

# **Friend of a Friend**

**A Friend Zone Story**

**By Isaac Byrne**

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“You’re sure about this?” I asked as Todd rang the doorbell.

“C’mon Luis, don’t sweat it. The girls never mind when I pop by unexpected, and I’ve been prepping them for weeks to be cool with me bringing somebody.”

I frowned. “I just don’t wanna be all third wheel. I know how buddy-buddy you and Stacey are – which is still super-weird after she rejected you way back, by the way. I just don’t wanna be the guy who sits around not getting all your little inside jokes.”

“Just trust me, OK? If you don’t have a good time, I won’t ever drag you out here again. Just try to relax and–” Todd broke off as the door opened. There was Stacey, hot as ever. It was easy to see what my buddy had seen in her – she was crazy sexy, a quintessential girl next door. Pretty face, long legs, big ass, cute little tits... she was a knockout. Which, no doubt, was why she’d shut ol’ Todd down when he’d asked her out.

My policy had always been never to let myself get friend-zoned, but Todd had insisted it was better than I was giving it credit for.

“Sup, super-cock,” she said, holding the door open for us.

“Not much, turbo-slut,” he replied with a laugh. I braced myself to see her slap him across the face, but she just rolled her eyes like it was old hat. “This is my friend Luis. You don’t mind if he hangs with us, do you?”

“As long as he’s not going to make a fuss about the mess,” she said, closing the door behind us. It was a pretty normal college girl apartment, all around.

“This is a mess? This place is like spotless compared to my place,” I said.

“Nah, she’s just talking about the way her pussy leaks all over everything when I’m around,” Todd said. I gaped. Did he bring me over to be witness to her beating the shit out of him?

Instead, she just shrugged. “I keep telling you, I think it’s that body spray you use. Not my fault it gets the works lubed up – not that I usually hear you complaining.”

“Well if you’re looking for complaints,” he said, his tone still suggesting this was all normal banter, “how about you put on something halfway presentable? You look like a hatful of assholes, Stacey.”

He was being so rude I almost wanted to defend her, except her reaction told me there was no need. “Well if you’d told me you might come over, I’d have changed out of school clothes and into home clothes. Gimme a sec.” She turned to me. “And make yourself at home – see anything you like, help yourself.”

“I see something I like,” Todd said, and God as my witness, he smacked her full on the ass as she was leaving the room. But Stacey just laughed and headed into her bedroom. Almost as shocking, as she started taking off her “school clothes” – a totally normal looking pair of jeans and brown shirt – she left her bedroom door wide open! Did she somehow not realize that we had direct line of sight to her? As she casually discarded her bra and got to work on the fastenings of her jeans, I made myself look away.

“Dude, what the fuck is going on?” I whispered to Todd, who was unabashedly watching his friend strip down.

“What do you mean?” he answered in a low voice. When I redoubled the exasperation in my face, he held up his hands. “OK, OK. So, as you know, Stacey sort of friend-zoned me after I asked her out way back when. Only, ever since then, she and I have been working on redefining what exactly the boundaries of the zone are.”

“Speak English at me, brah.”

“Well like... we just sort of figured out a way for us both to be happy. We...” He trailed off, craning his neck in the direction of Stacey’s bedroom. Following his eyeline, I saw her bent at the waist, bare-ass naked except for the socks she was in the process of removing. Damn, even Stacey’s pussy looked good. As she stood up, he saw she had a tramp stamp of the words “BIG SLUT” in a cursive script just above her ass crack.

“Ahem. We...?”

“Oh. Yeah. We just found a way for us all to get along, breaking down unnecessary barriers.”

“You’re telling me you just talked it out, and she’s cool acting like a total ho around you.”

“Basically, yeah. What, you need more evidence?”

“I mean, this isn’t the friend zone, Todd. This is boyfriend-girlfriend shit, with some weird fuckin’ kinks on her end. You’re just calling it something else.”

“She’s definitely not my girlfriend, Luis. We just act like we feel like acting. And she just feels like acting like a little slut.”

I stole another look down at her room where she was still naked, holding up tops in front of her one by one in the mirror. Damn she was hot. “Well whatever. I didn’t come here to watch you guys make out, brah. I’m gonna bounce.”

“This is why you don’t meet people, man. Besides, you gotta admit that Stacey here is giving you a better show than the girls down at the strip club ever would.”

“Yeah, I guess. She’s hotter, for sure.”

“So sit back, relax, and follow my lead.”

I arched an eyebrow. “You mean treat her like a hooker I don’t especially like?”

“If you want. She’s a good hostess.” He grinned.

And then Stacey returned. Where before she’d been ultra-casual, a pretty girl dressed like any other, now she was poised to turn heads. Maybe break necks. She was wearing a white fishnet top that did nothing to conceal the body beneath it. Her nipples were concealed only by the presence of a pair of totally unnecessary suspenders that were holding up a pair of navy short-shorts. Thanks to the suspenders they were lifted even beyond what they’d been designed for; I was sure if she turned around I’d be seeing her butt cheeks hanging out.

My jaw dropped. It was literally pornographic – I’d definitely seen actual porn stars wearing things like that, and it was impossible to imagine anyone else choosing to do so. Certainly not for casually hanging out with your buddy and some secondhand friend.

“Better?” she asked snidely, spinning in place for Todd’s inspection. She confirmed my ass-cheek theory.

“What, were your pasties in the hamper?” he replied.

“Can you believe this guy? Never enough for him. Just for that, I think you’re losing lap privileges,” Stacey said, and before I could react, she plopped down in my lap and wrapped an arm around my neck. “You don’t mind, do you... Luis, was it?”

“Um, yeah,” I stuttered, my cock rapidly hardening at her incredible ass squirming into place.

“Yeah you mind? Or yeah you’re Luis?”

“Um, yeah. I mean, no. I mean the second one. I’m Luis.”

She giggled. “Sounds like your buddy’s a little shy, Todd.”

“He’s just not used to you is all, Stacey. Be gentle.”

“What, like I’m a biter or something? Sheesh.” She noticed me fidgeting with my hands, not sure where to put them. “I told you, make yourself at home and help yourself.” With that, she placed my hands one by one right on her exposed thigh – then crossed her legs, trapping them in there.

“So Kayla’s not around, I take it?” Todd asked. Kayla? Oh yeah, Stacey’s roommate. I’d met her once like a year ago, when she’d come with Stacey to some party during the time when Todd was still trying to work up the nerve to ask Stacey out. Super uptight, major stick up her ass. She’d spent the whole part off by herself doing homework on her phone. She was the sort of girl who could be a major hottie if she let her hair down, but obviously never had and never intended to.

I could only imagine what an ice queen like that would think of the way Stacey was acting in her absence.

“Yeah, I dunno. I expected her home by now, but she’s been hitting the gym harder than usual lately,” she answered casually, as if she didn’t have my hands trapped an inch away from her pussy. “Say, did you see that thing Derek retweeted this morning? I just couldn’t even believe...”

The two of them started in on chit-chatting about things I doubt I’d have paid attention to under normal circumstances, the insider bullshit I’d been dreading earlier. It turned out not to bother me after all, mostly because I was increasingly concerned that Stacey’s wriggling on my lap was going to trigger an involuntary orgasm. I didn’t get this situation at all, but I for sure didn’t think that jizzing in my pants was going to improve my comfort level.

Crazier still, as the minutes passed I became more and more sure that I could smell the arousal in her too. She never ventured to release my hands, and the one time I adjusted them, she stopped mid-sentence to whimper. (After a brief grin at me, she then went right on dishing to Todd about her opinions on some reality show I'd never heard of.) My mind was so focused on the sensation of the warm flesh encasing my hands and the soft round posterior still grinding into my cock, I didn't notice that someone had said something to me until I realized the room had pitched into an awkward silence.

"Uh, what?" Todd and Stacey both laughed hysterically as I rejoined them in the moment.

"I said, 'your hands are making me horny, would you mind fingering me,'" Stacey repeated slowly.

"Uh, what?" I said again.

"Stacey's just letting her cunt do the talking – bad habit of hers," Todd said even as Stacey unfolded her legs, spreading them wide while she undid the button and zipper on her shorts. She wasn't wearing any underwear, I observed, and from what I could see, she was either shaved completely bald down there, or damn near to it.

"C'mon and finger me already. My wet little pussy needs a man so fucking badly," she whined, fondling her little tits through the fishnet top.

"I didn't hear a 'please' in there, Staceyslut," Todd chided.

"Ungh, pretty pretty *please* finger me, Luis," Stacey moaned into my ear, sucking my earlobe into her mouth and playing with it like a pacifier.

And that was when I came.

I wish I could say I was low-key about it, but it was obvious that everybody present noticed. (Understandably, the way I suddenly groaned and spasmed in my seat.) Stacey intensified her squirming to the point that it was basically a lap dance, twisting her nipples and moaning in time with me. Todd just laughed, slapping his knee.

"I... uh..." I sputtered, my face heating.

"Don't sweat it – Stacey's caboose has that effect on a guy. If I had a nickel for every time she got me off unexpectedly, I'd have enough to rent her for an hour."

"No-hoh wuh-hun's fingeri-hing me-hee-heeeee!" Stacey whined, pawing at her little boobs frantically.

"C'mon, Staceyslut, let's go take care of you," Todd said, taking to his feet and snapping his fingers. Like a trained beagle, she leapt up and trailed after him. "The bathroom's right over there, if you wanna... you know. Tidy up." He grinned over his shoulder at me as he lead Stacey down the hall to her bedroom. His hand slipped down the back of her shorts, and from the the way she shuddered, she got the finger she'd been craving.

I took a moment to catch my breath, but it didn't clear my head like I'd hoped. I made my way to the bathroom, starting by splashing some cold water on my face before getting to the mess below.

Damn, that had been hot. Fucking insane, but hotter than hell.

What in the hell was going on? I'd only met Stacey a couple times and not for a long while, but she'd struck me as a pretty normal chick. Ready laugh, quick wit, easy to like. I'd considered making a play for her, but at the time I'd known my pal Todd was into her so I'd stayed back. Still, even from the little I'd seen, it was quite a leap to the big pile of crazy I was seeing here. It was like she was getting off on acting like a total nympho, and the less dignity she was treated with, the more normal she took it.

From around the corner, I could hear Todd taking care of Stacey's libido. It began as the sound of a low, steady feminine moan; as I listened, it transformed into the sound of her pleading for Todd to use more than his fingers. "C'mon, please fuck my big round ass, I bought all this lube just for you to butt-fuck me with, I'll do anything for it just puh-lease Todd, *please* drill my big slutty ass, sitting on your friend's lap made me want to get stuffed back there so fucking bad..."

I'd barely lowered my pants to clean up my first mess, and just the sound of her was enough to make me start to get ready to make another one. "Bitch was born to make guys cream their pants," I grumbled as I lowered my pants to my knees.

"Don't give her too much credit," said a voice beside me.

I nearly jumped out of my skin, flailing my arms in panic as I spun to see who it was, then spun away to conceal my hard-on a split second later. It was a girl, another gorgeous one, this time in a thoroughly-filled sports bra and athletic shorts, her hair up in a pony tail and looking like she'd worked up a sweat quite recently. "Shit! Shit sorry, I should've closed the door, but I didn't think anyone else was home. Shit!"

She didn't leave the doorway. "I wasn't home until just a second ago. You probably didn't hear the front door over my slutbag of a roommate pleading for anal sex. I'm Kayla, by the way." She held out a hand. As I made to pull up my shorts so I could stop covering my cock and thus have a hand free to shake it, she shook her head. "You can leave them down if you want. You have a pretty nice cock, from what I saw of it."

"Um, thanks? I'm Luis, by the way. Todd's friend." Jesus, the way she non-reacted to finding a stranger with his hard-on out in her bathroom was like she was as crazy as Stacey.

"I figured. He told us he might bring somebody by. Mind if I squeeze by?" She brushed up against me in the narrow bathroom despite my efforts to make room. "I was just going to take a quick shower, make myself presentable."

Then, just like Stacey changing in her bedroom earlier, she suddenly began stripping! Not in a sexual way, I guess, just peeling off her sports bra, then stepping out of the little athletic shorts to reveal a pair of little white panties with pink hearts all over

them. Her body was almost the opposite of Stacey's, or at least as opposite as it could be while still being dead sexy. Where Stacey had a big ass and small boobs, Kayla's butt was tight and perky, her tits heavy, with dark brown nipples the size of silver dollars.

"So you and Stacey, you guys are just like... some kind of exhibitionists?" I asked, finally dropping my hands to my side. If nobody else was going to cover up, no sense being shy.

"What? No, far from it. But this is my home, and in my home I like to be comfortable. I'm comfortable being naked, and... oh dammit!" she said, looking hard at my crotch.

"What? Sorry, it's not just you, Stacey was..."

"No, that's what I meant. Damnit to hell, that girl..." She growled. "She has no respect for the work it takes to keep things clean around here. I take it she's responsible for that mess?" Kayla pointed at my cock, still glistening from the jizzsplosion earlier.

"Um, yeah, I guess so."

"She is such a pig. Honestly, the amount of time I spend cleaning up after her around here, I ought to take it out of my share of the rent. Dirty dishes, Todd's cum stains, discarded socks... now this." Hastily, she turned to the shower and started the water running, sitting on the edge and feeling for it to heat up with one hand.

"Oh, you don't have to..." What the hell was I saying? What the hell was even happening? I was fast approaching a point of just shrugging my shoulders and letting this bizarro dreamscape run its course.

"C'mon, we can share the shower. You can help clean me, I'll help clean you."

And so, even as much as my brain was unable to figure out this madhouse, I wasn't stupid enough to turn down an offer like that. I shed the rest of my clothes while the water warmed. Kayla asked if I wouldn't mind taking off her panties – no idea why she couldn't do it herself, but again, I'd happily accept the offer – and then we were in the shower together.

Like Stacey, her pussy was totally bald.

"Do you want a loofah, or would you rather just use your hands?" Kayla asked as she held the nozzle to wet the two of us down.

"Hands? Hands are good," I said. Then, with the bottle of body wash she handed me, I set to work employing them. Kayla just placed her hands on the wall and arched her back, tits forward and ass back, holding the position as I washed her. Maybe I was still a little nervous, because a few times she even had to remind me when I missed a spot. Soon I was sure she didn't mind any touch regardless of how intimate. At her behest, I soaped up her back, her arms, her stomach... then I dove into a grope-fest from calves to cunt, butt to boobs.



Whenever I got into an erogenous zone, she was anything but sparing with the theatrical moaning – enough so that I wondered if maybe she wasn't theatrical, and was in fact just a giant ho like her roommate.

“All right, my turn,” she said once I'd gotten nearly everything. I was about to ask her to hold off, let me keep looking for dirty spots on her tits with my cock nestled up between those tight little ass cheeks, but it turns out that's exactly how she meant to clean me. Her feet remained planted as she shimmied and grinded her wet naked ass against my cock, the water running down her back to aid in removing all traces of my mishap with Stacey.

“Damn girl, what's your major? Twerkology?” I asked, mesmerized by the rippling flesh surrounding my cock.

She laughed softly. “No, I just practice a lot for Todd. He's trying to help me feel better about not having a 'badonkadonk,' as he calls it, like Stacey. It's doing a lot for my self-esteem.”

I couldn't imagine why this hottie would need the approval of a schlub like Todd to make her feel good, but hey, if she needed it... “Well you're doing an amazing job. This is the best it's ever felt to have a girl grinding on me without actually, you know, doing it.”

“Oh – would you rather fuck me? I guess that'd take care of the mess as well as this.” She looked over her shoulder, all seriousness.

“Uh, don't you think that's just going to wind up making more of the same kind of mess?”

Her expression said I was being rather obtuse. “A girl's holes are where cum is supposed to go. It's not a mess if it's where it belongs.”

“Oh. Uh, yeah, I guess that makes sense.” None of this made any sense. May as well get bold then. “Well sure, I guess we could fuck then. Unless you want to, ya know, beg for it like Stacey.”

Kayla rolled her eyes. “Ugh, I know, she's always asking Todd for stuff. Me, I don't beg. One polite request is plenty if you ask me. I mean, I have my self-respect.” With that, she bent down to grab her ankles, carefully avoiding hitting her head on the faucet. She looked up at me from between her legs. “Now do you want my cunt or my ass?”

“Cunt's fine?” I said, not meaning to make it a question, but this was too surreal to take in stride.

“Awesome! I have a lot more practice pleasing a man with my pussy. Go for it.” She slid her feet as far apart as the shower would let her. As it turned out, she was the perfect height for me, just a few inches shorter than Stacey – just enough that my cock lined up perfectly.

Unlike what I'd heard from her roommate as Todd ass-fucked her to her heart's content, Kayla wasn't one to have a running commentary on how amazing it all was. That said, she was still by a huge margin the best fuck of my young life. Never for a second did I doubt that I was rocking her world – she grunted, groaned, moaned, and with the occasional monosyllabic bit of encouragement, demanded more.

I gave it. Thank goodness Stacey had already gotten me off, because otherwise Kayla would've finished me in seconds. For god's sake, the slut must've been practicing her kegel exercises since puberty to grip my cock the way she did. It was like a blowjob, handjob, and good old-fashioned fuck all at once. Sexier still, Kayla was coming every thirty seconds, her hair trigger keeping her constantly trembling with unrestrainable pleasure.

The way she lost it over me, it was like I was some kind of sex god, the absolute best high of my life. When I came, I roared like a conquering barbarian as I slammed her body awkwardly against the shower wall, spurting more than I felt like I ever had into the depths of her silken cunt.

I fell back against the side wall to recover; before I knew it, there was Kayla kneeling at my feet, sucking my deflating cock. It wasn't for long, though, as she pulled off just as I was starting to get hard again. "Just making sure I left you good and clean, Luis. Otherwise this whole shower would've been for nothing."

"Yeah, for nothing," I said. "Speaking of, I'm starting to prune up a bit here..."

"Go on and dry off. I'll be out in a sec once I rinse your dribbles out of me."

So I did. Getting dressed again was almost like stepping back into another world, the old one I'd known where beautiful women didn't spontaneously turn into whores in front of my eyes. Then Kayla shut the water off and joined me, dripping and naked, and the old world faded into the background just as swiftly.

"So do you want to pick out my clothes for me, or should I grab something myself? Or do you want me to bother? Obviously you're not as used to seeing my sweet little cunt and my big titties as Todd."

God, she even talked dirty casually. And was she really letting me dress her up? Did I suddenly have my own living breathing doll to play dress-up with? Whatever had been done to this girl had my eternal gratitude, that was for sure. "Sure, I'll pick something for you. Why don't you show me what you have, Kayla?"

We left the bathroom, Kayla wrapped in her towel and me in my scuzzy clothes, save for the jizz-soaked underwear I'd just thrown in the trash. There we saw that Todd and Stacey were back in the living room, both of them grinning broadly at us as we exited. Part of me was surprised to see Stacey was dressed again, even if it was still the whorish get-up she'd changed into after we arrived.

"So I see you've met Kayla," Todd said.

“Met? She just dragged me into the shower and fucked me, brah. I’d say we’re acquainted.”

“Yeah, and thanks for that, by the way,” Kayla said frostily in the direction of her roommate. “Always nice to meet someone and immediately be tasked with cleaning up *your* cum stains off of them.”

“Sorry, I got caught up with Todd. Thanks for covering it, Kayla.”

“Just take care of your own stuff next time, OK? Now come on, Luis, let’s dress me.” She took my hand and pulled me behind her into the apartment’s other bedroom. Unlike Stacey, she shut the door behind her. Not that it made her any more ladylike, since she immediately dropped her towel and resumed her nakedness.

“Nice room,” I said, looking around. It was weird – the room mostly looked like a brainiac’s space, with books everywhere and more of them academic than not. Sciency shit I couldn’t make heads or tails of, mostly. I did see she had a half dozen dildos and vibrators of various shapes and designs sitting out on her nightstand.

She saw me noticing. “Sorry, I wasn’t expecting anyone but Todd over, and he knows about my hobby.” When I made an inquisitive face, she continued. “Masturbating. I do it three, four, five, maybe six times a day most days. Almost never orgasm – I like to keep myself really horny at all times, just in case there’s a chance to act on it.”

“You mean like now?”

Kayla cocked her head to the side. “Are you asking if I’m horny now, or if I see a chance to act on it now? Both, I guess. I’m definitely horny – that foreplay in the shower was actually pretty hot. So thanks for that.”

*Foreplay?* Being fucked like that was *foreplay* to this girl?!

“Anyways, do you wanna dress me? Or were you working up to asking me for another go? The answer’s yes, obviously, but I don’t want to be presumptuous.”

I hadn’t been, but as soon as she said it, the thought slammed into the forefront of my brain. “I tell you what, why don’t you go ahead and put those toys to use, get yourself ready for me while I pick out something for you to wear. Then we’ll see how I’m feeling.”

“Sure,” she said, like I’d suggested we go for Italian food for dinner. Kayla plopped down on her bed, sifting amongst her toys until she found one with a little side attachment that looked like it would buzz at her clit while she twisted the shaft in her pussy. Meanwhile, I opened up her closet and inspect my options.

Her closet was divided neatly in two – half of it normal girl clothes, functional things, some a little cute even, that normal college girls would wear out there in the normal world. The other half, however... Holy shit, she was like a one-woman sex shop. It started with semi-conventional outfits that ran from sexy (e.g. a little red dress that looked like it’d struggle to fit over her boobs) to outright slutty (strapless halter tops and

shorts to rival the ones Stacey was wearing). As I kept sifting through, I realized it continued well past those simple beginnings. She had costumes, from cheerleader to nurse to French maid to sexy kitten. She had lingerie, from g-strings to bras with nipple-holes to see-through camisoles to crotchless panties. She even had a desk drawer – she panted its existence to me between moans as she fucked herself on her bed – half-full of bondage-themed attire.

“You actually wear this shit?” I asked, holding up one such item. It was little more than leather straps and buckles. I couldn’t even make sense of how it would fit over a human body.

“If the mood strikes me, or, mmmm, if Todd thinks it’d be a good idea,” she said, clenching her thighs around her toy.

“All right, this I gotta see. C’mon, show me.”

I should point out, I’ve never been one into S&M type stuff – if I find a girl willing to throw me a bone, smacking her around was the second-to-last thing on my mind. (Needless to say, being smacked around myself was last.) Still, something about it, about having this totally hot chick casually let me dress her up like this...

Some time later, Kayla and I returned to the living room. I was in my same old pants and t-shirt; she was wearing the specified ensemble. It basically consisted of a ring near her belly button, from which a handful of straps lead off to her shoulder and her pussy. It was utterly pointless – the thing covered nothing, instead calling attention to the best parts of what it wasn’t covering. Her huge tits were completely exposed, lifted slightly and framed by the straps. Her hair, still slightly damp, was now wound into a tight bun held in place by plastic chopsticks.

Or they would be, if she wasn’t crawling in on the end of a leash, the other end of which was in my hand.

Stacey’s jaw dropped to her chest at the sight of us; for a moment, I thought I’d finally crossed the line here, but then when she burst into peals of laughter I knew we were fine. Kayla certainly hadn’t expressed any dismay when I’d told her to put it on; the crawling had even been her idea – “easier to see anything I need to spot clean that way,” she’d said.

Todd issued a slow clap as he complimented my choice. “Damn, Kayla. Bondage slave is a good look on you.”

“I told you when these things showed up in the mail – no fair acting like you’re surprised, Todd.”

He nodded. “No, I remember you saying–”

“Because seriously, I get enough grief from Stacey for playing hard to get without you coming after me, too.” Hard to get? These two sluts were the easiest to get pieces of ass I’d ever heard of, much less experienced first hand. I shook my head, taking a seat in

the open recliner. Kayla knelt beside me, and Stacey was finally gaining control over herself.

“Omigod, Kayla, you are... wow. I mean, I know we talked about being hospitable to guests, but damn.”

“Well he picked it out – what was I supposed to do, tell him to pick something else? That see-through top of yours isn’t any more modest than this.”

“At least I’m not on the end of some guy’s leash,” Stacey shot back.

“At least my fat ass wasn’t on the end of some guy’s dick!” Kayla yelled.

“Big-titted tramp!”

“Open-assed whore!”

Then Todd let rip one of those ear-piercing whistles he did, and the girls fell silent, glaring across the room at one another. “Ladies,” Todd said in a patronizing tone, “why don’t you put those mouths of yours to good use?”

Stacey rolled her eyes, sliding off the couch to crouch at Todd’s feet. “Why is it putting any part of me to good use around here always means polishing your cock?” Despite her sullen demeanor, she wasted no time in undoing his fly and taking him into her mouth, immediately going to work with tongue and lips. It looked like the most natural act in the world for her, practiced and steady in her rhythm.

Kayla, meanwhile, crawled around in front of me and rested her chin on my lap. “Would you like a blowjob, Luis? I’m very good at them. If not, I can go help Kayla with Todd’s.”

I’d never had my cock serviced in the same room as another guy, but I wasn’t about to let him take both girls while I just sat here and watched. “Be my guest, babe,” I said, helping her gain access. Like her roommate, she didn’t miss a beat, commencing sucking cock like it was perfectly ordinary to do so.

Todd and I just sat there for a few, both relishing the attention of our respective slut’s mouth. “How’s yours?” he asked after a few.

“Fucking good. Maybe even better than her pussy,” I said. “This is what I always imagined getting head from a flautist would feel like. Incredible tongue dexterity, ya know?”

Todd idly drummed a beat with gentle taps on Stacey’s cheeks. She didn’t react. “Yeah, Kayla is a damn fine cocksucker – knows her tricks and likes to use ‘em.”

“But not Stacey?”

“She doesn’t have a method so much as an attitude – Stacey just sucks dick like she’s making love to it. Don’t you, Staceyslut?”

Stacey mumbled something around his cock; it was unintelligible, but it sounded to me like agreement.

“OK, so... I gotta ask, brah. How in the hell–”

“Hold that thought,” Todd interrupted. “Girls, we need some privacy.” My heart sank as they both suddenly stood up and all but ran from the room. That had been a fucking incredible blowjob, even with the audience, and I was loathe to end it just for an answer to my question. Only then Kayla and Stacey came running back a moment later, phones and ear buds in hand. Each of them turned on some nice loud music, barely audible even to us, as they settled back in front of us. Our blowjobs resumed, the girls both diving back in like they resented being subjected to even such a momentary pause.

“You were saying,” Todd said as he ran his fingers through Stacey’s auburn hair.

“Uh, yeah. I was saying, what the fuck is going on here, dude?”

He smiled, and for a time he didn’t respond, focusing on gripping Stacey’s hair like a pair of handlebars and proceeding to simply fuck her face. Stacey didn’t react except that I began to see a damp spot forming at the crotch of her shorts. I was fine waiting; Kayla was tonguing my balls, her mouth forming a soft smile as she looked up at me like she was thankful to be permitted.

“It’s like this, Luis,” Todd said finally. “I could tell you how I do it, but then, I gotta start wondering and worrying who all knows my – our – little secret. Whether I need to be paranoid somebody’s gonna snatch these little cunts away, wondering who all got blabbed to, people whining at me to make this work on their crushes, and so on ad nauseam.”

When he fell quiet a moment, Kayla ventured to speak, her voice a half-shout on account of the music blaring in her ears. “And hey, Luis? If you wanna give me a facial, cum on my tits, whatever, just let me know when you’re close, OK?”

“Sure,” I agreed automatically, nodding to signal visually. What else does one say to that?

“So anyway,” Todd continued as Stacey deep-throated him so long I began to worry how she was breathing, “I’d rather we just enjoy ourselves and not look our little gift whores in their mouths. How’s that sound?”

“I guess that sounds fair,” I answered. And it was. Was I still dying to know what the fuck was going on here? Damn straight I was. But just from what I’d seen in the past hour, I’d never do anything that would jeopardize this. So far as I was concerned, Todd had won the lottery with these sluts, and if he was keen on sharing I was perfectly happy to accept charity and not piss him off.

“So do they have any limits? Anything I should know, lines not to cross, that kind of thing?” I leaned down to give Kayla’s tits a friendly squeeze; she simply adjusted her technique to allow me easy access with minimal interruption of service. The perfect cock-sucker.

“Not really,” Todd said, “just as long as I’m here with you. Didn’t want to turn over my personal harem to you altogether, ya know. Stacey here’s pretty much the quintessential nympho; Kayla’s always ready to go, but sometimes you gotta be a little

more blunt with her. She definitely doesn't like being smack-talked to like her roomie, either, but I just think that makes it all the more fun."

"Agreed. And on that note..." I tapped Kayla on the shoulder; her eyes opened and she looked up at me inquisitively as my cock slid in and out of her mouth. I popped one of her earbuds out; the tinny sound of classical music greeted me.

"Finish me off with your tits, slut," I said. "And I want to hear some goddamn gratitude for the opportunity."

"Why, I'd be delighted to," Kayla said. There was a tiny shift in her demeanor; I could see what Todd meant, how she didn't like being sassed. That response had been phoned in, and knowing that she was phoning it in somehow only made it hotter.

Kayla treated me to the first tit-fuck of my life that evening, rubbing and grinding those stupendous tits of hers on my cock with a healthy dose of the lube she evidently kept under the chair. ("So it's handy for you whenever you're in the mood," she said as she slathered it on.) After two orgasms in such short repetition I had quite a bit of stamina this time, but this slut never seemed to tire. True to her word, I got reminders every five seconds of how lucky she felt to be the girl who got to titty-fuck me; how much she loved making guys cum on her big titties; how horny she got when a man used her like the busty bitch she was.

When I came, Todd sent Stacey over to lick my cum off of Kayla's tits; then he fucked her while she sat there lapping at her roommate's nipples like they were made out of candy. When he came all over Stacey's broad ass, I stepped in to tell Kayla to lick *that* up. She did, happy we weren't making a mess on the carpet.

After that, as much fun as we were having, Todd and I agreed we were pretty much spent, and were gonna head out for the evening.

"This was fun. Thanks for bringing your friend over," Kayla said as she licked her lips, Stacey's ass glistening with her saliva. One of Kayla's hands was down between her legs, indulging herself in her favorite hobby.

"Totes – maybe next time he'll make *me* come like a slut when I'm sitting on his lap, instead of vice versa," Stacey said, nudging me teasingly with her elbow. I laughed and stuck a hand down the front of her shorts, giving her clit a few seconds' teasing. She melted in my hands, already raring to go again.

"I look forward to it," I said, pulling my hand back and wiping her pussy juices off on her shorts. "Seriously, thanks for showing me such hospitality, sluts."

Stacey winked at me as we made our way out the door. "Very welcome, Luis. After all, a friend of Todd's is a friend of ours."