

## **Chapter Four**

*July 12<sup>th</sup>, 2020*

Joe had been forced to sit and wait for a number of things in his life, but the time when Liv left him and when she and the others returned felt like it might as well have been a thousand years, even if it was only an hour or two at best. Tom had taken his girls' things back to his room and Joe had taken his girls' things back to his own, and while the two men could've sat and chatted while they waited, Joe preferred to be alone with his thoughts for a little bit.

It was a lot for him to wrap his head around, going from the idea of him and Liv having their happy ever after together to him being in charge of a small harem of women, their lives all dependent on the safety of each other. It wasn't the first brush with polyamory he'd had, although it would be the first one that he'd followed through on.

When Clara had been diagnosed with breast cancer, it had been quite the blow to her mental being, and the double mastectomy had shattered her self-confidence. For weeks and weeks afterwards, she'd had trouble seeing herself as anything but less of a person, despite the therapy and counselling. It just wouldn't take root. She'd felt like less of a woman and was convinced that she would spend the rest of her life as a pariah and an outcast.

Back then, Joe had been telling Liv all about this and Liv had offered a surprisingly sterile solution – he could have a one-time hall pass to sleep with Clara again, just to bolster her confidence back up. It wasn't going to be something he could do more than once, but Liv trusted Joe enough that if he felt tossing Clara a bone would help her overcome her mental frustration, then she didn't mind him giving it to her, just the once, just to move past the tragedy.

Joe remembered the day she'd suggested it to him with stunning clarity, because he'd nearly done a spit take all over her in the little sidewalk café they'd been eating in sudden shock. “You're serious?” he'd asked her.

“Of course, I'm serious, Joe,” Liv had said to him. “She's going through a rough patch, and it's only sex. If a good fuck is what it takes to remind her that even without her tits, she's still a beautiful woman, give it to her. Just remember that's all it is, mm?”

Clara had laughed when Joe had told her about Liv's hall pass, and while she hadn't taken him up on it, she had brightened up considerably, especially since Joe had told her that if Clara wanted him to, of course he'd go through with it, and while they had been a *great* pair of tits, they were certainly down in the twenties or thirties in a list of things that made her amazing.

When he'd told Liv that Clara had declined to let him take her up on the hall pass, Liv hadn't seemed surprised, but had perhaps been a little pleased. It was at that point, however, that Joe had decided he really didn't understand women.

About an hour later, all three women came back with broad smiles on their faces, slipping into his room like they didn't want to draw attention to the fact that they were back, which meant Tom would be waiting a little bit longer, as Liv and company must have muscled their way to the front of the line, ahead of Ainsley.

“Hey baby,” Liv said as she peeled her top off, walking straight over towards where Joe was sitting on the edge of the bed. He tried to get up, but she shoved him back down to his seated position.

“Who told you you could get up?” she giggled. “We’re going to all get primed here at the start, and then you’re going to fuck me first, then Tori then finish off with Clara.”

“What happens if I go into a regeneration cycle before I make it through all three of you?” Joe said, as Tori followed suit, crossing the room while taking her top off as well, but also sliding out of her bra. Joe had to fight the urge to look away, knowing his attention was not only warranted, but wanted, and that Liv was encouraging him to see her roommate as a sexual being. And there was no denying it – Tori had a great set of tits, a solid D cup compared to Liv’s more perky and petite B’s. And when he took a good look at them, instead of being scolded, Liv reached over and tweaked one of Tori’s nipples.

“Then we’ll just have to use your unconscious body to get what we need,” Liv said with a smile as she and Tori moved onto their knees before him. “C’mon, Clara, come join us.”

Tori fished out Joe’s cock and cooed a little bit. “Fucking hell, Liv,” she purred. “You weren’t kidding when you said your man was packing some serious firepower. That is definitely a Big Dick™. God, I can’t wait to feel that inside of me.”

The fact that Liv and Tori were both stroking his shaft was hard to wrap his mind around, but not nearly as much as what came next. Liv lowered her mouth around the tip of his cock, and he felt a droplet of precum oozing from his tip against her tongue. As soon as that happened, Liv started moaning and trembling, so much that Joe grew worried before he realized what was going on – the priming orgasm.

When she pulled her head off his dick, Tori looked on with amazement as Clara moved to kneel down with them. “Was it all that?” Clara asked her nervously.

“Holy fuck,” Liv said. “I didn’t cum that hard the one time I held my Hitachi on full against my clit for half an hour, and I think that was the hardest I’d ever cum in my fucking life... You gotta try.”

“Jesus, Liv,” Tori said. “That looked too fucking intense. Just the taste of his cum did that?”

“It’s the priming orgasm,” Liv said. “Weren’t you paying attention during the video?”

“It sounded like a lot of bullshit to me,” Tori said before glancing back at Joe’s cock, which had another pearl of precum at the top of it. “So, you’re saying if I—”

Clara was wasting no time, though, and wrapped her lips around the tip of Joe’s shaft, suckling up that bit of precum before her body seized up like she’d been hit with a bolt of lightning. A moment or so later, she looked up at him with a wide smile and tears in her eyes. “This is really going to work...” she said quietly, as if daring to hope for the first time in a long time. She pushed her head down hard onto Joe’s cock, like she couldn’t wait, bobbing her head up and down in the most voracious blowjob Joe had ever seen much less been given, before Liv pulled Clara’s head back and off his shaft.

“Let Tori get her priming taste,” Liv said in an almost motherly tone.

Clara grinned, enthusiastically embarrassed about how aggressive she’d gotten in mere seconds. “Sorry,” she giggled. “I, uh, I got a little greedy.”

“It’s understandable, but it’s time for Tori to taste our man’s precum,” Liv said. “Go on, Tori. See exactly how bullshit it is.”

Tori’s trepidation reminded Joe of his first time with Clara, back when they were younger, and she’d given him his first blowjob. She leaned her head down and wrapped her lips around the head of his shaft, and swirled her tongue against the tip of it until a dollop of precum slipped from it, and set Tori off

like a firecracker, her body contorting as she squealed all over his shaft. When she popped her lips off it, she had a sort of dopey smile on her face. “Okay, they’re not full of shit; I am,” she laughed. “That fucking ruled.”

“I haven’t been able to fuck you for months, baby,” Liv told him. “So, just one final reminder, I’m going to go first, then Tori, then you and Clara, okay?”

“I mean, I *was* his first fuck,” Clara said with a shy smile. “You should definitely go first here.”

“Remember,” Liv said as she stripped off her pants and panties. “We have to be completely naked when he cums in us, because of the regeneration.” Tori nodded and shucked her bottoms as well, while Clara undressed down to her bra and panties. Liv looked over and smiled. “Just don’t forget, okay?”

“I won’t, I promise,” Clara said, a bit of her discomfort evident on her face.

Liv grabbed Joe’s chin and turned his face to look at her as she moved to straddle his lap, lifting his shirt up and over his head. “That applies to you too, Mister,” she said with a soft purr, as he slowly let his hands smooth over her familiar curves. “As soon as I’m done here, you get those pants off.”

“Shouldn’t I get them off now?”

“Do I look like I’m going to be that patient to you, dear?” she grinned at him wolfishly as she reached down and got his cock positioned so she could just slide right down onto it with a filthy moan of delight, her eyes rolling back in her head. She leaned her face down and kissed him, sloppy and discombobulated. “Jesus, this shit makes us fucking horny doesn’t it? Or maybe it’s just because I haven’t seen you in so long, babe...”

“I love you, Liv,” Joe whispered into her ear. “You know that, right? I wouldn’t do any of this if you didn’t—”

“Shhhhh...” Liv hushed into his neck as she started to ride him fast and frantically, like it was their last moment on earth. “This is our life now, and I don’t give a shit about any of the rest of it now that I’ve got you again, okay? Nothing else fucking matters. Just this, us, you and me, here and now, together, now and forever. Make it permanent, Joe. Take me. Let me claim you when you claim me.”

It had been too long since Joe had been with Liv, and he felt a little embarrassed he couldn’t put on a better performance, but he was simply too eager to reconnect with his girlfriend, and he quickly found himself racing towards an orgasm. Before he knew it, his balls had drawn in tight and he found himself erupting into Liv’s tightly clenched pussy, her body spasming as she shoved her face hard into the crook of his neck to try and dampen the shriek of intense pleasure that burst forth from her lungs, before her body slumped atop of his like dead weight, mumbling “imprinting” over and over again against his neck.

Joe moved to lay her down on the bed gently, seeing the wide smile on Liv’s face, like she was having the best dream of all time, a soft laugh escaping from his lips even as he felt his cock softening some, slick in his and Liv’s juices.

“So, uh, I may need a minute,” Joe said with a laugh as he saw Tori crawling up onto the bed next to Liv.

“Fuck that, stud,” Tori said, a slightly weary smile crossing her lips. “Blaine and I had been at odds towards the end, and I haven’t been fucked *this year*. I’m done with grieving him. I’m done feeling

sad. I want you to fuck some joy back into me. I want you to make me completely forget about him, to make me bliss out on this sexual ecstasy you just hit up your girlfriend with. I'm your girlfriend now too, Joe, so make me fucking feel it. Bring me back to life. Fuck some happiness into me." She'd been rubbing her pussy the entire time she talked to him, her other hand making a come-hither gesture, her tan thighs as spread as she could get them.

Joe was a little surprised at how quick he got hard again, but there was no denying that Tori was a hot piece of ass on her worst day, and she was doing her best to get him inside of her, shy of just demanding he do it, which Joe wouldn't have been surprised if it had followed had he kept her waiting too long.

He crawled between her legs and she wrapped them around him a spider folding its prey into her web, a wry grin up at him. "You know you've fucking thought about this at least once," she giggled. "I won't tell Liv."

"I wouldn't have ever—"

"But you are now," Tori giggled. "Because she fucking *told* you to do me. So do me. C'mon you beautiful bastard. Fuck me back to life."

The minute he found himself inside of Tori's pussy, everything turned into a blur. He was following whatever rhythm she was setting for this dance, and Tori clearly wanted it hard and fast. She didn't want to make love, she wanted to be *fucked*. She wanted it carnal and savage and full of life, as her fingernails clawed against his back, drawing little scratches in his flesh, her hips punching up towards his downward thrusts. It was rough, it was feverish, and it was over quick, as he blasted another load of cum inside of Tori's cunt, filling her up as he shattered her world and built it back anew.

"Imprinting," came again the familiar chant, just in a different pitch.

He laid Tori down on the bed, a decent distance from Liv, as he'd been instructed to do, making sure each of them had ample space for their regeneration to occur without disturbing the other. Then he turned to look to Clara, who once again had a slightly nervous look upon her face. "It's okay, Clara," he told her. "We can do this however you want to."

"I... I don't want you to see me... as I am, Joe... broken, defective..."

"Clar—"

"Joe! Joe. Please, just... just respect me in this, okay? If... if you have to look at my scars, you can do it after I'm passed out..." she said quietly. "But I'd rather you didn't ever see them... We can... we can do it like we used to, when we were so worked up, we had to do it before class?"

Joe didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything as Clara pulled her panties down, and bent over an unoccupied bed. She reached up and unhooked her bra before setting it aside, completely obscuring Joe's view of her mastectomy scars, not letting him even catch a glimpse of the front side of her torso, wagging her ass back at him. "If you want, you can even go in the rough way, although I think I'd prefer some lube if did that," she said, a nervous giggle escaping her lips.

"We never did *that* in the old days," he laughed back at her, as he moved to stand behind her. She was right, though; the position of her bent over at the waist, wagging back at him had been something he'd seen more than a couple of mornings before classes.

“Well, that’s how much I want this... please Joe? Don’t make me wait...”

Joe hadn’t fucked Clara in several years, but the swaying view of her toned ass wiggling back at him brought back familiar memories and even more familiar feelings, his cock swelling in anticipation of his return to his old play partner. And when his cock slipped inside of her, it was like they were eighteen again, innocent and wide-eyed, eager to get each other off as much and as hard as they could.

His tempo was hurried, like he could feel them racing against the clock before the first period bell, and before he knew it, he was cumming for the third time in less than an hour, his body tensing up, although this time, it all felt different. He helped lay Clara down on the bed, doing his best to roll her onto her back without looking at the scars, and then staggered in two very unsteady steps to another cot, slumping forward onto it, as he too passed out.

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Tom couldn’t help but chuckle a little. The walls were much thinner than he’d realized and he knew now that Joe had probably heard everything that had gone on while he was imprinting M&M, because he’d just heard in intimate detail all of the fun Joe and his partners had gotten up to. Still, it was good to see his best friend reunited with the love of his life. Joe without Liv was like a warm summer day without sunshine – it just didn’t make any sense.

Joe was finishing off his third conquest about the time that Meg and Mel were returning with Ainsley. Meg pointed at the closed door and made a gesture with both hands, sticking her index finger into a loop made with her other hand’s index finger and thumb. Tom nodded with a shrug and smile, and a moment or so later, the sound of Joe and whoever his third partner was climaxing shook the barracks.

“Aaaaaand, they’re done,” Tom laughed. “I need to talk to the doctors about getting us into a different building, so we each have our own barracks, ‘cause this shit isn’t going to fly for much longer. Everything okay, ladies?”

“I think Ainsley wants you to shake a leg, Tom,” Meg said to him with a smile. “They told her she wouldn’t much feel the serum for at least a few hours, but on the walk back over here, she seemed pretty antsy.”

“I’m just...” Ainsley said before frowning, looking away.

“It’s okay that you’re a virgin, Ainsley,” Mel told her, rubbing a hand against the dip between Ainsley’s shoulder blades. “It means that there’s never going to be any better sex than Tom in your life.”

“But, no offense Tom, what if he’s not great in the sack?”

“He is,” Meg giggled.

“We know,” Mel added. “We’ve been there, and we’re both eager to go back.”

“But that’s no excuse for you to slack off, Mister,” Meg said, pointing a finger accusingly at him. “You better bust your balls to make this as special for her as possible, otherwise we’re gonna whip your ass until you’re crying, begging us to stop.”

That made Tom smile and Ainsley giggle, breaking the tension a little bit. “I would never take anyone’s first time for granted,” Tom said, trying to be as gentlemanly as possible. “I’m going to do everything I can to make it as special and enjoyable for you as I can. You want to go back into the bedroom now?”

“I... I was hoping you wouldn’t mind if Meg and Mel came with us?” Ainsley asked nervously, a shy smile on her face. “I mean, we’re going to have to get used to sharing fuck buddies *anyway*, and it’ll make me feel a little less self-conscious about the whole thing.”

“Whatever you want, Ainsley,” Tom said, as the two redheads started to push Ainsley ahead of them over towards the bedroom. Before they knew it, they found themselves in a tangle of arms and limbs, half-pulled off clothing getting caught up in each other before they all started laughing, breaking away from each other so they could get undressed.

Tom took a moment to appreciate Ainsley’s slender, small beauty, knowing full well that her dimensions would change as soon as her imprinting started. He wondered if it would hurt, considering she was going to grow several inches while she slept. The whole process was slightly surreal to him, especially knowing she would basically be as tall as him in just a few days.

“So, are my legs going to get longer?” Ainsley said as she took off her pants and shirt, leaving her in just a bra and panties, nothing especially fancy, but a nice shade of grass green to contrast against her hair and her freckled skin. “Or is my torso going to stretch? Or some combination of the two?”

“I’d suggest we could measure you if you want, but we’d have to do it now, and I don’t think we’ve got a tape measure handy,” Tom said with a laugh.

“Besides,” Mel said, “won’t it be more fun not really knowing? You’ll just fall asleep one height and wake up taller than when you drifted off!”

“That’s not a thing that usually happens, Mel!” Ainsley giggled. “Even when people are talking about puberty, that’s months, not literal hours!”

Tom was glad that Ainsley could tell the difference between Mel and Meg, because while the two were physically identical from the neck down, they did have different faces, and it was important not to confuse one for the other, lest they grew annoyed by that. “It’s going to happen this time,” he said, brushing his hand through Ainsley’s hair as she looked up at him. “So don’t get used to this angle.”

“I’m going to have to learn to *walk* again,” Ainsley said nervously, as she kissed his neck. “You won’t make fun of me when I’m doing that, will you, Tom?”

“Only if it’ll make you laugh,” he replied. “If it’s going to make you self-conscious, then I won’t say a damn word about it.”

“Go on then,” she said a little shyly. “Tease me some, but if I look like I’m getting annoyed, then stop.” She helped him by taking her bra off, her breasts smaller than Mel and Meg’s, but only for the time being. “And the idea of *these* getting bigger, well, that’s something I can get behind.”

“You’re beautiful just the way you are, Ainsley,” Tom said, tilting his head down to kiss her lips, something she latched onto intensely, pressing her body against his, as he felt Meg and Mel dragging Ainsley’s panties down over her hips and thighs, helping her step out of them, leaving her body naked and vulnerable against his. “Do you want to be on top or on bottom for your first time?”

“Pin me down and ravish me, Tom,” she giggled. “Take me like I’m in some bodice ripper. I want to feel your body atop of mine.”

He grabbed her by the hips and lifted her up, her small form light enough for him to casually toss around, sending her flying onto her back on the bed, as she laughed wildly. He finally shed himself of the

rest of his clothing and tossed it aside before climbing atop of Ainsley on the bed. As he did, Meg's naked form flopped down on one side of her, and Mel's matching form plopped on the other. "You look so pretty like this," Meg said to her, one of her hands reaching down to brush across one of Ainsley's soft bubblegum pink areolas. "You don't mind, do you?"

"I wouldn't have invited you if I did," Ainsley said, turning Meg's head over to press her lips against hers for a second. The taller redhead pipped a bit in surprise before moaning into the kiss, although clearly Meg wanted it to last longer, because Ainsley pulled back and turned to kiss Tom, who was settling between her legs, getting his cock into position. "Don't worry, I broke my hymen playing sports years ago. Just get on in there."

He heard her yelp a little bit when his shaft started to push within her pussy lips, and he would've stopped, but three sets of hands on his back insisted he keep going, so he continued his descent, until his hips were resting atop of hers, his cock lodged deep inside of her. Her body began to shudder and spasm, her head thrashing about for a second before she opened her eyes again with a loopy smile.

"They aren't fucking kidding about that first one being a big one," she laughed.

"Second one's twice as nice," Mel said.

"Bullshit on *that*," Ainsley giggled.

"On my honor."

Her head turned back to look at Tom. "Get to it, mister," she purred, leaning up to kiss him again.

They didn't last long. In fact, it reminded Tom a little of when he'd lost *his* virginity when he was younger, a sort of feverish frantic rutting, despite there being no need for urgency, no chance of someone coming and knocking on a fogged-up car window or a parent coming home unexpectedly. As if she was eagerly trying to claim a moment she'd been waiting for her entire life. And when his body finally gave way and spilled his seed inside of her cunt, she spasmed and thrashed before collapsing in a smiling, whimpering, whispering pile, saying that familiar "imprinting" mantra over and over again.

He slowly slipped off of her and glanced at a giggling Meg and Mel, who were leaning over the top of Ainsley and pressing their lips together, kissing each other before glancing at him with a sly smile. "You like what you see, Mister?" Meg asked him.

"Who the hell wouldn't?" he chuckled back.

"We were talking on the way back about the one night where Meg and I got drunk and started fooling around with one another," Mel said, her hand smoothing across Meg's stomach. "We want to do it again, but this time we want you to join in and make it all feel just right."

"Don't let me stop you," Tom said.

Mel crawled over Ainsley and pushed Meg onto her back against the headboard, kissing the valley between her breasts before slowly working her way down south. "Oh. Oh!" Meg giggled. "We're just going right for it, aren't we?"

"No time like the present," Mel responded as she moved her head down between Meg's legs and began to run her tongue along Meg's pussy, teasing it with long strokes, even as she moved to get her own body down on all fours, wagging her hips back at Tom.

Tom didn't need the invitation to be any more explicit than that, and moved up onto his haunches behind Mel's swaying hips and shoved his cock inside of her like a dog in heat, which cascaded into a moan from Mel that breathed hot air across Meg's clit and started another series of moans.

Tom was particularly glad he knew nobody else was awake inside of the barracks, because Meg and Mel, it turned out, were a pair of squealers. When the three of them collapsed into an exhausted pile half an hour later, he idly wondered how many people on the base had just heard Meg and Mel's shrieks of orgasms, and realized he'd just hear about it in the morning.