

# Font of Fertility Chapter 22 Beta

By BreaktheBar

*The following is the Beta Draft of Font of Fertility Ch 22. As a Beta draft, this is not the final work and may see major changes prior to final posting out in the wide world.*

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*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 MF, MFF, a surprise sexual encounter, oral, and anal.*

*Jeremiah handles a discussion about magic and starts to try and get his life together.*

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The food on our plates was forgotten for a little while as Angela grappled with the concept of magic being real. It turned out that someones willingness to believe in magic, and accept it as being a reality, had a very close parallel to how nerdy they were. And while Lauren was certainly the nerdiest in terms of 'geekdom' in the harem, and Lindsey was the nerdiest in terms of her academics and education, Stacey was less nerdy than them, and Annalise was even less nerdy, and Angela fell beyond that. I was falling for Angela - her personality, her presence, and her sexuality were all things I adored about her. But the reality was that she and I didn't have all that much in common in terms of the stuff we casually liked. I was a nerd, she was a prep.

"This is all a joke, right?" she asked after the third time one of the girls or I tried to explain magic to her. "Like, hazing the new girl or something?"

"Angie, we aren't joking around," I sighed. "This isn't a prank. You already said you heard me in your head when I spoke to you. *And* you saw Annalise create fire out of thin air."

"But that's all explainable through tricks and stuff," Angie said. "Throwing your voice and sleight of hand and shit."

"OK, I have an idea," Lauren said. "But Jerry might feel a certain kind of way about it, so I need you to give your explicit permission for him to affect you with magic."

"Well, what are you going to supposedly have him do?" Angie asked.

"Are you horny right now?" Lauren asked.

That brought Angela up short. “Um... I mean I’m mostly confused right now. I was horny all day leading up to this, and when I kissed Jerry before this whole part of the discussion, but now... I mean, not really.”

“OK, that’s perfect,” Lauren said. “Jerry is going to make you orgasm by poking you on your nose.”

Angela raised one doubtful eyebrow, while Lindsey and Stacey both covered their mouths as they smirked and snickered. Annalise had taken a back seat in the conversation since she knew Angela the least, though she’d tried to help. “Fine,” Angela eventually said. “Jerry, baby, if you can poke my nose one time without anything else happening, and no tricks, and make me orgasm right here in this seat then I’ll believe you can do magic.”

“This would be a lot easier if we just teleported somewhere,” I said dryly to Lauren. “It’s a little more obvious.”

“We’re still eating,” Lauren said and purposefully forked a pork wonton and popped it into her mouth.

“OK,” I sighed. It only took me a moment to form the idea in my mind of Angela having an orgasm, and of the way her pussy felt while I fucked her, and how her nipples were soft but firm under my thumbs. I reached a hand across the table to Angela and she leaned forward so I could reach her nose, but I stopped a few inches from her. “Um, you’ll probably want to cover your mouth with a hand.”

“Why?” she asked.

“Because you can be a little loud when you have a good come, babe,” Lindsey said.

Angela rolled her eyes and put one hand over her mouth, looking at me with her deep eyes.

“This doesn’t change anything about the way we feel about each other,” I told her. “I’ve only ever used magic two ways with you. The first time was in the food court at the mall when you ran into Lindsey and I, and I made myself a little more confident in being flirty because I was so nervous about seeing you again. The only other thing I do is I always do a little cleaning spell with everyone I’m about to have sex with to make sure we’re being hygienic, OK?”

She just gave me a look that sarcastically said *‘Whatever you say’*.

I reached the last few inches and touched my finger to her nose as I let the spell melt into my pool of power. It really wasn’t costly at all; I knew all of her erogenous zones. I knew what made her build up into an orgasm, and what pushed her over the edge. I loved her and wanted her to feel good.

Angela came. Her eyes went wide as the sensation washed over her and she lurched forward a little in her chair, bumping into the table as she let out a thick moan from her chest and throat. The hand that wasn't muffling herself grabbed at the tablecloth until Lindsey took it in hers and then it squeezed Linds tightly.

Her orgasm lasted beyond my quick touch of her nose and she was left breathing hard through her nostrils as she kept her hand over her mouth, leaning forward panting. A couple of aftershocks visibly jolted through her.

Finally, once she was breathing normally, she took her hand from her mouth and set it on the edge of the table and took a big breath through her mouth as she looked across the table at me. "OK," she said. "So you can do magic."

"Told you that would work," Lauren smirked over at me.

Thus began the conversation that hurt me a little every time it came up. The girls took the lead with it, though I made my own assurances, as Angela had the same worries and doubts as Annalise. Had I ever used magic to make her feel the way she did, or to get her into bed? Had I magicked her mind, or any of the others? Stacey gave Angie the same explanation she'd given Annalise about the one time I'd felt the need to mess with her memory and how I'd fixed it.

"So all of this..." Angela said, gesturing around the table. "This *is* or *isn't* because of... sex magic?"

"Isn't," Lauren said. "Well, mostly. Jerry and I were together before he got the magic; that's a whole other story we'll tell you. Nothing I told you before about our relationship is wrong - after we were sexually active, I wanted to include other girls and Lindsey was the first person on my mind for that even if it was weird."

"And you know me," Lindsey smiled. She hadn't let go of her friend's hand since she'd grabbed it during the orgasm.

"Fair," Angie said.

"I've always had a bit of a crush on Jerry," Stacey said. "All it took to push me over the edge of doing stuff with him was him getting a little more confident and some intense mutual wet dreams. That *is* something we need to be careful of - if Jerry doesn't get enough sex, his subconscious can start to look for it while he's asleep."

Angela pursed her lips and rolled her neck as she tried to absorb that information.

"My story is a little different," Annalise said cautiously. "Lauren was... a little blunt about what she said and it got lost in the sauce a bit. Jeremiah helped me out with a problem with my father - it's hard to explain in a bite-sized piece, but Jerry is pretty important with magical people. So

the only reason we met was because of that, but since then..." she looked over at me and her smile-frown got warmer as she took my hand on top of the table and squeezed it. "Since then there's been a lot of magic stuff, but I know the way I *feel* about him is because of who he is and how he makes me feel, not what he can do."

"Well, not all he can do," Lindsey grinned. "He's also the only person on the planet who can fuck you for real."

That set Annalise blushing, and Lauren swatted her sister on the arm. "TMI, and not your info to tell," she scolded.

"Sorry," Lindsey said. "I just- It's harem business, I thought." She turned to Annalise. "Sorry, babe. That's my bad - I was being an embarrassing bitch."

Annalise half-accepted the apology, still obviously flustered, and the conversation moved on. Once Angela believed magic was real, she wanted to know more, and over the rest of our dinner at the Chinese restaurant we told her the important parts - about getting my magic, and the need for a harem and what that meant to us. About Annalise's father, and us needing to be careful-ish because while my position and power were a major deterrent there were still wackos out in the magic world. And the girls told Angie about our dates, and I promised I would be taking Annalise out on a proper date soon, and Angie to somewhere more exotic than the nearby theme park even though our first date had been fun.

By the time we were finishing our second plates from the buffet we were all stuffed and out of stories - which felt weird, but also reminded me that it was New Year's Day and this whole thing had only started in the middle of December.

I went and paid at the front counter, which I learned later opened up a discussion about money between the girls since Angie had thought she would be paying for herself, and Annalise was still living off of what the girls and I had given her and Maya. They were talking quietly about it when I got back to the booth, and then once we were out in the parking lot the girls got a little more comfortable as Annalise and Angie both insisted they didn't want to just be 'taken care of' and Lindsey and Stacey both tried to assure them that it wasn't like that.

Lauren was the one to end the conversation, which was a little ironic since we were the youngest of the entire group. "Everyone shut up!" she said loudly, which had the intended effect. "Angie, if you were dating a guy in a normal relationship, would you be upset that he paid for your dinner?"

"Well, no," Angela said. "But he's not just dating me. That meal for all six of us was what, \$250 dollars plus tip? Jerry doesn't even have a job."

"He doesn't need one," Lauren said. "He has literal magic, along with a massive inheritance from the last Seat who was in his position. He's not trying to pay your bills or control your life, so

when it's harem stuff we'll pay, and when he wants to treat you with something nice you just act like he was your regular boyfriend who is doing something nice for you."

".... Fine, OK," Angie said.

"And you," Lauren said, turning on Annalise. "Girl, you just had your entire life turned upside-down and you're with people who love you *and* your sister. You've been playing a game of cards with shit hands for a while, so just accept that we want to be there for you. Once we've figured out next steps you may well end up being a 'kept woman' but that will only be because you'll have the freedom to do whatever art stuff you want to without worrying about where your next meal is coming from while you get loved on by all of us. So stop worrying about when the next shoe will drop and let us love you."

Annalise worked her jaw a few times and then sighed in surrender.

"Good," Lauren said. "Now both of you kiss him."

Annalise was closer and I leaned down a bit to kiss her as her chest pressed to mine. After the kiss, I bundled her up in a hug and whispered to her. "Anything you need, I'm here. Even if that means you don't want help with certain things."

She pulled back and looked at me with big eyes and mouthed '*thank you*' before kissing me again. Then she stepped back and gestured for Angela to take her place.

Angela was grimacing a little, but did step forward and wrapped her arms loosely around the back of my neck as she pressed her body to mine. "I'm not trophy wife material," she said quietly and seriously to me.

"I know," I said, sliding my hands around her waist to hug her to me. "You are a driven, capable, self-sufficient woman who's already started her adult life. I never want you to feel like I'm ever taking away what you've accomplished."

A tear welled up and rolled from one eye as she smiled at me. "You mean that?"

I chuckled softly and kissed her. "I mean every word. If you want to keep working retail for the rest of your life, I'll never stop you. If you ever want to do school, or start a business, or anything, I'll only help as much as you want me to. Who you are, and how you see yourself, matters to me."

"God, why didn't I ever think to date you in high school?" Angie said. "You could have saved me so much trouble."

"Probably because I was a nerdy little sophomore when you were a popular, cool senior having sex parties with the likes of Lindsey," I smirked.

“They weren’t sex parties,” Angela laughed. “They were sex get-togethers at best.” Then she kissed me more fully, slipping me some tongue as she pressed herself to me tighter. “And if I could, I’d go back and redo that.”

“I wouldn’t want you to,” I said quietly. “Everything you are is because of what you’ve been through and experienced. I love *this* you, not some fantasy virginal version of you.”

“You love slutty, kinky little old me?” Angie asked with a teasing smirk.

“Of course he does,” Lindsey said, giving Angela a smack on the ass. “What’s not to love?”

That made Angela laugh and kiss me again before finally stepping back from me. “OK. Well, what happens now?”

“Now, Jerry is spending the night with you,” Lauren said. “We’ll cover with your parents, babe.”

“That doesn’t seem fair,” Angela said. “Shouldn’t we be, like, sharing him?”

“You literally *just* had a fivesome with me last night,” I pointed out.

“We already decided you should get a night alone with him,” Lauren said. “A full night where he doesn’t need to leave until the morning.”

“Also I’m sending you the invite to the group chat,” Stacey said as she did something on her phone, and then Angie’s phone pinged in her purse.

My harem had decided who I’d be with that night, so there was no point in me fighting it. I got a goodbye kiss from each of them that would have curled the toes of most guys my age, and I had no doubt if someone was watching us they would have been completely confused. Then Lauren and Lindsey went to their car, and Annalise went with Stacey to ours, and Angela took my hand and walked us up the street a bit.

“You parked up here?” I asked.

“Um, no,” Angie said. “I don’t actually have a car. We’re taking the bus if that’s OK?”

“It absolutely is,” I said. “But I think I can do something better, if you want?”

She gave me a look. “What, you’ve got a car in your back pocket and you just need to grow it to full size like that Ant-Man movie?”

“Not quite,” I laughed. “Let me ask you this; would you prefer to ride home in a demonic muscle car that has a mind of its own, or teleport right there?”

Angie held up a finger as she processed what I'd just said. "OK, we're going to talk about the car thing at some point, but let's go for teleporting."

"Cool," I said, taking her hand. "Follow me." I led her towards a convenience store that was still open up the street, and we stepped through the door and into the lobby of her building.

"Holy shit."

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"Yes, babe," Angela gasped softly. "God, you're going to make me cry again like this."

"Fucking your heart," I whispered to her with a little smile, quoting what Lindsey had called it that day on the couch with the two of them. I was spooned up behind Angie, my cock buried deep in her pussy as I held her in my arms under the covers of her bed. Suzie wasn't home when we'd entered the apartment, and Angela had practically attacked me right there in the living room of the small apartment. We'd left a string of clothes behind us that, if we didn't clean them up, would definitely let Suzie know we'd had sex on the couch. And on the counter in the kitchen. And in the hallway outside their bedrooms.

We'd fucked hard and fast, and by the time we made it to the bed we were burnt out of the hard stuff and I'd lain her down and we'd had a slow fuck in missionary as we made out, and we had a near-mutual orgasm as I'd filled her up.

Then I'd climbed into bed, still hard, and pulled her back to me and she'd directed my cock into her again.

"I guess this makes last night make more sense," Angela said with a little laugh.

"Why's that?" I asked.

"You dropped six big loads in like two hours. Three in Jordan alone, and one each for me, Ashley and Lauren," Angie said.

"Eight, actually," I said.

"I missed some?"

"Sort of. You, Jordan and Ashley weren't the only surprise the girls cooked up for me," I said.

"Do tell," Angie said, reaching down and starting to play with her pussy lips lightly and feel where I was pressed inside of her.

“Well, before you three and Lauren, I had a threesome with a girl from our class and her boyfriend,” I said. “It was my first time doing it with another guy around.”

“How was it?” Angie asked.

“She was pretty amazing, the threesome part of it was weird. Meh at best for me,” I said.

“So you wouldn’t want to do that with me?” Angie asked. I hesitated hard enough, or maybe she felt something through our physical connection, that she pulled off of me and turned, cupping my face with her hands. “I’m not asking for it,” she assured me. “I’m just wondering.”

“I don’t. At all,” I told her. “I- This was pretty explicit between Lauren, Lindsey and Stacey, but now I’m realizing it wasn’t so explicit with you or Annalise. This whole harem thing is kind of a joke between us, but it’s also kind of not. I want to be your one and only guy, Angie. And that’s super hypocritical, but it’s just the way I am. And if that’s a dealbreaker I’ll understand, but-”

“Shhh,” Angie hushed me, leaning forward so her nose was brushing with mine in the dark of her room and our lips were touching without fully kissing. “Lindsey already told me, babe, and I know it’s part of the deal. I’m sure Annalise does too. Lindsey told me the rules of the poly relationship, the word harem just hadn’t been thrown around. I’m your girlfriend and I’m faithful to you and the harem.”

My arms were still around her and I pulled her close, her breasts crushing against my chest as I kissed her. “I don’t deserve you,” I whispered to her.

“You are already the best relationship I’ve ever had, bar none,” Angie told me quietly. “I don’t know if I’ll ever deserve *you*.”

We kissed some more, and then Angie rolled me onto my back and mounted me, slowly working her hips until she was fully seated on my cock before laying back down and pressing her cheek to my shoulder. “I think I really do love you, Jeremiah. I’ve never told that to someone before.”

“I love you too, Angela,” I said, rubbing my hands along her back.

“It’s too soon to feel this way,” she whispered. “Hell, it was too soon to feel this way after our first date. Is this the magic doing something?”

“Not that I know of, but maybe,” I said. “Hard for me to argue with it if it is.”

“Hard for me to argue too,” she sighed.

“I forgot to tell you about the eighth load,” I finally remembered.

“I figured it was two during the threesome,” Angie said.

“No, the very first one of the night was with a cute dancer from school,” I said. “She wanted me to take her virginity after she caught me and Lauren fucking in the girl’s change room showers.”

“Jesus Christ, Jerry,” Angie chuckled. “Your life could be a porno. Tell me about the virgin- no, start with the showers first. Then the virgin.”

I sighed and she laughed some more, and the feeling of her curvacious body on mine inspired me to tell the stories as graphic as I could.

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Waking up with Angie was a new experience. It wasn’t the first time I’d woken up with at least one of my girlfriends with me, or even in a bed that wasn’t my own, but there was just something special about being completely alone with someone else.

Unlike when I woke up snuggled and squished between multiple people, Angie and I had shifted during the night and I woke up partially draped across her. She was on her stomach, her face turned towards me, and my nose was just touching hers and I had an arm across her back and my leg over one of hers which pressed my cock into her hip. It was a new feeling, ending up ‘on top’ during sleep, and it meant I was free to slip out of bed without waking her and head to the washroom down the hall.

I passed by Suzie’s room, whose door was partially open, and from the dim light leaking around her curtains I could see she was naked and entangled with another woman on her bed. I almost immediately felt bad for getting a peek even though it was dark and I couldn’t really see much, and I shut her door quietly before moving on. Once I was done in the washroom I quickly went returned up the hallway planning on slipping back into bed with Angie, but as I climbed onto the bed she grumbled and shifted.

“Where’d you go?” she asked dreamily.

“Washroom,” I whispered, getting under the covers with her.

“Can’t you just magic that away?” she asked me. “Do wizards need to take shits?”

That made me snort softly and I kissed her cheek. “Maybe someday I’ll be powerful enough not to need a bathroom, but it isn’t today.”

“Kay,” she hummed. “In that case, come fuck me, babe.”

“I’m not seeing the connection,” I laughed.

“There isn’t one, I just want you to fuck me,” she said.

I had resumed my place as I'd woken up beside her, but that made it easy for me to slide over her a little more, my cock pressing into her the cleft of her ass as I pressed my chest down onto her back and found her hands with mine and clasped them. I kissed her cheek again, then down to the edge of her jaw, and then down into the soft part of the side of her neck.

"Stop teasing me, babe," she moaned softly as my cock wedged between her ass cheeks.

"What if I like teasing you?" I asked her with a smile.

"Then keep teasing me, but know that at some point I'll turn that back on you," Angie threatened.

"Maybe I'd like that, you being in charge for a round," I said.

"Maybe I'd like that too," she grinned. "I could dress up all dominatrix with leather. I bet Lindsey would have fun with that too."

"Someday," I promised her. "I think you'd both be fantastic Mistresses for an afternoon."

Then I angled my hips and lifted myself off of her with my legs, letting my hard cock swing down into position, and with a little wiggling we got it into place and I pushed into her cunt. Angie sighed happily, angling her own hips a bit to make the entry easier, until I was fully inside her.

"Wasn't sure if you'd go for my ass or pussy," she said.

"I wasn't sure if your ass was available in the morning," I said, slowly starting to thrust into her.

"It's available whenever you want it, babe," she crooned, turning back to meet my lips for a kiss. "Between the times you've been so good to it, and knowing you can magically make it ready for you, I'll take you in my ass every day of the week if you want."

"Maybe we'll do that sometime," I grinned. "Ass Month, just to give your pussy a rest."

"Oh, God," she laughed. "I'll be so fucking horny for you by the end of that month I'll need you to fuck enough loads into my pussy I'll be coughing out your cum from the opposite end."

"I love you, Angie," I said, repeating our progression from last night.

"I love you too, babes," Angie said with a soft smile. "Now fuck me."

I did, starting slow as I fucked her with consistent strokes but ramping up into a steady, firm pace that clapped her ass cheeks against my pelvis as we continued to hold hands. Then I

drilled deep into her and we just used our hips to mutually grind my cock in her cunt, while I buried my face in her hair and breathed in the smell of her.

“Take me, Jerry,” Angela gasped. “I’m yours, take me. Fuck, I’m your girlfriend now. I’m your fucking girlfriend, and you’re my boyfriend. God, your cock is just fucking *good*. But I’m more than that, aren’t I? I’m more than your girlfriend.”

“You are,” I grunted, going back to thrusting into her with slow but hard strokes.

“Fuuuck, babes, just like that. Do that. Ungh. What am I? Tell me what I am.”

“You’re my concubine,” I grunted into her ear. “You’re in my harem. You’re my beloved sex fiend.”

“Fuck me like I’m your favourite toy,” she gasped. “Use my fucking pussy, babes.”

“I want more than your pussy,” I said, pulling out of her and turning her over onto her back. “I want these tits, too.” I buried my face between her breasts, sucking with hard, sloppy kisses across her flesh until I caught one of her nipples in my mouth and tongued it firmly. She moaned loudly and ran her fingers through my hair.

“Fuck, they’re yours,” Angie groaned. “Taste them, suck them, bite them. Do anything you want to them.”

I loved on her tits for a while, slowly humping my hard cock against her thigh since I wasn’t in the position to fuck her, and Angie’s moans got louder as her arousal rose from my actions. Then, when I had rained kisses and nibbles across both of them, I kissed my way up from between her breasts to her lips, and as we made out I reached between us to get my cock lined up and I entered her again.

“Yesss,” she hissed as I started fucking her again. “God, I love your cock.”

“I love your cunt,” I growled to her.

“Fuck me like an animal, babe,” she groaned. “Fuck me like I’m your little bitch in heat.”

I grunted and started fucking into her harder. We both became a little animalistic, grunting and growling as we fucked and I ended up raising from her to really power into my thrusts, looking down at her luscious body in the near-dark as her tits bounced and jostled. She’d raised her hands to brace herself against the headboard and was fucking back at me almost as hard as I was thrusting at her.

“God, yes,” Angie grunted. “Fuck, almost- Fuckfuckfuck... Slap my tit, Jerry,” Angie gasped. I reached down and gave her bouncing breast a slap from the side and she gasped hard. I did it

to the other one and she gasped again, then I pinched her nipple roughly and wiggled her boob. “Ye-he-heess, babe. Be rough with my tits. God, do that. Do that!”

I mashed both of her breasts with my hands and gripped her hard, using them to really pound into her.

“Come for me, Angela,” I growled. “I want to feel you come for me right now.”

“Yeeeeesss, babe,” Angie whined, her face twitching and then relaxing as she stopped fucking back at me and she oozed into her orgasm. I didn’t stop my savage thrusting though, and she hiccuped once and then let out a wordless shout as her eyes shot open and she glared at me as a second orgasm chased right on the heels of the first. Her legs flexed from her toes all the way to her thighs and she gasped and hiccuped again as she tried to catch her breath.

Then the door to her room burst open. “Holy fuck, you two!” Suzie said loudly, only wearing a pair of panties. “Could you keep it down?” The thing was, she stopped in the doorway and just stared with wide eyes as I hammered into Angie, who didn’t respond and was obviously in the throws of a big orgasm.

Eventually, Angela came down from her high, and her muscles relaxed again, and she caught her breath. “Fuck,” she croaked, then looked over at the door. “Suse, in our out.” Then Angie pushed me away from her lightly and I sat back on my heels, my cock popping out of her and standing proud in full view of Suzie.

Suzie’s eyes were stuck on my cock. “I have a girl in my bed,” she said, obviously unsure of what she actually wanted to do.

“Well, she can come join too,” Angie said.

“I don’t think she’s into guys,” Suzie said.

“Come here,” Angie said sternly, gesturing for Suzie to come closer, and the shorter woman did until she was right next to the bed. “Suck it,” Angie ordered.

Suzie bit her lip and then glanced up at my eyes for the first time that morning. “Only if you want to,” I assured her.

“Oh, she wants to,” Angie said. “Now do it. Taste me on him.”

Suzie leaned over and took my cock in her mouth, slowly starting to blow me.

“Good,” Angie said, grinning as she watched her roommate start sucking me off. Then she scooted around and sat up on her knees, leaning over Suzie to kiss me hard, before slipping off

the bed. She got behind Suzie and pulled down her panties, sliding a hand between her cheeks. "Fuck, you're wet. How long were you listening to us have sex?"

"Long enough," Suzie mumbled, taking her lips from my cock only briefly to say it.

"Is your girl awake?"

"No," Suzie said. "At least I hope not."

"Is it serious or a fling?" I asked.

"S'not serious," Suzie mumbled.

"Then what are you doing sucking him, get this cunt on his cock," Angie ordered her.

Suzie took her mouth from my cock, climbed onto the bed fully and without me moving at all she straddled me and sat down on my cock, her small pussy giving way purely due to how wet she was as it clamped hard while she forced herself onto me.

"God damn," I groaned.

"Fucking hell," she grunted. Then she started fucking herself on my cock.

"Good girl," Angie encouraged her roommate. "Take that dick like a champ with your tight little body."

I was braced with my hands behind me, so there wasn't all that much I could do except let the small woman fuck herself on my cock like I was a dildo for her, and she did just that. Her small tits bounced as she worked her hips hard. Then Suzie gritted her teeth as she looked into my eyes as she started getting close to an orgasm.

Angie saw it too and slid her hand down Suzie's back and the smaller woman faltered in her bouncing as her eyes went wide and I felt an extra pressure. Angie had just slipped a finger or two into her ass. But she went back to fucking me, if not as vigorously.

"You gonna come, Suze?" Angie asked her quietly. "Gonna come on my boyfriend's big ol' cock?"

"You guys are official?" she gasped.

"Mhmm," Angie nodded. "Which means he'll be over here more, and you can sample this dick every once in a while with no strings attached. How's that sound?"

"Pretty- Good-" Suzie grunted.

“Are you close, Jerry?” Angie asked me.

“Close enough,” I grunted. I’d been ‘close’ as I’d been railing Angie but had been holding off my orgasm for a while now.

“Where are you going to take his load, Suze?” Angela asked her roommate. “Gonna take it in your pussy as you come on his cock, or should he hold out ‘till you’re done so you can swallow it down and go back to your fling with cum breath instead of a treat for her to find in your cunt?”

“M-mouth,” Suzie grunted.

“Oooh, you naughty girl,” Angie teased her. “You want to taste my boyfriend’s hot, slick load all over your tongue and coating the back of your throat?”

“Fuck you,” Suzie said.

“Another time, babes,” Angie said. “With a strapon. For now, come for him.”

“Fuuuuuuuuu-” Suzie groaned, leaning forward towards me as she came hard and fast, her eyelids twitching as her hips seized and she stopped moving. Without the thrusting I was treated to the rippling, flexing sensations of her tight little pussy, and I knew I could pop at any moment.

“Hurry up, he’s about to blow,” Angie said, removing her finger from Suzie’s ass and bodily pulling her off of my cock. Suzie was sort of on autopilot as she spun onto her hands and knees and dropped her mouth to my cock, sucking me hard.

I groaned and unleashed my orgasm, feeling her moan as I shot off in Suzie’s mouth. She had to start swallowing quickly and when I was done she fell over onto her side, swallowing her last mouthful and gasping for breath.

“Holy fuck,” I groaned and leaned over to kiss Angie before I crawled over Suzie and spooned up behind her, feeling her small butt against my cock. “That was amazing, Suze.”

“Thanks,” she panted. “Pretty good yourself.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Angie said with a teasing smile as she grabbed Suzie’s hands and pulled her away from me and towards the edge of the bed. “You can get more of him some other time, Suze. You need to get back to your girl. And I dare you not to brush your teeth first.”

“You’re a real bitch sometimes, you know that?” Suzie said as she slipped off the bed and bent over to find her panties on the floor.

“And you love me for it,” Angie grinned, giving Suzie’s upturned ass a friendly pat.

“Sometimes I regret it,” Suzie grumbled as she pulled up her panties.

“And then you get over it,” Angie said. “Now go have fun waking up your girl.”

“Maybe I will,” Suzie shot back as she headed for the door. “Maybe we’ll be loud as fuck, too.”

“Sounds good!” Angie said. “We’ll be over her with his cock inside me, happy to listen.”

Suzie flashed us the finger as she left.

“You two have a weird relationship,” I said, shaking my head.

“Yeah, pretty much,” Angie chuckled, getting up on the bed. “Still hard for me, babe?”

“Always,” I said, rolling over to show her my cock.

“Good,” Angie said, getting me onto my back and starting to straddle me. “Cause all that talk of you taking my ass whenever you want to gave me a craving.” She pressed my cock to her asshole and took in a breath. “This is what being in the harem is like sometimes, right? Getting you other girls to fuck 'cause it juices up your batteries or whatever?”

“It doesn’t have to be unless you want to,” I said, biting the inside of my lip as she teased me with her butthole.

“Are you kidding me?” Angela asked. “That was fun as shit. You need to come see me at work, I’ve got a few girls in mind who could use a good, quick dicking. But for now, I need another dicking.” She sat down a little lower, popping my cock into her ass as she moaned happily, then started shifting back and forth to wiggle me deeper.

\* \* \* \* \*

“OK, so what’s the plan then?” Lindsey asked.

We were sitting down in the basement of my house and I was begrudgingly doing situps since we were using the ‘we’re all working out together’ excuse again. Unfortunately, Angela had needed to go to work and wasn’t able to join us, and Annalise really did stick out as older than us by a little bit so my parents might have asked questions we didn’t want to answer.

That left the four of us, which actually meant Stacey, Lauren and Lindsey were doing their best to tease the shit out of me by dressing as scantily as they dared get caught in, and were stretching and doing all sorts of other interesting things with their bodies.

"I'm not entirely sure," I said. Lauren and I had gone over the Council of Threes meeting again with Stacey and Lindsey, and now I was sort of left with the question of what I wanted to do with all my power. It was the kind of situation where option paralysis was hitting me hard - when I could do *anything*, deciding on *something* was a lot more difficult. "One thing that Lauren said at the meeting is sticking in my head though."

"Wait, what did I say?" Lauren asked.

"You told Uwe that I was planning on being a 'working Seat' when he was saying nothing was going to be expected of me in the first century," I said. "Which, off-hand, also brings up needing to figure out how to make us live that long."

"I'll put 'functional immortality' on the list," Lindsey said.

"Also reverse ageing," Stacey pointed out. "I mean, I'd bet my ass you'll end up being a ridiculously hot MILF, but we might want to come back to when we're hot and lean like now."

"Noted," Lindsey said, scribbling it down in the notebook that she never seemed to be without these days. "And also thanks!"

"Anyways," I said. "'Working Seat' is what stuck in my head."

"I kind of said that randomly to front to Uwe," Lauren said. "But if we think about it, what *should* you be doing as a Seat?"

"The only job I know of officially is passing Judgements," I said. "Other than that, I guess it's more about my wants, and getting the power to fulfill them."

"Well, while I love Annalise, we don't want random mages showing up at your front door," Lauren said. "So we need to set up a system for people to let you know they want to request a Judgement."

"Oh, that's easy," Lindsey said. "Let's just make an e-mail address. Then anyone who wants a Judgement from Jerry can e-mail what their issue is, with who, and what they are offering as payment."

"That... might actually work," I said.

"How will people know to use it, though?" Stacey asked. "Are we taking out ads in the magical newspaper and magazine? 'Hey, just FYI, contact me for Judgements?'"

"No, not like that," I said, leaning over and giving Stacey a little teasing shove just as she was about to start planking. "Well, maybe like that too, but I was thinking I just make a proclamation. Then anyone with magic in the world will just kind of know they can email in their request."

“This is so ridiculous that it will probably work,” Lauren said.

“I’ll make the email address and keep tabs on it,” Lindsey offered.

“I will too,” Lauran nodded.

“OK,” I said. “That’s probably a good idea because then I can go into the judgements without any bias from hearing one side before the other.”

“You just need to not fall for another hot mage asking for help,” Lauren teased me. “Which brings up my next order of business - the harem is now at five strong but there are more potential members we should start thinking about.”

“Don’t you think we should maybe slow down?” I asked. “Hookups are one thing, but I’m already trying to figure out how to do five relationships at once here and it hasn’t even been a month.”

Lauren and the girls completely ignored me. “So Tala has already texted me this morning saying thanks again for New Year’s. She had a blast and is hoping for more.”

“Actually, that brings up a question,” Lindsey interrupted, turning to me. “Did taking her virginity net you any more power than a regular fuck?”

I grunted and sighed, deciding it wasn’t worth circling back around to my previous statement. “No,” I said. “Not as far as I could tell. It was normal, though we did end with a facial so it blunted the final net gain a bit.”

“Hmm, OK,” Lindsey said, flipping to another page in her notebook and scribbling down a thought. “I guess that’s good news cause we don’t have to go virgin hunting.” That made Lauren and Stacey both guffaw and snort. “But reminds me of another thing - we should test what sort of gains you get while fucking with a condom. If it’s the same, that would make it easier for you to hook up and finish inside of randoms.”

“Not it,” Lauren said, putting her finger to her nose.

“Not- Ah, damn,” Stacey started, but Lindsey beat her to it. “Alright, I’ll get a condom and we can try it for science.”

“I’ve already got condoms from our first time, I’ll bring them over tomorrow,” Lauren said.

“Aw, I’m glad you were being safe before Jerry turned out to be magical,” Lindsey grinned.

“Yeah, well, now I’m glad we don’t need to, cause I know you love that feeling of him-”

“OK, OK,” Stacey interrupted. “Back to the prospects.”

“Right,” Lauren said. “So Tala wants more. Also there’s Aidra - she texted a thanks as well, and based on what Jerry said she’s probably going to be breaking up with her boyfriend soon and will be coming back around, and she’s a Witch so there’s the added benefit of that. Then there’s Jordan.”

“She’s already been making her case to join our poly pod,” Lindsey said. “I haven’t slept with her, but we know each other and she knows about all of us. How did you like her, Stacey?”

“She’s nice and great with her tongue,” Stacey said. “She’s also definitely got a thing for Jeremiah.”

“Jordan also lives half a country away,” I pointed out.

“We talked about that, babe,” Lauren said. “If she’s in, then she can know about your teleporting and it’s not a problem.”

“There’s also Moira,” Stacey pointed out. “You still need to meet her, Laur, but she’s super pretty and we got along with her really well at dinner.”

“OK, hold on,” I said sternly. “We need to pump the breaks here. I get that this is a group decision, but these women aren’t trading cards that we’re deciding whether to keep or not. Angie and Annalise joining our relationship wasn’t just a spur-of-the-moment thing. Angela wasn’t even supposed to get half as far as this, but it happened because we spent so much time together in such a short period. And I’m still worried that Annalise is in this partially because of trauma bonding with me and feeling thankful for everything. All the women you’re listing off are great, but I’ve barely spent any time with most of them. I’m not trying to play Pokemon and Catch ‘em All here. And *if* any of them reach the point of possibly joining, that’s a decision Angie and Annalise need to be a part of too.”

All three of the girls sat silently with guilty looks on their faces.

“Sorry, babe,” Lauren said.

“You’re right,” Stacey agreed.

“Mostly right,” Lindsey said, which had all three of us look at her with confused expressions. “Don’t get me wrong, we were going a little wild there,” Lindsey said. “But I think you’re closer to being able to make a decision about some more than others. You’ve known Aidra for years as at least a friendly acquaintance, and while you might not be a goth like her you two share a lot of similarities and interests. And the same goes for Jordan, but maybe even more. And seeing the way she looked at you before she left yesterday, she’s very into you and this whole thing going on.”

“Well, we’ll get there if we get there,” I said noncommittally even though I felt a little double-beat of my heart as Lindsey laid out that my crush on Jordan was possibly being heavily reciprocated.

“Just think about it,” Lindsey assured me.

“I will,” I said and took a deep breath. “Alright, what else do we need to talk about right now?”

And that’s how I found out that the girls had already been scheduling the rest of my week.

\* \* \* \* \*

Clarissa turned out to be as lovely as Jay had made her out to be.

We were hanging out in Jay’s basement playing Mario Kart. Lauren and I had headed over to meet up with them after lunch, and the first thing that had surprised us was that Jay suggested we go for a walk. Jay wanted to spend time... outside.

It was a bit of a shock.

But we’d gone out walking in the crisp winter air around the neighbourhood and had swapped who we were walking with every once in a while. Jay and I talked about what he and Clarissa had been doing since she came down, and how his parents had handled her staying with them - she was sleeping in his bedroom, and he was sleeping in the basement. His parents generally liked her, though had mentioned to him they were worried about him being in such a long-distance relationship. She’d already met Benji briefly, but Benji was sort of sulking and hadn’t stuck around long. I could tell that Jay was hinting towards wanting to talk about that situation, but I veered the conversation away.

Then I walked beside Clarissa for a bit as Lauren wanted to catch up with Jay, and she told me about growing up in Alberta, Canada and how she lived on a farm her whole life. Then she told me how she and Jay had met from her perspective, and as she talked about running into him in town while he’d been visiting his relatives I could tell she really did like him. Not that I’d doubted that, but it was nice to know for sure. She wasn’t as nerdy as the three of us but had dove head first into trying to catch up on what Jay liked, while he had been doing the same with her. She wanted to be a Big Animal vet, which generally meant dealing with farm animals, horses and that sort of thing, though she also wanted to work with wildlife preservation in Canada so she could end up working with bears and wolves and moose.

For the last part of the walk Lauren had slipped back to me and took my hand, and Clarissa rejoined Jay, and we walked as couples along the sidewalk. Lauren said she liked how happy Jay was, and thought Clarissa was good for him. I agreed, but also echoed his parent's worries that he was getting into something so long distance, and with no plans at the moment to be able

to get closer together. Lauren challenged me on that; was I worried for him, or worried for myself that he might move farther away? That made me stop my train of thought to consider, and Lauren quietly reminded me that it didn't matter how far away Jay moved, he'd always be my friend.

Then, back at his place, Lauren and I had stopped to say hello to Jay's parents before we all headed down into the basement and hooked up the old N64 we'd bought from a thrift store.

Clarissa, understandably, wasn't quite as good at Mario Kart as the rest of us considering we'd been playing it for years, but she held her own and was just as into the teasing banter as the rest of us. We played for about an hour before shutting it down - Jay's parents had called down that they were going out, and Jay suggested we play a board game. He had a stack of them and we ended up playing some Smallworld, which was a nerdy, slightly more complicated Risk kind of game that he and I loved, Lauren went along with, and Clarissa hadn't ever played before. We taught her, and she thought the illustrations were cute, which was a good sign.

After the game, Jay asked me to come downstairs to pick a new game, which I immediately recognized as him trying to get me away to talk, or to leave Lauren upstairs to talk with Clarissa. I agreed and followed him down to the basement.

"So," Jay asked. "What do you think of her?"

I laughed lightly and patted him on the shoulder. "Dude, she's great. She's pretty, she's funny and she obviously likes you."

"Really?" Jay asked. "I was worried she just wanted to travel or something, get away from the farm."

"If that was the case, why wouldn't she go somewhere warm?" I pointed out. "She went from cold to cold - she came here for you."

"You're right, you're right," Jay said.

"Stop second-guessing it and enjoy it," I said.

"I know, I'm just in my head," he sighed. "Lauren said the same thing."

"So what are you asking me for!?" I joked. "She'll have a better instinct about her than I will."

Jay snorted. "Yeah, maybe. Are you two good? You weren't hanging out with her a lot at your party."

"I wasn't?" I asked, faking it.

“Well, she hung out with us for like twenty minutes and you weren’t around,” he said. “And it seemed like she and Stacey were all over the party keeping it all under control, but I barely saw you.”

*Of course he noticed*, I thought to myself. Jay was a great friend, and observant. Usually that was a good thing, but now it meant with all the secrets going on in my life I had to be more careful. “I dunno,” I said. “I was around too. There were a lot of people there so maybe we just kept missing each other.”

“Maybe,” he said. “Still, you good?”

“Yeah, absolutely,” I said. “Lauren and I are- We’re really, really good.”

“OK, horndog,” Jay snorted. “Don’t go getting her pregnant.”

“It’s not-” then I snorted and shook my head. “Same to you.”

“Fair,” Jay chuckled. “But, speaking of lots of people at your party...”

“Jay,” I sighed.

“Look, I’m just saying, if school comes around and you and Benji haven’t made up it’s going to be *fucking* awkward.”

“Yeah, I know,” I said. “And I heard he came by my house yesterday afternoon but I was out with Lauren, Lindsey and Stacey. Before anything happens though he needs to apologize to Lauren.”

“But you’ll hear him out?” Jay asked.

“If he owns the shit he did and said.”

“OK. Can you manage to show up two days in a row and come over tomorrow if I can get him here?” Jay asked.

“Yeah, we can do that,” I said. “But it’s not like we’ve been avoiding you, dude.”

“Jerry, this is the fourth time I’ve seen you in almost three weeks. Up until you and Lauren started dating I saw you pretty much every day for the last three years if one of us wasn’t on a family vacation.”

“... fair point,” I said. “Sorry if we’ve been wrapped up in each other a bit.”

“It’s fine,” Jay said. “I get it. School will make things get back to normal anyways. So tomorrow?”

“Yeah, in the morning if you can,” I said. “I’m meeting up with Jordan to talk about writing stuff in the afternoon.”

“Wait, Jordan the redhead from that class you took?” Jay asked.

“Yeah,” I said. “She’s back in town for the holidays and wants to meet up.”

“Dude, you had the biggest crush on her two years ago. Is Lauren OK with this?”

“OK, it wasn’t a *big* crush first of all,” I said. “And second, it’s not like that. And *third*, Lauren is very much in favour of me going and talking with her.” I couldn’t tell him exactly how in favour of talking and more she was.

“Whatever you say,” Jay shook his head, smirking at me a little. “What are you thinking, then. Root, or Settlers?”

“Settlers,” I said. “It’s got farming in it, maybe Clarissa will find it ironic.”

Jay snorted and reached for his box of Catan. “Dear God, don’t make that joke upstairs.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Lauren and Lindsey needed to make another, longer appearance at home with their parents, and Angela was still working a double at the mall, so I ended up going with Stacey to see Annalise and Maya. We drove by and picked them up and I had planned to take them somewhere halfway decent to eat, but Maya had given me a puppy-dog look and asked if I’d be willing to bring them to the mall so she could grab a few more clothes now that she could actually see what she was trying on.

I agreed and got a big hug and a kiss on the cheek from the voluptuous girl that had Annalise pulling her sister off of me with a grumble which left Maya and Stacey snickering a little.

At the mall we split up briefly, Stacey going with the sisters to help Maya pick some things out while I detoured to try and find Angela. I entered the big department store where she worked and went looking in the beauty and perfume section, and Angela broke into a big grin when she saw me but was in the middle of helping a customer.

“Can I help you, sir?” asked another woman. She was blonde and done up in a business-casual work outfit and had the same little metal nametag that Angela was wearing. She was also looking at me with a suspicious bent to her perfectly manicured eyebrow and I realized I was lingering around what was usually a women-only area of the store.

“Oh, sorry,” I said. “I’m just waiting to speak to Angela.”

She narrowed her eyes a little but kept that vapid, emotionless customer service smile on her lips. "I'd be happy to help you with whatever you need, sir. All of our sales associates are more than capable, you don't need to speak to a specific one."

"I'm... actually not looking to buy anything," I said. "Angela and I are dating, and I just wanted to let her know I'd be in the food court if she had a break coming up."

"Oh," the woman said, then blinked as her expression changed. "Ooh, you're the new guy, huh?"

"That's me," I said. "Jeremiah. New boyfriend."

"Alright, well, she should be done any minute now," she said. "Sorry, we've had a couple of creepy stalker incidents in the past with our associates. Guys get obsessed and just hang around being weird."

"Everything OK?" I asked.

"Oh, this was last year- er, I guess two years ago now, so it's fine," she said. "I just keep a lookout. Not to say you looked suspicious, but..."

"But I looked suspicious," I laughed.

"Looks like she's finishing up," the woman said. "Feel free to say hey, just try to keep the PDA to a minimum, yeah?"

"Will do, thanks," I said. We separated and she went through the racks while I went to Angela over near the till in her area.

"Hey, babes," Angela said with a bright smile as I approached her. She leaned over the counter and took my hands, and I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. "So you met Sarah, huh?"

"I did," I said. "She thought I might be a creep, but she was just looking out for you."

"I know, she's kind of a momma bear in our department," Angela said. "What did you think of her though? She's single right now, just got out of a relationship a month ago and could use a rebound fling."

"Angie," I chuckled. "I was completely focused on you."

She preened a little at my compliment. "Thanks, babes," she grinned. "But seriously. She's a couple of years older than me and Linds, but she's hot. Want me to set it up?"

"Let's take things just a touch slower," I said. "We have time. This week is pretty packed with stuff already."

“Fair,” Angie said. “I’m still wrapping my head around all the planning the girls do in the group chat. I saw you’re seeing Jordan tomorrow though, looking forward to that?”

I don’t know why but I actually blushed a little. “Yeah, it should be good,” I said. “But for now, I came by to let you know Annalise, Stacey and I brought Annalise’s sister Maya to the mall since they need some more clothes. We’re going to meet up in the food court for dinner if you have a break coming up.”

“Umm,” Angela hummed, looking over at the clock. “I should have my dinner break in half an hour. Meet you there?”

“Sounds good, babe,” I said. “Want me to pick you up some dinner so it’s ready and waiting?”

“You don’t need to do that,” she said with a smile.

“But I want to,” I said. “Especially if it means we get an extra five or ten minutes with you because you don’t need to wait in line.”

“OK,” she said, then leaned forward and gave me a little peck on the lips. “Just a salad from the Veggie place. Their Thousand Island dressing is pretty good.”

“Thousand Island salad, coming up,” I said.

She squeezed my hands, which we hadn’t let go of, and pursed her lips in an air kiss before I left her at work. It took a couple of texts and some wandering to find the girls, and I ended up finding Maya and Stacey in a clothing store.

“Shit, OK,” Maya said when she spotted me. “Jerry, please tell my sister how good the dress I picked out for her looks.”

“This isn’t my style,” Annalise said from inside a nearby changing room.

“She’s feeling shy about it,” Stacey explained to me quietly.

“Just come out and show him,” Maya called back to her sister.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to, Anna,” I said, giving Maya a look. “But it might be the only way to get her off your back.”

There was a loud sigh in the changeroom and then the latch unlocked. Annalise opened the door and I couldn’t help but let my eyebrows raise and my jaw drop a little. She was wearing a yellow, off-the-shoulder sundress with cute flowers embroidered across it, and it hugged her hips and bust snugly without looking gaudy or too tight.

“Holy shit,” I said.

“See! I told you he’d love it,” Maya said.

I brushed past Maya and went to Annalise in the doorway of her changeroom and I cupped her face as I kissed her softly.

“You really like it?” Anna asked me afterwards, frown-smiling as we stayed standing with our faces close together.

“You make it look amazing, Anna,” I said. “It’s very flattering on you, but if it isn’t your style that’s OK. It makes you look like springtime.”

She bit her lip and looked up at me, then sighed. “Fine, Maya,” she said. “I’ll get it.”

Maya crowed her approval, and I had a feeling I’d stepped into an ongoing, possibly years-long argument between the girlier younger sister and the more rough-around-the-edges older one.

The girls had already made a couple of purchases, so I quickly paid for the dress for Annalise and we headed to the food court, splitting up to get our choices before reconvening at one of the bigger round tables in the sitting area. I made sure to get a fifth chair for Angie, and while the girls dug in I waited until my other girlfriend came into the food court and spotted us. I got up to give her a kiss, a proper one this time, and Stacey stood to give her a hug while Annalise just waved hello.

“So, you guys find some cute outfits?” Angie asked, kicking off the conversation lightly. Maya described her purchases, and Angie gave her some tips on other stores to check out for similar styles.

Then, about halfway through Angie’s break time, Stacey cleared her throat during a lull in the conversation. “I’m really glad things are going smoothly right now, but I think we need to talk about something.”

I was concerned and a little curious about this, and Maya looked a little confused, but Angie and Annalise both seemed to know what Stacey was talking about so I realized they must have at least touched on the subject in their Harem group chat.

“We need to at least start the conversation about the future,” Stacey continued. “In less than a week Lindsey and I are going back up to school, which means we won’t be around as much. Jerry and Lauren are also going back to classes next week, and I assume Maya you need to be in school too. So we need to start talking about options.”

Annalise swallowed reluctantly and sighed. “I- Well, we- need to reconnect with our brothers,” she said. “There’s a lot to tell them and I’m not sure how to even start. Our mom, our father...”

“They didn’t know about your father?” Angie asked, reaching over and putting her hand on Annalise’s arm comfortingly.

“I didn’t even know until he snapped,” Maya said. “I- I feel like I should have seen something sooner, with the way he and Anna interacted. Or didn’t interact.”

“Part of me wants to tell them, because then it would be easier to handle the other stuff, but the other part of me doesn’t,” Annalise said. “But I think part of the problem is there was no one else who knew what was going on in the beginning. So we’ll probably tell them.”

“What about after?” Stacey asked. “Once the family stuff is done, do you want to come live with me and Stacey in the penthouse? You can both have your own rooms if you want.”

“I think that’s the best thing for me,” Annalise said, then turned to her sister. “You’re going to need to change schools no matter what. Do you want to stay in New Mexico with Brandon or Paul if they can take you, or come up here?”

Maya blew out a long breath and then pressed her lips together firmly as her eyes watered up a bit. “I don’t know,” she said. “This all doesn’t really feel... real, yet.”

“I don’t want to rush you, sis,” Annalise said softly, grabbing her hand and squeezing. “And if you need time before going back to school that’s OK. We can figure it out. But if you want to try and move forward, we need to get you transferred soon so you can start a new semester on time.”

“Let me think about school,” Maya said. “But... I don’t want to leave you. Or Jerry. Not while Dad is still out there somewhere.”

“OK,” Stacey said. “You can come live with us at the penthouse. We’ll do up your room however you want.”

“Thanks,” Annalise said.

“What about you, Angela?” I asked. “Everything I said last night still stands - I’m not asking you to quit your job or anything. But if you want a change you could go with Linds and Stacey too.”

“I can’t leave Suzie in a lurch,” Angie said, shaking her head. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m kinda looking forward to all of us living together, but I’ll wait until you and Lauren move out there. I don’t know what I’ll do once I’m there, 'cause I’m not just going to sit around and be your little sex pet or something, but I’ll figure it out.”

“Wait, is that a career option?” Maya asked with a sly smile towards her sister, obviously provoking her.

“Don’t even joke about it,” Annalise deadpanned.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alone in my room, I closed my eyes and focused.

We’d driven Annalise and Maya back to the Bed and Breakfast, and Stacey had spent some time hanging out with Maya while I had alone time with Annalise. Then I’d gotten the reminder text from Lauren.

I touched the pool of power in the back of my consciousness and felt that wave of fireworks glowing and firing off behind my eyes as I focused on it. It was still a weird sensation whenever I really examined my power and really grappled with it because it felt like nothing, but it also felt like everything. It felt immense and powerful and made of pure potential, and I could almost taste the lips of my lovers in it. And down deep, fresh from having just been with her, was that cinnamon smoke of Annalise. And mixed in, now that I focused and sorted through all the sensations, was another distinct flavour swirling around like black licorice, except sweeter and with a more ephemeral quality, and I realized that it was Aidra. It was softer and smoother than Annalise, and I wondered if that was based on her personality, her type of magic, or how strong she was.

That made me want to call her, but I’d told myself it was up to her to deal with her thing with Brenton. I wouldn’t stick my nose into it, because if I did then I would start down a path that could lead to the way Ndia looked at people as claimable things rather than, well, people.

I took in another breath and focused on the pool, and thought of the person I wanted to contact. It was a slightly more powerful version of the telepathy spell I would use with the girls since I didn’t know where in the world Esmerelda was. I didn’t make a connection with her though - with the girls I knew I was welcome, but with her I didn’t know if she would find it to be an invasion of her privacy. Instead I envisioned my message being delivered to her like a little mental letter, sealed and ready for her to listen to when she was ready.

*‘Hello, Esmerelda,*

*Lauren and I would like to invite you to dinner tomorrow night. I’ve picked out a restaurant in Miami with a private room and made reservations - I figured it was something close to neutral ground. Your father should have Lauren’s phone number, you can text her for the details.*

*We’re looking forward to sitting down and talking with you.*

*Jeremiah.*

I released the message and felt it dissolve into the pool of power and whisk away across the world. And I waited, and waited. Almost twenty minutes later Lauren texted me. *She's in.*

We had a dinner date with Death.