

Chapter Six

“What do you mean, ‘you want in?’”

“What the *fuck* do you think I mean, Will?” Dina said to him, amusement in her voice. “April’s made it clear that she and Lacey need help keeping your sexual impulses in check, because you’re a fucking animal in all the best ways. I can help manage those impulses, exhaust and contain them. I want to be a part of this little poly unit you’ve got going on here. I’m tired of seeing my teaching assistant hobbling into my classroom, like she’s too sore to close her legs properly. You obviously need a more mature and experienced woman in your rotation, someone who’s capable of managing your more extreme appetites. Can I come in, or are you going to make me stand on the fucking stoop in the fucking snow all night?”

Will sighed, although on the inside he was smiling wide. “Yeah, okay, c’mon on. I’m letting all the heat out anyway.” He stepped aside to let her move into his place, the small woman almost barging into his entryway. He glanced out at the weather – the snow was threatening to get pretty rock’n’roll and depending on how long Dina was at his house, she might not be able to get out for a while – but it didn’t seem like Dina much cared, as she was already pulling off the parka, revealing a giant oversized Lilith Faire t-shirt that was tucked into her snow pants. She also had a massive purse, more like a satchel bag than the small clutches April and Lacey normally carried with them, and she set that on the table that Will and the girls kept their keys on in the entryway. “What’s your plan here? You think you can just walk over here, waggle your ass in front of me and I’m suddenly going to, what, get all worked up and just manhandle you? Fuck you senseless until you’re basking in the glow of it?”

She pulled off one snow boot, then the other. “That’s the plan, yessir,” she replied, stretching her toes out before tugging off the snow pants, revealing a tightly fitting pair of gray yoga pants. “Both of your girlfriends have apparently been complaining about you having the sexual appetite of a jackrabbit on speed, and you need to keep that libido in check. So, I’m here to offer to join in on the cadre of women needed to quell such thirsty lusts.”

Will laughed, rolling his eyes a little, as he walked into his living room, where April and Lacey were watching a British television show called ‘Love Island’ on Hulu, and they looked up, pushing pause on the remote. Will had watched it with them from time to time, and while it was fun ogling hot British girls now and then, he also found some of the drama overly ridiculous and some of the fights between people obviously forced for the sake of entertainment. “Ladies, Dina here’s asking if she can join this weird little family unit, but before I even consider it, she’s got to convince you two that she’s got what it takes to earn a place in our bed. Once she’s past the gatekeepers, maybe I’ll consider letting her into the bed.”

“I’m not buying it,” Lacey said, rolling her eyes from her throne seat on the couch. “I think she wants all the benefits without any of the work.”

“The work?” Dina asked, placing her hand on her hip.

“Washing the sheets, like, every damn night, for starters,” April laughed. “Laundry is a massive task around here, because of all the sweat and sex funk. Shit, you can probably smell it right now. No matter what we try, it basically always smells like we’ve just fucked ten minutes ago.”

Will had strolled over to his armchair, sitting down in it, seeing that Dina was clearly struggling to manage with the heavy scent of their sex in the air, the aroma of it filling her nostrils once more, as the woman shifted her weight nervously in front of them. He could see that even through the heavy, baggy shirt the woman was wearing, her nipples were already stiff as all hell, the indentations of them visible through the thick cloth.

“Right,” Lacey said, “when in reality it was more like an hour ago. I still feel full, warm in the belly, almost a little drunk.”

“He *did* fill you up pretty good,” April giggled. “I can almost smell *that* more than the sweat. The primal scent of our man’s *seed*.”

Both Lacey and April were dressed sort of like Dina, in big, baggy t-shirts (both of which were Will’s) and yoga pants, red for Lacey and black for April, the two sitting with their legs decently spread wide. “You can smell it too, can’t you, Dina?”

“W-w-w-what?”

“Yeah, look at her face,” Lacey said, licking her lips, her hand sliding along her own stomach. “She can’t even look over at him right now because she’s so worked up. But that’s good. She shouldn’t be looking at him. She should be looking at us, or more specifically, *me*. Because I’m Will’s leading lady. *I’m* the Head Bitch In Charge. I got here first, and I staked my fucking claim. That means if she wants a spot on the rotation, she’s got to convince *me*.”

“Convince y-y-y-you?” Dina stammered, looking towards Will for a second before turning her eyes back to Lacey, realizing he wasn’t going to help her here. “How would I do that?”

“You have to prove you’re willing to do anything and everything for the whole clan,” Lacey said. “Start by stripping.”

“W-w-w-what?” All the confidence and bluster Dina had initially brought with her had been extinguished in seconds, but the woman did her best to stand her ground and recover her poise. “Here?”

“It’s just us right now,” Lacey said, “but who the hell knows how many bitches we’re going to need to get in here to keep Will satisfied? So, if you can’t strip in front of us, how the hell are you going to do it when there’s even more of us? Either start taking clothes off or put ‘em back on and get the fuck out of our house.”

Dina looked down at her feet, nervous for a moment before she reached down and pulled her shirt upwards, tugging it off, exposing small, perky breasts with tiny brown nipples on top of them. She was built like a ballet dancer – slender and muscular without the muscle definition being the dominant feature. And Dina didn’t stop there, pushing her yoga pants and the panties beneath down to her ankles, stepping out of them, leaving her in just her socks. A moment later, she shed those as well, folded her wrists behind her back and then looked up at Lacey with her confidence returned, determined to do whatever it took to earn her place, the lure of Will’s sexual potential too sweet to walk away from. “Good enough?” She had a small rectangle of black hair above her pussy and had clearly shaved her legs right before coming over to Will’s. She was excited as all hell, as well. Will could see a bit of clear slickness on the inside of her thighs.

“It’s a start.” Lacey seemed to be reveling in her new position. “But before we even consider letting you have a turn with our man, maybe we should make sure you can tend to us first. The family takes care of and tends to each other.”

Will’s eyes threatened to bulge a little, but he did his very best to retain his composure and not look at all surprised by this, although inside his mind, he was wondering just how far Lacey intended to take this. He knew Lacey liked to play at being the firm hand, but where she drew the line was still unknown to him. However far he *thought* she was going to take it, though, her next stop blew past that by miles and miles and miles.

Lacey pulled the shirt up and over her head to expose her chest, her breasts a little bigger than Dina’s, but she didn’t stop there, reaching down to push off her own yoga pants, tossing them aside before slowly opening her legs, revealing her freshly fucked pussy, still lightly

drooling a little of Will's spunk. "I've got a cuntful of Will's cum right now," Lacey said, slowly swaying one of her thighs, her hand sliding over her belly. "If I'm kind enough to share it with you, will you savor it?"

'Holy fucking *shit*,' Will thought, his brain starting to panic. 'This is too much, this is too *fast*, this is where she bails, this is—'

Dina dropped down to her knees and moved to press her lips against the inside of Lacey's thigh, as April giggled slightly, watching her teacher's tongue snake out to flick along Lacey's flesh. All three of them were a little taken aback at how fast Dina started making her way up to let her tongue explore higher and higher. And before anyone had even really seen it coming, Dina's lips were pressed up against Lacey's pussy, her tongue working up inside of Lacey's snatch as the redhead reached a hand down to hold Dina's head from pulling back, although it looked more like Dina was simply going to continue feasting.

"I think she really wants you, baby," Lacey moaned, "because she is giving this 120%, and she doesn't even want to back off. I mean, fucking hell, me and April have had a bit of fun like this before, but she's trying to lick up *every* bit of your cum like it's the tastiest thing she's ever had. My *God*, that tongue is fucking *eeeeeeeeeverywhere*."

Dina must've hit a particular spot as Lacey's hips suddenly shoved up towards Dina's face, and instead of being thrown by it, Dina just redoubled her efforts, and the sloppy sounds grew noisier, which only made April giggle even harder.

"Fuck baby, this prof's going to fucking *town* and putting down her goddamn flag!"

That was when Will noticed it wasn't just that – Dina was tick-tocking her *ass* back and forth like a pendulum, slow, lingering sways, trying to draw Will's eye to it, inviting him to look, promising him that he could do more, *far* more, and that all Dina would do would be to say thank you and ask him not to stop.

He wanted to be patient.

He *really* did.

Patience was underappreciated.

He normally valued patience.

But right now...?

Fuck that.

He slipped up from his seat quietly, seeing April rubbing her hands together in anticipation as Will moved to get in behind Dina. He wasn't sure how he wanted to do this, because to get a good angle, he would need to get down on his knees and lose some of his leverage but if he moved her at all, it would give up the element of surprise.

"I know we all joked around she had a silver tongue, Will," Lacey groaned, her red hair a tangle of errant curls, "but her tongue isn't going to *quit* until it gets every last *speck* of your jizz..."

Will looked and pulled over a footstool with his ankle, dragging it over before lifting up Dina's hips, raising her knees high enough for him to slip the footstool underneath her legs, bring her up higher. His hand reached down and slapped her toned and slender ass, which made her shift her posture and spread her legs a little wider, as much as she could without sliding off the small footstool.

She wanted him to know that he had access and an open invitation.

Before he knew it, he'd unzipped his jeans and just tucked them down enough to pull out his cock, leaving them still somewhat around his hips, as he moved to rub the length of cock along Dina's drenched slit, feeling her slather him up in juices before he aligned properly, his

hands square on her hips, as he rammed towards her, shoving his dick down as far as her depths would take him, a loud squeal of delight muffled by the fact that Dina had her face buried against Lacey's cunt.

Dina's pussy was tight, almost uncomfortably so, but there was also something exquisite about her velvety clenched walls around his shaft. She was trying to throb around him, and he suspected her throbbing spasms were either her attempt to manage the overwhelming sensations that were blasting through her nervous system, to encourage him to continue fucking her, or, most likely, both.

Not that Will needed much in the way of encouragement.

His hips slammed against hers hard enough to make even the highly toned flesh of her ass jiggle a little, rippling with the force of his body colliding with hers, and each smack resulting in a feral moan from Dina directly against Lacey. But Will noticed one little thing he suspected neither Lacey or April had picked up on – Dina's ankles were pressing against the outside of Will's calves, not to get him to ease up, but to draw him further in.

He couldn't quite get his entire cock inside of Dina's hungry pussy, to his own surprise, feeling the head of his cock thumping against the back of her snatch, her body wanting to yield but unable to accommodate that last inch or so of his shaft. Not for her lack of trying, though, because even though he suspected it might be a little painful, she was trying to push back against him with enough force to get the last bit inside of her, although she couldn't quite get it.

Even though Will could feel his more primal side coming out, Dina was matching him beat for beat, one of her hands reached up to rub down against April's pussy through her yoga pants before April pulled them down to her knees so Dina's fingers could get inside of her.

The four of them were a single linked sexual organism, each of them feeding into each other's orgasms until finally Will brought it to a crescendo, grabbing Dina by the neck, pulling her up to slam her back against his chest as he leaned in and bit down at the top of her shoulder, which somehow seemed to set her off on an ear-splitting orgasm, her cunt locking down on his cock even while he pulsed and spat loads of his sticky white up inside of her, the two of them sharing a vibration on the same frequency.

It was a tangle of bodies, the four of them sprawled on top of one another on the couch, mostly just sort of piled up, Will beneath the three women, all of whom had snuggled against him in heated exhaustion, the whole house reeking of sweat and cum and sex.

They all passed out that way.

It was early morning before any of them woke up, and Will was the first to do so, all three women still plastered against him, the foursome of them asleep on the couch, not having ever migrated to the bedroom. Lacey's face was pressed in against his right shoulder, Dina's head resting on his chest, April's face against his left. He desperately wanted to get up and pee, but he didn't have a chance before he felt the stirring of Dina, who slid down and off Will as Lacey and April rolled a little further away from him on the couch, giving him room to slip out from between them as he stepped into his kitchen, completely naked, as was Dina, although at some point in the night, she had apparently gotten up and bandaged his bite wound to her neck.

"Regretting your decision?" he asked her.

"Not at all," Dina said with a laugh. "Although I will tell you I feel like my legs have permanently been bowed open a little bit. Walking isn't supposed to be a challenge, you know. How the hell do you even get into pants with that monster?"

"You're flattering, but it's not that big," Will said.

"It really *is*, Will," Dina said, glancing down at it. "And if you don't *think* it is, you may

need to have your head examined.”

He glanced down and wondered if maybe it *was* bigger than it had been a few months ago. It seemed completely impossible, but at that point, he was starting to wonder if he should even use that word anymore.

Dina stretched her thin arms up and over her head, her body tensing up before relaxing. “Is it always quite that intense, or were you just giving a girl a first time where you were showing off a little?” She had a quiet smile on her face, almost mysterious and coy, a flirtatious nature to her, even though they’d just fucked themselves unconscious a few hours back.

“I’m just a guy trying to get through day-to-day life, Dina,” he said, opening the fridge to grab his Brita water filter from it. He opened one of his cupboards and grabbed a glass, setting it on the counter before filling it to the brim. He lifted the glass to his lips and drank it empty as Dina followed his lead and grabbed herself a glass, setting it down next to his so Will could fill them both. “Lemme tell you, though, I’m drinking *so* much more water than I used to.”

“Heavy exercise’ll do that to you. How did all this happen anyway?” Dina said, lifting her glass up but not yet drinking from it. “Despite your... sexual appetite, you almost seem a little disinterested in flirting with women, and yet, you’ve got *three*. And, speaking truth to power here, I think we’re still going to need another two or three more around this place before we’re finally able to keep up with your hungers. Have you always been like this?”

He shook his head. Despite how cold it was outside, the house felt almost a little like a sauna, and he wondered if one of the girls had cranked up the heat to something obscene again. “Started up a little after the beginning of the fall semester. Lacey, who’d never so much as given me a second look, suddenly decided she needed to fuck me like her life depended on it. I didn’t believe her, and so I basically shrugged off all her attempts to draw me in.”

“Shrugged them off?”

“Oh, she was wearing low cut tops, short skirts, bending over in my direction, practically doing everything she could think of to get my attention, but it all felt so... I dunno,” he sighed, watching her take a sip from her water glass. “It felt like she was just doing it because she wasn’t used to anyone, and I do mean anyone *ever*; not doing exactly what she wanted them to do. She was one of the most notorious cockteases on campus, enjoying getting men worked up before telling them she’d changed her mind and leaving them with blue balls. I didn’t have any interest in being another notch on her belt, so I figured if I didn’t give her any attention, her fixation would flitter onto the next shiny guy she came across. I had to just be a momentary distraction, made all the more alluring by my refusal to engage with her, and she’d be bored soon enough, I guessed.”

“Didn’t work out that way, huh?”

“It was almost like the refusal *hurt* her, like she had to take a good look at what she’d been doing in how she treated men on the whole, because she *desperately* wanted me to like her, and I wouldn’t, not when she was just going to use me and discard me. That’s when this *new* Lacey sort of showed up.”

“New how?”

“It went from ‘I want you to want *me*’ as Cheap Trick would say to ‘what can *I* do to make *you* happy?’ I mean, there’s still hints of the old Lacey around the fringes, but when she catches herself acting that way, it’s almost like she gets angry at herself, and she readjusts, setting me and my wants back on top of the food pyramid. And she doesn’t let me dodge questions on the subject. She wants to make sure I’m happy, provided, taken care of, and in exchange, I’ll...” Will laughed. “I guess I’ll keep her well-fucked and well-protected.”

“So when you said you wanted a second woman—”

“Whoa!” Will said. “None of that, of *this*, of *any of this*, was *my* idea. Lacey brought in April, and April suggested we bring in *you*. I told Lacey that when it was just me and her that I was happy, but she said she knew she couldn’t do enough to keep me satisfied. And she told me I’d be doing her a *favor* by getting someone to help divvy up my sexual energy. So we looked into April, and April was more than happy to join in, once she’d sort of shed the false pretense she was putting on.”

“False pretense?”

“She’d joined some local church who’d convinced her that joy, sex, happiness – that all that stuff wasn’t the sort of thing that people deserved,” Will scoffed. “They believed in suffering like Jesus did, that all their members had to be suffering, and that they had to make everyone else miserable by pointing out how they were going against God’s wishes. I mean, that’s how it seemed to *me*, but I’m sure she had to get something out of it.”

“Faith’s a complicated thing, Will,” Dina sighed. “And most people go through a lot of journeys trying to figure out what it means to them. It can last a lifetime, even more.”

“You’re Jewish, I’m guessing, what with a last name like Getschmann,” Will said, a soft smile on his face.

“Israeli born and bred,” she confirmed. “But as devout as I am, I believe that loving everyone is the most important thing any of us can do. You a religious man, Will?”

Will shrugged. “I’m not of any particular faith. Not against any one either, even if April might think I’m a little touchy when it comes to spirituality. I just don’t like hypocrites, and people trying to tell others what they can and can’t do with their lives. But you wanna go to Temple on Saturdays, have at it. That’s between you and your God, and I respect and honor that.”

“All of this within just a handful of months sounds like it’s been a bit of a whirlwind,” she said. “Anything else I should know about?”

Will paused and for the first time, he felt like maybe he could talk about all the weird coincidences he’d had for the last few months. “There’s... been all these... odd things happening,” Will said. “Sometimes I think there’s people following me, but it doesn’t feel like it’s the same person. I told Lacey and April about that, and we’ve sort of found four people who seem to be around us an unusually large amount of the time. Three men and one woman. A couple of them I think are students, but I don’t think all of them are. Weirdly, once we realized who they were, though, I realized a pair of them were klutzes who’d been continually bumping into me.”

“Bumping into you?”

“Spilling drinks on me, that kind of thing,” he said. “But that’s only the beginning of the weirdness. Someone scattered a bunch of plants around my house, which I had to clean up. There were the two robbers who I stood up to in the dinner, who took one look at me, unarmed and calm, and just ran away. And... and there was the bullet.”

That stopped Dina in her tracks. “Excuse me?”

Will moved over to the laundry room for a second and came back with the thing in his hand, holding it out to her. “Here you go. Found it on my windshield.”

“Well, first off, this isn’t a bullet, it’s a cartridge,” Dina said. “It’s got the bullet on it, but the rest of this bit’s a cartridge. Odd there’s no powder in it. You don’t normally put a bullet into a cartridge without powder because it won’t fucking do anything. Without powder, it won’t fire. And it feels funny for a normal shell.”

He cocked his head to one side. “What do you mean?”

Dina smirked at him. "I'm a single woman nearly in my thirties. If you think I haven't been at the gun range a few times, you're out of your mind. But... is this silver?" She laughed for a second. "What are you, a werewolf or something?"

"Clearly not," he said, taking the cartridge from her once more. "Because I can handle silver just fine."

"Oh, that's a common misconception about werewolf lore," Dina said. "Silver can *harm* them, but it's not *toxic* to the touch. At least, it's not in the old Germanic stories."

"Did a lot of reading about werewolves, have we?" Will teased.

"Werewolves *and* vampires," she said, sticking her tongue out at him. "I got caught up in the *Twilight* craze like most women my age, except I made a point out of doing all the actual research, because even as a fangirl I was a geek. And yeah, a lot of the stories about mythological creatures are either full of contradictions, or all center on some shit someone made up like a hundred years ago. The bit about werewolves being vulnerable to silver actually goes back to the 15th century, though, which means it isn't just some shit a single writer made up."

"You think someone thinks I'm a werewolf?" Will said. "Don't people have to be bitten by a werewolf to turn into a werewolf?"

"That's vampires, Will, and even that's just speculation. Werewolf bites don't do anything. They're not fucking zombies, Will. They aren't out hunting for brains and turning anyone they bite. But you said these two guys were spilling things on you?"

"I definitely smelled of garlic at one point."

Dina frowned. "That's historically for vampires. I don't think it does shit against werewolves in any story."

"They might have also tried holy water."

"Again," Dina laughed, "vampires."

"I think I also got smacked around a bit by some iron chains at some point."

"And *that's* supposed to be ghosts," Dina said, laughing even harder now. "What the hell? Are you being followed by the Four Stooges who are convinced you're some kind of paranormal monster but don't know which kind? The Keystone Cops Creature Hunters?"

Will put his hands up in the air, laughing with her. "I'm not *any* kind of monster! At least I don't think so, but then again, I guess that's what any monster would say, wouldn't he?"

"Well," she giggled, moving in to wrap her arms around his waist, cuddling against him. "I certainly don't think you're a monster, unless maybe it's a *sex* monster, but even then, I don't know what kind of monster that would be. Or if it would even be a bad thing."

He looked outside and sure enough, the snow had come down *hard* over the night, and the streets hadn't yet been plowed. He sighed a bit, shaking his head. "Looks like we're basically snowed in, or at least the cars are."

"I'll put the coffee pot on," Dina said as he opened another cupboard to show where the grounds and filters were. "Although do you think it's walking weather?"

"You have a hankering?"

"You've got a Burger King like two blocks away," she said. "I'd kill for one of their breakfast croissants, you know the ones, with ham, egg and sausage."

He smirked a little bit. "Isn't ham and cheese, like, the complete *opposite* of kosher?"

"I love my religion, William," Dina chuckled, "but God knows me well enough to tell me what I can and can't eat. Some rules are *made* to be broken. And I am as my creator made me."

"Yeah, okay. I can put on some clothes and walk there and back, although the food may have cooled a little bit by the time I get back."

“That’s why microwaves were invented,” she shot back. “Just bring, like, a whole bunch of them, in case April or Lacey wants one, because I think I want like two or three. I’m fucking *starving*. You’ve awoken quite the appetite inside of me. Oh, what was the neck bite thing about? You marking your territory or something?”

“It’s something... I dunno, I feel compelled to do it the first time I’m with a new partner, but just the first time,” Will said. “I’m not even sure *why* I did it. I just find myself doing it and then thinking about it afterwards. Did it to Lacey and April both as well, and they seemed to heal up fine.”

“Well, it wasn’t too deep, so I suppose it’s fine, as long as it’s not going to happen every time.”

Will got dressed and bundled up hard, grabbing a thermal bag to try and help keep the food warm on the way back, knowing it was going to be blistering cold outside, and the minute he stepped foot out his front door, he wasn’t disappointed. The wind was strong enough that Will tried to keep close the fences, because even as strong as he was, he wasn’t entirely certain he could keep his feet on the ground, a little worried that he might get lifted up and off his feet by a particularly strong gust. But he planted his feet down hard and barreled forward, each step taking sizable effort.

He was already more than a little annoyed that he’d agreed to go and get breakfast, but the further he walked, the hungrier he got, so he supposed he could get his and eat it there, then get a second order with the girls’ food.

The Burger King was open, although he was almost certain the only cars he saw in the parking lot were for whichever poor souls had been forced to come into work this morning. And as soon as he set foot inside of the restaurant, he could see his suspicions confirmed – not a customer in sight.

He placed an order just for a breakfast sandwich, some hashbrowns and some orange juice. The people behind the counter actually looked thankful to have someone to focus on for a minute, and went to work at getting his food ready.

Will had a couple of minutes to wait and he turned to look out into the blizzard when the door opened up again and a large hulking man, dark hair hanging down past his shoulders, a big black beard down to his collarbone, a heavy parka on as well as thick snow pants, as he moved into the Burger King, having to forcibly pull the door closed behind him.

“It’s cold out there, isn’t it?” Will asked the man.

“Mmm,” the man said. “Coffee. Black. Biscuit with bacon.”

The two of them stood there quietly waiting for their food, but eventually both orders arrived at the same time. Will grabbed his tray and moved over to sit down at one of the booths, as the big bulky man followed him, looking down at Will for a second.

“You mind if I join you?”

Will frowned for a second, glancing around at the completely empty restaurant. “It’s not like there isn’t an open chair everywhere you look.”

“Sure, but I thought we could just have a chance to few minutes to talk, Will, away from everyone and everything.”

Will’s eyes narrowed a little bit. “How do you know my name?”

“I’ve been keeping tabs on you, making sure you didn’t get in too far over your head. I’m your uncle, Pavel,” he said, offering a soft smile. “Your father’s brother. Can I sit?”

Blankly, Will could only gesture for the man to join him.