

Part 3

“**G**LORY? Haven’t you been to the peeps?” I had just finished fessing up to fucking around with Glory, and now I have to walk Kevin through it again?

“You know I haven’t seen the shows. I just come in for you ... and my porn.”

“You know I haven’t seen the shows. I just come in for you ... and my porn.” He laughs and kisses me.

I squirm on his come-slick cock. “Glory is one of the peep show girls. She and Taboo do nights.”

“And you’ve been toying with Glory?”

My stomach drops. “Yeah. Well, she started with me and it’s just grown.”

“Do you like it?” Kevin pumps his hips just a little. How this guy stays hard I’ll never know. But, hey, I ain’t askin’ questions.

“The first time she touched me, touched my boobs, I thought I’d die. But I just wrote it off to...”

“To?”

“Oh, hell, I don’t know. To her being a stripper or something.” I rock back and forth on Kevin’s cock. Really easy and sweet.

“Go on,” he says.

“But then I started watching her shows, and her, Taboo, and Jeremy fucking. She was just beautiful. It got to the point that she would come over and just sit by me while the other two fucked. She’d hold my hand.”

Kevin reaches down and rubs my clit in little soft circles. “And it led to kissing?”

“Yes. We’ve been kissing for a while. But things got ... ohhhh ... more intimate last night.”

“And now she’s eaten you...” He presses harder on my clit. “And you think you’re bi?”

“You don’t understand!” I swat his hand away.

Kevin grabs me by the wrists and pins them to my sides.

Kevin grabs me by the wrists and pins them to my sides. “I do understand! I understand how someone can get under your skin slicker ’n shit.”

“My ass!”

“You did!”

I catch his gaze. “What? You’re suddenly in love with me now that you’ve fucked me?”

“I might not be in love, but I sure as hell want to find out.”

His dick isn’t pumping anymore. I’m not flailing my arms. We’re just panting in exasperation.

“Look, Liz, I just want to be part of your life however you decide it should be.”

“Fine. I want you both.” So there.

“All right.”

“You’re just doing this so you can fuck two chicks at once.” I smile at him.

“Maybe.” He laughs.

WE CLEAN UP with my discarded panties and head back out to the shop. This time we’re met with real clapping. Jeremy is grinning his ass off and some customers—a couple—whistle.

“Man, whatever you did to her in there sure sounded good,” Jeremy tells Kevin.

Kevin just smiles and takes my hand. “It’s all her, bud.”

“Kevin, this is Jeremy. He has my back in this place. Jeremy. Kevin.”

Kevin shakes Jeremy’s hand. “Thanks for booting that guy last night.”

“Hey. It’s what I’m here for.” Jeremy smirks. “You gonna introduce him to Glory?”

“Shut the fuck up! He knows already. And yes, we’re heading back there now.”

***Glory’s box is empty and we go in together.
With the right money, the curtain opens.***

I lead Kevin past all of the familiar items to where the scent of bleach is strongest and the music pumps. Glory’s box is empty and we go in together. With the right money, the curtain opens.

Glory looks up and gives us a big smile. She's wearing a black bra and panty set with an extra short plaid skirt over her panties.

Her friendly smile quickly turns into a sultry gaze. Whew! I squeeze Kevin's hand and make sure the peep box is really closed. *This is gonna be good.*

Glory's bra is the first to go. She runs her hands over her small tits, stopping just long enough to pull hard on her nipples. She takes her time for us. If another customer is waiting, then fuck 'em. And if Jeremy is wondering when I'll be back, then fuck him.

I've always loved watching. But now, I just want to be her hands. I want to run my fingers all over her. Her high tits, her flat belly, those strong thighs. And, when she takes off her panties, I want to feel her pussy.

Glory sits against the back wall of the box and, bending her knees, spreads for us. Her gaze is direct as she looks at me and then Kevin. She slips her fingers into her mouth and wets them. She brings them down to rub her clit. My pussy throbs, and I grab Kevin's thigh. I decide to reach higher and see what he's feeling.

Kevin's cock is trying to break free from the confines of his jeans. I rub the outline of it and get a healthy groan in response. Glory's response is to thrust two fingers into her pussy. The faster I rub Kevin, the faster she plunges into herself, her other hand massaging her clit.

Yes, Glory. Come for us.

We watch as her chest rises and falls with her heavy breathing. We watch her getting herself off. We watch her come.

God! To be those fingers. Glory blows us a kiss as the curtains close.

"That was great," Kevin says still staring at the curtain.

I squeeze his dick through his jeans, and I suddenly get an idea.

“Yes, it was.” I squeeze his dick through his jeans, and I suddenly get an idea. But aren’t all my ideas great? “How about you and Glory get to know each other a little better?” I undo his pants and get his cock out. “Now, this time you jerk off. Let her see you.”

I put the money in, dip down, lick the head, and say, “I’ll be out front when you’re done.”

“YOU LEFT HIM back there with Glory?” Jeremy protests. “Are you fucking nuts?”

“Probably. But I want them both. They’d better get used to one another.”

“You know, I should tell you, Nico, Glory hasn’t been fucking me at all.”

“I’m sorry,” I say. “Hell. Fuck. No I’m not.” I laugh out loud.

Jeremy cuts my laughing in half. “Seriously. She likes dick and if it’s just you three, she’s gonna want his dick.”

“You know, that occurred to me too. And you know what else? I’m okay with that.” I sit down on the chair behind the counter. “It’s only fair.”

“Man! Are you sure I can’t get in on you?”

“Nice try.”

“You’d hate me if I quit.”

I'M RINGING UP a full night's entertainment for a couple—a flick, a penis sheath and some lube—when Kevin comes out of the back.

He has that same dazed look that I feel when I've been around Glory.

I'm dying to ask, so I do. "Did you...?"

"Without you? No way! But I did make a date for us." He smirks.

I thank the newly equipped couple and come around the counter. "A date?"

"Sunday. How does your place sound?"

***"Sounds like I'm liking you more and more,
you bad boy."***

"Sounds like I'm liking you more and more, you bad boy." But then a thought occurs to me. Shit.

"Jer, you can head to the back now. I've got Kevin up here with me."

Once we're alone, I turn to Kevin and say, "What about the Nico/Elizabeth thing?"

"She was bound to find out, but she did notice when she went down on you that the curtains don't match the carpet."

"Oh, God. She told you that?"

"So I filled her in on our secret life as standard workers."

"And she said...?"

"She's cool. She hopes to meet Elizabeth on Sunday."

Relief hits me like a truck. I grab Kevin around the neck and kiss him hard.

“This is gonna be fucking great!” I say. “Now get out of here so I can get some work done.”

I watch Kevin’s ass as he leaves.

DAPHNE’S GETS IN a new shipment of exotic costumes and lingerie. I can’t wait to see what I can buy.

I unpack the boxes and hang up each piece with a little bit of lust. I want it all.

I unpack the boxes and hang up each piece with a little bit of lust. I want it all. Especially the police outfit that is more like a woman’s jail matron. It’s tight in the waist with a belt. Easy to tear open without.

I set it aside and consider the cost. Worth every penny!

By the time I’m done, I’m surrounded by tissue paper and plastic bags and cardboard boxes. I gather up the mess in the boxes and start lugging them to the back door. I think about calling for Jeremy to come and take it out, but I’m sure he has his dick so far into Taboo he wouldn’t pay attention.

I cut through the storeroom and eye the goodies on the shelves. The dildos are all lined up for battle. The lubes just chillin’ with their friends.

I disable the alarm to the back door and prop it open. Damn! The alley smells just as nasty as it does every other night I take the trash out. I drag an overflowing box backward toward the dumpster, packing peanuts flying everywhere. I bump my ass on the side of the trash heap.

“Hello, Nico.”

My eyes get wide and my skin crawls. “Fuck!” It’s Trace.

I barely stand up before he grabs me and slams my back into the dumpster. I knock the back of my head and swear. “Goddammit, Trace. What the fuck...?”

“Shut up, bitch.” He pins me against the dirty metal side, one forearm across my neck. I want to scream, but I can hardly breathe. I want to cry. His other hand reaches around to the back of his belt. He pulls out a knife and flips it open. “Scream and I’ll fucking stab you.”

I try to stay calm and think, but all I really want to do is scream and risk it. My head is killing me. “Trace, what do you want?”

“You fucking owe me big.” He transfers the knife from one hand to the other, and it’s even closer to my face. My breathing gets ragged with panic.

“Oh, breathing hard, are we?” Trace grinds his crotch into me. “I ain’t even got started.” Trace grabs the bottom of my dress and yanks it up to my waist.

I try kicking him, try to bring my knee up. Instead of results, I get my head bashed against the dumpster. “Bitch! I mean it. I will cut you open.”

My tears start when he rips my panties.

My tears start when he rips my panties. All I can feel is his big, nasty hand between my legs. “I’m finally gonna fuck you, and you’re gonna love it.”

I shut my eyes hard.

“Look at me! You’re gonna see what you’re gonna get.” He lets go of me, but keeps a bead on me with the knife. He fumbles with his fly.

This is my only chance. I jerk to the right to throw him off and then take off to the left. I scream like hell. I’m getting away. Until Trace full-on

tackles me to the ground. He puts the blade right in my face. His weight grinds me into the filthy pavement. He's kicking my legs apart when I hear him howl.

“Fucker! Get off her!”

Jeremy!

Trace lets loose with a loud grunt and is off of me. I jump to my feet and flip around.

Jeremy has Trace in one of those head-lock, half-Nelson things and is bending Trace's wrist to get him to drop the knife. With a jerk and a pop that I can only guess is Trace's wrist, the knife hits the pavement with a sharp metal sound. I rush over and kick it under the dumpster.

But Trace isn't giving up. He twists loose and takes a swing at Jeremy. Misses. But Jeremy doesn't miss when his fist collides with the side of Trace's head and another blow lands in Trace's gut. Trace crumples to the ground. Jeremy puts his booted foot over Trace's throat. “Try and get up, and I'll crush your windpipe, asshole.”

A sudden wash of relief hits me and I start blubbering. I cry great big tears.

“Nico. Nico!” Jeremy. I flinch and look up from Trace's bleeding face. “Go call the cops, Nic.”

I back away from the two men and then bolt for inside.

There's a few customers in the store and they all stop and stare. I get behind the counter and call 911.

There's a few customers in the store and they all stop and stare. I get behind the counter and call 911.

Ding!

Police.

Ding!

EMTs.

Ding!

Fucking door!

The cops are everywhere. The alley, the store and out front. They've gotten the customers out and finally silence the damn door when they lock it. Thank fucking God.

I'm sitting on the counter, my blonde wig beside me, ruined by the blow to my head. The EMTs clean out my wound as I answer questions. It takes forever to get everything cleared up enough that I can get to the ambulance and get staples in my head. Four of 'em. A real nice gal cleans up my knees and other crap scrapes.

I see Trace get loaded into an ambulance. I keep hearing "assault," "attempted rape" and "deadly weapon." He'll be gone for a long time.

Glory had called Kevin and, when he shows up, I just start bawling all over again.

"Baby." Kevin cradles me and Glory holds my hand. "We're going to take you home and stay with you."

It's the best thing I've heard in a while.

Back at my rental. Kevin holds me while Glory runs a bath. In it, Glory cleans me up and washes my hair.

"Your dark hair is gorgeous," Glory coos.

We all line up in my big bed. Me in the middle.

We all line up in my big bed. Me in the middle. I sleep a troubled sleep. After tossing and a couple of Valiums, I get a hard sleep.

I call in to the office the next day. And the next. After a week off, I'm back to my routine. Not quite myself, but it's coming.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE, and I'm full of piss and vinegar again. I have a brand new blonde wig and a stronger attitude. Daphne's is still my evening home.

Jeremy doesn't leave me alone, though. And I don't have to take the trash out anymore.

But I'm good. Or at least better.

Jeff's latex feet came in while I was away. But tonight I call him to have him come get his surprise. They really are lovely, my perfect little feet. The toes can move and are painted in Jeff's favorite blue.

Ding!

I still jump a little when the door goes off. But it's getting better as I see my regulars come in. And then there's always the fun of trying to figure someone new out.

This little ding-a-ling is Morris. He bounces at the local swinger club. He's always trying to get someone from Daphne's to go to the club. We all just laugh. We have everything we need right here.

Jeremy and Taboo are still fucking like monkeys. Glory and I watch and fuck around with each other. Kevin is practically living with me. We haven't had that chance to get three of us together yet. But, it's coming.

"C'mon Nic, you could bring your girl and guy and have a fucking blast at the club."

"C'mon Nic, you could bring your girl and guy and have a fucking blast at the club." Morris is persistent.

"Sorry, Morris. But I think the three of us have it covered," I say. "But you could hit up Jeremy for a good show."

Jeremy kicks my boot. "What the hell's that supposed to mean?"

"Means you and Taboo could get back to being a threesome since I stole Glory."

"Yeah, ya did," Jeremy snorts. "Morris, let's you and me talk."

Ding!

"Hey, Nico! How's the toes?" Jeff ventures a flirt.

"Jeff, my man. My toes are great. Come 'ere, I got something for you." I whip out a Daphne's gift bag with a big ass bow on it. "As promised."

Jeff's face lights up as he tears into the bag. He pulls out each foot separately and beams. He nods toward the dressing room. "Can I?"

Some things never change. "Be my guest."

As he's heading to the room, he stops. "Oh, I owe you another five."

"You know, Jeff. Let's just call it even. If you clean up your mess after."

In one swift motion, Jeff runs back to me and kisses me on the cheek and then practically skips to the dressing room with his new girlfriends.

Ding!

"Did I just see someone else kissing my girl?" Kevin.

“Oh, I just gave Jeff his feet.” I start laughing. “He’s breaking them in now in the dressing room.”

“Some habits die hard,” Kevin says. “Speaking of habits, I’m going to go catch Glory’s show.” He kisses me hard on the mouth. “Be right back.”

I’m pretty sure we’re all about ready to burst at the seams with waiting.

He sees Glory’s performance every night I work. And sometimes hangs out with her for a while. But he’s saving the real deal for when we’re all together. Such a gentleman. Though I’m pretty sure we’re all about ready to burst at the seams with waiting.

Ding!

Morris leaves and Jeremy joins me at the counter.

“Ya know,” he says, “I think Taboo and I’ll have to check that place out. Sounds nice.”

“Tell you what, I’ll mention it to her. I’m heading back there.”

“No. Let me surprise her.”

“Don’t surprise her too much,” I say as I head to the back. “She could be freaked out.”

The peeps have that bleach and come smell that shows up after a couple of hours. Makes me laugh. Wonder how much of it’s Kevin’s come.

I head around back of the boxes to the dressing room. I’ll wait for my little exhibitionist and my voyeur to show up. They’ve been keeping each other company as I’ve healed. Now it’s my turn to play.

Glory's box door opens. "Nico! Baby girl, you look great tonight." Glory comes to me and wraps her arms around my waist. Tilting her head up, she shuts her eyes. I dip down for a kiss just as Kevin comes in.

"There's my girls. Damn! I'm one lucky man." Kevin crosses the small room and puts his arms around us.

"Yes. You are," I say. "And don't you forget it!"

"No, ma'am."

"Guys, I got a great idea and I want to run it past you two," I say. I run my hand down Glory's side, cup her ass and pull her tighter into our little group. "There's a swinger's club that Morris has been telling me about for ever. How 'bout we take our party there this Saturday after we shut down the store?"

Kevin tilts his head at me and asks, "You mean you're ready for the three of us to get together?"

"Yeah, I am."

Glory bounces up and down, her little breasts defying gravity. "Yippee! We're gonna fuck!"

Glory bounces up and down, her little breasts defying gravity. "Yippee! We're gonna fuck!"

"And we can have all day Sunday to recuperate." Kevin grins.

I LOVE SATURDAY NIGHTS at Daphne's. All the horny freaks come out. The peep boxes are rockin' and the girls are raking in the dough. Jeremy stays up front to help me with the constant...

Ding!

Ding!

Ding!

All I can think about is getting outta here tonight. Kevin was in earlier to kiss me and make plans to pick us girls up after we close at midnight. I tried to talk him into a peep show as an appetizer, but he said he wants to keep his come for tonight. Whew.

Eleven o'clock comes, and I'm just itching to blow outta here. I get a fun phone call instead.

"Do you sell plus size lingerie?" a man asks.

"Yes. We do. Quite a wide selection," I answer.

"How busy are you around eleven forty-five?"

"We're slowing down. I can get some things out for you if you tell me what size your girl is."

"It's ... uh ... well ... for me," he says.

"Even better. We'll see you later."

I'm excited about my dresser. He'll be fun foreplay for the club.

Ding!

Mercy. This place is hopping.

Eleven-fifty and my dresser finally shows up. Tall and lanky, he's all nerves, and I'm going to have to help him through this.

"Hey, there. I'm Nico. Let me show you to the sizes that will fit you." I take his hand and lead him to the three racks of lace and satin that could caress his body.

***I hold a cream-colored teddy up against his chest.
"This would feel great and it has a snap crotch."***

I hold a cream-colored teddy up against his chest. "This would feel great and it has a snap crotch."

We pick out a half-dozen or so pieces, and I send him to the dressing room.

I'm back behind the counter when he pokes his head out. "Would you tell me if this looks good on me?"

Fuck, why not? "Why not? Let's see whatcha got."

He nudges the door open to reveal a tight corset and some lacey panties. His cock is hard in the panties. He'll have to buy those.

"You look beautiful," I tell him. "How do you feel?"

For the first time he grins. "Great. Do I really look pretty?"

"Definitely. But I'd try the chemise on with those panties. I bet you'll really like the way the satin feels against your nipples." I see his cock throb.

"Can I wear these panties home?"

"Honey, they're all yours."

After my new customer checks out, I hear the last ding of the day. The front door shuts and locks.

Everything shuts down. The pounding music in the back clicks off into some painful silence.

"Jeremy? We gotta bleach those floors but that's all we're doing. We gotta get outta here."

I rush around and tidy up the mags, videos, and sale rack while Jeremy does the dirty work.

Glory bounces out of the back. Dressed in a pair of leather pants and a halter top, she's fucking gorgeous.

Glory bounces out of the back. Dressed in a pair of leather pants and a halter top, she's fucking gorgeous. "You ready, baby?" she asks.

"Jeremy, you got everything under control?"

He pokes his head out from the back. "Get your horny asses out of here and go get fucked. I'm good."

Glory and I laugh our way out of the shop into Kevin's waiting Jeep Wrangler. "And we're off!" he announces as he puts it into gear.

HIGH JINX is just far enough out of town not to draw attention.

We park and head in. The music doesn't exactly stop when the group sees us, but it does have a whole new buzz. Men are eyeing Glory and me hard. Kevin's getting some pretty attentive glances of his own. But we're not here to fuck the other people. We're here to fuck in our own happy, little group and be watched.

We get the grand tour from the owner, Dahlia. "We've got something for everyone here." She leads us out of the respectable gathering area up front, through a door and down a narrow hallway. We make our way through a large room with sofas and multiple televisions showing porn.

Kevin gives the sex swing a push and swats me on the ass. "We gotta get one of those."

"Right here is our shower room. There are towels over here," Dahlia says. "Down this hall are our rooms."

Doors open on both sides of the hall to clean rooms. “Each room has a window for others to watch, but you can close the curtains if you like.” We enter the Orgy Room, equipped with one huge bed. “You can leave the door open as an invitation to others to join or you can close it for your own party.”

Glory squeezes my hand.

As we make our way down the hall, Dahlia points out the Toy Room and the Swing Room.

As we make our way down the hall, Dahlia points out the Toy Room and the Swing Room. “Condoms are in a basket at each end of the hall. If you use a toy, please put a condom on it.”

Dahlia stops in front of the exit. “Other than that, no means no. Have a good time.” She smiles, turns and heads for the front.

“We’re on our own, kids,” I tell Glory and Kevin. The both look mischievously at each other and then grab me. I’m whisked back down the hall to the Orgy Room.

We pass a room with a heavy man getting blown by a woman. Their door is open, inviting all in to play. I hesitate and stare for a second, but Kevin wraps his arm around my waist and guides me into our chosen room.

As we flop down on the bed, Glory shuts the door, but opens the curtains. “This should be a sight. We should at least share that with the others.”

I hold out my hand to her. “Come ’ere, baby.”

Glory settles on the bed to my left with Kevin to my right. I’m between the two people I want most in the world. I wonder if Glory is as wet as I am.

Kevin rolls to his side and props himself up on his elbow. “You two are the most beautiful women I’ve ever known.” He reaches out and runs his hand first along Glory’s cheek and then along mine. “Kiss each other.”

I sit up and throw a leg over Glory’s waist and straddle her little body. Leaning down, I flip my blonde wig over my shoulders so Kevin can see and I kiss her. Glory puts her hands on my face and opens her mouth to me. I suck her tongue in and massage it with my own. She makes little kitten sounds when I do that and it drives me crazy. I suddenly have no patience for kisses.

I sit up and bring Glory up with me. I untie her halter, let it drop to the floor and start pulling on my own.

“No. Wait. Let me undress you both,” Kevin whispers.

Kevin is ultimately patient. More patient than I’ve ever even thought of being. He puts his hands on my hips and moves me to lie next to Glory.

“You’re not wearing panties,” he scolds her.

He leans over her and takes one of her small nipples in his mouth, sucks, and lets go. Kissing down her belly, he fumbles with the snap and zipper of her leather pants. “You’re not wearing panties,” he scolds her. I lie on my side and watch as he skims the tight pants over her hips and down her dancer’s legs.

Once Glory is naked, Kevin turns his attention to me. “Now, let’s get you out of this shirt.” My skirt soon goes, followed by my bra and panties.

“Our turn,” I tell him as Glory and I set in. He sits on the edge of the bed, Glory on the bed next to him, unbuttoning his shirt, and me kneeling in front of him working his pants off. His hard-on stands straight up against his belly, and I want to take it into my mouth. But then I think, why not share?

I climb up on the bed and push Kevin back. “Suck him with me,” I tell Glory. She kisses me first, a deep, wet kiss with her tight lips and then sits on the opposite side of Kevin’s hips.

I look at Kevin and smile. “Relax and enjoy, baby.”

I take his dick in my hand and begin stroking it. Glory cups his balls and massages. We lean in and kiss each other over Kevin’s laid-out body. We pull apart, lick our lips and drop to his waiting cock.

Glory runs her tongue up the underside of his dick as I pop him into my mouth. Glory’s tongue follows my lips, and we cruise up and down Kevin’s prick.

Kevin approves with his words, “Shit,” “Goddamn,” and the thrust up of his hips.

We stop just short of him coming and sit up across his body. Glory’s felt my tits so much and now it’s my turn. I reach out and cup her pert boob and pinch her nipple. She’s so soft, and I want to have her in my mouth. I throw a leg over Kevin and rub my wet pussy along his dick as I put Glory’s tit in my mouth.

But I want it all.

***I reach out with both hands and caress
Glory’s tits. We make a perfect triangle.***

Reaching across Kevin, I take Glory’s arm and maneuver her until she’s straddling Kevin’s face, looking right at me. Glory shuts her eyes and obviously enjoys the feelings between her legs. I rub my clit along Kevin’s length and then slide him into me. I reach out with both hands and caress Glory’s tits. We make a perfect triangle.

I lose focus on my girl’s boobs as I bounce up and down on Kevin’s prick. He’s thrustin’ up and hitting my spot and all I want to do is come. I want a mouth on me like Glory has on her. I want Glory’s mouth on me.

I'm running this show and am polite enough to wait for Glory to come all over Kevin's chin. But the moment she's done shuddering, I bound off of Kevin and land on my back.

"Glory, please. Eat me. Please."

Glory slides off Kevin and positions herself between my outstretched legs, her rump in the air. The first touch of her mouth on me is electric. Shocks rip up through my body. She finds my clit and presses it with her tongue. I jerk at the touch.

Glory's fingers play up my thigh to my pussy. I feel her press her fingers into me, stretching me as she sucks on my lips and clit.

"Fuck, yeah, Glory." I'm groaning and thrashing against her face when I hear her gasp and groan into my pussy.

I open my eyes. Kevin is pounding into Glory from behind. There's a domino effect from his thrusts to her pushing hand and sucking mouth to my body. I know every time he hits her right because she slams her hand into me harder. Kevin is fucking tearing her apart as she does me.

My eyes roll back as I come hard in Glory's mouth. I can barely breathe for my cries, but Glory keeps on as Kevin fucks her. I gasp out, "Kevin. Come on her ass for me. Come for us."

Kevin picks up the pace of his pounding. His face screws up, and his grunts get louder. He pulls out and finishes hard by jerking off all over Glory's firm ass.

"Fuck me," he says as he collapses next to us.

We all lie in a puddle of people, gathering our air. A knock on the window pulls us out of our fog. I look up and there are two men and a woman clapping behind the glass. I meet their approving smiles with my own and then fall back into my lovers.

"Seems we're a hit," I tell them.

“If they think that’s something,” Kevin touts, “they should hang around for round two.”

“Oh, really?” Glory squeezes his still-hard dick. “Well, I’ve got some ideas of my own, too.”

My beautiful girlfriend and my hot guy are lying with their eyes closed, but still touching each other.

“We’ve got all night, guys. All night.” I roll onto my belly and prop up on my elbows. My beautiful girlfriend and my hot guy are lying with their eyes closed, but still touching each other. Glory’s hand comes to rest on my ass.

“Don’t get too comfy, guys,” I say. “I want to try that sex swing.”

POLYAMOROUS IS WHAT they call it, the way I live. It’s actually pretty confusing if you think too hard about it. So don’t.

I’m Nico. I’m Elizabeth. She’s Glory. She’s Angela. He’s just Kevin. But, we all live our double lives. Public and porn. It’s fucking great.

We all share a house in town now. We have one king bed and are thinking about getting a dog.

Ding!

Shit! Gotta run.

END