

Font of Fertility Chapter 23 Beta

By BreaktheBar

The following is the Beta Draft of Font of Fertility Ch 23. As a Beta draft, this is not the final work and may see major changes prior to final posting out in the wide world.

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All Characters are 18 years or older.

This story is a continuation of the Font of Fertility series. I would suggest reading Chapter 1 if you have not already. This chapter includes mf, oral and anal.

Jeremiah listens to apologies, meets with a redhead and preps for dinner.

Returning Dramatis Personae

- Jeremiah 'Jerry' Grant - Seat of Fertility, aka. Powerful Sex Shaman
- Stacey Wilde - Girlfriend/Concubine, godchild of Jerry's parents, athletic
- Lauren Baxley - Public girlfriend, Jerry's Prime in the magic world, closest friend and confidant
- Jay - Jerry's best guy friend from high school
- Benji - Jerry's guy friend from high school, the one with the attitude
- Clarissa - Jay's Canadian girlfriend, who is a actually real
- Jordan - Redheaded writer friend, interested in Jerry and his Harem

Referenced Characters

- Anna 'Other Anna' - Yaroslav's Prime, magical media mogul
- Annalise Stoker - Concubine, Fire Mage
- Maya - Annalise's younger sister
- Victorious - Ancient demonic nightmare horse-turned-muscle car
- Angela 'Angie' - Lindsey's friend from high school, has been dating/sleeping with Jerry
- Ashley - Jordan's friend, Emily's older sister. Had sex at the New Year's Party.

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"Fuck!" Stacey hissed as she scrambled under the sheets.

"Wha-?" I mumbled, slowly waking up.

"Fuckfuckfuck," Stacey kept whispering, more to herself than anything, as she rolled out of bed.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"It's already 8:30," Stacey said. She was completely naked, her firm body immediately making me hard as I tried to blink myself fully awake while she was scrambling to get her thong on at the same time as reaching for her sleep shirt.

"So?" I asked.

"So your parents are probably already up," Stacey said. "I didn't mean to sleep in here."

Stacey, as with most nights since we'd made things official at Christmas if I wasn't otherwise occupied, had snuck into my room late. Usually, we fooled around and then snuggled for a bit, whispering to each other in the dark, before she would slip back to her room. Twice she'd brought her phone and set a really early alarm so she could actually sleep with me for a bit.

I sighed and sat up in bed, watching her as she pulled on her shirt. "I wish you didn't have to go."

"Me, too," she whispered, coming back over to kiss me firmly. "I'm going to miss you every night once school starts up again, but we'll have more privacy when you visit."

I kissed her back, deepening it a little as my tongue teased at her lips and I could feel her roll her eyes before letting me in.

"OK, enough, Jerry," Stacey said, breaking off. "Now get up, you need to check out in the hall to see if it's clear."

"Mmmgh," I groaned, rolling out of bed and standing up to stretch. I didn't miss the fact that Stacey eyed my naked body - she approved of the level of muscles Lauren had picked out for me back when I'd changed myself, and between them and my hard cock sticking out I knew what Stacey *wanted* to be doing instead of worrying. But instead of initiating something between us, she went to my dresser and grabbed me a clean pair of boxers and threw them in my direction.

I snagged them out of the air and quickly put them on, though my cock popped through the hole in the front insistently until I rearranged it.

"God, you need better self-control," Stacey said with a smirk as she looked at the tent in my underwear.

"Oh, yeah?" I asked. "How about these, then?" I reached over to her and softly ran my thumbs over her pokey nipples through her thin shirt.

"Shut up," she said with a flush. "Now go check the hall."

I did, stopping to listen at the bannister by the stairs before signalling to her that it was clear. Stacey darted out of my room and over to the washroom, closing the door behind her. I wasn't really sure what my parents would do or say if they found out about Stacey and I - we weren't actually related so there wasn't a problem in that regard, but they'd tried so hard while we were growing up to foster a sibling-like relationship between us that I couldn't guess what the fallout would be. We could always test the waters and I could 'fix things' if it didn't work out, but that just felt... wrong.

The secret felt wrong, too. But not as wrong as messing with their memories.

God, life would be so much easier if I was a sociopath or something, I thought as I headed back into my room and collapsed face-first on my bed. Two things happened - the first was that I realized I still had a hard-on and I became conflicted about how I wanted to adjust myself so I wasn't uncomfortably stabbing into the mattress. The second was that I started thinking about the possibility of actual sociopathic magic users, and which serial killers might have actually been evil wizards.

Now that was a rabbit hole of horror I didn't want to go down.

Thankfully I was saved from both the uncomfortable position and the uncomfortable thoughts when my phone binged with a text. I rolled over and found it on the floor over the side of my bed and saw I had a text from Lauren.

On my way.

Shit. I forgot what I was supposed to be doing that morning.

I had to see Benji.

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"So I've set up an appointment with Other Anna for tomorrow," Lauren said. "We're going to do it in the afternoon right after you bring Annalise and Maya back to New Mexico. But it's easier for us to go to her, so we need to get to Finland."

I was driving for once, having borrowed my mother's car instead of Lauren borrowing from one of her parents. It would have been easier to summon Victorious but I still wasn't sure how to explain him to my parents. I was also considering lending him out to Angela since she didn't have a car and wouldn't need to do any explaining beyond some basic 'I saved up' sort of lies.

Lauren was on her phone, typing away as she sat in the passenger seat, but she looked up and reached over to rub my arm. "Jerry? Are you listening?"

“Yes, yeah,” I said, shaking my head a little. “Other Anna, tomorrow evening. Finland. I’m just feeling a little distracted, sorry.”

“Thinking about Benji?” she asked.

“Cars, actually,” I said. “What do you think of lending Victorious to Angie?”

“Baby, I haven’t actually *seen* Victorious,” Lauren said.

“Wait... really?” I asked, blinking in surprise and trying to remember what all I’d done with the demon horse-car. “Shit.”

“It’s OK,” Lauren smirked a little. “There’s been a lot going on.”

“Still, I should remember that kind of thing,” I said.

“You’ll find a way to make it up to me,” she smiled. “But you really *should* be thinking about Benji, not cars.”

“I’ve done enough thinking about him,” I sighed.

“Well, what did you decide?”

“The same thing that I’ve been on the whole time,” I said. “He needs to apologize, for real, to you before anything else can happen. I’d demand an apology for Lindsey too, but she doesn’t actually know him so it would be more weird than helpful.”

“What then?” Lauren asked. “Like, after that?”

“Well, what do you want to happen?” I asked. “I’m mad at what he did, but he technically did them to you and not me and I’ll obviously choose you over him every time.”

“I don’t know,” Lauren sighed.

“So what are you asking me for?” I smirked a little, glancing over at her.

“Because I wanted you to make it easy for me,” Lauren frowned. “Which you aren’t.”

“Love you,” I said with a little singsong voice.

We pulled up in front of Jay’s place and hopped out. The snow that had been clinging desperately to the ground for the last couple of days was quickly vanishing, leaving everything in the suburbs muted, wet and washed out. I grabbed Lauren’s hand as we walked up the driveway and headed for the front door, but before we got there it opened and Jay came out.

“Hey,” he said. “Um, Benji is already here but my parents and Clarrisa are around. Can we maybe... do this out here?”

“Shouldn’t it tell you something that you don’t want your parents or girlfriend to know what’s going on?” I asked.

“Yeah, I know. OK?” Jay said. “Just promise me it’s a parlay, white-flag sort of thing here and you aren’t going to take a swing at him.”

“I mean, I’m not planning on it but if he acts like last time...” I said with a shrug.

“I didn’t actually mean you, Jerry,” Jay said, then looked pointedly at Lauren.

“He kind of deserves at least one slap,” Lauren said. “But Jerry already hit him in the mouth so I guess that’s good enough for now.”

“OK,” Jay said, heading back to the door. “One second.”

He left Lauren and I for a moment, and I turned to her. “I’d say he deserves a kick in the balls more than just a slap.”

“Yeah, well, maybe some other time,” Lauren said. “Or if he says something fucking stupid.”

Jay came back out followed by Benji. Our shorter friend looked like he was sick. Benji was pale, and his sparse facial hair looked like he’d been trying to grow it out unsuccessfully, and he was wearing a too-big sweater that had the unfortunate effect of making him look scrawnier than he was. His eyes were also a little dark like he hadn’t been getting enough sleep.

“Hey, guys,” he said nervously.

“Hey,” I said. Lauren didn’t say anything.

Benji chewed on his lip and glanced at Jay, and our taller friend gave him a look. Whether it was an *‘it’ll be fine’* look or a *‘you need to do this’* look, I wasn’t sure. Either way, Benji sucked in a wavering breath and nodded a little to encourage himself before speaking. “So... Lauren, I’m sorry for saying what I did about you and Lindsey. I shouldn’t have said it, even behind your back. And I’m sorry for flying my drone close enough to your window that I could see in.”

Jay coughed.

“I mean I’m sorry for trying to spy in your window,” Benji corrected himself. “I wasn’t thinking of it like that, but it’s what it was.”

He looked up at Lauren, but she stayed stone-faced. The moment stretched on uncomfortably.

“And?” Lauren prompted him finally.

“And...?” Benji asked.

“Are you going to apologise to Jeremiah?”

“For what? He-”

Jay coughed again, ‘clearing his throat.’

Benji snapped his mouth shut and sucked in a deep breath through his nose before looking at me. “I’m sorry for what I said, about you and Lauren, and after that. And for spying on your girlfriend.”

I exhaled with a soft grunt. It wasn’t much of an apology; I wasn’t sure if he was sorry for doing it, or just sorry that we weren’t letting it slide. But he at least didn’t make any excuses even if he was obviously still clinging to a frame of reference we didn’t share.

“Did you delete the video?” Lauren asked him.

“Yeah,” Benji said. “You couldn’t really see much of anything anyways, but I did.”

“Where’s the drone now?” I asked.

“In my garage,” Jay said. “I’m holding on to it from now on.”

Lauren stared at Benji some more, and he didn’t quite cower away but he definitely had a hard time meeting her eyes.

“Honestly, Benji,” she said. “It’s kind of disgusting, and I’m super disappointed that someone I thought of as being as close to me and Jerry as you were did something like this. And *said* shit like that. And I don’t know if it was you being an absolute perv, or being jealous, or what... but you’re going to need to live with the fact that you might still be in the friend group, but this isn’t something that Jerry or I are going to forget even if we do forgive you.”

“I know,” Benji said. “Fuck. OK? I know. I know I- God, I don’t know what I was doing. I fucked up like six different ways and I don’t know why, and I just felt like- Fuck, I don’t know.”

“Well, come on,” I sighed, shaking my head a little. “Let’s head inside or else Clarissa is going to think something weird is going on.”

“Wait, so you forgive me?” Benji asked. “And what about my-”

“Don’t even try it,” Lauren said, pointing at Benji. “You got what you had coming.”

Benji exhaled heavily and nodded.

We went in and played nice. It was weird, and a little awkward. Jay’s parents were both there and made a few jokes about how we must have been busy since we hadn’t been around much, and asked me about my ‘little New Year’s party’ and if I’d gotten things cleaned up to my parents’ satisfaction - they clearly had no idea how many people had actually been there or they likely would have taken it more seriously. Then, once we’d done the requisite parent time, we headed down into the basement and did our usual stuff and tried to ignore the tension.

The problem with forgiving someone is that it doesn’t change how you feel. That takes work.

Slowly things started to settle down and feel a little more normal. We played video games, and Lauren talked with Clarissa about some more of the same shows that we all liked. Then she showed the Canadian how she could pirate them back home. Benji wasn’t quite as chatty as he usually was, and Jay made efforts to keep trying to make sure things were smooth sailing between us.

At one point I got a text and checked my phone, smiling a little when I saw that it was Jordan sending me a clock emoji, a thinking face emoji, a pencil emoji and a big smile emoji, letting me know she was impatient for when we would meet up.

“Who the heck is texting you so much?” Jay asked me, making me look up from my phone. Both him and Benji were looking at me.

“It’s nothing,” I said.

“Well, it can’t be nothing,” Jay said. “Lauren is here. Is it Stacey?”

“No,” I said. *God, I should have said yes.*

“Well, you’ve been getting texts all morning,” Benji pointed out. “When did you become mister popular?”

“It’s just... people,” I said. “Some of it is Stacey. And other people I know.”

Benji narrowed his eyes slightly, obviously suspicious but still feeling the impact of his last fuckup. Jay didn’t have those reservations. “You do realise that dodging the question makes it sound *more* suspicious, right?”

“Well, I’m not trying to be,” I said, picking my controller back up. “Are we playing or not?”

"Is it Jordan?" Jay asked.

"Who's Jordan?" Benji asked.

"That skinny redhead with the really long hair who graduated a couple of years ago," Jay said. "Jerry is meeting her for coffee this afternoon."

"Really?" Benji asked, turning his head back and forth between us like he was watching a tennis match.

"We're just going to meet up and talk writing, and she's going to show me some of the stuff she's been working on at school. She's in a really great program."

"Does Lauren know?" Benji asked.

"Yes, I know," Lauren said, coming over to us and cuffing Benji across the back of the head lightly as she walked behind his couch. "What, you think Jerry wouldn't tell me? Hell, I helped him reconnect with her."

"Well, I- I dunno," Benji said, and I could tell he wanted to prod or ask questions. I wasn't sure if he'd told Jay about what I'd told him - that Lauren and I had had a foursome. Benji still didn't know *who*, but he still knew enough.

"Can we play something more party-ish?" Clarissa asked, coming over and sitting down next to Jay on the couch and scooching her legs up over his so she was cuddling with him.

"Mario Party it is," Jay said.

Benji and I both almost groaned, but managed to keep it in.

"I'll put it in," Lauren grinned, skipping over to the console. She *a/ways* beat us at Mario Party. The only saving grace of us swapping games was that it distracted the guys from their questions.

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"I think you need to tweak the mentor character," Jordan said, tapping her lips with a pencil as she flicked her finger to scroll the text on the tablet. "He might be *too* powerful and you'll have a Gandalf and the Eagles situation on your hand - he could just fix the whole plot by himself and it doesn't make sense why he would turn to the main character in the first place."

"Mmm," I nodded. "That's fair. I'll need to think about that."

"Mhmm," Jordan nodded, still reading.

She had sent me the address of a local bookshop and cafe in town to meet up at, and I'd found her deep in the crowded space of the bookshop occupying a couple of big, red armchairs that had a little antique lamp on a side table between them. Jordan had grinned and gotten up when she saw me working my way around the towering, and in some cases overflowing, bookshelves and had hugged me tightly and then pushed me towards the other chair.

It turned out her Aunt ran the bookshop, and Jordan was free to spend as much time there as she wanted. She'd gone to get us coffees and then settled in as she talked to me about her program at school, her professors, and her frustrations with a lot of her classmates. They weren't all bad by any means, but she wanted someone to challenge her when they were reading her stuff and too many people just wanted to be *nice* even in a top program like hers.

Jordan was wearing a pair of green, tie-dye sweatpants and a loose tank top over a black athletic bra, and while she had all her piercings in she hadn't put on makeup, which accentuated her freckles and the other little imperfections on her face. She was also wearing her glasses and had her long ginger hair tied up in a loose and messy bun, all of which made me see her in the light of a college coed dragging herself to class after a big night out. And yet, even though she wasn't as conventionally pretty as... well, as any of the girls in my harem, I still found her so enticing.

We'd traded work, me handing over my tablet with my stories pulled up and her handing over her laptop to me, and we'd started reading.

We'd been at it for three hours. Her Aunt had come by, a sweet woman who looked a little like Jordan but with about 80 more pounds and thirty years on her, and she'd brought us leftover snacks from the cafe and made me promise to bring her a couple of signed first editions of whatever my first novel would be.

Then, another hour of reading and talking later, Jordan had gotten up from her chair and stretched. It was a nothing kind of thing, just her reaching high and arching her back a bit as she winced at the tightness of her muscles, but she caught me watching and smiled a little. She didn't say anything though, and just sat back down and crossed her legs as she went back to reading and commenting on one of my short stories.

Her Aunt closed the shop, locking it up and letting Jordan know we could stay as late as we wanted before heading up to her apartment above. We kept reading and talking.

"Can I ask you something?" Jordan spoke up in a lull in the conversation as we were both reading.

"Is it about the alien character? Because I realized after I finished that someone *could* read it as kind of racist but I definitely didn't intend that," I said.

“No,” she chuckled. “No. It’s fine. Anyone who would read it like that is looking for a reason anyways. I meant a personal question.”

“Jordan, you’re reading stuff I’ve never shown *anyone*. Even Lauren, or Stacey. And we did... other stuff,” I said. “I think I’m kind of an open book at this point.”

She smiled at me and set my tablet down, leaning her elbows on her knees. Her aunt had turned off the main lights so we only had the golden hue of the antique lamp lighting the cosy little area and the bookshelves around us. “OK, fair,” she said. “But I still feel like I needed to ask. And I guess I kind of have two questions.”

“Well, what’s the first one?”

“Why didn’t you jump me as soon as my Aunt left?” she asked. “I mean, we’re alone. We’ve had sex twice. I made it pretty clear I like you.”

“Because I value all of this,” I said, gesturing to my tablet and her laptop and our bags, and between the two of us to indicate the conversation. “Sex is- I really like having sex with you, Jordan. Like, a lot. And I’m not saying this is *better* than that, but it’s something I don’t have with anyone else... which I guess is kind of a cocky and crude and egotistical thing to say.”

She smirked and shook her head. “No, actually. I mean, it would be if I didn’t know about your girlfriends. But I do, so it’s more sweet than anything.”

“So what’s your other question, or would you prefer that I put your laptop down, pull you over here and start having my way with you?”

Jordan bit the corner of her lower lip and chuckled a little. “Oh, I want that,” she said. “Which is where my question comes from. Ashley told you the other night that I don’t really fuck guys more than once, which is true. Trust me, I like cock. More than pussy. But I’ve always felt like Goldilocks where I hadn’t found the right one. I always had a reason to not call the guy back or to kick him out of my bed, or dorm room, or whatever. You’d think it wouldn’t be that hard to find a guy who can talk literature and writing and just the right level of nerd stuff without being a total geek, but also knows how to get aggressive in bed in the right way. I’m- Jerry, I’m picky and kinky in ways that Ashley and Angie don’t even really know about. So I guess my question boils down to this - are the girls your *girlfriends* and you guys are like, Poly or whatever, or are you the head of a harem?”

There was that word again. And it wasn’t being said in a half-joking way, or by someone with magic who saw it as normal that I would have one. Jordan was looking at me earnestly, and curiously. Without judgement.

It was crazy. Insane, even.

“Yeah, it’s a harem,” I said. Owning it. “Lauren was first, then Lindsey and Stacey. Angie just officially joined, and there’s one other girl as well.”

“Fuck,” Jordan breathed out. Then she stood up and stepped to me, climbing up onto my armchair and straddling my lap with her knees outside of mine. She leaned in and brought her lips to within an inch of mine, her breath teasing my lips and nose, as she pressed her hands to my chest. I could feel the need in her. The desire. The horniness.

I grabbed her and pulled her to me, mashing our lips together as one hand went to the back of her head and wreathed my fingers in her long, coppery hair and the other slid up the back of her tank top to palm her bare skin.

“Mmmmf,” Jordan groaned into the kiss, her fingers curling to hold onto my shirt as she leaned into me. The studs on her lip and tongue again struck me as such a different feeling from kissing my other girls, but there was something else there as well. A horny hunger, which I was more than familiar with, but also a sort of desperation. A clinging that she wanted to hold onto this and not let go.

The kiss ended and she pulled back, my hand sliding from the back of her head down to her waist, but she didn’t let go of my shirt and she stayed leaning close to me.

“I want in, Jerry,” she said softly. Almost pleading. “I want in your harem. Before that night at your place, I was in on the fivesome before I even knew it was you we were talking about because I thought the idea of a reverse gangbang was hot. Learning it was you was a fun, kind of kinky surprise. But then the way you fucked me, and us... The way you controlled the room, and me, touched one of those deep kinks that you don’t really want to tell anyone about. I’m such a fucking sucker for harem erotica, Jerry. It’s the only shit I actually get off to if I’m masturbating. I’ve been like a fourteen-year-old boy with how horny I’ve felt since that night, and as I figured out about Lindsey and Stacey. So, God, I want in. And I don’t just want in. I’m more kinky than that. I want you to put a collar on me so that I can carry a physical reminder that I belong to you and the harem, and if you do that and treat me right like the past few days I swear I’ll be yours forever.”

I breathed in through my nose and closed my eyes, shifting forward slightly to press my forehead against hers. I could almost hear Lauren laughing in the back of my head. *Concubine six.*

“That’s a big commitment for us only having seen each other again for, what, six hours total if you don’t count when we were sleeping? What about wanting to have sex with guys at school?” I asked. “And the fact that you go to school half way across the country, and I’ll be going to Cardinal with Lauren, Linds and Stacey?”

“What do I need other guys for when I’ve found the Goldilocks Cock?” Jordan smiled a little. “And I can handle a dry spell if it means I get to come back to you. I can even transfer to Cardinal next year to be with you guys.”

“Whoa, OK,” I said. “Hold on. You’re at the best program in the country for what we want to do.”

“Yeah, and you’re not even considering going there,” Jordan said.

“That’s different,” I said. “There are other circumstances.”

“Well, this would be my other circumstance.”

“Jordan,” I sighed. “I- Fuck, Jordan. OK. There’s a whole bunch of questions running through my mind with what you said, but I need to say two things. First, I’m really, *really* fucking happy that you want to join my harem but it’s not just my decision - the girls get a say, too. So before I say yes I need to talk to them, and they probably want to talk to you. And you’ll need to meet Annalise.”

“That’s fine. Actually, that’s probably better than you just telling them. It would be hot if you did, but in the long run that makes more sense.”

“The other thing is that I don’t want you switching schools,” I said sternly, squeezing her waist lightly to emphasize the point. “I don’t want you to miss out on opportunities that you earned. I always thought your writing was amazing, but you’ve just gotten so much better while you’ve been gone. Even if it means I need to come visit you, and we only see each other on holidays.”

“OK,” she nodded, and I could tell she was trying not to smile widely because that sounded an awful lot like I was saying yes without saying yes. “What else? What other questions do you have?”

“They don’t matter right now,” I growled softly and pulled her into me for another kiss.

The hunger was there, and the desire. But the pleading had changed - she wasn’t pleading for me to say yes anymore. She just wanted me. More of me.

We made out for a little while and our hands wandered. I grabbed her ass through her sweatpants, then slid them inside to palm her naked cheeks because *of course* she wasn’t wearing panties. Her hand slid under my shirt to feel my chest and gently scratch me with her nails, then ran up into my hair to hold me close as our tongues retreated and we just softly pecked each other over and over with loving little kisses.

I took my hands from her ass and started lifting her shirt, and she raised her arms to let me pull it and her athletic bra off of her completely. I immediately nabbed one of her cute little nipples with its barbel piercing between my lips and sucked hard, and Jordan moaned happily as she

arched her back to press her chest at me more. I palmed her other tit, kneading it roughly, which turned her moan into a pleasurable growl.

Leaving her nipple, I kissed around her chest, up to her neck and down to her sternum, delighting in her smooth, pale skin and every freckle and mole on her. Jordan's thin body was a different sort of fit from Stacey, who was the most athletic of my girls. Jordan was just naturally thin, so she was still soft while being skinny instead of firm like Lauren or Stace. I eventually kissed my way to her other nipple and took it between my lips, sucking hard on it as Jordan gasped and sighed.

I came off of her with a pop and looked up at her as she grinned down at me. I took the waistband of her pants and pulled them over her ass and down her thighs, gripping them bundled between her legs with one hand. Her ginger little bush and flushed pussy lips were bared to me as she continued to sit with her legs straddling mine.

"Play with yourself for me," I told her. "I want to see what you do when you've been thinking of me and my harem of girlfriends."

"Mmm, yes, sir," she sighed, her tongue playing at the stud in her lip as she slid her hand down her stomach to trail her fingers through her pubic hair. She softly scratched herself there, her pussy teasingly getting pulled up softly with the friction on her mound.

"You like that, Jordan?" I asked. "You like when your bush gets tugged on?"

"Mhmm," Jordan nodded. Then she gripped her pubic hair fully and pulled out, letting her hips and crotch lift forward as she did it, and she groaned hotly.

"What else do you like?" I asked.

"When I'm alone and just getting started, I like to tease myself a lot," Jordan breathed, sliding just one finger down, avoiding her clit and starting to gently pet her pussy lips. "Usually a good story and just one finger can get me pretty far."

"And how far from that point are you right now?" I asked.

"God, way over," she laughed, her smallish breasts jiggling. "I don't know if I've stopped being at least a little wet since we fucked last."

"Then what do you do once you're nice and turned on, Jordan?"

"Well, sometimes I'll make Ashley lay down so I can sit on her face," Jordan said with a little smirk, knowing she was teasing me as much as I was teasing her. "Or sometimes I break out my vibrator. But if I'm just using my fingers, I like feeling like a total fucking slut."

“And how do you do that?” I asked.

Jordan bit the tip of her tongue with a naughty look in her eyes as she palmed her pussy fully and then slid her fingers back up, slowly spreading herself wide open. I already knew what her pussy looked like in general - it was a pretty little package with a tidy set of inner lips and a nice bump of a clit hood, and it got a warmly flushed hue to it when she was turned on. This was a different look at her though as she spread herself wide. The pink of her cunt had a delicious-looking vibrancy that made me want to get my tongue on it, and her dark little hole was open and softly quivering and flexing as she breathed in.

“I like to hold myself open like this and imagine a guy like you staring at me, deciding what he’s going to do,” Jordan whispered. “I like the feeling of being reduced to a horny little fuckhole.”

“Mmm,” I hummed and reached out with my hand that wasn’t holding her sweatpants tightly, slowly bringing my middle finger to within a half-inch of her pussy. She watched it with wide, needy eyes, her stomach flexing with each breath in the slightly uncomfortable position she was holding as she exposed her entire cunt to me. “What if I just want to tease you?” I asked her as I got my fingertip as close to her pussy lips as possible.

“You can do that, sir,” she groaned. “As much as you want.”

“What if I want to slam my fingers into you all at once?”

“God, yes please, sir,” she gasped, and the entrance to her cunt flexed.

“And if I want to get my whole fist inside of you?” I asked.

“Walk me around like a puppet, sir,” she said. And I fucking believed her.

“And what if I want to make love to your little fuckhole and treat it just right, but I tell you I never want *you* to just be a fuckhole to me?” I asked quietly.

She pressed her lips together and rolled them in, biting them as she looked at me with soft, wanting eyes and nodded.

I brought my finger back from teasing her and quickly sucked it between my lips to get it wet before bringing it back to Jordan’s pussy and teasing it around her entrance, feeling the slick and soft rim. “You are fucking beautiful, Jordan,” I told her. “And I need you to know that I feel extremely blessed to know you, and be friends with you, and to fuck you. And, maybe, to own you in my harem.”

Jordan sniffed in slow and hard, closing her eyes as she revelled in the feeling of me slowly, *slowly* inserting my finger into her until it was buried deep. Then, as I pulled it out and dragged the pad of my finger along the front of her inner pussy seeking where her g-spot would be for

later, she blew out her breath through her pursed lips. When my finger finally left her, coming out slick from her natural lubrication, I lifted it to my lips and sucked it into my mouth to taste her. "Mmmm," I groaned at the taste, wanting her to know how much I appreciated her. I slowly pulled the finger from my lips. "Alright, Jordie," I said, shortening her name negligibly but trying to find the pet name I wanted to call her. "Now I want you to get yourself off for me. Show me everything, because I want to see everything. I want to see your breath hitch, and your eyes dilate, and your lip quiver. I want to watch you come for me."

"Thank you, sir," Jordan moaned, and she stopped spreading her pussy and went about starting to finger herself. I felt like I almost had her on a leash with the crotch and waistband of her pants still gripped in my fist, and maybe that helped her get there a little bit as she quickly worked herself over. Jordan was rough with her pussy, drilling two fingers in and out of herself in between savagely grinding her fingers over her clit. Her other hand wasn't idle as she grabbed at her tits with harsh movements, plucking her nipples and twisting them with the piercings.

"Fuuuck, sir," Jordan cooed softly as she fingerfucked herself. "Fuck, I want to be such a whore for you."

"This isn't whorish enough?" I asked her. "You playing with yourself, mostly naked, while I'm fully clothed? Or are you thinking you want what happened on New Year's? You want me to put a load of my cum in your mouth and all over your face, and another one in your tight little ass?"

"God, please," she nodded, her breath hitching in between words as she started to pant from her own exertions.

"Where's the last one going though, Jordie?" I asked. "If the first one is in your mouth, and the second one is in your ass, where does my third load go?"

"In my pussy, sir. In my needy little cunt. And because I'm yours you can fuck me raw as much as you want. I'll go off my birth control if you want. Is that something you want? To put your big load inside of my unprotected womb, sir?"

"Maybe in the future, Jordan," I said, reaching to her with my free hand and placing my palm on her stomach, feeling her diaphragm work as she kept getting herself off. "School first. Be all you can be for me, and we'll get there."

"Fuuuuck," Jordan groaned.

"Getting close?" I asked.

She nodded, her lower lip firmly between her teeth and she frowned in concentration and continued to finger herself. She had one nipple firmly twisted by her other fingers.

“How should I fuck you?” I asked her. “From behind? Or should I get you to sit your ass on my cock and ride me since you’re such a slut for me?”

“Anything. All of it,” she panted.

“Come here,” I said, raising my hand from her stomach to hook around her neck and pull her to me. I kissed her deeply, and she didn’t stop fingering herself and I could feel her body tensing. “Do it now, Jordie. Come for me.”

“Yes, siiiiiir,” she moaned into my lips, her shoulders hunching forward as she came. She buried her face into the crook of my neck and breathed deeply as her hips bounced a little and she started to kiss and lick me.

“Good girl,” I crooned, holding her to me. “Good girl.”

When she finally stilled I leaned my lips down and kissed her neck back, and she pulled away to look at me a little flushed. “That was a pretty good one,” she said.

“Good. But we’re not nearly done,” I said. “Now get these pants off and get on your knees, Jordie.”

She quickly got naked and into position, and soon she was undoing my jeans and pulling them down, then my boxers as she eyed my hard cock with a delighted grin.

It wasn’t just the lip and tongue rings I found different about blowjobs from Jordan. And it wasn’t that she seemed to love sucking my cock, because Lauren, Lindsey and Angie all seemed to be that way as well - loving the actual act of doing it. Stacey and Annalise were both happy to do it too, but weren’t so much geared towards it as the other three.

No, Jordan worshipped my cock just like Lauren, Lindsey and Angie, with all the vigour, love, lust and desire that the others did. But there was this other feature in there, not that it was missing from the others, but that it was overflowing with Jordan. She was *joyful* about it. It wasn’t just a sex act between us or something she wanted to do.

The way Jordan looked at my cock, and grinned from her lips to her eyes... it made me really believe her ‘Goldilocks Cock’ comment that somehow she’d decided my cock was the one that she was meant for. Every lick, suck and kiss was filled with this overflowing joy, whether she had her eyes closed, was looking at my shaft, or was looking up into my eyes.

“God you look fucking beautiful,” I sighed as we made eye contact and she grinned around me with her mouth on my cock. Then I reached down and softly took the ring of her septum piercing between my thumb and forefinger and held her there with my cock half in her mouth.

“Remember what I said that first time?”

“Uh-huh,” she said around my cock in her mouth, nodding slightly.

“Lauren thinks I should get a whole leash and lead you around the house naked like you're my little sex pet,” I told her. “But I think it should just be a little silver chain to match your piercings. Maybe one of those pretty ones that connect to your earring. Everyone would see it and wonder why you wear it.”

“Mmmmf!” Jordan hummed on your cock.

“Or maybe I just keep a chain with me, and whenever I want to play with you I take it out and hook it onto your nose so you know it's time for you to go from being my charismatic, funny, confident friend to being my little cockwhore?”

Jordan pushed herself down on my cock, taking me into her throat with a soft gargle as she closed her eyes and came. I wasn't even sure if she'd been fingering herself or not.

“Shhh,” I hushed her softly, letting go of her septum piercing and stroking her cheek. “Shhhh, Jordie.”

When she was finished, Jordan looked up at me with her eyes slightly reddened and pulled off my cock, breathing deeply with spittle dripping from her bottom lip onto her chin and chest.

“Jerry, that was so fucking hot. Any of them. I'll do any of them that you want. Please can I get you off, sir? I want to taste you so bad.”

I nodded, and Jordan went to work slurping and stroking and sucking. My balls got covered in her slobber as she sucked my cock like it was life-giving water and she'd spent a week in the desert. It didn't take long for her to push me towards my orgasm as she hummed and slobbered and gagged.

“That's it, Jordie. That's it,” I groaned. “Fuck. Here it comes.”

Jordan took my cock from her mouth and stroked me quickly, her grin so wide she couldn't open her mouth completely as she looked up at me. I came, the glorious feeling pumping up through my legs and releasing in five thick strands of cum roping out of me. Jordan started laughing in her chest and throat and she stuck out her tongue, her face and glasses getting covered until she took the last shot directly in her mouth and then sucked my cock back between her lips to slurp out the last dregs of my orgasm.

I was left breathing heavily as she fell back on her butt, still grinning to herself and chuckling softly as she started licking her fingers.

“Jordan, and I say this with all honesty, you suck my cock like it's Christmas morning,” I said.

"Thanks? I think that's a compliment," she smirked at me. Then she put her fists under her chin and looked up at me, blinking her eyes behind her cum-streaked glasses like she was some innocent young thing. "Do you think I look pretty like this?"

That made me snort. "You look like an absolute whore, and I love it."

"Good, 'cause I feel like one in the best way," she smirked. "Hold on, let me clean my face and then I want to fucking kiss you."

She stood and walked towards the front of the bookstore, still completely naked, and I watched her butt as she went. It was small and cute and fit her frame. When she came back she had a roll of paper towels and was wiping the cum from her face.

"Don't tell me you didn't wear makeup specifically because you were planning for this to happen," I said.

She grinned and shrugged. "Then I won't."

"Come here," I said, reaching out to grab her hand and pull her to me, and soon I had her bare ass parked on my lap as I held her tightly and helped to clean the last smears of cum from her face. Then I leaned in and kissed her tenderly, and she kissed me back.

"Can I ask you something?" I asked.

"Didn't you give me a line about asking to ask questions not too long ago?" she shot back.

"OK, fair point," I said. "You're a really confident person, Jordan. Maybe the most confident and self-aware person I've known outside of Stacey, and it's something I've always looked up to. And I also really love how you are in bed, but your being so submissive is almost weird for me. If you join the harem, who are you going to be with me? Because I love this horny you, but I don't want to lose the regular you."

Jordan smiled and leaned in to kiss me softly in the sweet sort of way that we had New Year's morning. "Jerry, you're an asshole."

"What?" I asked, laughing a little at the look she was giving me.

She sighed and rested her head against my shoulder as she plucked at the collar of my shirt, the only article of clothing either of us was wearing. "It's been like three days since I saw you again for the first time in almost two years. And yeah, I'm not gonna lie and say I *never* thought about you, but it was only in passing and not like this. So fuck you, you asshole, for changing where I thought I was going with my life."

"I'm gonna need that spelt out a little more," I said.

“Yeah, I know,” she smirked. “OK. Think about it like this - consider all the guys your age, right? Every guy you know at school. Your friends, your not-friends, whoever. Then take all the common characteristics and immaturities of them, multiply their number and add alcohol and no parental supervision, and then put that in a can, pressurize it with some repressed urges and hormones, and then shake it up. That’s college. Those are the guys I’ve been around, even down at BYU in Mormon land. Hell, *especially* because it’s Mormon land. God, I mean I thought I got it, but now I *get* it. I get how you could even start a harem to begin with. Jerry, what you just said to me, about who I am and wanting both sides of me and worrying about not getting the me you already knew? *That* is so fucking... I don’t know. Romantic isn’t the right word. You punched me in the heart, you wonderful asshole.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be a literary wordsmith?” I smiled. “*“You punched me in the heart, you wonderful asshole”* is what you could come up with?”

“Shut up,” she laughed. “I’m still a little light-headed here from choking on your cock for so long.”

“You haven’t actually answered my question,” I said gently.

“You’ll get both sides of me, Jerry. You’ll get the me who may still treat you like a li’l bro sometimes, and who doesn’t like soft idiots or stupid questions and will want to work hard for us to get where we want to go. But you’ll also get the me that wants you to take charge. Who wants you to be her Sir, if you know what I mean.”

“I feel like I’m going to need to do some research,” I said. “I mean, I’ve been working on that sort of stuff with Lindsey and Lauren sometimes, but I feel like you expect more than that.”

“Don’t worry about it too much,” she said, lifting her fingers from my shirt to my chin and lips, smiling to herself as she touched me gently. “You’re already a natural. If I want something specific, I’ll let you know. I definitely want to explore stuff with you that I haven’t wanted to try with other people. But for now I just- fuck, I’m still getting butterflies in my stomach when I say this - I just want more of *you*.”

“OK,” I said, squeezing my arms around her and hugging her firmly. “More of me it is.”

“And now, I’m pretty sure, the plan was for you to buttfuck me again,” she grinned. “Sir.”

“Well, I can’t disappoint such a naughty good girl like you, can I?” I asked. I let her down from my lap and she knelt at her bag and pulled out a little bottle of lube, and soon my cock was hard and slick, and Jordan was sitting on her knees on her armchair with her ass pointed back at me and two of my fingers deep inside her asshole as I spread the lube around.

“Third one?” I offered, slowly pulling my fingers out of her.

“Mmm-mmm,” Jordan shook her head. “I don’t want you to stretch me out *too* much, cause that steals the fun of your cock doing it.”

“You are absolutely nasty,” I said with a grin and leaned in to kiss her tenderly at the same time as I worked my two fingers in a few quick thrusts that had her gasping against my lips.

We ended up shifting down to the old carpeted floor because Jordan was worried about squirting while I reamed her ass again, and it would be easier to clean up, hide or explain away a stain on the carpet than on the chair. Jordan laid down on her front in a prone position and flexed her little butt at me a few times before she reached back and pulled open her cheeks.

“You know, I could just eat that up,” I said as I knelt down behind her, straddling her long, thin legs.

“And I would love that, sir, but I’m already so ready for your cock,” Jordan moaned softly.

I just shook my head and got my cock into position, nudging against her asshole, and let one hand fall to her side before I slowly began to thrust my way into her.

“Yesssss, sir,” Jordan hissed as my cock pushed through her anal ring and entered her. “God, your cock is perfect.”

“So is your ass, Jordie,” I groaned, entering another inch before stopping to let her adjust.

“Not as nice as half your harem,” Jordan said, but I could hear the smile on her lips even though she was resting her forehead on her hand and had her face turned from me. “Fuck. Honestly, you’ve got a stacked set of lovers. Lindsey, Lauren and Stacey? Jeeesus. And Angie isn’t any slouch in the butt department either.”

“Wait until you see Annalises’s curves,” I smiled, sliding deeper into Jordan and then immediately pulling back out, teasing her. She hiccuped softly, her one hand still holding a buttcheek open digging her nails into her skin at the feeling.

“Has she got a big booty, sir? Do I have the smallest booty in the harem?”

“You will,” I said, stroking her side softly. “Annalise just has a nice butt, but her tits are amazing.”

“Bigger than Lindsey’s?” Jordan asked.

“Mhmm,” I grunted, nodding and starting to lose track of the conversation as I was able to work my cock in and out of Jordan in slow, smooth strokes.

“I’ve just got little titties,” she panted. “Are they OK?”

“More than OK,” I groaned.

“I’d get a boobjob for you if you want,” Jordan moaned softly. “Or a BBL. I don’t know how it would look, but-”

“Stop. I never want you to think like that,” I growled at her, pressing my chest down to her back as I buried my cock deeper into her ass. This brought my lips near her ear and I spoke softly. “You have every right to do that stuff if you want, but never think that I’m *wanting* that, OK? I don’t need you for tits or ass, Jordan. I need you because of *you*.”

“You say the nicest things, sir,” she gasped.

“Good,” I said and pulled out and thrust into her hard, making her release a girly grunt. “Now I’m going to fuck this small, perfect ass that I love until I pump it full of cum. And then I’m going to snuggle you until it gets into your skull that if you ever compare yourself to the others again I’ll punish you by ignoring you.”

“Fuck, I would go crazy if you did that. How the fuck do you know that?”

“Because, Jordie,” I said, whispering into her ear. “I get you.”

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“So it was good?” Lauren asked me.

We were in my room and she and Stacey were trying to decide what I would wear to dinner. We didn’t have much time - I still needed to go pick up Annalise and Lindsey before we teleported down to the restaurant, and we’d been hoping to get there well before Esmerelda was supposed to show up but my time with Jordan had run a little longer than expected. And the cleanup had taken a while.

“I mean, yeah,” I said. “She got everything she wanted.”

“I’d say so,” Stacey smirked.

“What does that mean?” I asked.

“She means that Jordan sent us both a picture of herself after you left and she looked worn out and very, very happy,” Lauren chuckled.

“She took you in all three holes again, huh?” Stacey asked. She was still having trouble with anal and hadn’t let me help her with magic yet.

“She’s...” I said, trying to find the right word.

“Ravenous,” Lauren finished.

“Only as much as you or Linds,” I pointed out.

Lauren stuck her tongue out at me, then cocked her head to the side. “That shirt,” she said. I was holding up another one from my closet. “And pair it with those black pants.”

“Mmm,” Stacey agreed with a nod.

“So did you tell her you love her?” Lauren asked.

“What? No,” I said.

Stacey snorted. “Jerr, you obviously like her. She leaves in what, two days? If we’re going to figure out if she really wants in on the harem or not you need to move fast.”

“Yeah, well, that isn’t going to be an issue,” I said as I started to get dressed.

“Wait, what happened?” Lauren asked. “Did she just want one more fling or something? I didn’t *think* she would be like that at all.”

“Don’t tell me you screwed it up somehow, Jeremiah,” Stacey sighed.

“Jesus, no,” I said. “It’s not like that.”

“You know the distance thing isn’t a problem though,” Lauren said.

“Guys, listen to me,” I said, stopping to stare at both of them until they stopped jumping to conclusions. Lauren was laying on the bed and Stacey was sitting in my desk chair, both of them already dressed up nicely. Stacey had gone for a summery dress that showed off her legs a bit and wouldn’t have worked going out here in town but would definitely work down in Miami, while Lauren had opted for what was either a long shirt or a short dress over slick, shiny leggings that made her ass look fantastic. Once the two of them were paying proper attention I took a breath. “What I meant was that we don’t need to worry about seeing if Jordan wants to join the harem because she already asked for it. Hell, she practically begged to join.”

“Wait, really?” Lauren asked. “I mean, we knew she wasn’t exactly shying away from things, but *she* asked?”

“She even called it a harem. Apparently it’s a thing for her,” I said.

“So she’s in, then?” Stacey asked. “You did say yes, right?”

“No, I- Fuck, we agreed that inviting new girls into the harem proper was supposed to be a group agreement and Annalise hasn’t even met her yet,” I said.

“Ugh, Jerry,” Lauren sighed, quickly grabbing her phone and starting to type on it as she spoke. “If tomorrow is the last day before she leaves, and you’re bringing Anna and Maya home tomorrow, when are they supposed to meet?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “But I thought we at least needed to have a conversation about it before I just said yes.”

“Well, you *do* want her in, right?” Stacey asked. “I mean, I remember you crushing on her a couple of years ago.”

“I never-” I stopped when I saw the teasing smirk on Stacey’s face. “Yes, I want her in. As long as all of you do, too.”

“Well, Angie says yes for sure,” Lauren said. “Lindsey says probably yes, and Annalise hasn’t responded yet.”

I sighed and pinched the bridge of my nose. “When I said a conversation, I meant an actual conversation.”

“Jeremiah, you need to fucking relax,” Stacey said, standing from the chair and coming to me to start fussing with my clothes. “Hell, Jordan’s already had sex with three of us. I’m sure Lindsey will want a crack at her too, but the important thing is that *you* want her and *we* like her. Did you tell her about magic already?”

“No,” I said. “That comes after.”

“I mean, that’s fair, Stace,” Lauren said.

“Fine, fine,” Stacey said. “And my vote is yes too, by the way. I wasn’t exactly friends with her in high school but she wasn’t a bitch or anything, and I *do* remember you crushing on her. Maybe not as much as you crushed on Lauren or Lindsey, but it was there.”

“Awww, Jerry had harem-heart even back then,” Lauren teased me.

“Fuck me,” I sighed. “Are we ready to go or what? Time’s ticking here and I *still* want this to be an actual conversation.”

“We’ve been waiting on you!” Lauren said, popping up from the bed and quickly fixing her hair before grabbing my hand. “Let’s go.”

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The restaurant was exactly how it looked on the internet, and while it was sort of sandwiched in between a couple of resorts right on the Miami Beach strip, it had a great view out over the evening ocean from the main dining room and most importantly it had private dining rooms as well. It had only taken a phone call from myself and Stacey, playing 'important business person' and 'beleaguered business person's assistant' respectively, to book the private room for what I would have considered an exorbitant cost for dinner before all of this had started.

Walking into the restaurant with Lauren and Lindsey on my arms, and Stacey and Annalise following close, got us some looks but I think people immediately presumed we were a group and not a *group*. Lindsey had spent the afternoon with Annalise and Maya helping Anna feel prepared for the evening by doing a mini makeover. She looked fantastic and was wearing the yellow dress that Maya had badgered her into trying on at the mall.

Angela, unfortunately, had a shift that she couldn't get off, though I wondered how hard she had really tried since she was still hesitant about the whole magic thing and meeting a big muckety-muck like another Seat had made her a little wary. I'd promised I would bring her to Miami soon for a fun date night.

The maitre d' took our name and raised his eyebrows as he looked at the eclectic levels of 'dressed up' in our group, but led us through the dining room which was already well into dinner service and was full of very classy-looking people all giving us young folk the stink eye. Inside the private dining room was a big table ready to sit six.

"Head of the table, babe, or mix it up?" Lindsey asked me.

"I was thinking we should do this more family style," I said. "Make it feel less like an us versus her thing."

"Mix it up then," Lindsey said. Soon we were all sitting, and Lindsey had taken one end of the table right next to me, with Stacey at the other end. Lauren sat beside me and I noticed that the girls manoeuvred so that Anna would be sitting directly next to Esmerelda. They must have come up with some sort of plan as a just-in-case situation.

"So, this is fun," Lindsey said with a smile once we were all sitting.

"It is, we need to do this more," I said. "And Annalise, I know I said it already, but you look really pretty in that dress."

"Thanks, Jerry," she said with a little flush of embarrassment but she didn't look away.

"When was she supposed to get here?" Stacey asked, checking her phone.

"Five minutes before we did," I said.

“Well, at least we’re all late,” Lauren chuckled.

“Speak for yourselves,” Lindsey said. “Anna and I were ready and waiting. It’s Jerry who made us late.”

“Yeah, you and your fucking the new girl,” Lauren said, poking you in the side playfully.

“Speaking of which,” I said, shooing Lauren’s hand away as she tried to poke me again. “Anna, I know you haven’t met her, but did you-”

The door to the private dining room opened and the Maitre D’ came in followed by Esmerelda. I almost didn’t recognise the woman since she wasn’t wearing the skull facepaint or elaborately macabre clothing that she had appeared in the Council Space wearing. If anything, she was actually dressed a little scruffy and could have done for trying a little harder in that regard - she was wearing a pair of distressed jeans and a cropped t-shirt with some wrinkles, though her face remained almost unrealistically attractive and she had that same badly-dyed pink hair with the roots showing through.

“Esmerelda,” I said, standing up to greet her. “I’m happy you could come.”

The Death Seat smiled, though it didn’t reach her eyes, and nodded to the Maitre D’ who left with a nod to us and shut the door behind him. Esmerelda was holding a poster tube in one hand, the thick cardboard capped with a plastic stopper at either end, and as she looked around the room quickly I got the sense that she must have had at least a few spells going and immediately felt like an idiot for not preparing against an attack.

“Jeremiah,” Esmerelda finally said, her voice still holding that European Spanish accent and slight lisp. “I assumed we were meeting alone. Who are these people?”

“I thought it would be nice to make this more of a family dinner,” I said. “You know Lauren already. And these are Lindsey, Stacey and Annalise.”

“Ah,” she said, looking the girls over a second time. “You brought your harem. How... interesting.”

I was starting to get the feeling that maybe ‘family dinner’ should have waited until after I solidified a better relationship with her.