

Font of Fertility Chapter 14 Beta

By BreaktheBar

The following is the Beta Draft of Font of Fertility Ch 14. As a Beta draft, this is not the final work and may see minor 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 a whole bunch of BG sexual moments. Fair warning to readers, this series also includes sex between people who have grown up together but are not blood-related.

Jeremiah spends quality time one-on-one with the ladies, and Lindsey helps him drill down on sciencing his magic.

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“Good morning, babe,” Lauren grinned as she opened the door. She stepped out slightly so that she could thoroughly kiss me without her parents seeing.

“Good morning,” I grinned, and Stacey and I followed her back inside the Baxley house. “Ready to go?”

“For sure,” Lauren nodded. “Let me just go grab Lindsey. Is the plan still on?”

“It is,” Stacey said, and winked at Lauren.

“Great,” Lauren said. “Be right back.”

Stacey and I waited in the entryway as Lauren darted upstairs. Mrs Baxley came around from the kitchen area and greeted us, asking about the big backpack I was wearing.

“Oh, it’s just snacks for our day out mostly,” Stacey filled in for me.

“Why did you bring it in with you though?” Mrs Baxley asked. “Aren’t you four driving your Mom’s car today? Or should I be expecting mine to be missing when I try to run errands later?”

“Uh, Lauren said she wanted to add a couple of things,” I said. “That’s all.”

"I'm driving our car," Stacey backed me up. "Don't worry, Mrs Baxley. You've got your wheels today."

"Good," Mrs Baxley nodded. "The way you four have been stealing off with all the family cars for hours on end, I'd think you were robbing banks or something."

"Just the local branches, mum," Lauren said, coming back down the stairs followed by Lindsey. "We're staying away from anywhere with too many security cameras."

"Well, as long as you're being careful," Mrs Baxley smirked and rolled her eyes. "Don't forget you need to pony up a Parent Tax on all ill-gotten gains though, kids. Momma needs a new pair of shoes."

"What's the percentage on that tax?" Lindsey asked. I could tell she wanted to come over and kiss me hello but held herself back in front of her stepmother. "Ten? Twenty?"

"More like thirty," Mrs Baxley laughed over her shoulder as she went back down towards the kitchen. "If I'm harbouring fugitives, I'm not getting ripped off. Have a good day, kids."

Lindsey peeked around the stairwell to make sure Mrs Baxley was truly gone, then slipped into my arms and pressed her chest to mine as she kissed me quickly. "Morning, babe," she whispered.

"Good morning to you too," I smiled, my hand sneaking around her waist to palm her ass and give her a squeeze.

"Hey, I didn't get one of those," Lauren said with a raised eyebrow.

"You leaned into it from the doorway," I pointed out.

"Good point," she said, then nudged Lindsey out of the way with her hip as she stepped in for another kiss from me. I gave her ass a double-handed squeeze by way of an apology.

"Alright, alright," Stacey said. "Come on, you two. We've got places to be and people to see."

"Good point," I said. Lauren and Lindsey quickly slipped on their coats and boots, and I gestured towards the front door. Stacey led the way, and I let Lauren go next as I slipped in next to Lindsey and took her hand in mine.

Lindsey gave me a look with a raised eyebrow, then glanced back over her shoulder again to make sure neither of her parents was watching us. Lauren had shut the door behind her softly, and I tugged Lindsey towards it.

"Hold tight," I said softly.

“What?” Lindsey asked.

I opened the door and we stepped out of the Baxley house and into the Sanctum.

Nothing had changed since Lauren and I had left it - not that I'd expected any changes really. I'd teleported Lindsey and I through the 'teleportal door' down in the main chamber, where the magical light sconces were still lighting up the tall space with the looming Amplifier structure towering above us. The odd looping architecture and runes across the floor and walls made the entire room feel like it was out of a movie, but this was our real life.

Lindsey gasped as she looked at the strange, fantastical space, her eyes wide and her jaw hanging open. She slowly turned back to me. “Is this-?”

I nodded and smiled into her kiss as she wrapped her arms around the back of my neck and pulled herself into me. “Happy date day, Linds,” I said once the kiss ended and we'd both caught our breath.

“I thought we didn't have time?” Lindsey asked. “There's so much to do.”

“I'm making the time,” I said. “Because you are important, Lindsey. I love you.”

She kissed me again, tears in her eyes. “What about Stacey and Lauren?” she asked once that one ended.

“They helped with the plan,” I said. “They are going to go check on Annalise and Maya and bring them out shopping for everything they need. Then they said they have something they want to work on for the afternoon, but wouldn't tell me what it is.”

Lindsey smirked at that and saw me raise my eyebrow and shook her head. “Nuh-uh. It's a Concubines Only secret for now.”

“Really?” I asked. “That's what we're calling your group chat now?”

“I may have renamed it recently,” Lindsey smirked. She turned back towards the space and left my arms, walking forward and looking up. “This place is amazing. It's bigger than I thought, too. Is this the Amplifier?”

“It is,” I said.

Lindsey glanced at me over her shoulder as she mounted the slight steps onto the platform at its base. “So you and Lauren had sex up here?”

“We did,” I nodded, following her slowly. “And we will, too. You said you wanted to see the magic I showed Lauren.”

“Oh, babe,” Lindsey said. “I think we’re both going to be seeing some magic while we’re here.” She was examining one of the pillars of the amplifier, touching it softly as if she thought it might be made out of something other than stone. She looked over at me again with that smile of hers, and I was struck by how fucking beautiful she was. I always knew she was, but lately I’d found I wasn’t getting so wrapped up in it as I used to when we were all younger. It’s like I was getting desensitized to her, which in some ways meant we were falling into a deep comfortability with our intimacy, but I also never wanted to lose my appreciation of her.

Lindsey was a naturally stunning woman.

“God, you’re beautiful,” I said, not wanting to keep it to myself. “Sometimes you just take my breath away, Linds. I want you to know that.”

She blushed cutely and bit her lower lip as she glanced away, but looked right back at me again. She slipped her coat off, letting it drop to the ground, and started walking towards me slowly.

“You’re a pretty handsome guy yourself, Jerry,” she said.

“Think so?” I asked, smiling.

“Know so,” she confirmed, and pulled her sweater off over her head, leaving her in a bra.

“Don’t you want a tour first?” I asked her. “It’s not overly long.”

“Oh, for sure,” Lindsey nodded, unbuckling her belt and stopping to push her jeans over her hips and down her legs. Somehow she managed to make even taking off tight jeans look relatively graceful, leaving her in a matching thong to her bra. “But there’s just something about being in the secret sanctum of my sex sorcerer boyfriend that makes me feel like walking around naked.”

She undid her bra, pulling it away and letting it drop to the floor, revealing her wonderful breasts. Lindsey stepped to just a few feet in front of me, looking at me with that smile and those eyes, one thumb hooked into the waistband of her thong. “What do you think?”

“I think you’re leaving a mess in my secret sanctum,” I said, closing the distance between us and scooping her up into my arms and kissing her again as I cradled her.

“My bad,” she laughed.

“The tour is going to need to wait,” I told her. “Important things come first.”

I lowered her to the floor of the sanctum and pulled her thong off of her delicately, then spread her legs and knelt between them, burying my lips into her pussy as I began to eat her out.

Lindsey came twice before I let her do anything else, and she immediately started stripping me until I was as naked as she was. And then I made her lay back down, tricking her into thinking I was going to fuck her, and instead I ate her to another orgasm.

“Babe. Jerry,” she gasped as she came down again. “I want your cock.”

“Sorry,” I said, hopping up to my feet and offering her my hand up. “My very important person has come, so now it’s time for the tour.”

She laughed, and let me help her up, and I began the tour by bringing her to the bedroom. Walking around with her naked like that, watching her as she wow’d at every little thing in the room, made me feel like we were Adam and Eve. I could even imagine a little fig leaf covering her nicely flushed pussy, not that I wanted any part of her covered. I loved watching her ass as she walked, and her legs. And her breasts. Alright, I loved watching all of her.

Lindsey had lots of questions. About the furniture, and the art, and the rooms. And more than questions, she started theorizing about the magic needed to create the space. About enchanting items, or areas. The soft jungle noises that emanated throughout the room, and the moving scene on the walls, were obviously magical and Ezekiel would have had to create them. The stream that wound through the room and fed into the pool went from refreshingly cool to perfectly hot in an instant.

I could barely follow some of her wonderings as she muttered and mumbled. She even tried to date some of the old frescos, though she wasn’t a historian or an art major and decided she would need to do some more reading.

Then she jumped on the big bed, something Lauren and I hadn’t been feeling energetic enough to do ourselves the last time I’d been there.

“This seems more than big enough,” Lindsey said, propped up on her elbows as she grinned wickedly at me.

“Oh yeah?” I asked. “For what?”

“For the whole harem,” she said. “Honestly, I’m kind of worried about when we move into the penthouse apartment at school.”

I rolled my eyes at ‘harem.’ “What do you mean? The place has four bedrooms.”

“Yeah,” she said, rolling over onto her belly and kicking her feet up behind her. “But it’s not like we’re going to be living in them once we’re all there. We’ll be in the master bedroom together.”

That, obviously, was a delicious thought. Me, Lauren, Lindsey and Stacey all sleeping together in the same bed, every night? Waking up to them every morning?

“Linds, I think a California King is more than enough for the four of us,” I said, walking over and standing next to the absolutely gigantic bed she was sprawled on.

“Four?” Lindsey asked. She started crawling towards me - or more likely, towards my cock which was at the perfect height for her to start sucking. “More like six, at least. Angie is going to be one of us soon enough, and Annalise is basically one of your girls already. We just need to make it official and invite her to the Concubines Only group chat.”

She was inches from my cock, but I pulled away from her. “Linds, that’s not how-”

“Jeremiah,” she said, cutting me off. She sat up on her knees, closing the distance with me and putting her hands on my shoulders so I couldn’t look away. “Baby. Annalise offered. She wants it. Maya can live with us too, in one of the other bedrooms. And I *know* what Angie wants better than she thinks she does. Trust me.”

I sighed. “Linds, I trust you completely. But Angela isn’t sure what she wants. And Annalise offered it as a trade that I’m not going to force her to make.”

Lindsey rolled her eyes. “Angela is just grappling with the fact that she’s in love with you and she’s not used to falling for a guy, and Annalise’s situation is only complicated because of everything else going on in her life, not because of you. I could see it in the way she looks at you, and talks about you. I know everyone keeps assuring you that the whole thing with her father isn’t your fault, which it isn’t at least entirely, but any rational person would still hold some sort of frustration with you at least. But she doesn’t. Why do you think that is?”

“I... don’t know,” I said.

“It’s because her entire world changed when you opened your heart to her,” Lindsey said, getting closer as she looked into my eyes. “Like it did for me. And like it is for Angie. *That* is your secret weapon, Jerry. Not your new bod, or your boyish charm, or determination or creativity or sexual proficiencies or even your magic. It’s your heart. So if you want to stop adding to the harem, you’re going to need to keep that thing holstered.”

Somehow, Lindsey had gotten me hard and was stroking my cock with one hand as she spoke to me, her lips so close to kissing me but not quite finishing closing the distance, our eyes still locked.

“Now,” Lindsey said. “Let me repay the favour, my beautiful, big-hearted boyfriend.”

She brushed a kiss onto my lips, then went down to her elbows and knees and took my cock in her mouth.

I thought, at least for a little bit, about what she'd said. About Annalise, and Angela, and love. About how I needed to be careful.

But Lindsey was sucking my cock, and soon I had my fingers in her gorgeous blonde hair as she lavished her own love and adoration on me. And it was my turn to come, feeding her my orgasm as I gasped and shivered and clenched my toes and she hummed happily.

Lindsey was even more amazed by the final room of the tour.

"Holy fuck balls," she gasped as I led her into what had once been the Library. The shelves still stood mostly empty. The plinths where artefacts were displayed were bare. But, I had to admit, the window out onto the lava cavern was as absolutely breathtaking as it had been the first time.

"I know," I said.

"This place..." Lindsey trailed off, stepping into the room and spinning around, taking in the size of the library. "Jesus, Jerry. It's like the Wizard equivalent of the library from *Beauty and the Beast* except sad and empty."

"I know," I sighed and said again.

"No, babe," she said, turning and coming back, hugging me tightly. "I mean, it's not a *good* thing obviously, but it's not a bad one either. It just means we need to fill it up again. One book at a time."

I chuckled a little, hugging her back, standing naked just inside the doorway. "Linds, I fucking love you."

"I love fucking you, too," she said back with a grin.

We fucked with her pressed against the glass of the lava chamber. Thankfully it was magically cool to the touch despite what I assumed had to be deadly heat on the other side.

Then, now that we'd each had more than enough warm-up, Lindsey led me back into the main chamber. "Can you show me now?" she asked me.

"I would love to," I said, taking her in my arms and lifting her onto the platform, taking her to the centre.

This time we didn't fuck. I made love to her. Slow, and methodical. I opened myself to her, and she did the same for me. She whimpered and closed her eyes at the feeling of my slowly sliding inside of her. I gasped as she rolled her body, as she clenched her insides.

We made love, and eventually she was on top, slowly undulating her hips as she kissed me, and I reached my thoughts to the connection between us, and the connection to the silvery runes of the space, and to the Amplifier.

I opened the connection, and I saw a magical universe around us, and I put my hand on Lindsey's chest right over her heart as we kissed and I connected her to it as well.

"Look up," I whispered to her as one kiss ended and another one was about to begin.

Lindsey looked up and gasped.

The streams of magic were like the best combination of a fireworks display, a laser light show and a top-notch observatory educational show. There was an entire universe of lights, and the magic flowing through it in floating rivers.

"Jerry," Linds gasped, holding her arms out wide as she gazed into the unknown. "Oh my God, Jerry."

"I know," I said, and sat up so that I could hug her to me as we stared up at it together. "I know."

She cried, looking at the beauty of it, and I held her through it. And then she kissed me, ravenously, and we made love some more. I could feel her through the connection, and she could feel me. It made it easy to reach a mutual climax. Sure, it wasn't one of our big explosions of pure sex, but it was more special than that.

I let the connection fade slowly as we held each other, our breathing matched, and the magical display faded.

"I love you like that, Linds," I said.

And for some reason, she cried again. Clutching to me, trying to touch me with as much of her as she could. So I just sat there with her until she calmed, and then my stomach gurgled, which made her chuckle.

We disengaged, and I went and fetched my backpack from near the teleportal door. Lindsey's eyes lit up happily as I pulled out all the making of a picnic down to the checkered red and white blanket. We had our pick of interesting locales to picnic in between the three main rooms, but Lindsey decided to do it right where we were.

“Best boyfriend ever,” she mumbled around her first mouthful of the pizza I had pulled out of the Tupperware container and magically reheated.

We relaxed. We talked. Not about Lauren and Stacey, or Annalise or Angie or all of the chaos that had been going on.

No, we talked like we were on a date. We talked about little things. Memories together. We talked about our hopes and dreams - at least, the ones we'd had before magic entered our lives. Lindsey hadn't realized I was a creative writer until this Christmas break, and wanted to know about the stories I'd written, and the next one I wanted to write. I wanted to know about her studies at University, and her professors and classes. How she couldn't decide between becoming a researcher or trying to write the LSATs or MCATs.

Then she surprised me, on purpose based on the look on her face when she said it. “You know, when you put a baby in me, I want to do it here in the Amplifier,” she said.

I almost sprayed my water, which I'd been taking a swig of out of a water bottle, all over the both of us but managed to gulp it down instead. “W-what?” I stammered.

She laughed. “Not now, obviously. But eventually. And if it's a girl we'll name her Aurora, and if it's a boy we'll name him Orion like the constellation. What do you think?”

“I think,” I said slowly. “Those are lovely names. For our children. Eventually.”

She smiled and kissed me. “Eventually.”

I had a flash of Lindsey, pregnant and radiant, in my mind and had to force it away. Now was definitely *not* the time for that.

“Can I ask if you had any other plans for our date?” Lindsey asked once we'd finished eating and had sat, or lain arm in arm, for a little bit.

“There's one more thing,” I told her. “But I had a feeling you'd want to spend some more time here.”

She grinned. “I love you, you know.”

“I know,” I said, and leaned over to kiss her.

“Good. Because we're about to have a lot of sex, Jerry,” she said. “Because I have *questions* about your magic and we are going to do some experimenting.”

The experimenting, while fun, was not the sexual experimentation that I might have thought it would be.

First, Lindsey had me try to quantify my current level of power, and what it had been like when we first arrived after teleporting. Then, using those as base statistics, we had sex. First we had sex outside of the amplifier. Just oral, giving or receiving, then mutual. Then we had a round of regular sex, finishing inside her. Then again, finishing on her face. In between each round she asked me questions, trying to quantify the gains each sex act made in my pool of power.

Then we took a break in the hot tub in the Bedroom, and she asked me more questions, trying to quantify the gains I felt the first time I had sex with the various women I'd been with. I outlined to her what I could remember of my first time with her, compared to Stacey, compared to Annalise, and compared to Angie and her roommate Suzie.

Then we were back at it, this time for a fast, hard fuck. Then again, this time for a long and slow lovemaking session over on the bed.

We lay cuddling on the bed as we went over our findings.

"So oral sex in either direction is a smaller gain than vaginal, but is larger if it's mutual," Lindsey said, counting off on her fingers. "The length of time sex takes doesn't affect the end climax gain, but it does create an ongoing trickle that is larger if your partner is getting something she really likes." That had been a discovery with the hard, quick sex and the long lovemaking, both of which were special in their own ways to Lindsey. "And the final gain on a climax is larger if you come inside of your partner rather than on them."

"I think that's all of it," I nodded. I was laying with her head leaned back on my shoulder and slowly tracing lines around her chest and breasts with one finger. Even that little act generated a tiny amount of power, though it was truly tiny.

"Ho, not even close, babe," she said. "There are still a few variables to check. First, we need to see if you coming in my mouth and me swallowing after sex is different. Then we need to check the variables on anal sex. *Then* we need to do some tests on sex inside the Amplifier to round it all off."

"I think this might be a long afternoon," I snorted.

"Any regrets?" she asked.

"Not a shot," I said.

"Good," she laughed, and rolled off of me so she could readjust onto her hands and knees and start kissing my cock back to life.

By the end of it, we were both a little sore but the hot tub did wonders to ease our aches. Anal, it turned out, was slightly less effective at generating power than vaginal sex, but an anal finish

was strangely about as effective as vaginal, whereas Lindsey sucking my orgasm down her throat was more than a facial but less than the other finishes.

Sex in the Amplifier almost doubled the gains, which made me feel like we should have had all that sex on the platform, but Lindsey reminded me we'd needed the information as a baseline. And she ended that thought off by doing a Jesse Pinkman impression. "Science, bitch!"

My last plan for the date, once we were (at least temporarily) fucked out was fairly simple. I took Lindsey's hand and led her up the stairs that curved around the outside wall of the main chamber, through the heavy, warded door into the cave entryway where I'd collapsed when I sent Annalise my magic reserves, and then up the old ladder and through the hidden hatch.

"Welcome to Hawaii, Linds," I said, holding her hand as we looked down the mountainside of the Volcano, out over the jungles and distant city, and then the ocean.

"Jerry, you do know we're naked still, right?" Lindsey asked me with a grin.

"I know," I laughed. "I don't care."

"Good, because neither do I," she sighed. Then she rested her head on my shoulder as we stood side by side and looked at the beautiful view for a long while as the sun lowered towards the horizon.

"So," she said eventually. "Wanna fuck out here?"

We did. Twice. And it was a beautiful sunset, too.

We made our way back down, ate the last of the pizza that I reheated again, and then slowly got dressed.

"Next time I promise we'll do something more than have sex," I told her.

"Jerry. My lover. My sexual king. This was without a doubt the best date you could have given me," she said. We were standing near the teleportal door, almost like we were at her front stoop after a date. "Even better than our first. That one was special as hell, but I also had to unload a lot on you emotionally. This one... Jeremiah, this one was a perfect date. I saw amazing magical things, in a wild exotic location. I got to put my science brain to work. I got to spend more time with you, just the two of us, and fall even more in love with you. And we had lots, and lots, and *lots* of really great sex."

"Do you believe me now?" I asked her softly. "Because I love you, Lindsey. Inside and out."

"I believe you, Jeremiah," she whispered. And then she kissed me softly.

Leaving was only slightly more complicated than arriving, if only because I needed to check in with Lauren to see where it was safe for us to go.

I opened the door and Lindsey and I stepped out of the Sanctum and into Stacey's room.

Stacey was sitting on her bed, while Lauren was sitting at her desk. "Hey," Lauren smirked as we entered. "How was it?"

"Amazing," Lindsey sighed. "I can't believe you kept it a secret though. I would have dressed differently."

"We were naked the *entire* time," I pointed out, making Stacey and Lauren giggle.

"Well if I'd worn the crotchless panties and sexy bra I bought we could have gone for a little more variety," Lindsey said.

"Meh," I shrugged. "The look on your face was even better."

I ended up kissing Lauren, then crawling onto the bed and snuggling with Stacey as Lindsey told the girls everything we'd done during the day, and all the things she'd felt and learned. It was interesting hearing her tell them all about the date we'd just been on, and it gave me a look at it from her perspective. It wasn't so different from mine, but there were little things that I noticed she emphasized as special that I thought of as normal, and other special things to me that she didn't find as important.

It was very late once storytime with Lindsey was over, so we had to tromp as quietly as possible downstairs so as not to wake my parents, and then drive Lauren and Lindsey back to their place. Lauren, having missed me all day and planning to miss me again tomorrow, decided I needed a blowjob in the back seat on our way. Lindsey reminded her that I got more magic from fucking.

"Yeah," Lauren replied. "But sometimes I just want to suck my man's dick and let him know how much I love him."

Stacey and Lindsey agreed that was fair.

After kissing Lauren and Lindsey goodnight in the driveway at their place, I hopped in the front seat with Stacey for the drive back to our house.

"What time do you want to leave tomorrow?" I asked her. "I don't know if I can do as early as we did today."

“Oh, we’re not leaving until after lunch,” Stacey said. “But you still need to get up early, Jer. You’re checking in with Annalise at nine, and then you’re going over to see Angie at her place for lunch.”

“I am?” I asked, a little surprised. “Tomorrow is supposed to be your day, though.”

“And I’m including these things on my day,” Stacey said. “I’m not as desperately cockhungry as Lindsey is, buddy. I can handle you getting a round in with each of them before our date. I know you’ll have more than enough for me when the time comes.”

“Wait, I’m having sex with both of them as well?”

Stacey glanced over at me with a raised eyebrow. “You think you could get away with *not* fucking either of them when you see them?”

I opened my mouth to say that I could obviously control myself, but I couldn’t bring myself to actually say the words.

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“Who is it?” Annalise called from inside her room at the Bed and Breakfast.

“It’s me,” I said through the door. “Jeremiah.”

There was movement on the other side, and then Annalise opened the door cautiously to double-check that it was me. There was a weird cast of light on her face from behind the door that flickered out quickly when she saw me, and I realized she’d been holding fire in the hand that I couldn’t see. “Jerry,” she said, that little frown on her lips that I’d learned was her form of a casual smile. “What are you doing here?”

I held up the bag of Mcdonald's and the tray of drinks that I’d brought with me. “Just checking in,” I said. “I wanted to make sure you two weren’t feeling isolated.”

“Anna, are you going to invite him in or not?” Maya asked from inside the room.

“Right, right,” Annalise said, opening the door for me. “Sorry.”

“Oh my God, what am I smelling?” Maya asked as I stepped in. She was sitting on the bed, dressed in comfy-looking pyjama bottoms and a pullover sweater. Annalise was in a matching pair of pants, but instead of a sweater she just had on a spaghetti-strap tank top and no bra which meant her breasts were loose and bouncy and her nipples were bumping out the fabric..

“Breakfast sandwiches, orange juice and coffee,” I said.

“Oooh, gimme,” Maya said, making grabby hands towards my voice.

“You didn’t need to do this,” Annalise said as I began unwrapping the food. “Miss Cris, the owner, serves breakfast at eight and you’ve already done so much for us.”

“Mmuh,” Maya mumbled around the breakfast sandwich, which she immediately started eating. “Don’ listen ‘oo ‘er.” She swallowed her first big bite. “You can bring greasy food any time.”

I chuckled at Maya, and Annalise rolled her eyes. I unwrapped the other sandwich and handed it to her, and she took an appreciative bite. “I just want to make sure you both are doing OK and have everything you need. How did yesterday go?”

Maya happily started telling you about their outing with Stacey and Lauren, and the weirdness of shopping while she can’t see. Maya was a talker compared to Annalise, and I could see the ‘little sis’ energy practically radiating off of her. Anna chipped in here or there and assured her multiple times that Maya hadn’t been pranked into wearing something ridiculous.

Eventually, they both finished the food, including the hashbrowns I hadn’t mentioned up front, and drained both the orange juices and the coffee.

“OK, sis,” Annalise eventually said. “Could you head over to your room for a bit? I wanted to talk to Jeremiah about something.”

“What? No, you can’t just cut me out,” Maya complained. “I’m in the know, now. Don’t try and use ‘magic’ as the reason I shouldn’t hear what’s going on.”

“She isn’t wrong,” I told Annalise. “Things are weird, but started going a lot better when I was able to be truthful with Stacey and Lindsey.”

Annalise sighed heavily. “Maya, it’s not a secret.”

“Oooh,” Maya said, her eyes going a little wider despite the fact that she couldn’t see. She turned toward where I had been sitting on the edge of the bed. “She wants to have sex with you.”

“Maya!” Annalise said, surprised at the abruptness, while I coughed to cover my own laugh.

“Really, Anna,” I said. “This isn’t a transaction. We don’t need to keep doing it.”

Maya snorted, and Annalise shot her a quick glare. Maya, of course, couldn’t see the glare. “Don’t let her fool you, Jerry. She just really wants some dick. You should have heard her asking Lauren if she thought you would like this outfit or that one while we were trying on clothes.”

“Maya!” Annalise burst out again.

"I'm going, I'm going!" Maya said, holding up her hands and starting to carefully move towards the side of the bed. I offered her some help, but she waved me off. She already had a decent understanding of the room layout and headed for the door. "I can make it on my own," she said. "My room is just across the hall. Though, try and keep it down, huh? Or else maybe *I'll* start trying to pay back our debt."

Annalise groaned and covered her face with both hands as she flopped back on the bed once Maya had left.

I chuckled softly, shaking my head. "Your sister is a wild one," I said.

"Please don't have sex with her," Annalise mumbled, then lowered her hands. "At least not for a couple of years. Let her graduate high school first."

"Anna, I wasn't thinking of that *at all*. I mean, obviously I think she's attractive because she looks so much like you, but she's your sister. I wouldn't do that to you."

She gave me a look. "What does that say about your current relationships?"

"Special circumstances, but I take your point," I said. "But seriously, we don't need to have sex. You don't owe me anything."

Annalise sat up and peeled off her top, letting her tits bounce free from the thin material. "Jerry. I need to feel close to someone, and I've never felt more close and seen than when I'm with you. Now are you going to take your pants off, or should I do it for you?"

"Hey," I said, standing up and undoing my belt. "Tough to argue with that."

We started at around 9:30, and after an hour we were cuddling as Annalise hugged herself to me, my cock in her hand as she slowly stroked me.

"Thanks," she said softly.

"I should be the one saying thanks," I said. "You were amazing."

She flashed me one little glimpse of her true, toothy smile then went back to her natural frown. "I was a little inspired." We sat for another long and quiet moment, breathing together, before she broke the quiet again. "Any thoughts on what happens now?"

"With this, or with outside?" I asked, gesturing from the bed to the door.

"Outside," she said.

“I’m going to keep building my reserves,” I said. “Finding your father and stopping him might take a lot of energy. I really don’t know, I’ve never had to go on a magical manhunt before. And in a week I’ve got my first big council meeting with the other Seats and I need to go in as strong as I can. Then, I promise, I’ll heal Maya and we’ll figure out how to get you and her settled.”

“OK,” Annalise nodded. “I- I know why you need to wait. It’s just hard to be patient when-”

“When it’s looming over your head,” I finished for her as she hesitated.

She nodded, and then closed her eyes and rested her head against my shoulder. “You feel good.”

“So do you,” I smiled, and kissed her on the forehead.

She flicked her eyes open, or as open as she usually kept them with that hooded expression she often had. “So more power, huh? Does that mean you could go again?”

I smirked a bit and looked over at the clock on the wall. I was supposed to be at Angie’s for 11:30, and she was across town so I needed to leave by 11. “Quickly,” I said, turning back to Annalise.

“Got a hot date with someone else?” Annalise asked, squeezing my cock playfully and starting to stroke it faster.

“Something like that,” I said. “Does that make you feel a certain sort of way?”

Annalise shook her head. “I know who you are and what I’m getting into,” she said and kissed me. Then she threw her leg over and straddled my waist, taking the top. “But if we’re going to go fast, we should get started because I want at least another couple of orgasms before you fill my ass.”

“Your ass?” I asked with a smile.

She kissed me again, crushing her tits to my chest. “My ass,” she said. “You haven’t taken it since we were first together and I want to feel you there again.”

She reached back and started getting me into position, so I busied myself with her tits.

I was out the door of the Bed and Breakfast, after poking my head into Maya’s room to say goodbye, at 11:05. A quick cleansing spell got the sweat off of me and freshened my clothes - it seemed like a waste of power, but I didn’t want to go meet Angie smelling like someone else. When I touched my power I noticed that it had that ‘flavour’ again, like cinnamon and fire. It hadn’t happened after the quickie with Annalise a couple of days ago, but here it was again.

Another weird thing I needed to talk with Adama about, or to bring up with Lindsey. Adama was helpful in her way, but as an advisor and mentor, I found her... frustrating at best. It was like all her knowledge and memories were locked behind some stupid RPG reasoning so she couldn't just *tell* me the things I wanted to know. Maybe there was a reason for it - just thinking about the near-mistakes with my teleporting and time-freezing ideas made me wonder what sort of dangerous shit I couldn't even fathom being able to do at the moment. But that didn't mean it wasn't *fucking frustrating*.

I buzzed up to Angie's apartment at 11:35, and she let me in.

"I'm sorry I'm late," I said as she opened the door to her place.

Angela frowned a little. "What do you mean?"

"The plan was for 11:30," I said. "I'm late."

She checked her phone. "By five minutes, Jerry. It's not a big deal."

"Still," I said. "You deserve me to show up on time."

Angela rolled her eyes and pulled me into a kiss. "Sometimes you're too sweet for your own good, you know that?"

Suzie was out at work, and Angela led me into the kitchen and finished up the sausage stir fry she'd been working on. She served it onto a couple of plates and led me over to the living room, and we sat on the couch across from each other. We talked normal stuff for a few minutes around the delicious meal, which I complimented her on a few times as I groaned around the savoury mouthfuls. She talked about work, and some of the annoying customers she dealt with.

"But how did your date day with Lindsey go? When Lauren texted me like she was your secretary I was a little weirded out, but when she explained what was going on I thought it was a little cute."

I swallowed slowly, trying to figure out what I could say. "Um, yeah," I said. "Honestly, I wasn't expecting her to do that, but I'm happy she did."

"I knew she was supportive of the whole thing, especially after the show I got a couple days ago," Angela said. "But it's weirdly nice to not only *not* compete with a girl, but actually have her actively help set up little dates."

"Honestly, I think Lauren and Stacey are working on something together," I said. "Have they said anything to you?"

"Wait, Stacey?" Angie asked. "Like, your sister Stacey?"

I froze.

What did Angela know and not know? My brain went into overdrive.

Lauren knew everything.

Lindsey knew everything.

Stacey knew everything.

Annalise knew everything.

Maya knew... maybe everything. Likely everything.

Angela only knew about Lauren and Lindsey.

Fuck.

“Um,” I said.

“Jerry, are you sleeping with Stacey?!” Angela asked.

“I- Uh-” I stammered. “OK, first off. Stacey isn’t my sister-sister. She’s my godsister. Her parents were best friends with my parents, and when her parents died mine took her in. It’s complicated and weird so we didn’t really talk about it at school, but we’re not actually related. And... yes, Stacey is another person in our, uh, group situation.”

Angela blinked, staring at me.

I tried to keep my breathing even. I could cast a spell to fix this. I could reach into the well and make her forget the last two minutes. Or make her OK with it. Or hell, make her hot for it. Make her think it’s kinky and attractive. I could *fix* this.

But I couldn’t do that to her. I didn’t *want* to do that to her. I’d brushed up against that kind of thing with Stacey early on and it didn’t feel right. Not with someone I was close to, and I *was* close to Angela. Getting close was just supposed to be a helpful experiment to understand how to farm power effectively, but that didn’t make it any less real.

It had been almost a full minute of Angela and I just staring at each other.

“Angela?” I asked.

And then the corner of her lips quivered. Upwards.

“Angie!” I said, dropping my jaw in shock.

That made her burst out laughing, and she took both of our plates and set them on the coffee table so that she could crawl down the couch to me and give me a kiss. "I'm sorry. God, I told them it would be mean but also your face was so worth it. I wish I had a recording of that."

"You knew?" I asked incredulously.

"Lauren and Stacey told me yesterday at the mall while I was at work," Angela assured me, rubbing my chest with one hand. "Sure, I was a little weirded out at first. But I mean, Stacey is hot as hell, especially now that she's filled out up top a bit more. If I'm a little horny for her, I can't exactly blame you since you're around her so much and know her so well. Especially with Lauren encouraging it."

I sighed heavily, my head feeling like it was about to explode, like it was as light as air, and like it was as heavy as a rock all at once. "Let me guess," I asked. "There is a bet involved about how I would react?"

Angela smirked and nodded. "Mhmm."

"Did you win?" I asked.

"Stacey did, actually," Angela said. "Which means when we all get together before her and Linds go back to college, Stacey gets to be the Top to us with you." She grinned, watching my expression, and put her other hand down on my crotch and felt my erection through my pants. "You like that idea, huh?"

"Can't say I'd ever considered it before, but yes," I said.

"Good," she grinned. "Now, I need to leave for work in about an hour and a half, which means we have an hour. I'm thinking we make excellent use of this couch?"

I kissed her ravenously as she laughed into my lips and started undoing my jeans.

* * * * *

"Sooo? How'd it go?" Stacey asked me with a smirk as I trudged up the stairs. My parents were out, so we were free to talk.

"Other than almost having a heart attack?" I asked. "Pretty good."

Stacey laughed. "Angie texted us. Apparently I won, huh?"

"What exactly was the bet?" I asked.

“Well, Lauren said you would apologize and tell her the truth. Angie thought you would have to try and make some sort of an excuse, at least at first. I knew you loved me too much to apologize, but you *would* tell the truth.”

“And now apparently you’ll be ‘topping’ with me when we get together?”

“Mhmm,” Stacey nodded. “I’m trying to decide whether I should just borrow Lindsey’s strap-on, or if I should go get my own for the occasion.”

I laughed hoarsely and shook my head. “Yet another thing I never thought I’d hear you say.”

She grinned and slipped close to me, wrapping her arms around my waist as she hugged me tightly. “How about this one? Now that you’ve had sex with two other women today, are you ready to take me on our date?”

“Gah,” I sighed. “Got me again.” I squeezed her tightly in a hug back. “Give me a minute to change. I checked the weather and it’s nice, warm and sunny down in Miami today.”

“OK,” she grinned. “I’m ready when you are.”

I went and changed, digging out a pair of swim trunks that I realized were now too large for my new fit body. Our departure was delayed when I showed Stacey, who decided I needed to do a remodel on the swimsuit. She, of course, wanted me to go down to a speedo for the laughs. We ended up agreeing on a pair of shorts that were tighter and way shorter than what I was used to, ending at maybe my mid-thigh. They were also striped in white and a soft blue, and Stacey insisted I change my shirt to match.

One quick spell later and I had a new beach outfit, and Stacey had to take a picture and send it over to Lindsey and Lauren who loved it.

“OK,” I said finally. “Ready to go?”

“I am,” she smiled. Stacey was wearing a long sleeveless shirt tucked into a little pair of white shorts that weren’t quite booty shorts but were close enough. She also had a beach bag slung over one shoulder. “Do you know where we’re going already?”

“I planned it out last night,” I said, and pulled up the tab I’d had on my computer and re-checked the picture and the location on the map.

We stepped out of my room and stepped onto the sidewalk next to the Palms on Miami beach. The heat washed over us, and then the salt air from the ocean filled our lungs, and I watched as Stacey’s smile turned into a big, happy grin. She pulled out a pair of big sunglasses from her bag and settled them on her face, then pulled me down into a kiss as she pressed her body against mine.

"I love you, Jerry," she said softly. "Thank you for this."

"I love you too, Stacey," I said, then reached down and took her hand in mine. "So what do you think, who are we today? Husband and wife again? Fiances?"

"Boyfriend and girlfriend," she said. "If we want to play married, or engaged, we're going to need to get some rings to finish the outfits and I don't think Lauren is ready for that even just for fun yet."

"OK," I said. "Girlfriend and boyfriend it is."

We walked hand in hand down the street and right out onto Miami Beach. The place was busy - December was prime tourist season since it was still warm down in Florida. The beach wasn't exactly crowded with people shoulder to shoulder, but it took us a little bit of walking to find a nice open patch. Stacey had brought a couple of beach towels in her bag, and I helped her lay them out before I sat down on one and stripped off the shirt she'd had me match to my swimsuit.

Then I watched, mouth a little agape, as Stacey stripped down to her own swimsuit.

Now, I'd seen Stacey in a swimsuit plenty of times growing up. More than I'd seen Lauren in one considering family vacations and all. I had *never* seen this swimsuit before. First Stacey pulled her baggy sleeveless shirt over her head to reveal a peach-coloured string bikini top. She'd put it on so that the shoulder strings crossed over her chest, the small (very small) cups pulling her tits towards each other slightly and deepening her already enhanced cleavage. Her stomach was looking fit, with just a hint of abs going on, and she grinned down at me as she saw me staring.

I knew I couldn't be the only guy on the beach watching her at that moment, but I didn't even care. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"You like them, huh?" she asked me. All I could do was nod. "Well, how about these?" she asked, then undid the button on her white shorts and slipped them off over her ass and hips, letting them drop down from her knees to step out of them. Stacey's bottoms were also a string bikini thong. Her ass was practically bare as she did a little twirl for me, her front covered by just a little triangle of fabric.

Stacey sat down next to me, grinning widely.

"Holy fuck, Stacey," I said. "I don't know whether to be in awe or feel jealous that other people get to see you."

"Oh, baby," she cooed, and leaned over and kissed me. "The point of dressing like this is for *you*. I'm showing off that all of this is all yours."

“OK,” I said, kissing her softly again.

“Honestly, the first rush was hot, but I’m already feeling a little self-conscious,” she murmured to me. “I’ll probably only ever wear this again if it’s you, me and the girls around.”

That made my heart swell a bit more. “Do you want me to distract you?”

She raised an eyebrow. “How would you do that?”

“Did you bring any sunscreen?”

She grinned and reached into her bag to pull out the bottle. “I did.”

“Good,” I said. “Lay on your front. I’m going to make sure you’re good and protected.”

We had fun, lathering each other up and rubbing each other down with sunscreen. And we didn’t hold back. I spent my time rubbing it into her ass, and later her thighs and chest when it was time to lay on our backs. Stacey practically dry-humped my butt while she massaged my shoulders, delighted in rubbing her hands along my chest and abs, and let her fingers slip up the leg holes of my swimsuit to even give me a quick tug or two.

For the most part we lay in the sun, enjoying the warmth and relaxation. Holding hands. Talking quietly. She asked for a more detailed update about visiting with Annalise and Angela, and cuddled up to me on one towel to hear me whisper it into her ear as she slowly shifted her thighs together.

Eventually, we were a little peckish for a snack and wanted some water, so I tossed my shirt back on and went in search of a vendor, leaving Stacey with our stuff. I found an ice cream cart and bought each of us an ice cream drumstick, a coke and water, and I found myself strutting a bit as I walked away with some Big Dick Energy. All I’d had to pay with were hundreds from the cash we’d gotten from the bank, so I paid the guy a hundred-dollar bill and told him to keep the change.

I maintained that big dick energy as I crossed the beach back towards our towels. Then I spotted the two guys standing almost next to our spot - and then I realized they were standing *at* our spot. And it wasn’t two, it was three. Their friend was lounging on my towel, all three of them talking with Stacey.

Now, in the last few weeks, I’d had a *lot* of sex. And it had been with multiple very hot women.

But what I hadn’t had to do was see anyone trying to challenge my relationships. No one at school had tried making any moves on Lauren, at least not that I knew of. Well, other than Benji. And the moment I realized there were three college-ish aged guys who looked fairly fit hitting on

Stacey, my first instinct was almost the same. I wanted to lash out. I wanted to shout, and yell. Hell, a little part of me wanted to tear up at the idea of the confrontation. I wasn't good at confrontation like this because I just... didn't have any experience with it.

The thing was, however fit and muscley, however tattooed or whatever, these guys were... I was me. And Stacey was Stacey. And we loved each other.

I didn't have anything to worry about.

My heart calmed, my gut stopped churning, and my head emptied of all the evil things I could do.

"Hey, thanks for holding down my towel," I said as I approached the group. The guy lounging on my towel was on his side to talk to Stacey, and as he and his friends turned at my voice I stepped right the fuck over the towel guy and dropped the four bottles and the two ice creams on his chest. "Hold these for me too, would you?"

Then I stooped and picked Stacey up in my arms in a cradle carry and right in front of the three guys I kissed her. She threw her arms around my neck to pull herself closer, and we made out for a good fifteen seconds before breaking apart. Stacey was grinning at me, her eyes alight at me making it clear that she was mine.

"Hey baby," I said, lowering her feet so she could stand but keeping my arm around her shoulders. "Making some new friends?" I turned to the three guys, the one who had been on my towel getting to his feet. All three of them looked annoyed and a little put off. I was as big as them and had just made it clear that they were barking up *my* tree.

"Sort of," Stacey said. "They didn't exactly introduce themselves though. They were really interested in my bikini though."

"Oh, yeah?" I asked, playing up a naive innocence. "You guys crossdressers or something? I mean, wearing women's underwear isn't my thing but no judgment, everyone should have a right to their own hobbies. What was the brand, baby?"

"I can't even remember," she sighed and shrugged, playing along. "You bought this one for me last year and I cut off the tag."

"Ah, that's too bad," I said. "Sorry fellas, can't help you."

Two of them glanced between each other and started to back off - the smart ones, if I were to put a label on them - but one didn't feel like backing down. "We're not fucking crossdressers, asshole," he said. Of course, it was the one who'd had the gall to lay on my towel.

"Whoa there, buddy," I said, holding up a hand. "No need to get hostile."

“Fuck you, dickhead. You just called us queers,” he said.

“Technically, I’m pretty sure crossdressing is considered more of a gender thing and being queer is a sexuality thing,” I said. “But I mean that stuff seems to change every other week so maybe I’m wrong.”

“Fuck you,” he spat on the ground at our feet.

“No thanks,” I said, and looked at his friends. “You guys might want to get your buddy in hand. Making random sexual advances to people on the beach would probably be considered sexual harassment. Someone might report it to the police.”

The guy was still pissed, but let his friends pull him away.

“My hero,” Stacey sighed, weaving her fingers with mine as she held my hand and we watched them walk away up the beach.

“How bad was it?” I asked.

“They were trying to get me to let them take some pictures and said they wanted to ‘interview’ me. Maybe they really did have a YouTube channel or something, but they weren’t taking No for an answer,” Stacey said. “I was trying to decide if I should stand up to look for help, or just keep telling them no until you came back. It was only about a minute of them talking to me.”

“Well, I’m glad I didn’t take my time,” I said. We sat, and I had Stacey sit on my lap as I unwrapped one of the drumsticks and held it for her to eat. “I don’t know what I would have done if they actually pulled any shit with you.”

Stacey smiled and stroked her fingers along my jaw and pulled me lightly into a kiss. “You would have done whatever you needed to, Jerry.”

We ate our ice cream and drank our soda and water, and no one bothered us as the sun started to set behind us over the city. We watched the colours of the sky change over the ocean as the beach emptied out and the lights of the city got brighter and brighter. We made out a little, but mostly just held each other and talked some more. Once it was fully dark, the only lights on us from the moon and the hotels lining the beach, Stacey dug into her bag and pulled out some fabric that I realized was a dress. She slipped into it, using her thong bikini bottoms as underwear, and slipping the top off from under her dress before she stood. “What do you think?”

“You’re absolutely gorgeous,” I said, standing and holding both of her hands in mine. The dress was black but had translucent windows wrapping around her body that showed off some cleavage, her fit stomach and her perfectly shaped thighs. The back scooped low and left her bare almost to her ass except for an asymmetrical decorative strap. The lower hem was

asymmetrical as well, and hung with soft fringes that I knew were meant to enhance her movements when dancing.

“Good answer,” she grinned, and then reached into her bag again and pulled out a pair of black slacks for me, along with a pair of black dress shoes that I’d never seen before, and lastly a pair of black, strappy heels.

I was a little less graceful, changing from my swim trunks to the slacks right there on the beach, but a quick spell cleaned the sand from the both of us. The pants were silky and fit perfectly, as did the shoes. “I bought them yesterday,” she said, handing me her bag to carry over my shoulder once our towels were packed back up. “Along with this dress.”

“You made some excellent choices,” I said and lifted her hand to my lips to kiss the back of it. We reached the sidewalk and she slipped on her heels, popping up to the same height as me.

“So, where to?” Stacey asked. I’d promised her a night out dancing at a little salsa bar just like she imagined.

“Well, I did find a place,” I said. “But it’s a short drive away.”

“Are we Ubering then?” she asked, reaching for her phone.

“I was thinking we could try something else,” I said and pulled the car key out of my wallet. “How would you like to try summoning a demon muscle car with me?”

“That sounds like something that would only happen in a movie,” Stacey said, squeezing my hand. “I’m in.”