care of it so by mid-morning I was out in the backyard filling up the pitifully old lawn mower with a new tank of gas.

I started with the front yard, since it had gotten overgrown and needed a double-cut just to get it to a reasonable length. Once that was done and I had swept the clippings from the sidewalk and driveway my shirt was already soaked through with sweat and I decided to strip it off as the sun rose higher and higher.

"Hey Pete," Jules said from somewhere behind me as I pushed the lawnmower to where I wanted to start cutting the back yard. I turned and my mouth went dry while my dick immediately responded by jumping in my pants. Jules was wearing a bikini, the bottoms a scrap of blue and gold fabric held together by a string waist riding low on her hips. The top wasn't much more, just a pair of triangles that covered her breasts but did little else, the string holding the cups together casting a little shadow in the valley between her two wonderful mounds since it was stretched taut between them. Her hair was tied back in a little spurt of a ponytail and she was smiling as she stood on the paving-stone covered area just outside the back door to the house.

"Oh, hey," I managed, stumbling over my own thoughts as blood rushed away from my head and down towards my groin. It wasn't just her breasts that were distracting, Jules seemed to be perfectly put together. Her stomach wasn't toned but it was smooth, her cute little belly button and a couple of soft freckles the only blemishes on her silky, if glowing with sweat, skin. Even her eyebrows, painstakingly manicured into perfectly symmetrical arches, were sensual.

"You don't want to burn out here," Jules said, and I realized she was holding a bottle of sunscreen. "Come here, I'll get you covered. No need for our gardener to turn as red as a tomato."

She was grinning and there was little I could do but agree. I walked over to her and watched as Jules spurted some of the sunscreen onto her hands, then rubbed them together before putting them on my chest. The cool sunscreen and the feel of her fingers as she started spreading it across my skin had me desperately trying to focus on anything else. Anything but her breasts, slowly moving back and forth as she rubbed my chest and sides. Anything but her pert smile, or the way her eyes were tracing over my own flat stomach, which I had been struggling to define in the gym.

Jules's fingers ran down my sides right to the waistband of my shorts and traced lightly there for a moment. "Turn around, I'll do your back," she said, her voice low. I swallowed to stop myself from saying anything stupid and did as I was told and her fingers started massaging the cream into my back, which was already starting to feel hot. I also turned just in time to watch India come out of the house clad in her own bikini.

Where Jules was wearing blue and gold, India was wearing maroon. Now, having seen India plenty of times in sports bras and spandex workout shorts, her in a bikini wasn't so different that I was stunned like with Jules. The first thing that actually came to mind was that I had been wrong when I first met Jules - her tits were definitely not as big as India's. Where Jules' were large on her small frame, they just didn't have the same physical heft as my friends once I saw India's in a bikini. They were big, probably over the classic drool-worthy 'double D's,' and I could tell her bikini was having a bit of a time holding them despite the full coverage cups. The cleavage was deep and delicious, and her taunting grin told me she had known exactly what sort of reaction I would have.

"Hey Pete, we're all coming out to tan," she said. "Here, Jules, I'll get his arms and face." India walked right up to me, giving me just enough time to ogle the rest of her. I'd already known she had a few smooth but dark moles on her stomach and chest, but the blazing sun was already starting to reveal the freckles hidden under her usually smooth complexion. India stood right up against me, her bikini-clad breasts just barely pressing into my own chest and she looked into my eyes, teasing me with her grin, while she held her hand around my side for Jules to give her some sunscreen. She didn't back up when she reached up and gently spread the sunscreen along my cheeks and started rubbing it in, and soon Jules' fingers were back to covering my back.

I just stood there while two of the hottest women I had ever met massaged sunscreen into every inch of my head and torso, then bent and each took a leg. India looked up at me as she knelt at my feet and winked.

"Aw, you guys are so nice," Ellie said as she came out of the house carrying a tray with four glasses. It really wasn't a fair fight between the two girls slowly standing from working over

my legs and Ellie, who didn't have the same sort of assets to work with. Her breasts, the smallest set amongst the three girls, certainly weren't anything to ignore, though unlike the two others Ellie wore a halter-style bikini in black, fully covering up the tits she did have. The bottoms were also more conservative in their coverage with a waistband thicker than a string, though instead of riding low on the hips like the others hers arced dramatically up her hips, extending how long her legs looked. She was also, to my surprise, the most fit of the three despite her thicker trunk. She looked like she was a weightlifter with her softly defined core muscles despite lacking the classic 'abs' look. "I brought hard lemonade."

"Ooh, thanks," Jules said, walking back around me and taking one of the glasses, followed by India. I accepted one as well and for a long moment the four of us stood silently relishing our drinks as the liquor Ellie had spiked it with washed through us. It was a bit of an out of body experience, standing with the three of them clad in bikinis, and just before my mind could start drifting into imaginary scenarios I drained the rest of my glass and set it on the little plastic outdoor table.

"That really hit the spot, thanks Ellie. I should get back to work though," I said. Hopefully no one had noticed the bulge in my shorts yet, and pushing a lawn mower would hopefully help calm the monster awakening in my boxers.

"No problem at all," Ellie smiled in return.

I went back to the lawn mower and started it up after a few pulls on the cord, then focused myself on the task. Just like the front yard I ended up cutting it twice since it was so thick, and I regretted every time I looked up from the path I was carving. All three of my roommates were laying back in their lawn chairs tanning. I had mostly avoided watching them applying sunscreen to each other but even just their scantily clad bodies laying out in the sun was enough to stir my dick from slumber. The worst was when I looked over and all three of them were lying on their stomachs, the strings of their tops undone and dangling off the sides of their chairs and their bare backs and scantily covered asses facing me.

When I moved on to trimming the hedge the task took up more of my attention since it was slightly less monotonous. All I had available was a pair of manual shears so doing the entire ring of the backyard ended up taking me all afternoon and by the time I had finished the first of the three sides the girls had disappeared inside. For some reason that made me picture the three of them eating popsicles in their bikinis and set my brain in motion for the last few hours of the afternoon.

By the time I was done with the hedge it was neat and tidy again, but there was a ring of trimmings along the ground. I found a rake in the garage near where I had found the other tools I had been using and when I returned to the backyard all three girls were back outside. Still in their bikinis. And now India was standing at the crappy old barbecue firing it up. For some reason she looked incredibly sexy standing there with tongs in one hand, the light from the fire inside flaring a yellow glow over her body momentarily as the propane lit.

"Fuck me," I muttered to myself once I had bent to raking up the trimmings. By the time I had collected it all into a couple of brown paper recycling bags the smell from the barbecue was filling the backyard and I returned to the sitting area. I thought better of sitting down though, instead veering and heading over to the hose attached to the house. It took some work to crank

the rusty knob of the spout, but the water started flowing and I let it run for a couple of moments to clear the line before turning the water on myself, spraying myself from head to foot despite my shorts.

"Oh, yeah," I said, the cold water washing over me like a breath of fresh air. I lifted the hose and let the water pour over the back of my neck, where I felt like I had probably been burnt through the sunscreen. "Yup, that's good," I sighed.

"Is that cold?" Jules called to me.

"Yup," I said, and she came over.

"Can you spray me down too?"

"Sure," I said, my own hose already starting to grow just from hearing her say 'spray me down.' I pressed my thumb to the nozzle of the hose so that it sprayed in a soft arc instead of a stream. "Ready?"

Jules braced her legs at shoulder-width and spread her arms wide. "Do it."

I lifted the hose and sprayed her legs first and she jumped and giggled at the cold water. I swept the water back and forth over her legs and up her torso, my thumb shifting on the nozzle as I moved it back and forth, changing the shape of the spray. What neither of us had thought of was the effect of the water pressure on Jules's tightly arranged top, and as I watched the water cascade off of her body while she grinned up to the sky enjoying the refreshing spray, the cup of Jules's left tit shifted and it popped out from its cover.

Her breast stood out and perky, though I couldn't tell if that was because it was still being pressed from underneath and the side by the bikini. Her areola was pale, just a slight shade different from her skin and perfectly proportioned to cap her breast, and her nipple was small but already poking out proudly from the cool water. They looked perfect for sucking on and playing with and the tan lines made them pop out even more.

My dick was hard faster than Jules even realized she'd been exposed. I moved the spray away as her mouth opened in a cute little surprised 'Oh,' and she covered her chest with one hand while she moved the cup back in place with the other. Unsure whether I should apologize or start running, I hesitated until Jules started laughing. She looked at me and shrugged, "Oops. Hope you got a good look, Pete."

"Sorry," I said, and she laughed again.

"No problem. One of the girls was bound to pop out eventually, wearing this thing. At least it was here and not at a pool or beach." She laughed again and strode back to the other two girls. "Guys, you need to get Pete to spray you down. It's awesome."

Ellie stood up, "That sounds really refreshing, actually." She started walking over and said, "Just try not to get my hair wet, or really wet, ok?"

I agreed and did the same thing with Ellie as I had with Jules, starting with her feet to let her get used to the cold before moving up her legs and abdomen. Ellie covered her chest with one arm, protecting her bikini and her modesty even though I doubted her thicker top would move, and used the free hand to gather up her blonde hair behind her head. She looked like a model, posing with her chin slightly raised away from where the water was splashing against her chest and arm, a soft smile on her lips and her eyes closed. She slowly turned and I rinsed down her back as well, watching the water cascade over her ass for a moment.

"Thanks," she grinned once I moved the spray away.

"Here, can you take over the barbecue?" India asked, stepping over and holding out the tongs to Ellie.

"Sure," she replied, moving out of the way.

India grinned and stood with her hands on her hips, looking at me. "Alright, hose master. Do your worst," she said with a grin.

She asked for it, so I shifted my thumb on the nozzle while I brought it around to her, covering more of the opening so that the spray was hard and fast, and swept the spray right across India's stomach then up to her chest.

"Oh my god!" India crowed, one hand pushing out at the spray of cold water in surprise, the other one raising to her chest to try and cover it from the cold. What she accidentally did instead was push the cup on one of her breasts up and off, the heavy tit bared to me and the water. Her nipples were larger than Jules', a wonderful gumdrop size with a ruddy pink-brown colour and small areola. Her breast was heavy and full but didn't sag dramatically, instead looking healthy and natural in their size and weight. The exposed breast had a small dark mole on the underside that accented the curve. "Ahh," she called, and I moved the spray away.

She stood for a long moment, panting and laughing, her hand clutching at the bare breast to keep it covered.

"You too?" Jules asked from where she had sat back down.

"I should start wearing a one-piece," India laughed.

"That would be a waste," Jules replied, laughing with her.

I was stunned, and ramrod hard, when India shrugged through her laugh and lifted her hands, pulling her bikini top off altogether and baring herself to me. "Fuck it," she said. "You saw one, might as well see both. Spray me down Mr. Hose Man, just take it a little easier this time."

It took a moment for me to blink, staring at India's chest, but I moved the hose back and started rinsing her down with the cool water and a softer spray. India rolled her neck and rubbed her hands down her sides and over her tits, enjoying the feeling of the water, and I enjoyed her doing it. She turned around and let me get her back as well, her long blonde hair turning a dark gold when it got wet. She raised her hands and splashed water to get the rest of her head wet and I could see side-boob from around her back on either side.

"Supper is ready," Ellie called over to us eventually and India turned back around. Her chest was flushed beneath her fresh tan and both nipples were sticking out proudly from the pale area that had been shielded from the sun. I moved the spray away and she bent forward slightly, hanging her hair in front of her so she could squeeze the water from it before flipping it over her shoulder in a jumble and standing back up, breasts wiggling with her movements.

She strode over next to me after picking up her discarded bikini top, starting to tie it back on. "You can close your mouth now," she said with a teasing little grin.

"Um, uh, sorry," I stammered.

"No you aren't," she said and winked. Her top was back in place, her breasts hidden away by that damn fabric. Her nipples were still pushing at it, begging to be freed.

India sauntered over to the chairs and the table and I turned the hose on myself, turning away from the girls so they wouldn't see me stick the nozzle down the front of my already

soaked-through shorts and apply the cold water directly to my hard on in a hopes of making it go away.

* * * * *

It was a week before anything else happened. India teased me a few times about wanting another 'hosing,' and found particular joy out of tugging on her sports bras in the gym and wiggling her eyebrows at me before breaking out into laughter. We missed our workout on Friday morning because she had a special lecture she needed to attend as part of her graduate work in the Psychology department, so I was awoken Saturday morning by the basement light flicking on much earlier than I had planned on waking up.

"Come on, Petey," she called from the foot of the stairs. "We're working out this morning. Jules is going to join us, so get your ass out of bed."

I groaned and tried to roll over, but my single bed was so small I nearly rolled off the side instead and had to catch myself with a hand on the floor.

"Hurry up," India called, jogging back up the stairs.

The effort of getting up and dressed felt so much harder than most mornings since I had been planning on sleeping in. My thesis paper was going well and I had planned to take the day off from researching ancient South American cultures to sleep and maybe read a book that didn't have footnotes. I staggered up the stairs and the girls were in the living room, but I bypassed them and went to the washroom to relieve myself and splash some water on my face.

When I returned to the living room, Jules and India had moved the coffee table to clear a space and Jules had her iPod connected to the TV and turned on some sort of nature-soundtrack. She was dressed in a thick sports bra just like India, but unlike the stretchy black workout shorts India wore to work out Jules had on baggy basketball shorts. "Morning," she said, smiling at me.

"Morning," I croaked, my voice trying to catch up with the day.

"So I thought we could try something new today instead of going for a run or something," India said, standing from where she had been waiting on the couch for me. "Jules is going to teach us some yoga."

"You don't know yoga?" I asked India.

"No, why would I?"

Jules laughed. "Because you dress like a hippie most of the time, babe."

India rolled her eyes, "I'm not a hippie, my style is bohemian chicue."

"That's pretty much the same thing," Jules said.

"Whatever," India said, then turned to me. "The point is, we're doing yoga. Are you down?"

"Yeah, I guess," I said. "Teach me, oh grand yogi."

"Oh my god, if you two are just going to make jokes then I'm not doing it," Jules said, crossing her arms.

God she looks cute when she's angry, I thought. The effect of her crossing her arms just pushed her tits firmly up and back, reminding me of that glimpse I had had the week before. It was the way her mouth pouted her annoyance that was really devastatingly cute though.

"No more jokes," I said, raising my hands in surrender.

"Good, we'll start with some basic stretches and then I'll show you some poses and sequences for today." Jules said, and then she put us to work stretching out our limbs. I paid attention and made sure to stretch out properly since I had learned the hard way when I first started going to the gym the importance of stretching.

The distraction started when Jules asked me to help her stretch out her legs. I'd helped India plenty of times with the same stretches at the gym and the generic familiar contact with her was normal now, but with Jules it was new. And she was much, much more flexible than I would have guessed.

"Come on, Pete. Really lean into it," she admonished me as I pressed her leg back towards her body. I had one hand on her thigh and the other on the floor to balance me, and as I followed her orders and pushed her leg with my body right down against her two things happened. The first, I came face to face with Jules and felt her breath on my cheek as she breathed out with a slight, satisfied groan. Second, my groin ground against the back of her thigh as I stretched her out and the chub my dick had been holding steady at suddenly got a lot firmer because it was getting pressed against her leg.

"Sorry," I said quietly, but Jules just raised an eyebrow and flashed me a knowing smile.

"Do the other leg now, that's good," she said. I tried to approach her in a slightly more considerate way but she practically manhandled me into position and soon I was pressing my cock against her other thigh as she proved she could put either leg behind her ears.

"Perfect," she said, and I released her leg and stepped back. Her loose shorts had slipped up her leg as she stretched and were bunched around her crotch upper thighs. There wasn't a hint of underwear.

I swallowed and she hopped to her feet. "Alright Pete, your turn. On your back."

"Uh," I said. There was a very big problem with lying on my back at that precise moment.

"Come on," India said, pushing me from the side so that I rolled onto my ass. She pushed my back to the floor and then both girls stopped moving as they both looked down at the tent that had formed in my workout shorts. "Oh," India said.

"Look, I'm sorry. India, you know this doesn't usually happen. I'll go, I'm sorry," I said, making to roll over and get to my feet.

"No, no, no," Jules said, blocking my path by kneeling next to me and putting a hand on my shoulder. "It's alright, Pete. You're a guy, we're chicks, it was bound to happen eventually. I'm sure India and I have seen a lot worse than a friend with a hard on."

"A *lot* worse," India laughed. "Pete, I know you aren't a perv. If we ignore it I'm sure it'll go away. No harm done."

"You're sure?" I asked.

"Yes," India chuckled.

Jules grinned and shrugged, "I take it as a compliment."

The girls each stretched out one of my legs, which were not nearly as flexible as either of them, and then Jules started showing us the poses. And my hard on refused to go away

because watching Jules and India arch their backs, press out their chests, swivel their asses and generally present their sex to me in every way imaginable underneath their workout gear did not lend to a boner-less scenario. We'd been at it for about thirty minutes when Jules finally called a finish. I'd caught glances from both girls a few times looking down at my shorts where my erection continued to tent and knew they were both aware of the effect they were having on me.

"Ok, let's cool down. You guys were pretty good for first-timers," Jules said, wiping sweat from her forehead. The sun was out and beating down again outside and the temperature had quickly risen in the house while she had been teaching us. "Stretch it out a little, and then I think a little massage is in order."

"Who's going to do that?" India asked.

"Well, I'll start by doing Pete," Jules said. "Then he can do me, and I'll finish with you."

"Sure," I said, at this point practically oblivious to the riches being presented to me, so much of my mind was mortified by my ongoing erection. I stretched out a little bit and followed Jules's order to take off my t-shirt and lay down on the floor face down. Jules straddled my thighs and I felt her two small hands rest on the small of my back.

"Alright, just a quick one to ease the muscles a bit," she said, then started rubbing. I closed my eyes, enjoying the feeling as she slowly worked her way up my sides and back. As she moved upwards I could feel her hips shifting and she shuffled up a bit, her thighs squeezing against my butt. Soon she was shifting back and forth as she ran her hands down the center of my back, her groin grinding against my butt. She dismounted me for a moment and I made to get up but she shushed me and pushed me back down, straddling my lower back instead and facing my legs, and then her hands were on my thighs working the muscles there. I groaned in appreciation as her dextrous hands worked the muscles lightly. When she had finally reached my knees she dismounted again and swatted me on the ass. "That's all for now," she said. "You think you can copy what I did?"

"Yeah," I said, slowly easing myself up from my position on the floor, which was when I realized that I was almost painfully hard as my dick was freed from my body weight to tent out straight again.

I sat up and both girls smirked lightly. "I see you enjoyed yourself," India said.

"Yeah," I shrugged, unsure what else to say.

"Hey, like I said, I'll take it as a compliment," Jules reassured me. She lay down on the floor where I had been and wiggled her butt at the two of us. "Alright, Pete. Don't worry about poking me by accident with your crotch rocket there, you know I don't care. Let's see if you're good with your hands."

I sighed just a little and lifted my leg over hers so that I was straddling the back of Jules' thighs and started with the bare small of her back like she had for me, my two hands easily covering her slim waist. I pressed into her with my hands like she had for me and slowly worked my way up her sides and back. I quickly reached the thick back strap of her sports bra though, and she stopped me when I tried to massage her over it.

"Hold on," she grunted, arching her back slightly and then grunting girlishly as she rolled the top, damp with sweat, up to her shoulders and then lay back down with her arms over her head. The sports bra was bundled up around her neck and arms, her back laid bare to me and

the sides of her breasts pressing out as she lay down on them. I took a deep breath and then went back to my massage, slowly leaning further and further forward. My dick eventually pressed against her ass, laying over top of it and pressing down into the crevice of her cheeks like a hotdog in a bun every time I leaned forward applying pressure to her upper back and shoulders.

"Mmm," Jules hummed, smiling as she lay with her head to the side and her eyes closed. "Ok, just a little more pressure- yeah, that's great. Alright, do my legs now."

I lifted up from pressing down on her ass and shuffled backward, kneeling behind her instead of mounting her in reverse like she had for me. I took one of her feet and massaged the sole before my hands slid down over her ankle to her calves and rubbed there. I switched feet and Jules groaned, "Oh my god, where have you been all my life? I'm going to demand a proper foot rub one of these days."

India laughed and I grinned as I finished her other calf and started working on her lower thighs. My hands slowly slid higher and higher, slipping under the loose silky cloth of her basketball shorts as I massaged her smooth, slick skin. Every time I shifted my hands up higher I wondered where the line was - I could see how high up my fingers were reaching as they worked under her shorts. When the side of my forefingers found the bottom curve of Jules's ass I figured that was the line, but as I massaged her upper thighs I dared myself to go just a little higher. Just one more inch and I would be working her ass.

"Higher," Jules groaned softly.

Yes, *ma'am*, I thought. My hands slid upwards and I was cupping the lower half of her ass cheeks, fingers and thumbs kneading the firm flesh there and I realized, as my hands worked, I wasn't feeling any underwear at all. She was naked under her shorts, my fingers just inches from running through her pussy lips or teasing her ass properly. My hands gripped her cheeks tightly when I made the realization, which had the effect of spreading her underneath the shorts.

"Alright," Jules said, moaning and opening her eyes and she got up on her elbows, my hands still clutching her buns like I'd stolen them from a bakery. "That was really good."

I let go and slid my hands back out the legs of her shorts and Jules rolled over, both breasts bare to me. Again I was struck by how much her nipples just seemed to call to be sucked and played with, standing out perkily from her tits in a little upturned direction.

India snorted. "Slut," she joked.

"What, he's already seen them," Jules shrugged and smiled. "And that was one fucking good massage. I'm serious about the foot rub by the way."

"Any time you want," I said. *Especially if you repay me with nudity.*

"Alright, my turn I guess," India said. "Let's see if you come as advertised." And then India took off her own top, again showing her own impressive bust to me. It's not like they had changed or anything since the last time I had seen her tits the last weekend, but they were still mouthwatering and I would have been stunned if I hadn't already felt like I was floating over the moon because of Jules sitting beside India with her shirt mostly-off anyways.

"Um?" I said.

"Oh shut up, you've seen mine before too, dork," India said with a grin. "They're just tits."

"Well, they aren't *just* tits," Jules said.

"Ok, so they're big tits," India replied, cupping her breasts. "Still not a big deal, especially since they're going away again anyways." And with that India lay down on her stomach, her breasts pushing out from either side of her chest as she hid them from view.

I looked at Jules. She looked at me. "What?" she asked.

"I thought you were doing her," I said.

She snorted, "No way, not after how good you were with me. You do her, she just showed you her tits."

"I-" I said, then stopped. "Yeah, ok."

"Yeah, ok," Jules mimicked me, and India laughed. "Jeez, you think the guy was a virgin or something."

"I'm not a virgin," I defended myself as I straddled India's thighs.

"He isn't," India said as I started to massage her lower back. "He had a high school sweetheart and everything."

"Ooooh," Jules cooed mockingly. "Do tell."

"I knew I shouldn't have told you that story," I muttered, slowly working my hands up India's sides. My fingers, slick with her sweat, pressed down and she jerked as I touched the tickle point near her ribs. She jumped under me, her butt shooting up and pressing directly into my dick for a moment.

"Well, her name was Susanna," India told Jules as I continued the massage. "They met in the tenth grade and by the time they were seniors the two of them were fucking like bunnies until her father caught them, and then they had to fuck like foxes." My hands traveled far enough up India's back that I was starting to lean into her with my hips, except this time my dick wasn't lying across her ass like it had with Jules. Instead, I realized after the first bump, it was pointed more downwards straight at the crevice between her legs and every time I leaned forward it pressed past where her thighs were pushed together and directly at her pussy. I did it again without thinking, and when India didn't say anything I kept going. Served her right if it was awkward, her telling my story.

"So him and Susanna are fucking in secret, but prom comes up and he can't take her because his father might shoot him. So they set up this plan where he'll take her friend Brittney and his friend will take Susanna, and then they'll swap dates when they get there. Except Brittney's heard all about Peter fucking her best friend and she wants a taste for herself and jumps him in the limo on the ride there." My hands worked over India's shoulders and slid back down her shoulder blades to where my fingers wrapped down her sides and brushed the sides of her breasts where they were pressing out between her and the floor. I wasn't quite dry humping into her, but it was clear we both knew what was going on because India was pushing her ass back at me as well using her hips. "So Brittney fucks him, and they get to the Prom and he's all out of sorts, but the swap happens. And doesn't Susanna want a quickie in the washroom during the dance, but when she tries to give him a blow job he tastes funny because he's still got Brittney's pussy all over him. She freaks out and leaves and gets in a fistfight with Brittney, and Peter's friend gets pissed at him for fucking his prom date, and so he leaves- and the two girls are sent hom-huh and Peter's stuck at the Prom all by himself until the limo comes to pick him h'up."

As she finished the story I gave up caring about not looking like I was dry humping her from behind. Part of it was how over the edge the two of them had worked me, but it was also frustration that India was telling the story along with residual resentment at the event that had happened almost seven years ago. India's resolve broke down as I thrust my hips forward firmer, her story breaking up as my dick pushed at her pussy through our shorts and she pressed back at me. I was close enough that I figured another minute and I could probably get off even if it was going to be in my shorts, but as soon as the story ended India moved forward, pulling away from me.

I leaned back on my shins as she crawled from between my legs and sat up, breasts swinging heavy and free, and I panicked that I had gone too far. She had a small, playful grin on her face though. "Poor Petey lost his girlfriend and the side chick in the same night."

"Aw, poor guy," Jules said, scrunching up her nose with a playful smile.

"You were right," India said. "He does have nice hands. He pretty much hit *all* the right spots. You wanna go for a run?"

"Sure," Jules said, standing up and helping India to her feet.

"Wait, what?" I asked.

India bent over and picked up her top, slipping it back on and adjusting her breasts inside the sports bra while Jules rolled hers back down, covering up her own breasts. "We're going to go for a jog," Jules said. "I think you probably need to go take care of, ah, something else." She glanced down at my dick, which was still tenting the front of my shorts.

India just winked at me and stepped by me towards the door, ruffling my hair. Jules followed her and I sat watching them as they put on socks and running shoes and headed out the door.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I said out loud. I bent forward and smacked my head against the floorboards in frustration before standing up. *What the fuck is this? They're fucking torturing me.*

I stormed downstairs and stripped off my sweaty workout gear before laying on my bed and jerking off. It wasn't an easy going jerk, or even an 'I need to get off' masturbation. I was angry, and I don't think I'd ever jerked off angry before because as images of me pounding into India and Jules flashed through my head I couldn't seem to get off.

I also didn't hear the door open, or Ellie coming down the stairs.

"Oh," she said, and my eyes snapped open. She was standing at the foot of the stairs, a laundry basket slung under one arm. Her eyes were riveted to my cock standing angrily up in the air with one of my hands wrapped around the shaft.

I scrambled to cover myself with a sheet while Ellie apologized again and again. "I'm so sorry, Peter. I should have knocked louder. I didn't even realize you were home, I thought you went out with the others. Oh, lord, Peter I am so sorry. Please forgive me for intruding like this."

She was backing up the stairs but the one thing I noticed was that she didn't avert her eyes. She was staring at my cock, now tenting the sheet I'd pulled over it. "Peter, I'm so sorry for interrupting you like this," she said, then turned and rushed back up the stairs.

It took one long breath to clear my head. My dick was starting to shrivel up from the surprise and embarrassment of being caught despite the fact that I really, desperately wanted to

get off. There was just no way I could do it now. I rolled over on the bed and shoved my face into the pillow, shouting my frustration into it.

* * * * *

I re-emerged from the basement around dinner time, having spent most of the day hidden down there wallowing in my frustration and embarrassment. We weren't supposed to be having a group dinner so I figured I would sneak up and mix up a quick cup of ramen and hope that the girls went out to a bar or club for the evening so that I could make something more substantial without running into any of them.

Of course, as soon as I set a pot of water to boiling on the stove Ellie rounded the corner into the kitchen.

"Oh," she said, startled but not quite as viscerally shocked as she had been hours earlier. "Hi."

I cleared my throat and looked away, a knot quickly forming in my throat. "Hey," I said.

As I watched the water in the pot, Ellie moved around me in the kitchen in silence, opening the fridge and cupboards and then working on her own meal at the counter across the kitchen from me. Eventually I moved unbidden from in front of the stove so that she could heat up a frying pan, and we stood side by side while she cooked and my water slowly came to a boil.

I flicked off the burner once the water was hot enough and poured it over the dry noodles I'd put in a bowl, mixing in the little packet of salt and spices. My plan was to disappear downstairs without saying another word to the beautiful girl who caught me jerking off, but that wasn't her plan.

"Peter," she said while I was walking out of the kitchen with my bowl of noodles, and I turned slowly. "Peter, I just- I am sorry."

"Thanks," I said.

"No, I don't think you understand," Ellie said. "I'm sorry for walking in on you, but I am also sorry for you needing to put up with living with us. I know it must be hard. Jules and India are just so... well, flamboyantly attractive."

"Ellie-" I said, then hesitated. The look on her face and the way she was talking was maternal and empathetic and everything she probably felt I needed, but I couldn't help keying in on the fact that she thought the other two were 'the attractive ones.'

"Ellie, you know you might be the most gorgeous of the three of you, right?"

"What? No," Ellie said, blushing and turning back to her frying pan. "That's sweet of you, but you don't need to say that."

I stepped forward and set my bowl back on the counter, leaning next to her and crossing my arms. "I'm being serious, Ellie. Look," I said. "India is sensual and bohemian and free spirited, and Jules is sexy and playful, but you are absolutely the sweetest, most stunning woman I've ever met."

She smiled down at the frying pan as she moved the rice and chopped vegetables around. "That's very nice of you to say Peter, but I know I don't exactly measure up in certain places."

"Hey," I said, putting a hand on her shoulder. She looked up to me and met my gaze, her bright gray eyes shining from the light above us. "What makes you think just because they have bigger breasts that you aren't equally as outstandingly beautiful?"

Ellie's cheeks went a shade darker and she looked away for a moment, her tongue pressing out her bottom lip for a moment before she answered. "American porn."

I snorted and chuckled and she did the same, closing her eyes and shaking her head at how silly she was being. "Penelope, you have eyes that I could stare at for days, beautifully sweet lips, aristocratic cheekbones and a form that begs for you to pose as Aphrodite for a renaissance painting."

She kept shaking her head, her smile spreading wide as she rolled her eyes at me. "You should be in the English department, with compliments like that."

"I thought about it," I grinned. "The professors kicked me out because I would have been too dangerous to keep around."

She guffawed silently and patted my chest before laughing. "Peter, you bad boy." Then she raised up on her toes and kissed me.

Birds sang, the sun stopped in the sky and every baby within a mile all chortled happily - at least in my head. It was a sweet kiss, lips closed but firm and meaningful. I could smell the faint lilac soap she used in her hair. And then it ended, and the birds went to sleep and the sun got back to moving and the babies started crying for their mothers again. Ellie looked up, meeting my surprised stare, and smiled lightly.

"Thank you," she said. "Really. That means a lot."

"Oh no," I replied. "Thank you." I picked up my bowl, grinning sheepishly as I backed away, bumping into the wall and nearly slopping my noodles which made her laugh.

"I'm still sorry for interrupting you," Ellie called to me as I turned to leave the kitchen.

I scrambled for something witty to say back but my bowl was snatched from me and I got pulled around the corner out of sight from the kitchen, then into the living room. India set my bowl down and raised an eyebrow at me. "Oooh," she teased, "Ellie and Peter sitting in a tree. K-i-s-s-i-n-g."

"Shut up," I said, not quite able to suppress my grin. "It was just a kiss."

"I heard what you said to her," India whispered, standing closer to me. "Thank you for saying that, I think she needed to hear it. Ellie's always been a bit blind to what guys think of her, but the last few months before summer she stopped coming out with Jules and I. I never thought it was because of us."

"I meant every word," I said. "There's no need to thank me."

"Every word?"

"Yeah," I said, quickly trying to think back to what I had said about *her*.

"So you think I'm... sensual?" she whispered, leaning closer and drawing out the last word. At some point she had taken the fingers of one of my hands in hers, and now her other hand came up to my chest. My free hand fell naturally to her waist and hips where her low slung skirt left her skin bare up to the hem of her tight top.

"I do," I admitted.

Birds. Sun. Babies laughing. India kissed me, leaning her body into mine for a long moment as my hand tightened at her waist. And the world returned to normal as she pulled back with a soft, innocent smile. "Pete, you are the nicest guy I know. Now go eat your noodles."

India left me there in the living room, walking back towards the kitchen and saying something to Ellie about her cooking. "Um, ok," I said, blinking. I picked up my bowl and walked back down to the basement feeling more than a little shell shocked.

* * * * *

I never ended up making a second dinner for myself, though I was less frustrated or embarrassed and much more confused. Ellie kissed me. India kissed me. I had wanted to kiss her for ages, well, I'd wanted to do a lot more than that too, but still.

Two of my roommates kissed me. My head was shouting *Don't shit where you eat!* but my heart, and my gut, and particularly my penis were all giving me a standing ovation. The massages earlier that morning, the dry humping with India, I felt like it was all starting to spiral out of control.

Instead of dealing with things like my emotions or focusing on how badly I might be fucking up my living situation, I buried myself into my thesis paper until I shut off my laptop a few hours later and crawled into bed. Sleep came fitfully in the total darkness of the basement, the slow creaking of the house above me occasionally waking me up, but I was thankful to be in the basement anyways. It was cool down there, unlike upstairs where the girls were sleeping in the sticky heat and humidity.

I was lying on my back with my arms behind my head when I heard a different sort of creak than the usual moans and groans of the house. Opening my eyes did nothing, the darkness was complete unless I turned on a light, but I didn't hear anything else. I breathed out through my nose, crazy thoughts flashing through my head of some sort of intruder sneaking through the house above me. What could I grab and use as a weapon before going up there? I didn't have a baseball bat or anything like that, I would have to use one of my heavy textbooks or something.

Then I heard the sound of two light feet padding quickly over the cool linoleum floor of the basement, and someone felt around at my bed sheets.

"What are you doing?" I whispered into the darkness and the movement froze, then started again. It found the single sheet I was covered in and pulled it back.

"I want to get cool down here," a woman's voice whispered back softly, but I couldn't tell which of my roommates it was. Whoever it was, she quickly crawled onto the bed next to me and pulled the sheet over us, trying to find a spot.

"There isn't enough room for two people," I whispered.

"So cuddle me," she said.

I swallowed and shifted onto my side and soon I felt warm skin pressing against me, an ass backing up into my groin and a bare back against my chest as her legs mingled with mine. It

took me a moment to clue into the key item - a *bare* back. I lifted a hand and cautiously put it on her hip. Also bare. If I hadn't worn boxers to bed my cock would have been nuzzling in between her ass cheeks.

Hell, it was anyways, the thin fabric doing little to hinder my growing erection.

One of her hands took mine from her hip and she pulled me closer until it rested on her flat stomach. I could feel her belly button under my fingertips, not that I could guess who it was from that. None of the girls had an outie or a piercing.

I took in a breath to ask, but she shushed me before a word could come out. Our breathing started to sink, my chest pushing against her back as we both lay silently in the dark. She shifted her weight, pressing her ass back at me and rubbing my dick, which responded by pushing back at her. I could hear the smile behind her soft chuckle, but my brain couldn't place it. All three of the girls could have laughed like that, low and sexy. If I could cop a feel of her breasts I would be able to rule Ellie in or out as my naked bed invader, and enough time spent with her nipples might give away Jules or India since I figured their breasts were both 'large' but without having felt them up before I wasn't sure I would ever be able to tell the difference in the dark.

Her hand left mine on her stomach and traced back up my arm, then wriggled between us until dainty fingers were rubbing my dick. She found the hole in the front of my boxers and she was quickly stroking me softly, teasing my length with the tips of her fingers and soft grazes of her nails.

If she can get handsy, so can I, I thought, and started sliding my hand up her stomach towards her breasts. Before I got near them though the hand disappeared from my dick and pressed into mine. She tutted softly and slowly directed my hand back downwards, and then further downwards. Her fingers guided mine lower and lower until I felt the tickle of hair in a thin strip and the soft rise of her pubic mound. She pulled my hand away, up to her face, and she sucked on my fore and middle finger for a moment before putting them back down at her crotch. She guided my fingers until I felt the soft, warm skin of her lips, then left my hand there to play while hers slid back between us to reach for my cock.

My fingers were like little british explorers, traversing back through the little jungle of her pubic hair to tease her, hiking through the hills of her outer lips, climbing up to the summit to gently brush God and her clit before beginning a long, laborious spelunking into her depths. All the while I was teasing her, she was doing the same to me. She worked my boxers lower, freeing my dick and pointing it upwards so that I felt the curve of her ass underneath my dick and she used her fingers to play me like a flute from base to tip. I had no idea how long we teased each other but eventually the slow boil in my balls had me rocking my hips, my cock rubbing back and forth along the crack of her ass and bumping into the small of her back.

She pulled away from me suddenly, shifting on the bed, then returned but now her chest was pressed into mine. I could feel her breath on my lips, my cock wedged between us as our knees knocked momentarily before finding a place to rest. I leaned forward and kissed her in the dark, our noses bouncing off each other lightly before we found true north and locked into our embrace. Her hands wrapped around me, pulling me closer, and mine went to her hip, the other pinned under her head and the pillow.

We kissed, tongues meeting and dancing back and forth. I spared a thought to try and judge the size of breasts pressed into me but it felt superfluous and unnecessary. Whoever she was, she was amazing.

Her hand left my back and went back to stroking me between our bodies. She broke our kiss and leaned her forehead to mine, our noses touching, and I felt her panting softly with arousal. I tilted my head to kiss her again, trying to capture the feeling of whether she were Ellie or India. Maybe I could match the kiss, or figure out if it was so different that it had to be Jules.

No luck. But it was still breathtaking.

My partner pulled away eventually and I tried to follow her but she slipped off to the side of the bed, kneeling or crouching beside it. I felt hands roll me onto my back and then a hand caressed down my stomach to grasp me by the root, holding me straight up into the air. I realized what was about to happen as a pair of lips met the head of my dick and slowly suckled on it.

The house groaned and creaked, the stillness of the heavy heat above sitting almost palpably, and I layed back and accepted the gift my lover was giving me in the dark. Closing my eyes, I breathed heavily through my nose as she quietly, and oh so slowly, bathed me with her tongue and mouth. It wasn't a slurping frenzy, no gagging or jerking with her hand. She wanted me to get off but she also wanted to take her time. I don't know what I did to deserve it, but I was more than ready to enjoy it.

The movement at the end of the bed brought my eyes open to the darkness once more. A hand found my foot and traced up my leg as someone crawled onto the bed. Whoever it was hummed happily and the blowjob stopped.

"What the fuck?" My blow job giver whispered.

"What?" The crawler also asked softly and incredulously. Her hand left my leg and there was a moment of silence.

"Um," said the crawler.

"Yeah..." trailed off the blower.

"I guess whoever you are, you didn't plan this?" I asked the darkness with my own whisper.

"No," they both responded. Fuck if I could tell who either of them were.

There was another long moment of silence and none of us moved. "Should I turn on a light?" I asked.

"No," they both responded.

Well... what the fuck? I thought.

Then the mouth bumped back into my cock. And the crawler knelt forward and also pressed her lips to it. And they pressed their lips together around the head, and then they were both blowing me.

Ho-ly Fuck.

They took turns at the head, the other one kissing or licking down my shaft. A breast pressed into my leg as the crawler lay down to get comfortable and I figured out she was also naked. She had just surrendered the tip of my cock to the first girl and dropped low, tonguing at my sac and I felt her lips around one of my balls.

"We never mention this, ever," whispered the first blower.

The second girl released my ball from the light suction she had been giving it. "Agreed," she whispered back.

My genitals remained untouched for a long moment and I realized they were waiting for my response. "Whatever you say, I agree." The tone of my voice clearly said, 'I'll do anything just please don't stop.'

They continued trading off for a while, then the second girl surrendered my dick completely to the first and crawled farther up my body, snuggling against me and pressing her breasts into my side and chest as she leaned forward and kissed me. I got nothing informational from the kiss, but I did figure out she had larger breasts - which could have meant Jules or India, but at this point both of them could be in bed with me so that didn't say much.

The second girl shifted again, crawling on top of me and straddling my stomach and I found her breasts pressed to my face in the darkness. I kissed and licked my way around her cleavage while my hands palmed her ass and as I locked on to a nipple and sucked on it hard I let my fingers trail down and tease at her pussy. Whoever it was feeding me her tits, she groaned appreciatively. The other girl, with my cock still in her mouth and having picked up her pace now that we were a trio, reached over and I felt her hand explore the ass cheeks of the one straddling me. Her fingers traced lower and lower until they dueled with mine, teasing the straddlers' pussy and finally inserting two fingers into her. Whoever my blow job girl was, she was a giver.

I used one hand underneath the slowly pumping fingers to start rubbing the straddlers' clit and my other hand gripped her ass higher, the middle finger just lightly brushing against the tight ring of her ass. She started to breathe more deeply, grinding herself against my abdomen with her hips and legs as we worked her over, and I did my best to switch from breast to breast with my mouth, nipping and sucking at her hard nipples.

The mouth left my cock and I could feel my blower stand up, her hand now pointing my dick towards the straddler's pussy. She pushed with her other hand on the second girl's shoulders and moved her down. The warmth of the second girl's pussy pushed down on the head of my cock and the first moved me until I hitched into place. The second girl lowered herself down slowly, groaning as she enveloped me. I moaned as well, the feeling of her tight cunt as she squeezed me sending ripples of pleasure through my mind.

"Just don't finish him," my blower said, standing next to us. I reached out with one hand and found her leg, pulling at her until she knelt on the bed. The one fucking me started to slowly ride up and down my cock and I traced the first one's leg up until I found her wet, hot lips again with my fingers. She wavered and then steadied, spreading her legs, as I slowly used my middle finger to penetrate her as well.

We fucked. At some point, at an unspoken signal, they switched off and the first girl to fuck me lay on the bed next to us while the first one to blow me fucked me sitting straight up, riding me up and down hard and fast. When she first sat down on me her pussy was like a vice and I wondered for a heartbeat if she was a virgin, but the way she fucked me told me otherwise and she stretched to accommodate my dick quickly.

They switched again, and again. They switched positions, riding me in reverse. My hands wandered, feeling breasts and asses, trying to share the pleasure with both of them at the same time and equally. They swapped, and swapped, riding me. There were orgasms had,

while they were riding me and by my hand as I fingered them - there was no shame in our fucking. I could feel at least one of the girls rubbing at their clit as they fucked me, getting herself off how she liked. I only hoped they were both getting off and it wasn't just one of them going multiple on me. I had lost track of who was who a long time ago. At one point I was sure they were kissing as one rode me and the other knelt next to us, but I had found they both had a little strip of pubic hair so not even my fingers could discern the difference between which sweet cunt I was fingering.

Eventually there was no more holding out even though I was praying fervently to whatever gracious deity above that had bestowed this experience on me that I could last just a little longer. "Close," I grunted, and the one riding me settled onto me deeply, grinding herself down for a moment, before dismounting. There was a scramble of limbs and a mouth found my cock and someone was sucking the mixed juices off of me. Then another mouth joined it and they kissed around my head again, their tongues running over the ridges of the glans until I sucked in a hard breath and my entire body tensed in climax.

The first shot felt like it emptied my balls permanently, and the second one emptied the rest of my body. Five great spurts shot out, in and around the girls' mouths. It fell hot on my abdomen, dripping from them, and one shot missed the girls entirely and landed on my leg.

My chest heaved as I sucked in air, my cock aching from the force it had just produced. The girls bathed it with their tongue. One, and then the other, eventually abandoned it and climbed up my body. They each cuddled against one side of me and I could feel the cum on their chests and faces squish as they pressed themselves to me. I didn't care. I didn't care about anything in the world.

"Wow," I whispered into the darkness.

One of them snorted. The other one bit my nipple lightly.

I continued to breathe heavily and I felt them doing the same as my hands rested on their bare backs. Another breath, and I was asleep.

* * * * *

Waking up on Sunday morning usually consists of me rolling out of bed around 10am and laying there reading a book for an hour or two. Relaxing and lazy.

Waking up alone in bed on a Sunday morning after a blind threesome, I wondered for a moment if it had all been a fever dream after how pent up I'd become the day before. Fortunately, or disgustingly unfortunately, I knew it wasn't a dream because of the crusted cum spread on my chest and leg. I groaned as I literally rolled off the low bed to the floor, feeling the sheets peel away from me.

"Eeuuugh," I yawned, frowning as I looked down at my body. And then I couldn't help grinning. *Fuck yeah I did that.*

I got to my feet and walked over to the main light switch for the basement, turning it on. Nothing except my bed looked out of place. No hints as to who had snuck down to me last night, no discarded panties or notes tucked away somewhere. Scrubbing the cum from my chest with

a dirty t-shirt from my laundry hamper, I threw on my bathrobe and headed upstairs planning to hop in the shower. Maybe I would run into one of my invisible sirens and she could join me.

As I exited the basement and turned the corner I heard the shower already running in the bathroom, so I redirected to the kitchen and the smell of coffee.

"Morning," Jules said from the kitchen table.

"Morning," I replied, grinning at her.

She smiled pleasantly, then turned back to her book and took a sip of coffee. No hint whatsoever that we had shared something last night.

It must have been India and Ellie then. I was a little surprised since I would have pegged Jules as way more adventurous than Ellie in trying to sneak a quickie. She had also been keeping to her promise from the night I moved in - actually, all three of the girls hadn't even mentioned a date or a guy in the last few weeks.

Coffee in hand, I wandered out of the kitchen to the living room, where India was laying on the couch. She had a notebook propped up on her knees and had a pencil clenched in her teeth as she ran her hands through her hair. She looked gorgeous there, the sun gleaming in from the front window lighting up the natural highlights in her hair. She was wearing her workout shorts and a long patterned shirt that usually hung down to her thighs but had gathered up near her waist because of the way she was laying.

"Good morning," I said with the same grin I'd had with Jules.

"Oh, hey," she said dismissively. "What's up?"

Umm. Not even a glance. "Nothing much. How'd you sleep?"

"Fine I guess," she said. "I think it's getting hotter."

"News reports said it would," I replied. She took the pencil from her teeth and scribbled something on the paper. She thought for a moment, then wrote something else.

"Sorry, did you need something?" she asked, finally looking at me.

"No," I said, backing away. "You just looked pretty, laying there."

She flashed a smile and shrugged, then turned back to her notes. "Thanks."

Deadpan. Nothing. *Well, it had to be one of them.*

I headed towards the bathroom and the shower turned off so I lingered outside. The door eventually opened and Ellie came out wrapped in a towel from chest to knees.

"Oh," she said in surprise, quickly shutting the door in front of her until she was looking around the edge.

"Sorry," I said, averting my eyes automatically.

"It's alright," she said, adjusting her towel behind the door and making sure it was secure. "Sorry, were you waiting? I wouldn't have taken so long."

"No, just got here," I said.

"Alright. Well, enjoy your morning," she said, then slipped out of the bathroom and quickly darted into her room, closing the door.

No sexy banter or teasing looks. Hell, we hadn't even made eye contact.

Had I fucked a couple of ghosts last night?

Throughout the rest of the day I pursued my mystery. I spent time with each of the girls separately, hoping someone would say something. Jules and I ate lunch together when I brought it to her as she continued her reading outside. A jog with India revealed nothing. Finally

Ellie and I made dinner. They all smiled and laughed and flirted with me, something new for Ellie but I could assign that off to her kiss from the night before.

First they all sent out no signals at all, then they all sent *mixed* signals and I was left wondering if I should just ask them point blank. It was bound to spark an interesting conversation if nothing else, but the promise I'd agreed to felt heavy. The two of them, whoever they were, had trusted me to stay silent.

Laying in bed that night, with freshly washed sheets, I hoped I would get a return visit from at least one of them.

Nothing.

Not only nothing that night, but the same with the next and the next. I didn't get a single hint from any of them during the day and I spent my nights alone despite the fact that it was, in fact, getting hotter.

There had been heat warnings all month, but the city declared a state of emergency as the temperature rose higher and higher through the week. They were handing out cold water in public places and providing facilities with air conditioning for people to rest in during the day. The University shut down classes starting on the Tuesday, limiting staffing to those needed to man the public areas being used for the relief efforts, which left the four of us house-bound together, without our own AC. By Wednesday it was so hot I didn't even care about who had fucked me because Sunday felt like a far off place where the word 'cool' meant something. Even my dark little basement had lost its soothing atmosphere - it was still slightly better than the rest of the house, but not by much.

And then on Thursday Jules started walking around naked.

It was two in the afternoon and we'd all been baking away through the heat of the day. The freezer had been running overtime making ice in batches we immediately pulled out and replaced with fresh water to freeze. India and I had sojourned out on the Monday to buy bottled water and the fridge was stocked with them so we were staying hydrated, but other than getting up to get the ice or another bottle of water it was too hot to do anything else.

Ellie and I were sitting in the living room quietly baking like roast potatoes when Jules walked into the room and flopped down on the chair. It took a long, slow moment for me to register what I had seen through the slits of my eyelids when I cracked them open to see who was joining us. It was the monotonous colour that flashed odd to me first - just skin. Then I opened my eyes and took in the sight of Jules in all her glory.

Breasts free and on display, chest and stomach glowing from the beating heat. Legs slightly spread and stretched out. She didn't have any pubic hair, but from where I sat I could see that her pussy had two wider outer lips and neat little inner lips topped with an obvious nub of a clitoral hood.

I just sat there and stared at her. It was too hot to do anything else. The gears in my mind made the connection that if she didn't have any pubic hair that probably meant she hadn't been in bed with me. Did that matter? Not really, because I was staring at her pussy and it was making my mouth salivate.

"Jules?" Ellie asked. She must have finally opened her eyes.

Jules was sitting back with her own eyes closed. "Yeah?"

"You're naked," Ellie said. She hadn't moved.

"Yup," Jules replied.

"Peter is in here," Ellie said.

"Meh," Jules said. "It's too hot for clothes. He's already seen my boobs. What's a little nudity between friends?"

Ellie didn't say anything else. I certainly wasn't going to say anything. Jules just sat back and spread her legs a little more, stretching slowly all the way down to her toes. I swallowed, wishing I could urge myself to walk over and offer to eat her out. The heat affected that desire, but so did my natural feeling of propriety. This wasn't normal, that wasn't how I was supposed to act. And so I sat there staring at her naked body, wondering if the blood rushing to my dick would help cool down the rest of me.

"Jules," India said from the doorway of the living room, having just walked in.

"Yeah?" Jules replied.

"You're naked," India said.

"Yup," Jules said.

"Good idea," India said.

I rolled my head to the side and watched as India pulled off the loose shirt she had been wearing without a bra, then pulled her skirt and panties down her legs and stood back up.

"Boobs," I said without thinking.

"Yup," India said, lips curling into a little tired smile. She walked over to the couch and sat down beside me taking up a similar position to Jules. Her pussy had more prominent inner lips and thin but pouty outer labia that all but hid everything else. It would form a perfect 'camel toe,' if she had been wearing anything. She was also shaved bald down below, which meant she hadn't been in bed with me. Which also didn't make sense, because if neither Jules or India had been there then the threesome wouldn't have worked. Someone, or both of them, had shaved since Sunday.

I reached over and poked India's boob in the side. "Boop," I said.

She snorted and chuckled. "Don't touch me, it's too hot."

By the end of the afternoon, Ellie had stripped down to her underwear and I had joined her. She wore a lacy white bra with stretchy straps that looked thin but didn't show off any more than a bikini would and panties with a wide lace waistband. Lingerie, really, that would have been extremely sexy if it hadn't been for the damned heat. Friday morning I woke up to India and Jules were still walking around naked and Ellie was in a similar set of underwear to the day before.

The extreme heat finally broke Friday night with a storm that railed lightning through the sky and pounded down rain. Saturday morning felt cool by comparison to the last couple days, though it was still as hot as it had been the week previous. And still my roommates walked around naked and mostly naked. Now that I could muster up more energy, my libido started spinning like crazy as I watched Jules empty the dishwasher, bending and stretching to pick things up and put them away, or India vacuuming the main floor of the house. I was lucky that the heat had depressed the grass growth, turning much of it brown, though I had a feeling by mid week it would be springing up like crazy again.

Sunday was another naked day. As was Monday afternoon and evening, the girls stripping down shortly after getting home from the now reopened University. Even Ellie quickly

got undressed after stepping inside the door, breaking down to her underwear and enjoying the freedom of being as naked as she felt comfortable. I wasn't sure if I would say I liked watching her more than the other two, but the desire for the unknown and the teasing amount of cleavage and ass I got from her surprising variety of sexy underwear made for an enticing show.

Things devolved further in the house when I came home from the University early, the Professor I was supposed to work with having gone on vacation. I took the bus instead of carpooling since India needed to stay and arrived home an hour earlier than usual. I opened the door to the house and walked in, kicking off my shoes and peeling my shirt over my head as I stepped further down the hallway to find Jules in the living room.

To be more precise, to find Jules laying with her legs wide open on the couch, one hand quickly working back and forth over her clit as the other pinched at one of her breasts. "Oh, shit," she said, her voice cracking a little as she worked herself over.

"Oh my god, I'm sorry," I said, stepping back.

Jules opened her eyes and stopped frigging herself for a moment, then went right back to what she was doing. "Whatever," she grunted, her soft voice making the sound beautifully sexy. "I'm naked around you all the time, no big deal. Just don't- make- me- stop..."

I was frozen in the doorway of the living room. Jules closed her eyes again and flung her head back. Her hand was moving at top speed, only slowing when she would dip her middle finger into her cunt and draw it out, wiping the juice she found over her clit. Her pussy was flowered open, her fat outer lips turned dark with arousal, and her areola had puffed up to project her nipples out as she teased and twisted them. For all of the sex going on in front of me though, it was her face that I was enraptured by.

Her eyes squeezed shut. Her eyebrows up high like she was surprised. But mostly her mouth, the way her lips curled open and she bared her teeth as she bore down closer and closer to orgasm. "Auuugh," she groaned. "Fuuuck." She grit her teeth, lips pursed open, and her whole body tensed up before shuddering and heaving. "Ah-auugh!" she cried out, and I nearly came just watching her enjoy her climax.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she sighed, her hand slowing and then leaving her pussy to rub her thigh, leaving it open for me to watch it spasm twice more as her insides tried to milk an imaginary cock. Her head rolled forward and she panted, a sloppy smirk on her face.

"Enjoy?" she asked me huskily.

"Fuck," I said, blinking.

Her hand drifted back to her pussy, running through the center. "Sorry you had to walk in on me like that," she said. "I've been so pent up this last week."

"I'm sorry I almost interrupted you."

"Honestly, you watching me got me off so much better," Jules said, slowly sitting up. Her fingers didn't leave her pussy. "It was super hot."

"I'm available whenever you want," I said.

She smirked, then brought her finger up and wrapped her lips around it, sucking it into her little mouth for a moment. "Maybe I'll take you up on that."

* * * * *

I didn't say anything about walking in on Jules, and she didn't say anything to the others. There seemed to be a cone of silence around anything sex related which, in all honesty, was starting to frustrate the hell out of me.

Someone, or rather someones, had fucked me. It had been fucking amazing, and I would have more than appreciated some sort of repeat encounter and yet nothing more came of it other than with Jules in the living room until the next Friday.

It was the morning before India and I usually headed to the gym and I'd woken up at my usual time. We both liked to shower before leaving home even though we would need to do it again after our workouts, and every morning India took hers before mine since she had a lot longer of a morning ritual than I did.

That Friday, when I walked into the bathroom, the shower was dry and hadn't been used. Assuming India had decided not to have one, I turned it on and stepped in once the temperature was right and began washing. That was when the bathroom door opened and the curtain flung back. India, naked, stood on the other side for a moment and then quickly got in.

"Hey, sorry," she said. "I'm running super late, mind if we share?"

'Yes' would have been dumb and untruthful.

"Sure," I said awkwardly instead.

"Thanks," she said, quickly picking her own body soap off the rack hanging from the shower head. She started soaping herself up and I just stood there while she did it, watching the suds build as she rubbed her body and the water sluiced it off.

"Um, sorry about... yeah," I said, quickly trying to turn away to stop from getting my erection too close to her.

She glanced over and grinned, "Oh, whatever. I've been walking around naked, we're in a shower together, of course you're gonna get hard." I started to wash myself again as well, finding it hard not to just sit and watch as India did her thing.

I was just reaching behind myself for my body wash again when India also turned, raising a leg to wash it, and bumped into my dick.

"Sorry, sorry," I said.

"No, my fault," she said, then went back to washing.

What the fuck is going oooooon, I thought.

"Mind doing my back?" India asked me, looking over her shoulder at me as she pulled her wet hair out of the way.

"Uuh," I stammered.

She laughed and shook her head with a grin, "Hah, I'm just kidding, Pete."

Then she proceeded to face me and wash her hair. Arms up, working the suds through her hair, her chest was pushed out and just begging for me to grab on to her breasts. To bury my face in them, to motorboat her and lick and bite and suck and- Suffice to say, the amount of things I wanted to do to my friend's bosom as she washed her hair were numerous.

She rinsed, and then the process started over with conditioning. Chest out, arms up. Wash, wash, let it sit for a minute, rinse. By the time she was finished I was gripping the little

handrail thing built into the shower with white knuckles with one hand and digging my nails into the palm of the other to stop from jerking off right there.

India smiled once the soap was all washed from her and looked down at my cock. "Thanks for sharing," she said, eyes coming back up to mine. "I'll let you get back to your shower now, plus whatever you need to do to tame that monster. Too bad I don't have the time to help finish what I caused."

And then she was out of the shower and had one towel wrapped around her body, another around her hair, and she was out of the bathroom.

I closed the shower curtain, grabbed my dick and jerked off. Twice. I didn't even remember to wash my own hair. It wasn't until after, at the gym while I was spotting her on the weights, that I realized what she had said at the end, and then I had a boner to contend with in the middle of a public place.

* * * * *

For all the encounters I was having with Jules and India, it felt like Ellie was a breath of fresh air. She wasn't naked, for one thing, so conversations with her were a lot easier to focus on. For another thing, her suggestion from the first evening I had met her that we could try a project together actually did have some merit.

I told her about my thesis paper and studies around South American cultures, and she filled me in on some of the more modern things that had been happening on the continent when it came to their developing countries. The connections started setting in and soon we were spending an hour or two every other day talking about what sort of paper we could write together. She also told me a bit more about her life with an ambassador for a father, and how she wanted to do something similar in the regions we were talking about.

Through all of this, I became fairly certain that it must have been Jules and India together with me that one night two weeks prior. My suspected culprits decided to go out on the town after over a month of letting the heat keep them in.

"You two look great," I assured them as they stood near the door. Jules was dressed in her little black dress again, looking like she was ready to trample over the hearts of every man at the bar, while India had her own black dress on that hugged her slightly more curvy hips and bust but also hung a little longer down her thigh.

"Are you sure you don't want to come dancing?" India asked. "It'll be fun, and we'll stick together."

"You can be my pretend boyfriend and help keep all the little boys away," Jules grinned.

I was torn, wanting to say yes, but I couldn't. "I'm sorry, I made plans with Ellie tonight earlier in the week. Next time, and I'll buy the first round."

"I'm holding you to that," India said, leaning forward and kissing me on the cheek before walking out the door.

"Plus," I added for Jules, "You don't need any help from me to do what you want, lady."

She grinned. "Yeah, you'd probably just try to be friends with every one of them." She stepped forward, her tall high heels letting her lean in and give me a surprise peck on the lips. She turned and walked out the door as well, strutting down to the car where India was waiting.

"Call if you need me," I called after them.

"Taxi's on speed dial," India called back.

I waved and shut the door, regretting not going with them. For all that India and I had been friends for two years, we had never gone out together. Every time I had asked, she'd had plans or an excuse not to go even though I knew she enjoyed going out. Now, when things could have finally matched up and maybe we could make a happy, drunken mistake, or maybe even recreate a moment between her, Jules and I that we weren't allowed to talk about, I was stuck in.

Well, not stuck. I returned to the living room where Ellie was already sitting cross-legged on the couch waiting for me. She'd put on a nightgown that was extremely sexy even if it was a simple garment and had a bowl of popcorn in her lap.

"You can go with them if you really want," she offered.

"No way," I said, grinning and sitting next to her. "I promised you movie night, we're doing movie night. Let's just hope those two don't come home in an hour already drunk off their faces and interrupting the movie."

"Ok," she smiled, popping a piece of popcorn into her mouth.

She'd picked a romantic comedy of some sort, sappy and with a predictable plot line. We turned off the lights to watch and Ellie snuggled up to me, holding onto my arm and leaning her head against my shoulder.

We were just getting to the part where the male and female leads were developing sexual tension with each other when Ellie reached up and turned my chin down to her. She looked back up at me for a moment, then kissed me. I moved my arm around her shoulders, pulling her closer, as I kissed her back. The movie was quickly forgotten as we made out, hell I let the entire world fall out of mind as I focused on her beautiful lips and cool gray eyes when we broke apart and stared at each other, catching our breaths.

She was a good kisser and I tried to think back to that night, wondering if I could figure out if she were part of it or not, but stopped caring as I leaned into her. Ellie's hands moved down to my boxers, all that I was wearing as usual, and quickly worked my cock out from the buttoned front hole. She broke away from our kiss and bent down, looking back up at me as she wrapped her lips around my cock.

"Oh, God, Penelope," I breathed out, running my hand through her hair. She smiled around my dick and started bobbing up and down. She slipped from the couch and knelt in front of me, wrapping one of her small hands around my dick and jerking it while she sucked on the head. I leaned back on the couch and watched her, meeting her eyes whenever she looked up at me. My breathing started to come faster as she pushed me towards my finish.

"I'm getting closer," I said, my hand still in her hair as she bobbed up and down. "Closer."

She pulled off my dick and jerked me quickly, pointing it at her mouth. "Come for me," she said, her accent making the dirty words sound so strangely lurid. "Peter, come in my mouth. I want it, I want to show you. Make me your little whore for tonight."

When she said that I came, my dick pulsing in her hand as she directed my ejaculation right into her mouth. My hips writhed forward with each shot but she kept my dick still, gathering my cum in her mouth so that I could see it before she swallowed it down. I almost wish she hadn't done that, and wondered what her stunningly beautiful face would look like painted with my cum.

I pulled Ellie up onto my lap and kissed her, then pushed her back onto the couch and moved her nightgown out of the way. Leaning forward, she watched as I grabbed the waistband of her panties with my teeth and pulled them down and away until her bald mound was bare before me. Where India had a puffy pussy and Jules's was rounded and open, Ellie's was wide and flat. Her labia didn't push out very much and her inner lips were small but quickly flushing a ruddy pink as I watched. Her clit was just a little nub up above. More importantly, she was already wet with arousal.

"You don't have to," Ellie said.

I looked up at her and snorted. "Try and stop me."

Her response was to gasp as I moved my mouth to her and licked her from bottom to top with a broad tongue, and then began playing along the edges. I used the tip of my tongue like a teaser, running lightly over areas of her pussy and seeming to move on before following it up with a thicker lick or sucking with my lips. I used my hands to push her legs back and open her up further so that I could slide my tongue into her properly, tasting the tangy juices she was leaking as my nose pressed just above her clit.

Ellie was breathing heavily and both of her hands wove into my hair as I worked on her. Whenever I looked up she was looking back down at me, her eyebrows up and knotted together as her lips shuddered, slightly parted. I let my hands wander from her legs to run up under her nightgown, passed her stomach to her tits where I palmed them over the bra she was wearing. Ellie leaned up and reached behind her, unsnapping it and pulling it off awkwardly, and freeing me to tease her bare breasts. I still hadn't seen them, but my fingers immediately started getting to know her nipples while I pushed my tongue deeper into her.

While I was playing, I pinched one nipple harder to test her limits and felt Ellie shudder underneath me. I did it again and was rewarded with a whimper of lust. Both of them at the same time and Ellie shuddered harder, a little wash of girl cum spreading over my tongue. I'd made her come, even if it had just been a little one.

I crawled up her body between her legs and Ellie cupped my face with both hands, bringing me down into a kiss. Then I stood and picked her up in my arms. "What are you doing?" she laughed.

"Bringing you somewhere I hope is more comfortable," I said, and headed for the basement.

The first time we fucked, it was missionary as I leaned over her on my bed and she clung to me, arms around my neck and legs around my waist. We stared into each other's eyes as I thrust into her slowly, then dipped my head to bite one of her nipples which had recently been freed when I stripped her of the nightgown. That first love bite was when things got a little wild.

Next she wanted me to take her from behind, and as I pulled her back onto me by her waist she pushed with me, each thrust turning into a slap of flesh. I spanked her and she cried out for more, so I spanked her again and again until each ass cheek was pink. Then she had

me sit on the edge of the bed and she backed up onto me, using her hips to pop her ass up and down while I leaned back watching her cheeks bounce deliciously, spreading to reveal her puckered little back door and my cock sliding in and out between her stretched lips. She pushed me to my limit and I grabbed her waist, twisting us back onto the bed so she was laid out and I fucked down into her from behind forcefully.

"I'm going to come," I grunted between thrusts.

"Where?" she asked me, and I knew she would let me do it anywhere.

I pulled out and slapped her ass one more time before jerking myself off all over the pink handprint I had left. She laughed deep in her throat as I did it, loving the rough treatment.

Collapsing next to her, I put an arm over her back and we stared into each other's eyes in silence for a while just breathing. Then we fucked again and she curled up in a toe-clenching orgasm before I finished all over her face in a massacre of her beauty. It was stunning and despicably dirty and even though I loved it, I also carefully wiped it away almost immediately because I couldn't think of leaving her like that.

We lay together again for a while, cuddling, before Ellie got up and grabbed her nightgown. "I need to clean up my clothes from upstairs before one of the girls finds them," she said. She bent down from next to the bed and kissed me sweetly before leaving, looking back at me from the stairs and smiling as I continued to lay in the afterglow of three great orgasms.

She blew me a kiss then hurried up the stairs.

* * * * *

India and Jules didn't find out about my night with Ellie, and now that we had consummated whatever our relationship was it made things both easier and more difficult. Both of the other roommates were still walking around naked and I still absolutely wanted to be with both of them a well. Neither of them were shy around me, openly bending over and sitting with legs spread a little so that I had a clear view. It was torture, and knowing that I could approach Ellie for some relief seemed to make it worse instead of better.

Ellie and I fucked again, and again. In the bathroom at the sink, in her room, back down in the basement. We even fucked on the washing machine in the laundry room while it was running, which was apparently one of her favourite and private spots to get off. The problem wasn't the fact that we were having sex, it was the fact that I didn't know what it meant.

And I *still* didn't know if she was part of the threeway.

It was one of those times I had passed by Ellie in one of the short halls of the house after watching India bent over reorganizing the shelf of DVDs in the living room. She saw the look in my eye and immediately turned around, walking back into her room, and I followed her.

When the other two were home I did my best to give her what she wanted, but since we were trying to stay quiet it was difficult to find ways to fuck her roughly without causing sound. She had taken to holding onto a pillow with one hand that she could shout into if she was going to have an outburst and I'd found using a finger to flick her skin, just about anywhere really, to cause a sting was a quieter alternative to a spanking.

We were on her bed and she was riding me when she stopped me from flicking the skin just beside her nipple and slowed down her motion.

"Pete," she said quietly.

"Yeah?"

"If you could, would you fuck India and Jules as well?"

It had to be a trick question, and of course she would ask it while I was inside of her. There were a thousand and one ways for me to answer her incorrectly. I could lie and say no, or I could make up excuses, or try and weasel my way out of the question without answering.

The truth was, I wouldn't just fuck them. I would make love to them. I would worship their bodies and heap sex upon them like waves from the ocean onto a beach. "Yes, I would," I said. "But you're more than enough for me if that's what you want."

"I see," she said, and then started fucking me again, leaning down and hugging herself to me as she used her hips. I kissed the side of her face and wrapped my arms around her back, holding her to me tightly, and I felt her kiss my ear. "Fuck me," she whispered. "Fuck me. Pretend I'm India and fuck me like it's the first time you got to see my amazing tits."

Confusion quickly gave way to hunger for the roleplay as Ellie kept whispering into my ear. "We go to the gym all the time and I make sure you're watching me. I love the way you try not to look but can't help it. You watch my ass as I stretch, and I press my chest into you every chance I get."

I fucked back at Ellie, using my own hips to make her bounces harder. She let go of me and reached up, bracing herself on the headboard of the bed. "Suck on my tits," she ordered me. "Play with my huge fucking tits while you make them bounce around by fucking me with the cock I've been wanting for so long. Fuck, Peter, I made you wait so long and now I wished I hadn't. You should have fucked me right in the middle of the gym that first day we met."

She was fucking down on me hard, her entire core working as I watched her from below, her strong stomach muscles rippling with effort. I pawed roughly at her breasts and felt myself closing in on an orgasm when there was a knock at the bedroom door.

I froze. Ellie froze.

"Ellie?" India called from the other side.

"Yes?" she called back, doing her best to sound normal and not at all like she was currently stuffed with my cock.

"You ok in there? I thought I heard something."

"I'm alright," Ellie replied.

"Ok, just checking." Footsteps carried India away.

"Maybe we should just sixty-nine to finish," I suggested, and Ellie looked down at me with wide eyes still panicked from nearly getting caught. She giggled nervously in silence and nodded, slowly disengaging from my dick and turning around on the bed to present me her freshly fucked pussy for the loving treatment it deserved.

* * * * *

It had been a month and a half since I moved in and I could hardly recognize my life any more. There were two bombshell beauties walking around the house totally naked, my third blonde roommate also happened to be my fuckbuddy, and to top it off she had also brought a whole new dynamic to my thesis paper. Life was good.

Life was so good that when I came home from the University early and found Jules once again getting herself off on the living room couch, it didn't phase me. Well, it phased one specific part of me as my dick started to get hard, but I maintained my cool unlike the last time.

I leaned against the doorway and watched Jules as she used her dexterous fingers on herself. Her eyes were shut and her tongue was just peeking out from between her pressed together lips. She was using both hands on her pussy, one leg braced on the floor and the other one planted up on the couch to spread herself wide. This left her breasts free to wiggle, pressed outwards by her arms squeezing them from both sides, nipples ruddy and erect waving in the air.

I cleared my throat and her eyes shot open but she didn't stop her diddling. "Again?" I asked.

"Shut up," she groaned out, her voice breathy and luxuriously desperate for relief.

"Why do you do it out here?"

"Maybe getting caught by you turns me on," she said.

I slowly stripped off my shirt and let my pants slide to the floor after unbuckling my belt, kicking them off. Her eyes remained trained on me as she pumped a finger into her pussy and the other one slid fingers up and down her labia. Finally clad in my usual around-the-house garb of just my boxers, I crossed my arms and leaned against the doorway again. Her eyes trailed down my body and fastened on the bulge in my boxers.

"Let me see it," she said.

"Pardon?" I asked.

"Let me see your cock, I want to see it. I've been here for like half an hour and I can't get off."

This, despite everything else, made me hesitate. One thing I hadn't done was show off to the girls like they had in front of me. It really wasn't fair, thinking about it, but unlike Jules and India I hadn't gotten used to my own nudity.

"Peter, please," Jules begged. She slid over onto her side, raising one leg and hooking it on the top of the couch. The hand that wasn't pumping a finger into her hole raised up and clawed at one of her breasts, squeezing it. "I haven't had sex in over a month. Just let me see it so I can get off."

"Jules-" I said, unsure what I was about to say, but I never found out. Ellie walked in through the front door, also home early and kicked off her shoes. She grinned, seeing me also home.

"What a pleasant surprise," she said with a smile, quickly walking down the hallway to me and reaching out to caress my bare shoulder, but as she rounded me she caught sight of Jules through the doorway. "Oh. What's going on here?"

"Ellie," Jules whined, still working at herself despite now two people having walked in on her. "Ellie, please. I can't get off, and Peter won't whip out his dick for me."

Ellie looked at me and I just widened my eyes. What was I supposed to say? I was more concerned with what *she* was thinking. We already had our thing going, and it was good. I would be an idiot to do anything to jeopardize that. But Jules...

"You should do it," Ellie said softly.

"I should?"

"Fuck yes you should," Jules said, gritting her teeth.

"You should," Ellie said, then raised her voice. "Look at the poor girl, she's desperate. She needs relief. I know that you know what that feels like, Peter."

"A-Alright," I said, stuttering over the word as I pulled at the waistband of my boxers, sliding them down over my hard on and letting them drop to the floor. My dick sprang up when released, bobbing straight out in front of me.

"Fuuuuuck," Jules moaned.

Ellie moved me with her hands on my shoulders, walking me into the room so that I was standing beside the couch and Jules got an eyeful of my hard cock hanging within arms reach.

"Fuck," she groaned again. "Fuck, it looks so good. Hard and full and hnnng." She jerked into motion, rolling over onto her stomach and thrusting her ass into the air like a dog in heat, one hand bracing against the armrest of the couch and the other underneath her, burying two fingers into the wet snatch. "Ugh, fuck, it would be so good. You pounding me from behind. Oh fuck, I love it like this. You can take control, fuck me as hard or sloooooooooow-"

She came like a freight train, her whole body tensing up and I had a front row view to see every detail of it. Her toes curled up, her thighs and ass flexed, her back arched and she bit the pleather of the couch between her perfect little teeth. Her hair was wild, a spray of golden locks, and I watched as her fingers pressed as deep as she could get them into her pussy, which shuddered as waves of her orgasm rolled through her. She was deadly quiet for about fifteen seconds then let out a wordless burst of pent up air and sound as her body released the tension and relaxed all at once. "Auuuggghh!"

Ellie was standing next to me and had watched the whole thing as well and I felt her shift her weight, looking her naked and exhausted friend up and down.

"Fuck," Jules sighed, rolling onto her side and curling up into a ball, blinking sleepily at me. "I needed that."

"Did you really?" Ellie asked, her proper tone sounding like a school madam from some Dickensian story. "Look at what you've done to the poor boy now, Jules. You used him for your own relief and now he needs some of his own."

She lowered herself to her knees and reached out, taking hold of my rock hard dick and turning me so that she could learn forward and quickly take me into her mouth. I groaned and almost fell over before I spread my legs a little wider to catch my balance. Ellie looked up at me with my dick in her mouth, gray eyes shining with playfulness as she bobbed forward and back, her tongue running along the underside of my shaft as her pretty lips suctioned along my length.

"Ellie," I gasped, one of my hands going to her head and brushing her jaw.

Jules sat up and took my other hand, using it to pull herself closer and then off the couch. "Oh my god," she said, her eyes watching Ellie as she inhaled my cock. "Ellie. I can't believe it."

Ellie pulled off of me and raised an eyebrow. "What, did you think I had never given a blow job before?"

"No," Jules said. "I just didn't think-"

"What?" Ellie asked, then leaned forward and took my cock back into her mouth as she stared at her friend.

"Nothing," Jules said, and then let out a single laugh. She grinned and got down on the floor behind Ellie, looking up at me as she rested her chin on her friend's shoulder. Now I had Ellie's gray eyes and Jules' blue ones looking up at me.

"Holy fuck," I said. "You two- wow."

Jules grinned and leaned back, starting to undo the button holding Ellie's sundress closed at the back of her neck. "I don't think she'll need this any more, will she Peter?"

"Nuh," I said, shaking my head.

Jules pulled the top away from Ellie's back and chest, and Ellie let her pull it down her arms and away, leaving it to pool around her knees on the floor. Then she let Jules do the same with her bra and it fell at my feet. Jules leaned forward again, pressing her breasts into Ellie's back as she leaned over her again and rested her chin on Ellie's shoulder.

"Share?" she asked.

"Mmmm," Ellie hummed, bobbing her head low on my dick before pulling off with a pop of her lips. "Only because you caused this to begin with," she said with a smirk, shuffling over a bit so that they were shoulder to shoulder in front of me.

"Fair," Jules grinned, reaching out and wrapping her fingers around my base where Ellie was also holding me. She leaned forward and stuck out her little pink tongue, slowly licking the lower ridges of my head before trailing it up over the top. I shuddered and Jules' eyes raised to mine before she took the tip into her mouth in a soft kiss, then again with a little more.

And then they shared me back and forth and I couldn't think straight any more. One beautiful mouth and the other traded off, both of them so different but equally warm and inviting. Ellie used her lips more while Jules liked to use her tongue to tease and explore, and both of them worked me over from root to tip. Fingers played with my sac, teasing my balls. Kisses rained down on my hips and thighs. Every part of my dick was licked and suckled.

Jules released my cock at one point and reached over to Ellie, pulling at her chin and turning her so that Jules could lean in and kiss her. Ellie's eyes widened in surprise and Jules used the hand that she didn't have stroking me to reach up and grab one of the other girl's breasts. Ellie moaned softly and I saw a flare in Jules' hooded eyes. The kiss broke, their lips parting softly, and I managed to exhale the breath I had been holding.

"Hm," Jules hummed thoughtfully, then turned Ellie's face back to my dick and pushed her towards it, feeding me to her.

Ellie finally pulled away from me and turned back to Jules. "You should ride him," she said. "I want to see you two fuck."

"Yesss," Jules hissed out, looking up at me.

"Because I'm going to say no to that," I said sarcastically, quickly stepping back and sitting down on the couch.

Jules got up and quickly straddled me, her breasts pressing into my face as she got into position. I reached up and cupped each one underneath, lifting them up so that both nipples

were pointing to me and I sucked on each one firmly. All this time I had been right, they were perfect. Her smooth pale areola sucked between my lips as I played with them and Jules froze as I sucked harder and harder, switching between the two. When I was done both of them were puffed out, her nipples needy little capstones above the flushed mounds. "Ungh, I love the way you're doing that," Jules groaned, one hand on my shoulder and the other pulling me by my hair back to her chest.

Another hand reached under us and Ellie positioned my cock upwards. While I busied myself with Jules' breasts, she lowered down and slowly took me into her. She was tight, exceedingly so despite the fact that she had already finger fucked herself to an orgasm, but as she settled down onto me and flexed her hips a few times she stretched out to accommodate me and I realized I'd felt a similar thing all those weeks ago.

Finally, *finally* I knew who one of the girls from my threesome was. I pulled away from her breasts and looked up to her face as she looked down to me. She saw it in my eyes that I knew, and she flashed me a demure little smile. Her hair fell down around us as she leaned forward and kissed me, her chest pressed to mine. I grabbed her ass and thrust up into her and she gasped against my lips, and I set my feet on the floor and used my hips to start fucking up into her. Jules threw her head back and moaned at the ceiling, breasts bouncing delectably in front of me as I rocked her body up and down on my cock. She brought her arms up, stretching her body as she arched her back and stretched her hand back behind her head. Her chest pushed out even further towards me and I let my hands slide up from her ass to her sides, pulling her down onto my thrusts from my grip under her arms, her soft skin hot under my hands.

I looked over and Ellie was standing with one knee leaning on the couch beside us. She had discarded her dress along with her panties and was watching us raptly as one hand teased at her own pussy. I reached out and grabbed her leg, pulling her closer, then ran it up her side. She leaned in and I pulled her further and kissed her while I fucked Jules. Ellie's hand leaned on my shoulder, entwining with Jules' there, and I let my hand drop down and reach between her legs. If there was one thing I had learned about during the threesome in the dark, it was how to share the love as best I could and I wasn't about to let something as wonderful as sight distract me. No matter how mouth watering Jules' tits thrusting up and down were.

Ellie gasped herself as I inserted first one, then two fingers into her. Jules' leaned over and bent her own head to Ellie's chest, sucking at and biting one of her nipples, and Ellie shuddered. She took Jules' head and raised her up, kissing her, and I slowed my thrusting so that they wouldn't knock noses or teeth.

The kiss ended and Jules turned back to me, squeezing her eyes shut as she pushed both of her hands against my chest, her breasts pressed between them as a small orgasm rippled through her.

For all that her riding me was a wonderful sight, I knew she and I had done this before and the words she had groaned out while she masturbated had been churning through my head. Once she had recovered I took a firm hold of Jules's waist and leaned her back. Her eyes went wide as she felt like she was losing her balance, but I moved carefully until her shoulders and the back of her head were pressed softly against the floor, the rest of her body balanced against the couch and pointing up.

Pile driver position. I'd never tried it before but I'd always thought it was sort of a neat 'trick' position in porn, but the reason I wanted to do it now was to give Jules' something new. She'd said she wanted me to be in control, and this way she couldn't fuck back at me. Her pussy was mine to play with and fuck down into as I wanted even if it was an awkward direction.

"Holy fucking fuck," Jules said as I thrust downwards into her, her legs dangling askew, and I sucked on my thumb for a moment before pressing it to her clit while I slowly thrust in and out. "Oh, oh fuck," she said. "Keep going, please."

I looked over to Ellie, who was watching with interest. "Go play with her tits," I told her, and after a moment she grinned and got off the couch, kneeling down with her ass in the air pointed away from us, kissing Jules again before leaning forward and sucking on one of her nipples. Jules's breasts were hanging heavily in the upsidedown direction, each of my thrusts bouncing them deliciously, and as my thumb continued to glance across her clit Jules moaned from below Ellie.

Reaching down, I brushed Ellie's bare back with my fingers and she looked up to me. I motioned her closer and she stood, leaving Jules' breasts, and I kissed her before leaning to whisper in her ear.

"Sit on her face," I said.

Ellie pulled back and looked at me, uncertain. I leaned forward and kissed her again, then nodded in encouragement. She glanced down at Jules and seemed to consider for a moment before getting back on her knees and straddling Jules's head.

"What?" Jules said, her vision blocked by Ellie's pussy and ass. Then Ellie shifted lower and Jules didn't say anything else. And then Ellie groaned and leaned back, bracing herself with both arms on the floor behind her. Her body was on display as she breathed deeply, her chest flushed, rising and falling, her stomach stretched and muscles moving as her diaphragm sucked in air. And lower to her mound rotated with her hips, below which I could see Jules's chin and the occasional flick of her tongue playing around Ellie's cunt.

And that was how India found us, walking slowly around the corner from the hall into the living room. "What the *fuck*," she said, jaw agape. She wasn't naked, instead still dressed from coming home from the University and being drawn to the sounds we'd been making. Her long brown skirt, her tight top that showed off her midriff. The eclectic necklaces of wooden beads falling into her cleavage. I wanted her. I was balls deep in Jules, Ellie was next up at bat, and the only thing I wanted was for India to join us on the floor and let me fuck her until she screamed like a howler monkey.

Ellie had a slightly different reaction, quickly moving away from Jules's head, and I pulled out of Jules so that she could flip back to the right way up. "Um," I said.

"No, no 'um,'" India said, crossing her arms over her chest. "What the fuck, for real."

"India," Ellie said, sounding guilty.

"Come on. I mean, come on!" India said.

"India," Jules said.

"No. At least tell me he was the one to start it," India demanded.

The two girls looked to each other, both biting their lips and quickly looking away. "Not really," Jules said.

"Are you fucking kidding me? We agreed!"

"Whoa," I said, speaking up. I stood, ignoring the fact that my dick was currently rock hard and coated in Jules' juices. "Hey, no way. I want to know what that means right now."

India looked to me like it was the first time she saw me in the room. Her eyes traced down my body, taking in my nakedness, and I gritted my teeth to stop from trying to cover up. "It's not- It's not anything you were supposed to know about," she said.

"No?" I asked. "Well it's clearly about me, and it's out now."

"I- I was using you for a study. When things fell into place for you to live here, I realized it was a perfect chance to study the 'Friend Zone' since you'd pretty much locked yourself up in it with me since I met you." India sighed and ran a hand through her hair. "You're such a fucking good guy, I figured I could prove that no matter how much teasing we put you through you wouldn't ever push any of us for sex."

Every encounter since I had moved in started running through my mind. The flashes, the teasing touches, the progressive nudity. The spectacles the girls seemed to make of themselves. "What?" I said, my mind trying to comprehend the issues, the conspiracy.

"It would've ended at the end of the summer, or once you tried to get one of us to have sex with you. And if it had been me I *would* have fucked you too, I've been waiting for you to be upfront with me for two fucking years."

"What?" I asked again.

"You're too nice for your own good," Jules said from where she was sitting on the floor. "Fuck, Peter. I practically threw myself at you and all you did was watch me. You were like a scared little rabbit and you bolted. It would have been sad if you weren't always such a good person."

"I figured I could pass off the thing in the basement as another tease," India said. "It was totally anonymous so you had no idea who it was."

"So it was you," Jules said.

"Wait, what's this?" Ellie asked.

"I- Two of us might have had the same idea on the same night to sneak down into the basement and fuck Peter in the dark," India said. "And so we sort of... both did. Together. I wasn't even sure if it was you or Jules."

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" Ellie asked, turning to me.

"I figured one of them had to be you when we started fucking," I said. "And since you didn't say anything, and the three of us promised in the dark never to talk about it, I thought that was it."

An awkward silence fell over the room.

"How long have you two been fucking?" India asked Ellie and I.

We glanced at each other.

"A couple of weeks," she answered.

India closed her eyes and bowed her head, thinking. "And I'm guessing Peter didn't start it?"

"Not really," Ellie admitted. "I kissed him first, and I went down on him but didn't think it would go any further. It got the ball rolling though, and he reciprocated, then we fucked."

"Of course he reciprocated," Jules chuckled, "He's too nice not to. Is his tongue as good as his hands and cock?"

"I'm not ok with this," I interrupted, and all three girls looked at me. "No, I'm really not ok with this. You three were running a study on me without me knowing? Teasing me, torturing me for over a month? That's not ok!"

"Peter," India said sternly. "Fuck you, one month of teasing. I've been trying to get you to man up and fuck me for two fucking years."

"I've asked you out half a dozen times and you always said no," I shot back.

"No, you asked if I wanted to come out with your friends. Or go see a movie *with friends*, or drive down to the beach *with friends*. You never manned up and asked me out on an honest-to-god date once, and I don't like playing games with the guys I like so I said no."

I wanted to protest, but there wasn't a single example I could think of that wasn't exactly what she was saying. "Well... fuck," I said.

"Yeah. Fuck."

"That still doesn't make this right," I said.

"Well, I was trying to see if you would man up and get the courage to fuck me. And I'd let you. Over and over. So what's the matter with a few months of teasing?" India said.

"Technically it was up to Jules and I whether we had sex with you or not if you asked," Ellie admitted. "We agreed to help tease you as much as we were comfortable. We just agreed not to, well, start the sex."

"So what now?" I asked. I didn't know what to think, the conflicting emotions burning through my head and chest.

"Now I need to go grade some papers for that fucking stupid summer course I'm teaching," India said. "So you finish fucking these two, then I want round three."

She turned and left.

I stared at the empty doorway to the hall and the gears in my head tried to figure out how they could shake back into place. Something clicked when Ellie stood up and turned to me, pushing me back on the couch.

"Looks like I need to make our turn count then," she said, straddling my waist and reaching down to grab my cock, stroking it back to hardness. As she eased down onto it Jules appeared at my side, leaning into the kiss me, taking my hand and drawing it down to her pussy. It was hard to stay angry with both of them lavishing me with attention.

I fucked the two of them for an hour, taking about ten minutes after my first orgasm inside Ellie to rehydrate and rest. Jules got the second one all over her tits and I watched as Ellie licked them clean. Apparently Ellie, despite her hesitation, had more experience with girls than Jules did due to her time at an all-girls finishing school in her late teens. Once she got into it, she had Jules dancing like a puppet.

We sat in the living room, cuddling and caressing each other, until I felt my dick getting hard again.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you," Ellie said, craning her neck up to kiss me from where she was resting against my chest.

"I forgive you," I said.

"I'm sorry I didn't just fuck you that first night we met," Jules sighed happily. "A month and a half wasted when I could have been getting your cock on the regular. God I've never known a nice guy who can fuck like you."

Ellie laughed and I grinned. "Good to know I'm special then. And you're also forgiven."

"Good. I'd hate to think of you holding out on me for revenge," Jules said.

I stood up and they both looked at me, Ellie from the floor where we had been lying and Jules from the couch above her.

"Where are you going?" Ellie asked.

"Round three," I said, gesturing down to my quickly hardening dick. "I think it's time I fuck an apology out of India as well."

"Go get 'er, tiger," Jules called after me, and both girls laughed.

I stalked down the hall to India's bedroom. The door was shut and I took a few deep breaths, reaching down internally and pulling out the frustration and anger that had been building. My breath became harsher, thinking about how much she had been teasing me, showing off her body to me. Not just the past summer, but for two years of our friendship. Every teasing look, every playful smile. The frustration wasn't just her though, it was directed at myself as well.

If only I had got up the courage to just ask her out.

I opened the door to her bedroom and India was working on her laptop, leaning forward as she scanned the student's paper on the screen. She hadn't undressed and was working mostly in the dark, the blinds closed and just a dull yellow lamp lit in one corner of the room. She looked up as I entered and shut the door. I crossed the room and pulled her up by her shoulders, then grabbed the bottom hem of her shirt and she raised her arms, letting me pull it up and over her head. I fumbled for a moment at the clasp of her bra and it snapped out, letting me pull it off of her as well.

Picking her up by the waist, I buried my face in the swathe of India's breasts as I carried her over to the bed, throwing her down on it. She looked up at me with a grin and a fierce look in her eyes. I bent down over her and used both hands on her breasts. Jules's tits projected outwards more, where India's were broad and full, falling slightly to either side as she lay on her back. I took one of her nipples in my mouth and sucked it, then turned to the other breast but didn't aim for the nipple. Instead I locked my lips around a delicious bit of skin on the inner curve of her cleavage and sucked hard, biting softly and planting a hickey.

"Ungh," she groaned, and I pulled away to kneel above her. "Did you just mark me?" she asked.

"I did," I replied, taking hold of her skirt and panties at the waist and pulling them both off of her at once. She spread her legs so that I was kneeling between them. "And I'm going to do it again, so that anyone who sees you is going to know someone fucked you so good that you didn't even care he claimed you."

"Do it," she said.

I bent back down and kissed her stomach before planting another hickey just below and to the side of her belly button where her skirts usually still revealed her smooth skin. I turned and took her leg, doing it again on her inner thigh. "Fuck," she groaned, nose and lips wincing at the pinch but eyes riveted to me, daring me to do it again.

Instead I bent down and buried my mouth into her pussy. I ate her roughly, letting my nose grind onto her mound as my lips and tongue worked unceasingly. She grabbed her breasts and I reached up, pulling her hands away and forcing them to claw into the sheets of her bed.

"God," she gasped, "Fuck. Fuck me."

I could feel her getting close to her orgasm, the juices starting to run thicker out of her and into my mouth. Her hands, which I kept pinned to the bed, turned and tried to claw at mine. I counted down to her orgasm from ten and at three I pulled away, leaving her dangling and not quite there to push herself over the edge.

Scrambling, I got into position and placed the head of my cock at her entrance, brushing just slightly against her. "Tell me what you want," I said.

"Fuck me," she said, tears in her eyes from her impending but abandoned orgasm.

"Beg for it. Tell me how you want it."

"Please, Peter, fuck me. I want you to fuck me senseless. I've wanted your cock for years. I dreamed of you following me into the showers at the gym and taking me against the wall. I got off at my desk at the school imagining you dropping by and bending me over it. Please, I want-"

She stopped talking when I thrust into her fully. This was the tight cunt I remembered from the threesome in the dark. Not as tight as Jules when I first entered her, but it stayed consistent. I fucked India in silence except for the squelching of our juices and the soft slap of our skin. Her eyes hooded nearly closed, looking at me through the slits between her lids, and her mouth hung open and slack as her body seemed to roll like a belly dancer and I realized she was coming. I bent my head down and sucked at her neck, marking her again just under the crook of her jaw. A groan squeezed out of her, almost more of a squeak, and she pressed her chest and stomach up against my own as her orgasm crescendoed. When she finally exhaled I pulled out, turning her over on the bed and laying on top of her, fucking down into her slowly from behind as she spread her legs to give me access.

"I don't know if I can trust you any more," I whispered, my face buried in the sheets over her shoulder.

"I'm sorry," she gasped softly, face turning towards mine. "I'm sorry."

I turned my own and kissed her, slowly fucking her with my hips as we lay there with my weight pressing her into the bed.

"This wasn't just about sex, or some stupid study," she said once the kiss ended. "I wanted you, but I wanted you to show me you wanted me. I wanted you to stand up for yourself. To take charge."

I thrust harder into her and used my arms to pin hers to the bed above her head. "Like this?" I asked.

"Exactly," she said. "Ellie is going to want you for your sweetness and caring," India continued, breathing out her words as she closed her eyes and focused on the feeling of my cock inside her. "Jules might just want your cock as a sex toy, but there might be something else there too. She really has had bad luck with guys in the past."

It was almost funny how opposite her idea of Ellie was to mine now that I knew what Ellie liked in bed. "What about what I want?" I asked, my lips brushing her ear as I whispered to her.

"You get whatever you want. Whatever you need," she said. "Whatever you're willing to give. All you have to do is tell me. Or us."

I kept fucking her until I came, a slow and easy orgasm inside of her. She rolled us so that I was spooning her from behind, my cock slowly shrinking until it fell out of her.

At some point I must have fallen asleep because I woke up with a sheet over me. I opened my eyes and India was back at her desk, still naked, focused on the screen again. The clock beside her bed said it had been forty-five minutes since I could remember glancing at it before. I rolled and tossed the sheet, standing to my feet and moving over to India. I tilted her head up and kissed her, and she returned it. Her hand left the mouse of her computer and found my cock, stroking it softly as it slowly responded to her.

She bent sideways in the chair and took me in her mouth, slowly sucking me in, and I found I remembered her technique. Loving, giving. Unrushed, and unworried. I got hard as she bathed me with her mouth, no doubt tasting our mixed remnants since I hadn't exactly had a chance to clean myself off.

Eventually she pulled away, smiling softly up at me. "Pete, I'm sorry but I really do need to grade these papers, I'm supposed to have them done for tomorrow."

"Really?"

"Yes," she laughed. "Go find one of the other sex fiends in the house. I'm sure one of them would be happy to fool around."

"Alright, if you say so," I said. She leaned forward and kissed me dick, then up asking for a kiss from my lips. I gave it to her then she pushed me towards the door and slapped my ass on the way past.

I left India's room, closing the door behind me, and wandered down the hallway. Ellie was in the kitchen, naked except for an apron as she worked on something at the counter. Slipping behind her, I nuzzled her neck and kissed her shoulder, slipping my hands around her sides and under the apron, one finding her small, handful-sized breasts and the other her pussy.

She gasped with surprise, and in silence I lowered my hips and pressed forward, my cock sliding up the cleft between her legs until it found her pussy, my fingers reaching between her legs from the front to position me before I slowly thrust up into her.

"Peter," she gasped, "Oh, fuck, Peter."

She dropped what she had been holding and braced herself against the counter, pushing back at me with her ass and hips while I held her to me. I thrust with my own hips and could feel her starting to slip into the rhythm, when she gasped and stopped pressing back at me.

"Peter, I can't right now," she said. "I'm making dinner. I'd love to, but after. Tonight."

I stepped back, surprised and a little hurt. "Alright," I said, and she must have heard a downcast note in my voice because she turned and pressed herself to me, kissing me softly.

"Tonight," she repeated. "If you need someone now, I think Jules is reading outside."

I went to the back door and looked out, finding Jules sitting on one of the lawn chairs in nothing but a loose tank top. Heading back to the living room I found the boxers I had discarded there and slipped them on before going outside despite the fact that they did little to hide my erection.

"Jules," I said, drawing her attention away from her book. She looked over to me and immediately noticed my erection. She grinned and motioned me over. When I stepped closer and she put the book down I noticed her shirt was askew, one of her nipples poking out through the deep neck hole.

"Hey, babe," she said, reaching out and rubbing my leg. "How'd it go with India?"

"It went alright," I said. "Still some things I'll probably need to work out myself, but we're ok."

"Good," Jules said. "So why'd she leave you like that?"

"She needs to get her work done, and Ellie's cooking dinner."

Jules' smile turned into a smirk, "Well, it sounds like I need to save the day." She reached up and pulled my cock out of the front of the boxers and I stepped closer. Jules quickly took me into her mouth, her sweet little tongue working as she looked up at me with her soft blue eyes. One of my hands slipped to cup her face then slid back into the hair she had tied back in that messy, sexy bun she always wore.

"God, Jules," I moaned.

She pulled off of me for a moment. "You fucked Ellie," she said, then went back to sucking me.

"I did for a couple seconds," I admitted.

Jules slowly took more and more of me into her mouth, reaching about the two thirds point before pulling back. "Am I tasting India on you as well?" she asked.

"Maybe," I said.

"Hmmm," she hummed thoughtfully. "I thought I recognized that taste."

She went back to sucking me and one of her hands snaked down and started rubbing at her bare pussy, revealed when she moved aside her shirt. When I was close she released my dick and I stroked myself to the finish, coming all over Jules's face while I held her softly by her hair with the other hand.

As I stepped back, breathing heavily, and sat down on the chair next to her she laughed and licked her lips, catching some of the cum there. "Wow," I said, and she flashed me a grin, using a finger to scoop a glob from her cheek.

"Peter, you can give me a facial whenever you want," she said. "Fuck, I don't think you'll ever go longer than fifteen minutes without getting one of us to take care of you, you're never going to go without satisfaction again as long as you can keep up with all three of us."

I sat back on the chair and looked up at the pale blue sky, the sun hanging over the western horizon. "That sounds like a pretty good plan," I said.

Jules grinned and reached over, taking my hand in hers, and joined me in looking up. "Now we just need to figure out what to do about Trish, she's expecting to move back in for the Fall semester."

I looked over to her and she laughed at the panic on my face. "Don't worry, babe," Jules said. "Worst comes to worst, you can sleep in my bed every night. All it'll cost you is a good fuck."

"Deal," I said, and turned back to look at the hazy summer sky.