

My New Girlfriend

Chapter Five

After months of sharing a bed with Courtney (and a living room, and a shower, and a kitchen, and the a car, and once the back row of movie theater), I had to adjust my way of addressing a woman. I'd gotten used to just telling a girl what to do, knit-picking how she does it, not thinking to ask for any such input in return.

(Not to say I'd learned to be selfish, necessarily. That's just how Courtney likes it. She never climaxes as hard if I don't give her the chance to do her best.)

Erika, on the other hand, isn't like Courtney, and when I lost myself in the moment and told her reflexively to "suck my dick, and if it's not the best I've had all month I'll take it out on your ass after" – she arched an eyebrow and waited for me to tone it down.

Still, she'd lost the bet, and I soon learned that she was nothing if not a good sport. If her blowjob wasn't up to the bar I'd set, it was still a good one by any standard. All the better for Courtney kneeling behind her, playing with our dusky playmate's breasts with one hand and working her pussy with the other.

She never failed to give me the feeling that as much fun as she was having, as much pleasure as she was giving to Erika, her first concern was at all times enhancing my experience.

Still, I think she came more and harder than I did. Then again, I wasn't at all used to wearing a condom, so she had an edge. Probably a good thing too, because Courtney was just as active a participant as her friend, and I never would've had the stamina to keep up with them otherwise.

They were still only too happy to make out with one another and engage in a little friendly sixty-nining while I recovered between rounds. Tired fingers were replaced by rested tongues, worn-out thighs recovered during transitions to breast play. Somewhere in the middle of it all, my cock made its occasional appearances and marveled at the stamina of the competition.

At some point – my clock said 3:14 in the morning – we were finally spent, each of us collapsed and deliriously luxuriating in burning muscles, tingling nerve endings, messy genitalia, and warm sweaty flesh everywhere we reached. I'd almost fallen asleep in the midst of mounting Erika one more time, and she firmly but politely told me she wasn't a cuddler and that I should get some rest while Courtney took care of her.

With a smile of amazement at their commitment, I left them to it to go take a shower before hitting the hay. (I sleep better clean.)

Not long after, Courtney slipped in behind me and I closed my eyes happily as she hugged me from behind, kissing my neck. "You were so incredible tonight. Every time I think you couldn't amaze me more, Drew, you just..." She sighed dreamily.

"...arrange a threesome with one of your friends?"

She giggled. "She's pretty cute, right? I'd almost forgotten how good she is."

"She's hot all right. Second-hottest girl I've ever been with."

"Well I'll see what I can do to track down the first and get you good and laid," she said, caressing my hips. "In the meantime, I just wanted to ask if you're enjoying Erika's attentions."

"Hell yeah I am. Can we keep her?" I joked.

Courtney kissed my neck again, and rubbed my hips a little before stepping back. "I'm going to go see if she and I can get in a little more trouble," she said. "You take your time, let the water ease those muscles. If you want a massage just let me know. OK?"

I gave her a kiss, and went back to soaking. I was so relaxed and so happy that I nearly fell asleep on my feet. When I made it back in, they were already passed out and spooning; I slipped into bed and slept so hard I didn't even have that recurring dream of mine again. For tonight, I didn't care how Courtney had gone so crazy for me.

The girls had apparently both mastered the sleep ninja arts; they'd been up and about for hours by the time I finally woke up. In fact, it was the sounds of Courtney responding to Erika's fourth bout of cunnilingus that awakened me. I entered the living room behind them, all the tiredness in my dick evaporating in the face of Courtney's thighs trembling against Erika's cheeks as she tried to see how deep her tongue could go.

Courtney saw me right away, but I motioned for them not to stop. She grinned and closed her eyes, though added a little self-mauling of her tits into the act for my entertainment. Such a sweetheart. Her boobs never stopped amazing me.

Eventually, Courtney hit her peak and let out a garbled howl-yelp of pleasure as her thighs clamped down. Only when she went slack did Erika's efforts cease, and that was when I plopped down next to Courtney.

"Having fun, ladies?"

"Mmm, are we ever," said Erika, lapping softly at Courtney's slit as she and I kissed one another good morning. Early afternoon, technically.

"Gotta say, I'm surprised you're still here, Erika. Pleasantly, of course."

She took a break from lapping at Courtney's upper thighs to smile at me. "Hey, I lost the bet, so I owe you a day, right?"

"I guess I just figured we meant an evening, not a literal twenty-four hours on the clock. Not that I'm complaining."

"Mmm, me either," added Courtney, rubbing some of her juices off her friend's cheek affectionately. Erika leaned over licked her fingers clean, her hips practically humping the air. Man, the girl must be insatiable. That or Courtney had been selfish this morning.

"Say, now that we're all up, anybody hungry? I worked up a hell of an appetite last night," I said.

"I just ate," responded Erika with a devious grin. She licked her lips, then looked over at where my robe was barely concealing my cock from her. "Though I gotta say, I'm still pretty thirsty."

And like that, I was hard. There was no hiding it in this robe. Courtney parted the folds and took a few strokes, moaning softly like she was the one being played with. "What do you think, baby? Seems like we owe her a full meal."

I sighed. "I suppose so." Courtney pointed my shaft towards Erika invitingly.

"I'll do my best," she said with a little sarcasm of her own. "Still striving to hit that 'best of the month' threshold."

"Less talk, more suck," my girlfriend said as she put a hand on the back of Erika's head and pushed her head down until I was all the way in.

It wasn't the most thorough blowjob, but I have to say it wasn't at all Erika's fault. As she got to work, Courtney started doing to her what I often did for (to?) Courtney. Namely, telling her every last thing she ought to be doing, in the filthiest terms as possible.

"Make eye contact. Show him how much you love it being his little cock-sucking queen. Fuck him with your eyes as much as your mouth."

"Noisier – nobody likes a dainty dick-gobbler."

"Moan every time you notice how fucking good he tastes in your little slut mouth."

"You can't play with yourself until you prove you can do it without diminishing your blowjob skills."

"Smile while he cums in your face, Erika. Smile."

See? Who could make a blowjob like that last a while. After, Courtney suggested Erika go take a shower of her own while we ordered lunch, and Erika grinned at her through the one eye not plastered shut with my seed and agreed.

"You had something to do with her sticking around today, didn't you, Court?"

"Maaaaybe." She grinned innocently.

"You're so bad." I kissed her.

She kissed back, not letting up until she had me good and hard again, as was her habit. "Does that mean Daddy's gonna punish my naughty little ass again?" she teased.

"Only if you ask me nicely."

We made out until lunch arrived. It was a sandwich place we got food from regularly, and we knew to request our guy. He was lightning quick and only too happy to be compensated by having Courtney answer the door topless. The arrangement had saved me hundreds of dollars by now.

Erika emerged from the bathroom just after lunch got there, wrapped in one of my girlfriend's fluffy towels. Courtney told her what she'd ordered for her, and her friend expressed approval. I was the first to take a bite, groaning happily.

"That good, eh Drew?" Erika asked.

"It might be the best stromboli I can get delivered to my house." I took another happy bite.

Erika stopped my hands mid-way to taking another bite. "I bet I could make it better." Hungry as I was, something in her tone intrigued me. "Oh yeah, how? Got some secret sauce?"

"Nope. Secret plate, actually."

I arched an eyebrow at her mysterious expression. "Did you say... secret plate?"

Rather than reply, Erika casually stood and dropped her towel, then swept all the myriad clutter off the table – junk mail, plasticware, salt and pepper shakers, everything. As I stared, speechless, she picked up my food – then lied down on her back in front of me. She poured my french fries across her stomach, then spread her legs and gripped the sandwich between her thighs such that most of it was sticking out, but it was held together firmly enough.

"To keep it warm," she explained.

She poured some ketchup into her cleavage, dragging a fry through it and leaving a smear up towards her nipple. Erika then held the fry to my mouth. Dazed, I took a bite. It tasted

the same, but somehow... she wasn't wrong. The dining experience had suddenly somehow improved.

Damn, this girl was kinkier than I thought.

I have Courtney a look as if to say *what the hell is with this chick?* She just shrugged, then reached out and took one of my fries, getting a nice gob of boob-ketchup on it before she ate. We ate our whole meal like that, Erika staring up at the ceiling while we ate off of her. The last few bites of my strom required me to snake my tongue between her legs and suck out what I could; by the time I was done, I was basically eating her out.

I didn't stop until she came, gripping the table with both hands and fighting a losing battle not to let her quivering dislodge my fries. Still, she didn't need to be asked to clean them up after.

That was really the story of our afternoon, the three of us fondling, licking, sucking and fucking anyone and anything we felt like. Try as I might, I still couldn't keep up with the two minxes, and as often as not I was just in observer mode watching Courtney do her best to put on the show she thought I'd want to see. She was a good guesser – or maybe just seeing two insanely hot ex-models 69ing one another's tits was the low-hanging fruit of spectator-heavy threesomes.

I got a sense that Erika didn't mind, but if she preferred Courtney's body to mine, in my book that just made her sane.

Finally, as we all finally conceded exhaustion, I kissed Erika's sweaty forehead fondly. "You more than met the terms of our wager, Erika. Gotta say, I've never had someone lose so gracefully before. I take my buddy Stu for \$40 in poker and he acts like I robbed him at gunpoint."

Courtney made a sour face. Even with his little crush on her, Stu had gotten comfortable enough around her to throw a tantrum or two when she beat him at something.

"So you kicking me out?" she asked.

"No, nothing like that – we just have plans tonight is all," I said. We didn't, but I knew Courtney would back me.

"Oh, that's cool. Anything fun?"

"Hopefully, though I don't think I'll have the energy for the usual post-date romp."

"I never thought I'd say it, but me either," Courtney added, giving my weary cock a few sympathetic strokes.

"Oh. Well yeah, I guess I'll get out of your hair then," Erika said. I felt bad; it was clear she was still ready to go. Somehow. Still, after a day-long fuckathon, I wanted some one-on-one time with my special lady, to remind her who ruled my roost. She hadn't seemed jealous in the least and she'd made more use of our added playmate than I had, but still. Courtney poured her heart and soul into making me feel special, and I did my best to reciprocate whenever she let me.

It took all three of us to find where Erika's clothes had wandered off to since a few minutes after her arrival the night before, but before long she was dressed and on her way out. Courtney offered to walk her friend out to her taxi and would run and grab dinner for us while she was at it. She grabbed her purse and her coat and gave me a goodbye-for-now kiss.

I didn't know what the protocol was on saying goodbye to your overnight fuck buddy, so I just gave Erika a little hug and said I hoped to see her around. Somehow, that moment was the most awkward I'd felt around her. She sensed it too, I think, and we shared a self-conscious laugh.

I know the importance of girl talk, which was why I didn't offer to walk down with them. Still, I watched from the front windows as they exited the building, sitting on the front steps to wait. They were just talking for a few minutes when Erika made a move. Either she was attempting a purse-snatching or the girl *still* hadn't had enough.

Courtney seemed to rebuff it, squirming away. I wondered if that was for my benefit. It felt nice, even if by now I'd seen the two so intimately entangled with one another that I couldn't imagine being jealous. Still, sweet.

I was only half-awake when she came home with chicken, and she awakened me with a little shoulder rub, having guessed (correctly) I was too tired for anything else.

"So did she have a good time? I hope we weren't too rough on her," I asked over dinner.

"Hell yeah, she did. Erika's always been kind of a freak – if anything, I think you were too gentle for her tastes."

I nodded, sucking the chicken grease off my fingers. "Yeah, weird not having her ass to use as a napkin, eh?"

Courtney laughed. "Yeah, like I said. Freak."

"Good freak though."

"There's a bad kind?"

We ate in silence for a while before she spoke again. "So... you had fun, right?" Her tone was so utterly innocuous I immediately became suspicious.

"Yeah... I mean, you two were incredible. She's almost – *almost* – as sexy as you are."

My flattery earned me Courtney's grinning presence in my lap as she took over the task of feeding me. "So... do you think you might want to do it again sometime?"

"Courtney... tell me she's not waiting in the stairwell."

"Fire escape, actually," she said as she shoved another bite in my mouth to shut me up. "No, but... seriously. We talked, and she'd definitely do it again. And again and again. Whenever we let her, I bet."

"Well, isn't *someone* cocky about the binding allure of her tits?"

"What, you mean these?" She lifted her sweater up and over her chest, and there they were, perfect as ever. I couldn't resist a few little sucks at her nipples; I know she wanted to continue the conversation, but dutiful as ever to my wants, she waited until I'd had my fun before going on.

"Just think about it. And really, any time you feel like having her over for a little fun, give her a call. Whether I'm here or not. If you don't want to that's fine, but don't hold back on my account. You know I only ever want to see you happy. And it sure seemed like fucking the hell out of my slutty little friend made you happy."

"All right, all right, I'll think about it. And you know, same goes for you, right? If you had fun playing with Erika, you can invite her over whenever you want. You hardly ever have company." Never, in fact, except when I'd hosted that party for her friends last week.

“Yeah, well, I cut a lot of bad elements out of my life when we started dating. I’m just glad Erika’s supportive. At first I... she... well, I didn’t think she could understand it. Us.”

I pulled her tight against me and held her. “That makes two of us.”

Courtney nestled in against me. “What’s not to get? My sun rises and sets in your pants and all I ever want to do is give you every form and ounce of pleasure that a woman can give a man.” She grinned like it was a joke, but still, I knew she meant it. We didn’t fool around that night except for her giving me one of her endless blowjobs, the kind not intended to get me off but rather her particular version of a lullaby.

The next morning I woke up late for work. Courtney often woke up to make me breakfast or bathe me, but with the rush I was in I just told her to go back to bed. I brushed my teeth in the shower and shaved in a hurry – so much of a hurry that when I tossed my old razor and replaced with a fresh one, I almost didn’t notice.

There in the bathroom wastebasket, concealed under a discarded toilet paper tube... a pair of syringes. The charitable part of me first thought maybe it was insulin, but on closer inspection there was a little something still in them. Rich was a diabetic, and I knew at least what color insulin was and what his needles looked like.

This wasn’t them.

Erika had brought drugs into my apartment. It had to have been her – obviously it wasn’t me, and the only other people I’d had over in weeks were people I knew and trusted. I threw the needle back into the garbage in disgust and almost stormed out of the apartment. I fumed over it all day. When I got home, I rushed into the bathroom to retrieve them, to show Courtney what I’d found.

But they were gone.