

Font of Fertility: Chapter 8

By BreaktheBar

=====
All Characters are 18 years or older.

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

Jeremiah begins to tackle the larger issues of being a Sex Shaman, including his various relationships with lovers and friends, the source of his magic, and what the future might hold.

=====

***** 1 - Magic and Money Thoughts *****

Don't get me wrong, I definitely appreciated my situation. For the past few mornings, I'd been waking up feeling hollow and alone, missing the presence of my girlfriend or... girlfriends? We definitely needed to figure out what we were calling each other. Anyways, I'd been missing having a body to wake up next to.

No, see, now I was overthinking things cause that sounded like I was sleeping with dead bodies.

It turns out my early morning, trapped-under-a-pile-of-naked-limbs thoughts were even weirder than morning shower thoughts. *And I did it again.*

I *appreciated* my current situation. Lindsey was on my left, her chin tucked up on my shoulder and her soft breath lightly tickling my neck as her hand rested on my chest and her naked boob pressed into my side. She'd gotten one leg over mine in her sleep, and my arm was trapped underneath her wonderfully naked and warm body. Stacey, equally naked, was on my right and had dreamily wrapped her arms around my other arm, clutching it to her chest as she snuggled close. Her leg was bent up high as she curled into me, and her lean and muscled calf was currently laying along the inside of my upper thigh.

How often, really, do you have someone touching your upper thigh? It's a sensitive spot, particular for your own hot, naked girl to be pressed against.

The biggest surprise of the whole thing was that Lauren was spooned up behind Stacey instead of Lindsey. She was, as far as I could tell, also naked, her tits pressed into Stacey's back as her arm hugged around my Stacey's waist so that she could hold my hand. Our fingers were entwined, hands sitting between my hip and Stacey's mound.

I'll say it one last time, I couldn't appreciate this situation any more than I was. It was, without a doubt, a sort of miracle that just shouldn't have been.

But it was, and I needed to pee.

I'd held it as long as I could, but none of them seemed like they were waking up. Lauren was softly smacking her lips every once in a while, which I'd learned she did when she was deep in her sleep - considering we'd only been dating a little over a week at this point, that was a weird thing to know by itself. Lindsey was equally out, and Stacey could sleep like the dead after she had physically exerted herself to the fullest, and based on last night she'd probably gotten across that line easily.

Damn, that was one hell of a fuck, I sighed to myself. A three-girl, one guy foursome was obviously the stuff of a high school teen's fantasies, but my three lovers - that sounded weird even in my own head - had made it their mission to fulfil those fantasies. A final Christmas present to me.

I leaned my head and looked over Lindsey at the clock, but it was still thankfully dim. The whole situation had been possible because of the power out that had sent Lauren and Lindsey's parents to their friend's house. It was still dark out through the window of Lauren's bedroom, and we were all currently crammed in on her twin-sized bed, but at least it wasn't mid-morning and we were going to have her and Lindsey's parents walking in on us.

Oh, hey Mr and Mrs Baxely. I know we just told you last night that Lauren and I are dating now, but also all of us are sleeping together. That's cool, right?

Yeah, that would go over great. Maybe we should have thought this whole thing through better, but we'd really just fucked each other into oblivion. The last thing I could remember was Lindsey licking my last, almost load from between Stacey's ass crack. *Was that five, or six?* Either way, it had been a lot.

"Oh, great," I grunted quietly. *Now I'm hard again.*

It actually kind of hurt.

If I was going to be stuck here, unwilling to move and wake up the girls but also unable to go back to sleep, I figured I might as well make use of the time. The big topic, now that my relationships had gotten solidified with Lindsey and Stacey and they knew the truth about

everything, was obviously *magic*. More specifically, my sex-powered magic, and how the hell it actually worked.

Adama, the being that was supposed to be my mentor, had been frustratingly vague so far. She called it an instinct, and that I just needed to listen to that instinct to know how to do things. See, that *sounds* like solid advice right up to the point that it's fucking *useless* in any practical way. What I really wanted was like... a book. *Magic for Dummies*. Just to help me figure out what the most basic concepts were.

So far I'd been shooting 'spells' off into the dark. There really wasn't anything you would think of in terms of 'spellcasting' to it. No magic words, no waving hands or anything. I just thought very specifically about what I wanted to happen, and then pushed that idea into the pool of power I could feel contained inside me. That pool would eat up the idea, and it would happen.

My key discovery so far had been that the *more* specific I was in terms of the idea, the easier it was to do and the less power it took. The best example I had was my experience trying to get an ATM to shoot out money for me - when I focused on making the dispenser work, it had whirred to life for a relatively cheap drain on my power, but had also been too specific. The ATM dispenser worked as I wanted, but all of the *other* mechanics inside the machine didn't. A la, no money. Then, when I just willed the ATM to *work*, it took a huge chunk of power to do. Annalise, the only other person I'd met with magic, had said that technology had been the greatest diminishment of magic ever because it was so hard for magic to affect it.

First off, thinking back, I felt like a fucking idiot for not asking Annalise any more questions about her magic. We'd obviously been a little busy what with me sitting Judgement on her issue with her asshole of a father, and then her paying me with some amazing, magically infused sex, but still. I *really* should have thought that one out. Second, and more pertinent, I was starting to connect some dots that had been floating around freely in my head.

Magic, or maybe just *my* magic, cared about the details. One thing I knew for sure, from both Adama and Annalise, was that the farther away I cast a spell, the more power it would use. If distance was a factor, then why not other details? When I put limitations on my ideas, or they were more specific, they seemed to take more easily.

What if technology was more difficult to effect for big, powerful mages not because it had some sort of resistance to magic, but just because they didn't *get* it?

And bringing all those ideas further, could I make my spell ideas more efficient through how I thought about them? Christmas Eve I had cast a spell over both mine and Stacey's, and Lauren and Lindsey's, families to cut off the ability for outsiders to use divination-style magic to spy on or otherwise gather information about us. When I'd thought about the spell stopping *other* people from doing that, it had been a huge cost. When I changed my thinking to the spell being *limited* to the people in the room, the cost to my stored magic had shrunk.

My head was starting to hurt, and I wanted to start writing down notes to try and keep my thoughts straight. One thing I knew I wanted to do was figure out a better way to start making some money with my powers - the ATM trick had worked, however inefficient it was - but even if I was right and I learned all about how ATMs worked and reduced the cost as much as I could, eventually someone would catch on that these ATM's were just spitting out money all of a sudden. I couldn't foresee every risk and outcome, and even if I could get out of most trouble, I also didn't want to get into it in the first place.

I laid there, squeezed between gloriously naked women, and started to try and dream up ideas on how I could provide everything I could for them, and myself. Without stealing, preferably.

It wasn't as easy as you'd think, since all money belonged to someone.

Eventually, my urge to pee got bad enough that I couldn't wait any longer.

"Sorry, girls," I said out loud into the room, and just ripped off the bandaid and started to extract myself from the pile.

I stumbled through Lauren's room in the dark, out the door and into the adjacent bathroom. In the half-light cast from a bright moon through the window I took my stance and started to pee.

"Hey baby," Lindsey said, following me into the bathroom. She was still naked, her soft pale skin illuminated in the same half-light I was aiming my stream by. She was rubbing at her chest where I vaguely remembered I had dumped a load of cum and then Lauren had licked it off. She yawned, and I managed not to lose my concentration (and aim) at the sight of her wonderful body stretching. "What time is it?"

"Late," I whispered. "Early. Something."

She came across the bathroom and ran one hand over my muscled chest as she went on her tiptoes to kiss me. It was definitely a weird experience - entirely intimate, completely exposed.

"Thank you," she said once we'd stopped, and I'd finished my piss and shaken off. She was sitting up on the counter by the sink, braced on her arm and leaning forward.

"For what?" I asked.

She shrugged. "For everything. For telling us the truth."

Now it was my turn to close with her and offer her my own kiss. She accepted, and I could feel myself hardening again as I wrapped my hands softly around her waist. A lot of the time I was still fumbling my way through things like this - sure, Lauren and I had quickly figured out some things about kissing each other, but for fucks sake it had been a *week*. Kissing Lindsey was like an entirely new world sometimes. Instead of fighting each other, sloppily making out, trying to

push and take our passion, this was more like we were talking. It was a conversation, an easy back and forth between our lips and tongues that didn't *need* to go anywhere because it was exactly what we wanted.

We ended when we needed to breathe, and I pulled her to the edge of the counter as I wrapped her up in a tight hug. It hadn't registered before, but I was *bigger* than Lindsey, and not just because of my whole magic-musculature transformation. In the last couple of years, while she'd been away at school, I'd grown up. She wasn't the *older girl* anymore. She was a girl, a woman, and I was hers.

"Never thank me for just telling you the truth," I said to her quietly. "You deserve so much more than just the truth, Linds. I should be thanking you for even listen-"

"Oh, shut up, Jerry," she said. "I love that you're our teddy bear, but don't act like I'm better than you. I'm not."

"Linds-" I started.

"Just make love to me?" she asked.

She took hold of my cock, which had come fully alive between us, and she lifted herself slightly and easily inserted me into her. We both sighed as she slid down my length and as her ass touched back on the countertop I was fully buried into her.

"Mmm, God," I groaned.

She laughed softly, hugging me to her and curling one leg up and around my ass to hold me in. Lindsey felt so good in my arms, and I slowly began to rock my hips as I tilted my lips down to begin kissing her slowly again.

I made love to Lindsey in the bathroom for I don't know how long. We were soft with each other, our hands just brushing across each other's skin, our lips and tongue talking to each other in that slow way that held us together by depth of peaceful desire. I'd only had this sort of experience once with Lauren, and even while I was revelling in it with Lindsey I wanted it with my girlfriend again. I wanted it with Stacey, to show her how much I craved and loved and adored her, too.

Sometime later Lindsey was resting her head on my chest, hugging me tightly and kissing my shoulder, when Stacey quietly came around the corner.

"Hey, sorry to interrupt," she whispered.

"It's OK," I said.

She came over and rubbed Lindsey's back. Lindsey responded by leaning over and pursing her lips to Stacey, who hesitated a moment before accepting the kiss. Stacey clearly wasn't as 'in' on the sapphic side of what was between Lauren and Lindsey as the two blondes, but after last night it was hard to argue that she was opposed to it either.

"We should probably get going," Stacey said once their little kiss had finished. "If we aren't back by the time Mom and Dad are up in the morning, they'll get worried."

"Alright," I said. "Let me just finish with Lindsey, I don't think she's come yet."

"Oh, baby," Lindsey sighed. "I've been riding a high for I don't know how long. Just because I wasn't screaming and shaking doesn't mean I wasn't coming. *You* are the one that needs to finish."

I laughed and slowly pulled out of her. "I don't know if I physically can. You three absolutely drained me last night."

Stacey smirked and went down to her knees. "I doubt that very much," she said, then took my dick in her mouth and began slurping Lindsey's juices right off of me.

Lindsey watched as Stacey bobbed on my cock, reaching down and running her fingers through her hair soothingly as she watched the casual oral sex. She smiled when she looked up, catching my eye, and I could resist kissing her again. I came like that, kissing Lindsey as she cupped my cheek while Stacey drank down the few spurts of cum that I produced.

We quietly got dressed, and I slid onto the bed behind Lauren, who had been left alone. She woke up halfway, and I told her we needed to go. She kissed me softly, murmuring that she'd drive us, but then fell back asleep in my arms.

"I'll drive you guys," Lindsey said, already expecting it and half-dressed. "She definitely needs to rest."

My cell said it was four thirty in the morning when we exited the house and Lindsey started up her parent's car. We were bundled up in heavy sweaters and beanies against the chill, and Lindsey drove us in silence except for the radio turned way down low. She pulled up in front of our parent's house, the lights still left on for us.

Stacey got out of the car while I leaned over the centre console to kiss Lindsey again. "Thanks," I smiled.

"No, thank *you*," she smiled back.

"No, thank-

“OK, you two,” Stacey sighed outside the car. “Come on, you’re not in high sch- Well, actually I guess you are, Jerry. But grow up, please. You’re making me embarrassed by association.”

I kissed Lindsey one more time, soft and quick, and got out of the car. She pulled away, headed back home, and I turned to Stacey and offered her my arm. She took it and we walked up to the front door, but I stopped her from heading in.

“How are you feeling?” I asked her, pulling her close and hugging her. It was still so early I didn’t really worry about any of the neighbours spotting us acting strange.

Stacey smirked. “Sore,” she said quietly. “You do remember sliding that big dick of yours into my ass, right?”

I snorted and suppressed a bigger laugh. “Yeah, I do. It was pretty awesome. But you know that’s not what I mean.”

“I know, I know,” she said. “I feel... Jerry, I feel all warm and gooey inside, and I feel butterflies when you look at me like you are, and I don’t know if I *like* that change or not. Because I’ve had a crush on you for a couple of years, but it wasn’t like a sexual crush - this isn’t supposed to happen. It was all emotional, all love, and the lust was just a daydream.” She sighed, long and soft, as she took my hands in hers. “I’m warm and gooey, but I’m also worried that we are going to change. And honestly hovering over all of that is the whole rest of what happened tonight. I’ve never had sex with a girl before, and I think I’m going to need time to figure *that* out. Not to mention the whole Magic Dick thing.”

“Not to mention,” I agreed. “I know, it’s a lot.”

“That’s what she said,” Stacey grinned.

“That’s what *you* said,” I grinned back.

She kissed me, soft and sweet. “I’m fine if you’re fine,” she said. “Check in with me in twenty-four hours though, I might have changed my mind if you’re still a lingering pain in my ass.”

Now I did laugh. “Oh, I’ll *always* be a pain in your ass, Stace. That’s my job, isn’t it?”

Our parents weren’t waiting up for us, thankfully. We slipped upstairs, and in the dark of the hallway Stacey and I kissed again before we parted for our separate bedrooms.

I slept. And it was good. Until it wasn’t.

***** 2 - Wake Up Call *****

Bangbang-bangbang.

I almost rolled right out of my bed at the pounding on my bedroom door. “Maah-? Who? What?”

My Dad opened the door and stuck his head in. “Hey, kiddo. Wakey-wakey. Your buddies are downstairs at the door for you.”

“Huh?” I asked. I looked at the clock - it was already a little after 10am, but after the night I’d had it sure didn’t feel like it.

“Benji is downstairs waiting for you. He says he’s been texting you.”

“Oh, uh, OK,” I said. I threw off my sheets and rolled to sitting, trying to blink myself awake.

“Whoa! Jerry, what the heck?” Dad said.

Any number of things could have been going wrong and sparked that reaction from him, so all I could manage was a “Wha’?”

He was staring at me with a confused look, and I looked down in a panic thinking I’d slept naked and had just flashed him, but no I had some old shorts on. “What’s wrong?”

“Jerry, and I mean this in the nicest way I think a father could ask his son this, but weren’t you fat last week?”

Oh. Right. “Uh, yeah, I guess. I mean, I’ve been working out at the school for a few months now, and going for runs with Lauren,” I lied. “I was also sort of on a diet until the holidays started. I guess it all just caught up at once.”

He gave me a look that was clearly dubious of my response. “Well, alright kiddo. Just, uh, don’t overdo it, yeah? I don’t want you to hurt yourself.”

“Sure, Dad,” I said. “I’ll be careful.”

He left after that, casting me one last concerned look before closing the door. I could only shake my head and start getting dressed. It didn’t feel good trying to lie to him like that, but what was I going to say? ‘Oh yeah, sorry for not telling you, but-’

Or maybe I should tell him and Mom?

Dressed in jeans and a new hoodie, I staggered to the washroom and splashed some water on my face, then into my hair as I tried to smooth it down. “God, I look like shit,” I said to myself in the mirror. Then I took a sniff inside my shirt. “Ehn?” I couldn’t tell if I smelt like I felt or not.

Downstairs, I found Benji waiting for me just inside the door. He had a look in his eye and he was fidgeting with his phone in his pocket as he was waiting. "Dude, I've been texting you since last night."

"Sorry. I've been busy, and sleeping," I said.

"Just- come outside, I need to talk to you."

"Can't we just go into the basement or something?" I asked.

He shook his head and opened the door. "I don't think you want anyone overhearing this conversation, Jerry."

"Fine, fine," I said, looking around for my shoes. I hadn't even bothered putting on socks yet, and all I could find quickly were my boots. I followed him outside and he walked all the way down the driveway before stopping. "What's up?" I asked.

He gave me that look again, his face twisted up in a sort of constipated way as he was clearly weighing his words. Benji finally exhaled and shrugged. "I don't know how to say this, dude, but I need to say it. And I'm sorry, so don't kill the messenger alright?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I asked. This wasn't like Benji at all, and the only thing I could think of was that he'd found out about my magic or something, but if that was the case he wouldn't have been acting like this. Thinking of which - should I tell my friends? *Wait, are there rules about who can know and who can't? Have I already broken rules by telling Lindsey and Stacey?*

That was another question for Adama, just one more added to the list I was keeping in my head.

"So last night I was bored, and there was a power out around my house," Benji said, and he started pacing up and down the sidewalk as he talked. "So I figured, what the hell, how about I take the ol' SuperDrone out for a spin, yeah? So I head out to the garage, and since I'd had it plugged in all day the battery was fully juiced. I spun her up, tested out the cameras, and everything was working perfectly, and there was barely even a breeze so I sent it up high. After taking a look at the power out from the sky, I started flying it around and figured I'd test the range on it. So then I start flying it up and down the neighbourhood, testing out the different cameras. Since it was night I stuck mostly to the night vision one, but then I played around a bit more with the 'heat sensor' one and got the app working. Or like, mostly working. Whatever."

"Is this going somewhere, Benji?" I asked.

"Yeah, yeah. This is just- it's just context so you believe what I'm about to say, alright?"

"Yeah, OK," I said, holding up my hands defensively. "I believe you, dude."

“OK, so I’m flying the super drone around, and I realize I’m a couple blocks over now. It takes me a couple of minutes to figure out where the drone actually is, and I realize I’m sort of near Lauren’s house and the power out is over there too. So I decide to do a flyby, and her house is dark so whatever, but I can see some movement in the night vision camera up in her window. So I fly a little closer and I still can’t see anything through the window, so I switch to the heat sensor camera and, well, it’s sort of hard to see what exactly is going on but there are definitely like... multiple people doing stuff.”

As Benji was telling the story I felt the pit drop out of my stomach. Did he know? How *much* did he know? Who did he know about?

Benji pulled out his phone and started showing me a recording of his ‘heat sensor’ camera, which looked more like it probably just applied a filter to whatever the camera was seeing. Most of it was a colourful spray of mess, but when you looked close enough you could see the outline of a window, and through the window there was a movement of colours. And if you looked close enough, you could see a pair of bodies intertwined, and another one moving around on top of the others.

“I don’t know what to say, Jerry. I’m sorry, man,” Benji said.

“What- what am I looking at?” I asked him.

“Dude, that’s Lauren in bed with someone else. Like, multiple someones,” Benji said.

My stomach felt like it fell out of my ass in pure relief. He didn’t know anything! Well, not really.

But then Benji kept talking.

“I know you two just started dating, and you’ve gotten really serious fast. And you gotta believe me, I wasn’t like, trying to find any of this or anything Jerry. I didn’t think Lauren was this kind of girl *at all*. But I mean, she *did* grow up with Lindsey, right? Maybe it’s a genetic thing or something. She’s cheating on you, my dude. If I could guess, I think she’s having some sort of a lesbian orgy in there or something. If it’s any consolation, if that’s true then at least some other guy isn’t fucking her, right? But she’s still cheating. Turns out all this time Lauren was a slut just like Lindsey.”

It was over before I even knew what I was thinking, let alone doing. Benji was on his ass on the ground, woozily blinking and slowly reaching up to his jaw. My knuckles throbbed, and I realized I’d punched him.

I’d punched Benji right in the fucking mouth.

Part of me wanted to apologize. To go down to him and make sure he was OK. That part of me wanted to feel like I owed him an explanation, an excuse, anything to make things right.

The other, bigger part of me was furious with him.

“Benji,” I said sternly, trying to get his attention.

“What the *fuck*, man!?” he said, grabbing at his jaw in pain, eyes brimming with tears of shock. “I mean, what the *fuck!*? What is your fucking problem?”

“Benji, listen to me,” I said. I knelt down next to him as he lay on his ass, and waited until he met my eye. “If you *ever* talk about Lauren or Lindsey that way again, I won’t stop at one punch. I will kick your ass, OK?”

“Fuck you,” he muttered indignantly. “I come to you with fucking *proof* and-”

“I was there, you asshole,” I said. “Lauren and I were having a threesome with someone else. Her family wasn’t home.”

“Oh, yeah,” he spit out indignantly. “A threesome. Sure. You and her having a threesome. And who was the third, then?”

“I’m not fucking telling you,” I said. I was getting on a roll now. “You just brought me a video you recorded outside my girlfriend’s window in the middle of the night. You fucking *recorded* through her bedroom window, you fuck. I’m not telling you *anything*, and I’m going to trash that stupid drone if I get anywhere near it.”

“Fucking get away from me, you asshole,” he said, scooting away from me and scrambling to his feet. “Fuck you, man.”

“No, fuck you,” I said, standing. “I better not ever hear you talk about Lindsey like that, or Lauren.”

“God fucking *damn it*,” he shouted. “I come over here to fucking *help* you and you punch me in the mouth. What the fuck is wrong with you? Lauren starts pity fucking you, and you just fucking dump on me and Jay? Your real friends? Fuck you, dude.”

“Benji, if you don’t get the fuck out of here-”

“I’m going, asshole!” Benji said, storming down the sidewalk towards where he’d parked his Dad’s sedan. “Don’t come crying to me when she dumps your ass.”

“Delete that fucking video, too!” I yelled as he got into the car.

“Fuck you!” he shouted back, then slammed the door.

I watched him drive off and then I went and kicked the tree at the end of our front yard, which was way less satisfying than I felt like it should have been. I almost punched it but thought better of breaking my hand so I just slapped my palm against it instead.

At first, it had just been the way Benji had spoken about Lindsey that had pissed me off, but as I'd been letting him have it I'd realized how fucked up what Benji had done was. The SuperDrone wasn't his first drone. Had he used his smaller ones to try and film Lauren before? Or Stacey?

Benji was supposed to be my friend. He was one of our *best* friends. I'd never thought he could be so... toxic. *What the hell is his problem?*

I stormed back into the house, trying my best not to slam the door behind me, but was stopped by my mother before I could get to the stairs.

“What was all that about?” she asked me. “I could hear you two shouting from the kitchen.”

“Nothing,” I said, which she knew really meant I didn't want to talk about it. She didn't care.

“Jerry, you know if you need to talk something out-”

“I know, Mom. I know,” I sighed. I almost started talking, it was right on the tip of my tongue. But there was no way to explain things without explaining *everything*, and while I loved my Mom, I wasn't ready to talk about the source of my magic with her.

“Well, if you're headed back to your room,” she said. “How about you give me an update on your college applications, please? I know your father would appreciate hearing you've finished at least a couple by dinner.”

“College...? Oh, shit,” I said.

Back up in my room, I had to dig around at my desk to find the paper I'd written my login info on for the application portals. A week ago, finishing High School and college applications were topics two and three in my mind right behind working up the nerve to ask Lauren out. I hadn't thought about either of those things *once* in the past week, and I was already a procrastinator at heart.

Shit, I thought, looking at the half-dozen applications waiting for me to submit essay questions and personal statements and all sorts of other bullshit to sell myself to them. *Shit, shit, shit.*

I called Lauren. “Hey Jer,” she answered on the second ring. “I'm just in the car with my parents.”

“Hey,” I said. *So we don't have privacy, OK.* This whole hiding things issue would have been cute and fun if we were just sneaking around with each other and didn't want our parents to know. “Tell them I say hi.”

“Mom, Jerry says Hi,” she said, her voice fainter as she turned from her phone.

“Hello, Jeremiah!” Mrs Baxley shouted, way louder than necessary for me to hear her.

“So what's up?” Lauren asked.

“Uh, well first off just don't say you told me so, OK? I know we talked about this, but I just realized I need to do college applications and we haven't talked about the, ah, plan. Just the two of us.”

“Mhmm,” she said, and I couldn't tell if she was being non-committal, or didn't want to hint anything to her Mom.

“I guess my main question is- this is super not the right time, isn't it?” I asked.

“No, it's OK. I already figured it out,” she said.

“Oh, alright,” I said. “Um... so, Cardinal?”

“Yes,” she said.

“And living with Stacey and Lindsey?”

“Yep,” she said.

“We're all good with that?”

She sighed. “Jerry, come on. Trust me, I've got it figured out.”

“Trust your *girlfriend* Jerry! Happy wife, happy life,” her Mom shouted.

“Mom! We're not married yet,” Lauren said.

“Yet?” I asked.

“Yet?” her Mom asked at the same time. “Ooooh!”

“Mom, that's not what I- I mean, Jerry, I'm not saying- Ugh!”

Her Mom was cackling in the background.

“OK, so I guess I’ll just make sure I get into Cardinal. Do you think I need to do these other applications to fake out my parents or something? Obviously if Cardinal is the plan then we make sure that happens.”

“Do *you* think you need to?” Lauren asked.

“That is less than helpful,” I deadpanned.

“Jer, are you asking me because you actually don’t think you need to, or because you don’t want to?”

“I feel like I’ve asked you that question more than a few times,” Mrs Baxley said to Lauren.

“Mom!”

“You’re right, you’re right,” I sighed. “OK, I’ll get them done. I love you.”

“I love you, too,” she said.

“Oooh! *Love!*” Lauren’s Mom went off again.

Click.

I snickered and shook my head. Mrs Baxley was a funny, over-the-top lady and I’m sure she would have treated me the same way as Lauren if I’d been there. Mr Baxley was a bit more reserved, and honestly, if either of the two of them ever found out about me and Lindsey, not to mention Lindsey and Lauren, it was him I was way more worried about than her.

“Alright,” I muttered to myself, cracking my knuckles. The fight with Benji was *almost* out of my head, but as soon as I wondered if I should have tried to tell Lauren about it on the phone somehow the whole thing was right back in the front of my mind.

I spent the next hour trying to erase it with Youtube so that I could think straight. Finally, after a half dozen music videos, a really satisfying video of a guy doing woodworking on a lathe and a video pointing out 63 easter eggs in the latest Marvel movie, I was ready to knuckle down and answer the first question on my Cardinal University application.

Tell us what excites you about your prospective program, and why you want to attend Cardinal University in particular to pursue your educational goals in 300-400 words.

“That’s either not nearly enough, or way too many words,” I sighed.

THWACK.

“What the fuck?!” I said, reeling away from the loud bang at my window and tipping too far in my desk chair. My arms pinwheeled for a moment and I went over, falling to the floor with a *thump*.

I picked myself up and looked at the window. The good news was that it wasn't broken. The weird news was that there was a book, open and plastered pages-first to the window. “The fuck?” I muttered.

The book was fluttering in the slight breeze outside, so I went and opened the window and pulled it inside. It was almost the size of a textbook but had a plain beige cover. I leaned out to look around but no one was outside. “Who the fuck threw a book at me?”

“No one,” the book said.

“Ah!” I shouted and threw it across the room.

It spun, opened and then fluttered its two halves like a bird with wings. A sharp bank, a quick lift and it landed with a thump on my desk, sliding to a halt.

My eyes were bugging out as I stared from the book to my window, and back.

“Hello and salutations, Fifth Seat and newly ascendant Shaman of Fertility. It is my pleasure to deliver a message to you,” it said. As it talked, the book's covers and pages moved like lips and I could see an interior page folded up like a tongue.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I am but a messenger, instilled with enough magic for flight, rudimentary questions about my nature, and to deliver the message for which I was created. Would you like your message?”

“Who is it from?” I asked.

“I am but a messenger, instilled with enough magic for flight, rudimentary questions about my nature, and to deliver the message for which I was created. Would you like your message?”

I rolled my eyes. *Right, magic rules. Need to be specific.* “Who created you?”

“I am but a messenger, instilled wi-”

“Alright, alright,” I interrupted the book. “You're like an NPC I've clicked too many times.”

It didn't respond, sitting on my desk like any regular old book.

“OK, what’s the message?” I asked.

“Hello, Jeremiah Grant,” the book said. Its voice hadn’t changed, but something in its intonation had. Before it had spoken with a vaguely British accent, but now it almost had a drawl of some sort. “Welcome to the Council of Threes. From one seat to another, I offer you one fair warning. You, young Shaman, have by no right of merit stepped into one of the most powerful roles in history. Remember that *none* of us has earned our places, only defended them. You are now, and forever until your death, infallible, and our little group is not without callous jealousies and petty corruption.

“Prepare yourself well, Jeremiah. Do all you can, for this is the only warning you will receive. Be prepared to impress at the council meeting, or expect to be tested.”

The book silenced, and I gulped. Audibly.

“Well that was fucking ominous,” I said. “Uh, book messenger, where did you come from?”

The book didn’t move.

“Shit,” I said. “At least it didn’t self-destruct.”

The cover flew open and a puff of green smoke erupted into my bedroom.

“Ah, fuck,” I said, and quickly opened the window and tried to wave the smoke away from the smoke detector.

The book itself turned out to be empty, without a single word written on its now singed pages. I prodded it with my thoughts, but couldn’t *feel* any magic around it. Then again, I also had no idea what I was doing, but the idea of me seeing magic around me sunk into my own reserve of magical energy so I assumed that the spell worked.

I sat on the bed and sighed, flipping through the pages one last time. The message was hard to really judge - on the one hand, someone was trying to shake me. On the other, they at least had a sense of fair play, or something else. If they’d directly wanted something from me, I assume they would have told me who they were, which naturally meant they specifically *didn’t* want me to know who they were.

Why?

And also, *how the hell did that book fly here?* Adama had mentioned that the next-closest seat on the Council was located somewhere in South America. Had a fucking *book* just flown thousands of miles up through Mexico? Or had it flown over the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean?

How much power had the other Seat invested into the spell? If it was from a Fertility seat like me, I wasn't too worried, but had someone *died* for a Death seat to send me that message?

"Hey," Stacey said, interrupting my downward spiral of questions by bursting into my room. "Mom and Dad went out, wanna fuck?"

She was dressed in her workout/lounging around wear; a sports bra and yoga leggings, and she casually pulled off the bra as she stood in my doorway, releasing her new, plumper breasts and her pointy nipples.

"Uuuuhm," I said. There was so much I needed to do. To figure out. *But also boobs, though.*
"Yes."

Stacey smirked and entered my room, dropping her bra to the floor. "Good, 'cause I want some alone time with you. I can't believe our first time was a foursome with your girlfriend and Lindsey."

"Me neither," I said, and then let her push me down flat on the bed as she crawled up and straddled me, laying her naked chest down on me and kissing me firmly.

"Just no anal today, OK?" she said once she'd finished her kiss. "My ass still hurts from yesterday."

"I can probably fix that if you want," I said. "But OK. I need to talk after though, alright?"

"Sure," she said. She began unzipping my pants between us, fishing for my already hard cock. "First we fuck, then you can talk to me about anything."

"Done," I agreed.

Her fingers found my cock inside my pants as she leaned down and kissed me again.

***** 3 - Share with the Group *****

"Alright, so we've got questions," Lindsey said.

"Yes, Slut-Princess," Adama replied with a roll of her eyes, "But as I told you, I only answer to my Seat's summons, and my Seat's questions."

Lauren and Lindsey had joined Stacey and I at our house. We were sitting in the basement now, music playing to keep our conversation from drifting out of the confines of our home gym and getting overheard upstairs. The four of us were dressed in workout gear to sell the story if Mom or Dad came downstairs, which really meant that all three of my girls were currently wearing their sluttiest, skin-tight outfits that they thought they could get away with calling 'workout gear.'

Pretty much just their smallest sports bras and stretchy booty shorts. Lauren was straight up wearing an athletic bikini bottom.

On my part, I was shirtless and currently had my shorts around my ankles so that Lauren could give me a slow handjob, sparking enough active power for Adama to be summoned in the middle of our circle. At first, she'd been a little put out that I was revealing her to 'my gaggle of haremites,' but she'd seemed to get over it quickly enough.

"Alright Adama," I said. "Just assume everything they ask, I also want to know. We've told you about the message, and you've already said I need to prepare. So here I am, with the support of my Prime along with our new family. I've got too many questions to even know where to start, so how about *you* start with the Council meeting and we move from there?"

Adama, her little obese pixie body sighing dramatically as she rolled her eyes, cleared her throat and then sat down. "Alright, Jeremiah. If you remember from our first meeting, the Council of Threes is made up of three factions - the Shamans of the Great Mother, the Sorcerers of the Inevitable Father, and the Keepers of the Timeless One. Each faction has three Seats, the wielders of the powers of Life, Death and Rebirth. Each Seat is accompanied by their Prime, and is guided by a spiritual Mentor. I am technically a sliver of the Great Mother's power, representative of all latent magics of Rebirth in existence, but I prefer to think of myself as more of an individual than that."

"Wait, is the Great Mother, like, a god?" Stacey asked.

"Not... really," Adama said. "The Great Mother, and the other titles, refer to the first Mages deep in the history of the world. They were the first mages, and they remade the world a couple of times before they got together and decided to retire. They were generally happy with the way they'd settled the world and humanity was shaping up again, so they each invested their powers into three apprentices and formed the Council. Powerless, they became mortal. From what I understand, they didn't exactly live long lives afterwards - they'd gotten so used to being immortal they forgot that other people might not just leave them alone."

"So... is there a God at all? Or gods?" Lindsey asked.

"We're getting off track already," Adama said. "That's an even more complicated question we can come back around to. For now, just remember that the Council is three sets of three sets. The 'physical' seats, the thrones you all occupy, are in a metaphysical space, which is where the council meeting happens. The whole point of a council meeting is to make sure all of the Seats understand each other, and are able to communicate their differences peacefully. Usually there's a few issues to vote on, but over twelve thousand years most of the wrinkles have already gotten worked out."

"So what does this meeting mean for us, then?" I asked. "The warning I got sounded ominous, and you were being pretty clear I needed to know more."

“Well, that’s all just the official purpose of the meeting,” Adama said. “In reality, the message you got wasn’t too far off from the truth. Most meetings involve a lot of finger pointing and shouting. You and the other Seats are *the* greatest powers in the world. A few of you together, with enough power reserves, could break the entire world. If all of you agreed on something, you could *remake* the world by working together. Give someone that much power for a few decades, let alone a few centuries or millennia, and it leads to some big egos. Everyone wants to figure out a hierarchy - who is most powerful, who leads the Life, Death and Rebirth factions? Who is allying outside of their factions?”

“So I need to figure out how to argue with near-immortals who have had thousands of years to cement their own positions?” I asked.

“Well, only a couple of them are actually that old,” Adama said. “Most Seats get tired of agelessness at some point, and living in a world that doesn’t look anything like they started in. There was some heavy turnover over the last five hundred years or so.”

“Great,” I sighed. “So what did my predecessor do? Am I expected to keep any deals he made, or something?”

“No,” Adama said. “But that’s a complicated answer too. You and Lauren are going to need to go on a trip to find out more about that.”

“Where?” Lauren asked.

“Hawaii,” Adama said. “That’s where Ezekial kept his home, and where he ended his existence.”

“How are we supposed to get to Hawaii?” I asked. “And when? You said the Council meeting is in less than two weeks several days ago now.”

“Good question,” Adama said, tapping her lips thoughtfully with her chubby little finger. “Ezekial always just teleported there, but you’ve never done that before.”

“I’m sorry, *what?* Did you just say Jerry can teleport?” Stacey said.

“Well, Ezekiel *teleported*. His understanding of reality was such that he could expend a not-insignificant amount of power to open a door from one location and walk through it into an entirely different location. But to do so he needed to know what other doorway he was going to, and that it was still standing.”

“So in other words I need to go to Hawaii, to be able to teleport to Hawaii,” I said.

“Fuck that,” Lauren said. “Google Streetview can get us fucking *anywhere* if you can figure out how to make this work.”

“Oh my god,” Stacey said. “Can we go to Paris? I know it’s pretty basic bitch, but I’ve always wanted to see Paris.”

“Oh, and maybe London?” Lindsey hopped on board. “Actually, I’d love to do a tour of all the castles in the UK. And Europe.”

“Hold on, hold on,” I said, interrupting before our travel destination list started to really develop. “This can wait until *after* the magical Q and A, can’t it?”

“Right, right,” Lauren said. She dropped her hand back to my dick and started stroking me again, having stopped when they all got excited about the travel opportunities.

“OK,” I sighed. To be honest, it was kind of hard to concentrate on the conversation with Lauren’s hand on my dick and all three of the girls dressed as they were. “So I need to be able to stand on my own two feet and not get pushed around at the meeting, right?”

“Well, that is certainly one way to go about things,” Adama said. “There have not been *that* many Seats over the millennia, but each one has done things differently from the last. You should have a plan, certainly, but how you engage with the others is up to you.”

“Well, I don’t exactly want to get pushed into things I don’t agree with,” I said. “And what’s the point of all this power if I’m going to let someone else bully me around? Adama, realistically, what do I need to do to show I’m not someone who will just bend over and take what they tell me.”

“Deeds and resources,” Adama said. “Obviously the thing that speaks loudest are your actions. Your first Council meeting hasn’t happened yet and you have already pronounced a Judgement, which is certainly causing a stir in the magical community. The results of your Judgment, and the way you went about it, will be read differently by different Seats. I can’t speak for them, but I assume some will see you as soft for your treatment of George Stoker in how you ruled against him, and others may see you as easily manipulated just because you ruled against Stoker at the request of his daughter. Others will likely see your methods as reasonable.”

“That’s not fair, though,” Lauren said. “We’d never even done one before.”

“That’s not going to matter to them, though,” I said. Lauren was in this with me from the start, but we saw things differently. She was a competitor, a lot like Stacey, where I was a creator. I was envisioning the kind of people who lived for centuries with magic powers, and I was coming up with enigmatic characters like Gandalf and the elves from Lord of the Rings, or ancient aliens like Yoda. Just trying to figure out how the other Seats might think about things, what their perspectives were historically even, had me shuddering at the possibilities of evil and selfishness. “My first impression is already done, and they’re going to take it however they take it. So unless I get another Judgement request in the next week, we need to work on resources.”

“Yes, you will,” Adama said. “Worldly resources mean little to the Seats, however, so don’t think you need to acquire any of your moneys or anything like that. The Seats value power, knowledge and metaphorical territory. Your trip to Ezekiel’s sanctum will help with knowledge, and you are in the clear for now in terms of territory, being the only Seat based on this continent. Many of them still shun the New World entirely, seeing it as a backwater. That leaves power, and to be honest Jeremiah, I was hoping for more from you.”

“Hey, what does *that* mean?” Lauren asked defensively.

“Well, Cum Bucket, I mean that he’s been using his powers almost entirely without reinvesting into gaining more power reserves,” Adama said. “Don’t get me wrong, Jeremiah, you have already put together the beginnings of a potent harem, between Cum Bucket, Slut Princess and Cock Sucker here. Each of them provided you with a potent source of magic the first time you took them, and can continue to feed you with your love and lust for each other, but you have only had sex with *one* other woman despite the opportunities around you. By this point, after he ascended, Ezekiel had already schtupped every woman in his village and had started developing his Philosophy of Magic. Not to mention the fact that you haven’t even tapped into the true Font that would expand your reserves.”

“How would he do that?” Lindsey asked. She was a little flushed, and while I’d seen a spark of annoyance cross her face at being called ‘Slut Princess’ again, the sex talk was obviously getting to her.

“How do you think, girly? He serves the Great Mother and is a member of the Great Order of *Fertility* Shamans. Lust, love, and sex are all potent sources of magic that you’ve been tapping, Jeremiah, but the real juice happens when you pump your virile seed into a fertile womb and fuck a baby into someone. That spark of creation, just once, could triple all of the magic you have gathered so far from your sluts.”

We sat in silence for a long moment, and then Stacey lifted a finger and put it on her nose. Lindsey and Lauren reacted at the same time to the Nose Game, lifting their own fingers to their noses in unison. “No thanks. Not yet, anyway,” Stacey said.

“Same,” Lindsey said. “Not until after I’m done with school, at least.”

“I’d like to not be a teenage mom,” Lauren said.

“OK, this is ridiculous,” I said. “I am *not* just going to start impregnating you three, let alone other random people, for my own gain. What about the women? What about the babies? My *children?*”

“That’s what I’m saying, Jeremiah,” Adama said. “There are any number of ways for you to manipulate things to your advantage. Before he retired, Ezekiel often changed his physical

appearance to look like a woman's chosen partner. He also let women come to him who were seeking to get pregnant and couldn't for one reason or another."

"OK, well that first one sounds way too rapey," I said, "But the second one sounds... more ethical, I guess. Either way, I think I'm doing pretty OK so far without making babies yet."

Adama frowned and crossed her arms over her barely-covered bulbous bust. "It is, of course, your choice in the matter. Just remember that I'll be happy to say 'I told you so' when you impregnate your first woman and see how quickly your reserves grow and your potential expands."

"Fine, go for it," I said. "Look, this has already been a lot. When exactly is the meeting happening, Adama?"

"It will be on the day of the new year, as judged by your Gregorian calendar."

"Cool, OK. New Year's Day. That's in..." I tried to do the math in my head. Today was Boxing Day, and a Saturday, so...

"Next Friday," Lindsey said quickly.

"Jeez, that's not far away," I muttered. "We need to figure out how to get to Hawaii, I need to build up some reserves of magic, plus I have thoughts on how to start making some money to have on hand."

"We also need to figure out where Lindsey and I are going to live," Stacey said. "And if I'm thinking correctly Linds, you'd probably rather move out of your current place before your roommates get back from the break, right?"

"Definitely," she nodded. "I don't think anything bad will happen, but, ah... let's just say they're going to be really disappointed."

"OK," I said with a heavy breath. "So let's stop here then. This is already a lot to absorb."

Lauren stopped stroking me. "Agreed. Thank you for the help, Adama."

"No problem, missy. It's my purpose, after all. But you should really think about that womb of yours getting filled with Jerry's warm, sticky baby batter. All of you should."

"Alright, that's enough of that," Stacey said. "I think you just made me dry up."

"It's kinda kinky," Lindsey laughed. "I think the fantasy of it is getting me hot, even if the reality is scary."

“Well, thank you anyways, Adama,” I said. “You can go now.”

“What, I don’t get to watch the orgy?” she asked. “That *is* what’s about to happen, right?”

“No,” Stacey said. “I already got mine earlier. I don’t know about you two, but I actually do want to work out a bit.”

“Go ahead,” Lauren said. “I hope you don’t mind if I distract you by taking advantage of my boyfriend. Cardio is cardio, after all.”

“I could use some tips on weights,” Lindsey said. “But then I want my cardio on the Jerry Machine too.”

Soon the ‘Jerry Machine’ was getting put to use as Lauren, still wearing her sports bra, rode me on the floor with the crotch of her bikini panties pulled to the side as we made out. Stacey was walking Lindsey through her regular free weights routine and carefully explaining the exercises she did and why she did them, but both of them had their eyes flicking back to me and Lauren. Waiting for their turns.

*** 4 - **Booty Call** ***

It was later in the afternoon, only about an hour before our usual family dinner time, when my phone rang and I reached over to pick it up. After the “workout time,” which had ended up being me getting ridden like a mechanical bull by the girls- *I really need to talk to them about what we call each other* - one after another, Lauren and Lindsey headed home. Stacey and I hadn’t been able to share the shower since our Mother was puttering around the house doing chores, but Stacey did manage to peek into my room while telling me that our bathroom was free and flashing me her new tits with a delightful wiggle and a saucy grin.

All that, and the ongoing overload of things I was trying to juggle in my head, had me laying on my bed and staring up at the ceiling when my phone went off. I was expecting it to be Lauren, or maybe Jay if Benji had gone to whine to him - *Fuck, I forgot to tell Lauren and the girls about that.*

What I hadn’t been expecting was an unknown number.

“Hello?” I answered.

“Hey,” said a woman's voice on the other end. “Jerry?”

“Yeah. Uhm... Angela?” I asked, guessing at the voice.

“Yeah, hey,” she said. “Look, I know this is like, not exactly what I talked about, but I was wondering- I had a really rough day at work, and I just finished my shift, and I was wondering if you’d be down to come over and just fucking rail me.”

Now that, I managed to think, *is not the kind of call I used to get.*

“Yeah, yeah, I can do that,” I said.

“Great. I’ll text you my address,” Angela said. “God, thanks, Jerry. I really just need a good dick right now.”

“Um, yeah,” I said. “No problem.”

She hung up, and I just sort of sat there for a minute, the phone still held to my ear. I snapped out of it when my phone chimed and vibrated in my hand. She’d texted me her address, along with an eggplant, water spray and kissy lips emoji.

I went into the group chat that Lauren, Lindsey and Stacey had started. We hadn’t really used it much, mostly just coordinating needing to meet up since we were trying not to talk about magic stuff where it could get found out.

Angela just called me for a booty call, I texted.

Yeah, baby! I told you she’d want more of your dick, Lindsey texted back quickly.

Oh, I liked Angela, Stacy texted. *What did she ask you for?*

It was a fast call. But I know she used the phrase ‘just fucking rail me.’

Hot, texted Lauren. Of the three, she liked texting the least.

Wait, she actually called you? Damn, she must really want your cock, Lindsey texted. *Angela hates calling people.*

Go get her, tiger, Lauren texted with a thumbs-up emoji.

I’ll do my best lol, I texted, and got three kissing face emojis back from them.

“So fucking weird,” I muttered, shaking my head as I pocketed my phone and tried to decide what to wear.

I managed to get permission to borrow my mom’s car by promising I was only going out for a couple of hours. She thought I was going to make things up with Benji, which I definitely wasn’t planning to do, but I let her think it. What was I going to do, tell her about Angela?

Stacey made sure she met me near the front door and gave me a slap on the ass and a wink on my way out.

I texted Angela that I was on my way once I was in the car, and she responded with an OK emoji, a Finger Gun emoji pointing at the OK one, and then a winky face.

“What even is my life,” I said to the car.

My mind wandered while I quickly drove across town, and I thought back to the discussion with Adama about my ‘power reserves’ or whatever we were calling it. Up until now, thinking of it as the pool of fireworks at the back of my head had worked well enough.

Well, I’d narrowed down some definites about how it seemed to be working. When I fucked, it got bigger, like a pool getting filled up. The amount I gained from that sex increased the closer to the finish we were. Fucking any of my girls gave me a steady trickle of power, slowly building my pool back up after I did magic.

The more specific thing I’d been working out was that boost I felt whenever I had sex with someone new. It *wasn’t* equal, but after my first time with Angela I was starting to possibly figure things out. Leaving out the whole ‘awakening’ thing when Lauren and I first had sex, the first time Lindsey, Lauren and I had fucked together had been a big boost, which had gone back to ‘normal’ amounts now. Then, when I had sex with Annalise, I’d had another big boost *and* had picked up like... a taste of her fire magic. After that first time though, every other time we’d fucked that night had been ‘normal.’ Then with Stacey, another big boost - maybe even bigger than with Lindsey, though figuring out if that was because of Stacey or because all four of us had been there was going to be hard.

But then there was Angela. When she and I had had sex in the mall, with Lindsey watching, I’d gotten a boost, it just wasn’t... well, it wasn’t *big*. It wasn’t the special event that the others had been. But it wasn’t me, as far as I could tell, and it wasn’t her. After Lauren, Lindsey, and Stacey, Angela had been high on my Crush list in high school. I wasn’t any less physically attracted to her than I was to the others, and she’d been as willing as everyone else.

So why wasn’t it the same?

I arrived at her address and pulled up in front of a blocky stone building with a little parking lot out in front of it. It was like a mini apartment building but was only two floors. I had to guess there were only eight apartments in the whole thing. At the front door, I scanned down the apartment list and found ‘Angela + Suzie’ and pushed the buzzer.

A few seconds later the speaker crackled to life. “Yeah?”

“Hey, it’s Jerry. I’m here to see Angela?”

“Oh, alright. I’ll buzz you in.”

A moment later I was inside and walking towards the interior stairs that led up to the second floor. I hadn’t realized Angela, who was two years out of high school and working a full-time retail job, had a roommate but thinking about it made sense. What I wasn’t as sure about was giving her the ‘railing’ that Angela wanted while someone else was nearby. Sure, I’d gotten caught by half of Lauren’s gym class fucking her in the changeroom, but I wasn’t exactly an exhibitionist. That had been a *mistake*.

I knocked on the apartment door and heard voices on the other side, though they were heavily muffled. *At least the neighbours aren’t going to hear us*, I thought.

The door opened and a girl who wasn’t Angela opened it. She didn’t say anything, and instead just leaned against the door and looked me up and down with a pouty smirk and a thin, raised eyebrow. She was small and thin, with the sort of figure that was feminine because of her frame, not because she had curves. I knew this because she was wearing a long sleeve flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up and the bottom tied up between her small breasts, leaving her smooth abdomen completely bare. The only other thing she had on was a pair of grey stretchy hotpants.

“Suzie?” I asked.

“Damn it, Suz,” Angela said, walking up from deeper in the apartment and pulling the door open wider. “I said let him in.”

“I was just taking a mental picture,” Suzie said. “The before shot.”

“Before what?” I asked as they moved aside and let me in.

“Before she eats you alive,” Suzie said. “Honestly, Angela. *This* is your booty call?”

“Yes, he is,” Angela said, crossing her arms over her chest. Her hair was pinned back into that single long, thick braid she wore while at work, but she’d obviously changed and was wearing loose sweatpants with the waist rolled low on her hips and a tight tank top without a bra. Just looking at her had me running hot with a good chub straining in my pants - OK, so I’d had the chub since she’d called me, but that’s semantics.

I got a feeling it was time for me to stop being, well, me. Angela had called me here for a reason and having her roommate treat me like I was less-than felt shitty. *I’m a Sex Wizard! A Shaman of Slam. A Diviner of Dicking*.

“Yeah, I am,” I said, and stepped forward and took Angela in my arms. One hand went to the back of her head, pulling her into a kiss that immediately turned into an open-mouthed

make-out, while the other hand slid down her back, into the waist of her sweatpants and cupped her ass cheek and squeezed.

“MmmmmMM!” she hummed and squeaked, pressing her body against mine as she uncrossed her arms and wrapped them over my shoulders, crossing them behind my neck.

“Hey, get a room,” Suzie said somewhere behind me. I couldn’t tell if she was impressed, annoyed, or a little of both.

I slid my other hand down from Angela’s head and palmed her other asscheek, then lifted her up. She naturally wrapped her legs around my waist as she rose, and she sucked in a breath through her nose as we kept kissing, her face now slightly above mine as I backed her into the wall of her apartment.

“Mmm, God baby, yes!” she hissed when I started kissing down her neck.

I reached the crook of her shoulder, on my way spying the last little bruising of a hickey I had planted there during our first encounter. I went right back to that spot and gave it a hard suck while I squeezed her ass.

“Oh, fuck, you bastard,” Angela laughed. “That was just fading! I had to hide that from my family on Christmas.”

“Well, now you don’t,” I laughed back, then started kissing my way back up her neck.

“Yeah,” she said dreamily. “Except at work. And the gym. And any time I go outside.”

“Wear a scarf,” I said between kisses, reaching back up to her jawline with my lips.

Clang. Clang. “Hey, rabbits! Go find a room.” Suzie said.

We both looked over and saw she was holding a pot from the kitchen apartment and was banging on it with a wooden spoon.

“Right away,” I said. “Excuse us, Miss.”

“Yes, Suz,” Angela laughed, putting on a fake British accent. “Please do excuse our impropriety.”

Still carrying Angela, who was around the same size as Lauren but was a little thinner and not nearly as athletic, I walked down the corridor with her legs still around my waist. I paused in the middle of the apartment hallway and kissed her again. “Which room?”

“Oh, God, we should fuck in her room just to teach her a lesson,” Angela said. “But let’s do mine. That one.”

The door was half open so I nudged it further with my foot and walked us in all the way to her bed, planting her on it. As I stood up over her, Angela gave me a look and one heavy pant of breath before she started tearing off her shirt. I followed suit, and soon we were both naked.

I started by pushing her up the bed and crawling between her legs, kissing my way up her thighs the way Lindsey and Lauren both seemed to like.

“Jerry, I called you for dick, you don’t have to do that,” Angela panted, looking down at me.

“Yeah, but I want to,” I said, then planted a little kiss on her clit.

She didn’t argue, and soon I was buried between her thighs as she wrapped her legs around my ears and howled towards her first orgasm. I didn’t stop, pushing her right into a second, before I let off a little and played around. After learning all three of my girls and what they liked, learning Angela was more like just putting together new combos that worked than it was figuring out a whole new game. She liked her outer labia sucked on a bit like Lauren, and having her smooth, waxed mound nuzzled sort of like Stacey. She didn’t respond as much to tonguing deep as she did running the tip of my tongue around her opening, teasing her.

It was right after I pushed her over the third time, as she was sucking in heavy breaths and running her hands through the mess of her loosening braid, that I moved up her body and eased my dick into her. She gasped, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, and pulled me down to kiss her. “Yesss,” she hissed into my mouth.

And then I did what she’d asked. I fucking railed her.

To be honest, I spent most of the time focused on her. Angela was gorgeous, and her tits bounced playfully as we fucked at each other. We started out in missionary, but she liked when I tossed her around a little bit, moving her legs and twisting her into different variations.

The thing is, I was also focusing on the Pool. Trying to judge how much I was gaining. It just wasn’t as much as I got from having sex with Luran, Lindsey or Stacey. The big question was *why?*

I pulled out of Angela and she moved onto her hands and knees quickly, rubbing between her legs as she looked at me over her shoulder and licked her lips. “Come on, stud. Gimme another.”

Her ass was great, if not perfection like Stacey’s, and I took a firm hold and squeezed her cheeks as I fed her another helping of my cock.

If fucking Angela the first time had been *more* energy gain than a regular fuck from Lauren, but less than a first-time fuck with Lindsey or Stacey, what did that say? And now, a second meeting was less than all three of them on a regular time.

I leaned forward and palmed Angela's tits as they were swinging. She'd raised up slightly and was holding onto the headboard of her bed. The whole frame was rocking with our thrusting, the clapping for her ass against my pelvis echoing through the room along with her hungry moans.

"Oh, fuck, you're fucking me so *good*," she groaned. "God, yes, I needed this. I haven't stopped thinking about this dick, Jerry. Mmmm, *Jerry!* God, fuck me like I'm your slut, baby. Just take my fucking hole. Just fuck me down until I can't fucking move, baby."

The only difference I could figure out was that I was in love with Lauren, Lindsey, and Stacey, and I wasn't in love with Angela. Not that I didn't like her, or find her attractive, I just didn't really know her. And the whole Annalise thing sort of fed that theory - when we'd had sex, I'd spent hours with her trying to figure her out. She and Lauren and I had talked about some of the hardest things in her life. I *knew* her and cared about her.

That was the difference. It had to be.

Now I just needed to prove it.

Angela came again, shuddering through an orgasm, and as she started to loosen up from her clenching muscles I pulled out of her. "Mmm, more," she mumbled, ass still hanging in the air as her face was dropped into her pillows.

"Come here," I said, sitting down next to her and pulling her over me. She mounted quickly, my cock filling her up again, but she melted her body down onto mine and hugged me tightly. I held her, pulling her tightly to me and crushing her chest against mine, and we sat without speaking. Every once in a while Angela would clench the muscles around her pussy, or flex her ass cheeks, and I'd hum a little wordless noise of appreciation.

"You didn't come?" she finally asked me. We'd probably been sitting and cuddling for about fifteen minutes.

"No," I said softly, shaking my head.

"I don't think I can take another pounding," she chuckled softly. "Damn, Jerry. You gave me *exactly* what I asked for."

"Good. I'm glad," I said, smirking to myself.

"Let me finish you off," she said, and slowly dismounted.

Angela, one of my highschool crushes, curled up between my legs and started slurping her way up and down my cock, bathing me with her tongue as she tasted herself all over me.

She built me up and up over the next ten minutes, taking her time but constantly adding in new things with her lips and tongue.

As I was getting close, I reached down and ran my fingers through her silky, raven hair. Her braid had fallen out sometime during our variety of missionary positions, and I pulled her off my dick for a moment as I smoothed her hair back.

“We’re going out tomorrow night,” I said. I didn’t ask. “Dinner, and a walk.”

“What?” she asked, slightly confused, as she kept stroking my cock.

“If we’re going to do this again, I want a date,” I said. “I want to get to know you better.”

For a second I saw the look of desire in her eye, then caution. “You have a girlfriend,” she said. “And a fuck buddy. I’m just a booty call, you should be taking one of them out.”

I shook my head. “That’s true, but I still want it. And they’ll understand.”

“You’re sure?” she asked. Her stroking had gotten firmer.

“No doubts at all,” I said.

“OK,” she said. “A date. God, I feel like a teenager.” Then she bent and took me back in her mouth, and I thrust up into her wet and willing lips a couple of times before I unloaded.

Just like at the mall, Angela quickly started swallowing my cum, not spilling a drop.

When I was done, I pulled her up to lay next to me and I spooned behind her, pressing my softening dick into her plump little cheeks for a bit as I held her.

Eventually, I stretched, and she took the opportunity to roll away and off the bed. “Damn, I’m hungry,” she said, as she did a naked stretch of her own. “You need something to eat?”

“I’ll grab something at home,” I said. “But I guess I should get going.”

She gave me a slap on the ass as I was getting dressed. I got her back by sliding my hand into the front of her sweatpants again and palming her warm, slimy pussy and sliding my finger into her just a little. To be fair, I also gave her a thank you kiss at the same time.

“Fuck, that was fun and exactly what I needed,” Angela said, opening her bedroom door and leading me back out to the apartment door. “Thanks for coming over.”

"My pleasure," I said. I stopped her from opening the door, pulling her back and kissing her again.

"Oh, are you two howler monkey's finally done?" Suzie asked. She was sitting in the little living room, her laptop open on her lap as she held one of her earbuds away from her ear.

"Just about," Angela smirked.

"Fucking finally," Suz sighed. "I couldn't fucking *think* with all that racket."

"You're one to talk," Angela said. "At least I don't just fucking scream when I have an orgasm."

"Oh, fuck off, I am *not* that bad."

Angela turned back to me and gave me another, briefer kiss, then opened the door. "See you around?" she asked.

"No, see you tomorrow," I said. "I'm holding you to it."

"Right, right," she said. "The date. I wasn't sure- I thought it might have just been the sex talking. I'm not really, ah, looking for-"

"It's just fun, Angela," I said. "I'm not looking for another girlfriend, either. But if we're going to do this, I want to know more about you. That's all."

She nodded slowly. "Yeah, no, OK. No, I get it, I guess. Sort of like... casual intimacy."

"Sure," I said.

"OK, I can do that," she agreed more firmly.

"Good," I said. "So, I'll see you tomorrow. I'm looking forward to it."

"Me, too. I think," she said with a smile. "Actually, yeah, I think I am."

"Great," I said and walked through the door before turning back.

"This goodbye is getting awkward now," she said, but stepped forward and gave me another kiss.

"I'm just not used to this," I said, grinning my chagrin.

“Honestly, I’m not either,” she said. “Usually my booty calls just roll out of bed and are gone before- y’know what? Nevermind. I’ll see you tomorrow, Jeremiah.” And with that, she shut the door.

“See you tomorrow, Angela,” I said to the closed door. *And we’ll see if falling for each other just a little bit is the key to magic.*