

Font of Fertility Chapter 26 Beta

By BreaktheBar

The following is the Beta Draft of Font of Fertility Ch 26. As a Beta draft, this is not the final work and may see changes prior to final posting out in the wide world.

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All Characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

This story is a continuation of the Font of Fertility series. I suggest reading Chapter 1 if you have not already. This chapter includes oral, mf, groping, mfff, implied anal, analingus, and Dom-sub relationship talk.

Jeremiah pops a question and gets a day of rest.... Ish.

Returning Dramatis Personae

- Jeremiah 'Jerry' Grant - Seat of Fertility, aka. Powerful Sex Shaman
- Victorious - Ancient demonic nightmare horse-turned-muscle car
- Jordan - Redheaded writer friend, interested in Jerry and his Harem
- Stacey Wilde - Girlfriend/Concubine, godchild of Jerry's parents, athletic
- Moira - Real estate agent from the city
- Aidra - Petite goth girl from Jerry and Lauren's school, Witch
- Lauren Baxley - Public girlfriend, Jerry's Prime in the magic world, closest friend and confidant
- Lindsey Baxley - Girlfriend/Concubine, Lauren's step-sister via marriage, girl-genius
- Jay - Jerry's best guy friend from high school
- Benji - Jerry's guy friend from high school, the one with the attitude

Referenced Characters

- Angela 'Angie' - Lindsey's friend from high school, has been dating/sleeping with Jerry
- Annalise Stoker - Concubine/Girlfriend, Fire Mage
- Ashley - Jordan's friend and roommate, Emily's older sister. Had sex at the New Year's Party.
- Brandon - Oldest brother of Annalise and Maya, back in New Mexico
- Jerry's Parents - 'Mom' and 'Dad,' took in their goddaughter Stacey when her parents died in an accident
- Maya - Annalise's younger sister
- Paul - Older brother of Annalise and Maya, back in New Mexico
- Susie - Angela's roommate

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After everything else that I had done that day, it felt a little silly that I was nervous as I pulled up in front of Jordan's parent's place.

Well, Victorious pulled us up, but that was semantics.

Just that day I had teleported to New Mexico and bought a truck for the first time for Annalise, then I'd teleported to Finland - my first time leaving the United States if you didn't count extradimensional mind spaces - where I had helped stop a plot to infiltrate a magical media agency, and fucked two stunningly gorgeous women, one of whom was somewhere in the range of a thousand years older than me despite looking like she was in her early twenties. And in the last week, things had been just as wild personally and in the greater magical... *thing* that had become my life. Dinner with a Death Seat. Asking Angie to join my harem and revealing magic to her. The Council meeting. Healing Maya's eyes.

So why the hell was I nervous?

"Jeremiah," Victorious's many-radio-voices cut through my thoughts. "We have arrived."

"Yeah, I know," I said.

"... you can get out now and go claim your filly," Victorious said.

"I know," I said and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

"You-"

"I know, Vic," I said. "I know. I'm going."

"If you are unsure of how to lay claim to her, simply chase her down and mount her. I have not yet met a worthy filly who did not appreciate and bow to the power shown in a proper chase," the demon car that had once been a demon horse suggested.

"You have no clue how true that is for her," I mumbled as I got out of the driver's seat.

I'd never been to Jordan's parent's place before; hell, I hadn't even known where she lived until I texted her saying I needed to see her. She'd given me the address immediately. Jordan lived on the outskirts of the suburban town we'd all grown up in, and judging by the houses it was possibly the 'older' part of the town and things had just developed more in other areas. The lots were a lot bigger but the houses were smaller, and I was looking up a long driveway to a short ranch-style house that was neat but even to my untrained eye looked dated in its architecture.

Trudging up the driveway, I considered sending Victorious away - even if they didn't know he was a demon car, he still looked like the kind of car a parent would look out the front window and judge, especially when the male caller was asking to see their daughter. The last thing I needed was to add more reasons for making bad first impressions.

Still, I didn't send him away. For some reason I just felt like that was the wrong move.

I rang the doorbell and waited about half a minute before big, thumping footsteps approached and then the inner door opened as I looked up at a particularly huge man. I immediately knew he had to be Jordan's father, considering the big ginger beard he was sporting. What I hadn't realized was that Jordan, with her slight and skinny build, had been fathered by a fucking giant. He was bald, and I could immediately tell that he had to duck to get out of the door. He was wearing a sweater with a crest emblazoned on the front, something about Steamfitters and a union.

He was also looking a little miffed.

"Hello?" he asked, making it sound a lot more like *'what the fuck do you want?'*

"Hello, sir," I said. "Sorry to bother you. I'm just here to talk with Jordan for a couple of minutes."

"It's dinner time," he said bluntly. "What sort of person calls around at dinner time?"

That one took me aback a little bit. It was *barely* five o'clock. Who ate that early?

"Daddy," Jordan said from behind the looming man. "Back off, for fuck's sake."

The huge man did back away, though not entirely 'off' as he turned to address his daughter. "We're having dinner, Jordan. Your friends should know better than to—"

"I told him to come over," Jordan said. "I'm leaving soon, and he just needs to give me some notes that I asked for."

"So you decided to interrupt your farewell dinner?"

"*My* farewell dinner, Daddy," Jordan said, her brow furrowing. "This will only take a couple of minutes."

Jordan's Dad was obviously unimpressed, but he let out one long sigh that was part growl, then walked back deeper into the house. Jordan watched him go for a moment, shaking her head, before coming to the screen door and opening it. She leaned out and kissed me quickly, hesitating before pulling away more than a couple of inches to look into my eyes and grin a little. Then she quickly put on shoes and stepped outside, taking my hand and pulling me around the side of the house.

I stopped us there by a gate to the backyard and pulled her into my arms more fully, kissing her as she pressed her body to mine.

“Come on,” she said. “We’ll sit in the gazebo. None of the windows of the house can see us there, so my parents can’t spy.”

“OK,” I chuckled, glancing at the house and seeing that there was a side window that could be used to watch us, though it was currently unoccupied.

She took my hand again and led me into the backyard, trudging through the wet grass. The backyard was even bigger than the front, dotted with a decently sized garden I could imagine bursting with greenery in the summer, and lots of old, fully-grown trees. She led me back to a little white gazebo that was nestled between two trees and had a covering of hedge around most of it.

“My Dad built it for my Mom years ago as her reading nook,” Jordan explained as she led me inside, where I found the seating around the edge was a sturdy bench with smooth backrests.

“It’s cute,” I said. “Your whole house is cute and comfortable.”

“Thanks,” she said. “My Dad is a bit of a jackass sometimes, but he works really hard to give us all of this.”

I took her other hand and we stood there looking at each other in the dim of the little covered area. I leaned in and kissed her softly again when she raised her chin a little, and she squeezed my fingers with hers.

“Sorry I’m interrupting dinner,” I said.

“It’s fine,” she shook her head. “Dinner’s in my house last two hours. My Mom took cooking classes a few years ago and she takes any reason to make four-course meals. And we eat really fucking early.”

I chuckled and kissed her again, just a peck, then nodded to the bench. “I couldn’t let you leave without talking to you again,” I said.

She broke into a grin. “Thank you for coming, then,” she said. “I wanted to see you again, too.”

“I talked with the girls, and they all agreed - even Annalise, who you’ll need to meet soon. They all really like you, and love that you’re so into this and into me. So I have some important questions for you.”

Jordan nodded, then bit the inside of her lip a little nervously. The look in her eyes, a glimmer of excitement and energy, kept my heart beating even though I was nervous as hell myself.

“If you join my harem, Jordan, that means no more other guys. I know you said it once in the shop, but that’s important to me. Our relationship means that I’m the only guy you have any

sexual contact with. Hell, I'd prefer it if I was the only guy you even flirted with lightly. It's different for other girls, but the real line here is no other men anywhere near you romantically or sexually."

"That's absolutely understood," Jordan said with a definite nod. "And preferred. I was only joking a little when I called you the Goldilocks cock. You are perfect for me sexually, physically, emotionally and spiritually. It's never been better with anyone, man or woman, and it's never even gotten close."

That made me smile, but I had to push on. "Then my next question is, if we do this and we pursue a Dom-sub relationship, I need to know if you can handle being boyfriend and girlfriend as well. More than just friends sometimes, and sexual partners sometimes. I'm deep in it with you already, Jordie. I'm crushing hard, and falling in love."

Jordan's eyes got big and she nodded as she bit both of her lips to try and stop from crying. "I want that too," she finally said. "BDSM relationships aren't one-faceted. Or the good ones aren't. Or, I guess, the holistic ones aren't, some people do want just sex and poof, back to separate lives. So yes, I want to be your girlfriend. I want to do all the normal dating stuff when we can, in addition to being your subservient pet *and* your friend."

I couldn't help myself and I leaned in, kissing her again as I slid my hand up her neck and cupped her jaw. When we pulled away we were both grinning, but I still had that bundle of nerves. We weren't even into the hard stuff yet.

"Do you have any questions for me?" I asked.

Jordan took a breath, pursing her lips and nodding once. She wasn't wearing her glasses, and her blue-green eyes were flickering around my face as we sat in the dim lighting. Sunset was coming on quickly due to the winter months and soon it would be almost impossible to see in the covered space. "I need to know that this isn't just a for-now thing," she said. "Jerry, if we do this, it means I'm really doing this. I need to be clear, I've been with people, but I've never put a label on it before. No one has been my boyfriend or my girlfriend. Ashley is the closest I've ever gotten to a relationship, and we're just roommates who fuck sometimes. I've always known that when I commit to someone, it's the only time it'll happen. I'm a one-person girl, and if I choose you... Jerry, you could hurt me badly. I know how much you love Lauren; I've seen you two together. And I know how much she loves you. So if this is a just-for-now thing, I need you to tell me."

"It's not," I said with all the surety I could muster. "This is... it's becoming our lives, I guess I should say. It's too new to be 'everything' but it's close to it. Lauren won't ever ask me to leave you, or abuse your trust. Neither will the others. I wish I could give you a way to know that for sure, but all I have is my promise that despite how fast things have been moving, I'm trying to be as careful as possible in letting people into this polyamorous relationship. It's not just about not hurting you or anyone else, it's about protecting myself too."

“Then that’s my only question,” Jordan said, leaning forward and pressing her forehead to mine. “Everything else is details. Ask me.”

My heart was in my throat. “There’s one last thing. And it’s... it’s a lot bigger than the harem thing,” I said.

Jordan gave me a ‘*could that even be possible*’ look with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

“I’m being serious,” I said.

“You’re a vampire,” she guessed. “And to make this work you’ll need to turn me into one as well.”

“No,” I said, my nerves melting a little at her joke.

“You’re a sex demon and you’ll need to feed on my life force through sex,” she guessed.

I rolled my eyes. “I’m being serious, Jordan.”

“I can tell,” she said. “Bigger than having a fucking harem of gorgeous women who are all absolutely in love with you is a tall order though. Are you a wizard, Jerry?”

“Yeah,” I said.

She hesitated, expecting me to say no. She blinked. “Really?”

“Technically you weren’t far off on the sex demon thing, though it’s not a life-force-eating situation,” I said. “I’m what’s called a Seat of Fertility, and my magic batteries are powered by the act of sex - I’m told actually impregnating someone will be huge, but I haven’t done that yet because I’m not ready to be a father.”

Jordan blinked again. Then pursed her lips, still looking across my face, examining my expression. “Sex magic, huh?” she said. “I guess that explains why you’re so good at it.”

“You aren’t freaked out?” I asked.

“Well, I mean it’s not like one guy being able to take on four women at once and blow each of their minds actually happens in the normal world,” she said. “And I told you I read lots of harem smut. I wasn’t joking about my guesses, Jerry. I had a list in my head of what could be going on.”

“What was your next guess?” I asked, trying not to chuckle at how *reasonable* she was somehow making this sound.

“An alien who needs to repopulate their species, and humans are the closest alternative,” she said. Then she pulled me into another kiss, her tongue invading my lips as we kissed hard. When she pulled away she left me almost breathless. “So I guess that explains all the sexual partners Lauren has been setting you up with,” she said. “Does everyone know?”

“In the harem?” I asked. “Yes, they all know. Before they joined.”

“Angie took it the worst, didn’t she?” Jordan smirked.

“She’s definitely the sceptic so far.”

Jordan cocked her head to the side as she stared at me with a little grin. “You were worried I’d freak out or something, weren’t you?”

“Well, yeah,” I said. “You’re also not asking the obvious next question that they all asked.”

She furrowed her brow as she considered it, then nodded and raised her eyebrows as she realized. She didn’t ask it though, and instead leaned in and kissed me again before sliding her lips to my ear and whispering, “Is it weird that I find the idea of you messing with my brain kinda hot? I’m sort of into mind control stories, too.”

That did make me laugh as I took her by the shoulders and moved her back so I could look into her eyes again. “Maybe we can play with that, carefully, in the future. But I’ll never make changes to you without a lot of talking about it first, Jordan. I told you already, I want *you*.”

“I know,” she said. “That’s why it didn’t even occur to me to ask. Jerry, I trust you and who you are. If I’m willing to bind myself to you as your sub, I need to trust you like that.”

“So no questions then?” I asked.

“Oh, fuck right off,” she said. “A million questions. But like I said, they’re details.”

“This is the weirdest way this conversation has gone,” I chuckled.

“Because I’m the perfect weird for you,” she grinned. “Actually, I guess I have just one question.”

“Ask me anything,” I said.

“Do some magic on me? Just something small.”

I smiled and lifted my finger, forming the spell in my mind, and then booped her nose. She gritted her teeth as she moaned, falling towards me so that I had to catch her in my arms while she came. I had moderated the power of the spell so I wouldn’t make her squirt in her jeans

because wouldn't it just be great to have her walking back inside to her family with a soaked crotch? Though, thinking about it, I could have just cleaned her jeans with more magic after the fact.

"Yeah, OK," she nodded as she panted and sat back up. "That was pretty magical. Um... weird request, but could you not do that again? Like, it was a good orgasm, but I didn't feel like I earned it."

"Is that what you want?" I asked. "To earn your orgasms?"

Her smile turned a little lascivious as she nodded. "Yes, please," she said.

"Any other questions?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Ask me," she said.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the little gift that I had purchased at the mall. I hadn't found the perfect thing, but I hadn't known what the perfect thing would be, so I'd done a little magical modification to it afterwards.

"Jordan," I said, taking her hand in mine as I looked deeply into her eyes. "Will you be my girlfriend?"

"I will," she grinned.

"And, as my girlfriend who I will love and cherish for all of her amazing qualities, will you submit to me as my submissive pet? To promise to serve me sexually and act as my plaything, my toy and my slave whenever I desire, as I promise to always deliver the correction, dedication, and dominance that you want from me as a loving, dutiful boyfriend and Master?"

"Yes, Sir," she said, her grin widening even more, and she clearly thought I had finished because she leaned in to kiss me but I stopped her.

"Then I present you with this collar," I said, letting go of her hand to spread the thin lace ribbon choker in front of her. "As a symbol of our bond and promise to each other, for you to wear as a representation of being owned by me."

Her eyes were wide as she looked at the choker in the dark. It was a simple black ribbon with a golden clasp on the outside ends, but in the centre it was split by a small circular golden locket. On the back, etched in with magic, I had placed a neat little heart with a J+J, and inside the locket was a tiny little golden key. "That," I said as she found it, "is to represent that while you wear a symbol of me, you also carry a key to my heart."

She closed the locket and, with tears brimming in her eyes, she turned away from me and pulled her long ginger hair up and away from her neck. "Please, put it on me, sir," she said. "God, put it on me. I love it, I love it, I love it."

Beaming my own smile, I quickly slipped it around her neck and with a slight magical adjustment made sure that it was perfectly sized. It was snug enough that it didn't fall from her elegant neck but also didn't restrict her in any way. The little circular locket was only an inch across and demure - I doubted anyone would guess that it was a 'collar' unless they were deep in the BDSM scene. I'd done some research after we'd had our fun in her aunt's bookshop and had learned a lot about collars and their different meanings.

"I love it," she said again, touching it with her fingers as she turned back around to look at me. "May I kiss you, Master?"

"Not Master," I said, taking her hands in mine again. "OK? Sir is OK when we're having sex, or if we're having a moment like this. I'll *be* your master, Jordan, but I'm not comfortable with that title getting tossed around."

"OK, sir," she said. "May I kiss you, sir?"

"Of course you can," I said, and we ended up making out briefly. Then, when she was absorbed in the kissing, I fished down into my other pocket one-handed and pulled out my other small, magically modified purchase. I had to break our kissing to make use of it though, and Jordan's mouth dropped open a little as I snapped the lead into place, hooked into her septum piercing.

"You didn't," she said.

"I did," I smirked. I unhooked it, showing her the small silver clasp and the impossibly thin silver chain that was easily three feet long and coiled up in my hand.

"Fuck, that's hot," she said. "Put it back on and use me."

"You told your family that we were only going to be a couple of minutes and we've been out here a while," I said.

"If they come out you could just magic them to not care, right?"

"I... could, probably," I said. "But, without getting into it, I'll just say that for the foreseeable future, it's important that I try and build up my magic reserves some more and not use magic willy-nilly. I'm also not a big fan of messing with people's minds if I don't have to."

"OK," she said. "I understand, but I have lots of questions." Then she gave me a look. "Out of... curiosity, would it be possible for you to, say, make everyone in a full lecture hall not notice us as you fuck me in front of the entire room?"

I snorted and shook my head as I chuckled. “Yes, I think with some planning I could make that happen if that’s something you want to do.”

“That and watch you fuck someone else in the same position,” she grinned. “Honestly, Jerry, I’m kinky and have read hundreds of erotica and other smut stories. I might end up with a whole list of things I’d like you to do to me, and with me, and in front of me.”

“Go for it,” I said. “Just remember that I might not be able to say yes to everything, and we’ll take our time with them.”

“Fuck, I’m a lucky girl,” she grinned.

“I think there’s one more formality we need to deal with,” I said. Then I pulled out my phone and texted Lauren a thumbs-up emoji. Within seconds Jordan’s phone started buzzing in her pocket. “That’ll be you getting invited to the official Concubine Group Chat,” I chuckled.

Jordan laughed and pulled her phone out, but instead of checking it, she set it down on the bench where it continued buzzing with new texts. “I think I want to make a grand entrance,” she said. “Even if we can’t play properly... could you put the lead on me, please? And may I please suck your cock and be blessed with your delicious, thick cum all over my face for a naughty picture to send to my fellow concubines?”

The rational part of me, the one that knew we were pushing it with her Father’s patience, wanted to keep things to kissing at least. The rest of me, however, was caught up in the moment. “On one condition,” I said.

“Anything, always,” she promised.

“I can’t let you leave without me tasting you again.”

It didn’t even take us a minute for Jordan to get the silver lead connected to her septum piercing again, and then both of us to get our jeans down to our knees. I planted my ass on the cold bench seating and we wiggled around with her on top of me until we were in a sixty-nine.

I reached up and pulled Jordan’s ass down, getting my lips onto her labia around the same time as she started sucking my cock. It was an intense affair, both of us wanting to take our time but knowing we couldn’t, and wanting to provide the maximum amount of pleasure to our partner. Jordan’s pussy was already lightly flushed and slick from her getting horny at being collared and leashed, and her taste flooded my mouth quickly. We’d been together three times before then, and I had plenty of sexual partners, but I still enjoyed a moment of rediscovery as I was faced with a bare pussy. Each of the ones I’d had the pleasure of teasing and pleasing so far was different, but each was gorgeous in its own way.

Jordan's pussy, with its neat little lips and ginger bush and stubby clit hood, felt like heaven on my lips in that moment. I didn't feel guilty about it either - Lauren's pussy was also heaven. Same with Lindsey, and Stacey, and the others. The key wasn't the pussy, but the fact that I loved the woman it was attached to. And it was love, even if it had been fast.

Meanwhile, Jordan was worshipping my cock and even if I couldn't see that joy I'd noticed on her face from this position, her energy was high as she suckled and kissed and nibbled and stroked.

Jordan came first, a little ooze of her juices leaking onto my tongue as it was buried deep inside of her. I had my thumb on her clit and the thumb of my other hand just teasing the entrance to her ass, and as she came down from it she deepthroated my cock. I took that as a challenge, growling in my chest at the glorious feeling, and shifted my thumb from teasing her butt to sliding it into her pussy, stretching it gently up and open as I continued to tongue her. She groaned hard, mumbling something unintelligible as she pulled my cock from her throat to breathe without actually taking it out of her mouth. She came again shortly after.

"Close," I grunted, feeling my own orgasm rising. I could have held it off - would have loved to, really - but the time pressure was on in the back of my head.

Jordan almost had to roll off of me because of our weird clothing and positioning predicament, but she got to her knees and I stood over her.

"Please, sir, I want your cum," she begged playfully, sticking out her tongue.

"God, I love you," I said, taking the dangling lead in my hand and tugging it up very gently as I stroked my cock with my other hand. She followed the lead, tilting her head back a little more and opening her mouth wider, and I slid my cock inside and fucked her lips with the spongy ridges of the head while I stroked near the base.

"I love you too, sir," she panted when I pulled away from her lips.

I came with a long groan, plastering Jordan's freckled face with thick globs of cum. More than I even thought I could have produced, considering my activities in Finland earlier that day. My balls ached as it felt like my entire body tried to give Jordan exactly what she wanted - a face full of cum. She laughed delightedly as I did it, grinning like mad as my spunk rained down on her until she was well and truly glazed.

"Get me my phone, please, sir?" she asked as I grunted and sat back on the cold bench. I handed it to her and she, through one uncovered eye, opened it up and then took a couple of selfies. She picked the one that looked the best to her, showing off both the cum and the lead hanging from her nose, along with her collar in the background around her throat. Then she sent it to the group chat.

“You look like you’ve been fucked good,” I said with a little smirk.

“I wish we could do more,” she grinned. “I wish I could leave this on. I would for you, Jeremiah. I’d wear it inside right in front of my parents. If you wanted, I’d walk right in, completely naked, and let you bend me over the dinner table and fuck me... well, after you sent my little brothers out of the room.”

“I didn’t even realise you had brothers,” I said.

“Oops Babies,” Jordan said. “And Oops in stereo because they are twins. Cute little munchkins, but at eight years old I hope you’re not planning on playing with me in front of them.”

“Jordan, I love you,” I said. “I’d never want to do something to hurt your family or your relationship with them. Or traumatize kids in general.”

“And that’s one of the many reasons why I’m your sub,” she said. “Though, I’m gonna be honest, you fucking me in front of my Dad without him knowing is definitely going to be on my list.”

I snorted and shook my head. My newest girlfriend was a freak.

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Leaving Jordan’s house was even more awkward than arriving - I’d asked if she wanted to reveal to her parents that we were dating, and she said she absolutely wanted to but not now. She fully expected her Father to be pissed and growling as he paced near the back door, waiting for us to emerge. Even after magically cleaning Jordan up, there was no hiding the sheer length of time we’d been out in the backyard and that had to raise questions.

The looming shadow, backlit by the light from inside the house, proved Jordan correct, but she escorted me back around to the front instead of into the house. That didn’t stop her father from showing up on the front porch, standing like a massive, bearded gargoyle as he glared at me.

“Oh, fuck,” Jordan sighed softly as we walked. Then, as we got to the end of the driveway, her eyes widened as she saw Victorious. “Oh... fuck! This is your car?”

“Technically he’s a demon horse morphed into a car form,” I said. “And his name is Victorious.”

“... does he let you fuck in the back seat?” Jordan asked.

“He’s offered, but I haven’t taken him up on it yet,” I said, opening the driver-side door and leaning in. I didn’t bother putting the key into his ignition but mimed it for the sake of Jordan’s father. Victorious’s engine thrummed to life.

"I like her spirit, Jeremiah," he said, though not with the booming quality he usually used. Even Victorious, it seemed, could tell when a father was considering murder.

"Hello, Victorious," my new girlfriend said, leaning her head into the car. "My name is Jordan, and I think you're goddamn sexy."

"Great," I grumbled. "You and Lindsey both. He's going to start getting an even bigger ego."

"Your filly has a discerning eye, Jeremiah," Victorious thrummed. "Shall we go for a ride? Perhaps find some foes to chase down so we might feel their bones beneath our treads?"

"By the way, he's murdered at least one car thief since I got him," I mentioned.

"Jesus," Jordan said, pulling back out of the car. "I'd still love a ride, but I don't think I'd hear the end of it."

"No problem," I said. Hopefully, out of view of her Father, I took her hand. "This isn't the goodbye I want to give you."

"I know," she smiled sadly. Then, after a quick glance over her shoulder, she turned back to me. "Oh, fuck it," she muttered, then threw her arms around my neck as she pressed herself to me hard enough to lean me back against Victorious. We kissed deeply, and I held her waist as I tried to let her know just how much I would miss her.

"Much better," I chuckled as we finally separated. "But isn't he going to be pissed?"

"He was going to be pissed no matter what," she sighed. "But I'm leaving tonight, so it's not like he can stay that way or he'll feel guilty."

"OK," I said, still holding her waist. "I'm going to miss the hell out of you, but I'll come visit in a couple of weeks."

"I'll have some girls lined up for you," she smirked. We'd talked briefly, while cleaning up, about the variables of sex powering my magic, along with my ability to teleport. "But be ready, repressed Mormon girls can be a little wild."

"If I come for a weekend, I expect you to save at least one full afternoon and evening for just us," I said sternly. "Opportunities or not. I need time with my girlfriend *and* my beautiful little sub."

"Promise," she nodded with a smile, then kissed me again. "OK. If we do that one more time he might blow his top or have an aneurysm. You should probably go now."

"Love you, Jordan," I said with a smile and a wink.

“Love you too, Bub,” she said with a smile, using her old nickname for me.

I left, and Victorious had the gall to tease me about being afraid of her father until I pointed out how he hadn't roared his engine or blasted his music either.

That night everyone was busy; Lauren and Lindsey needed to put in more time with their parents since Stacey and Lindsey were both headed back up to Cardinal in a few days so they would be ready for the start of their semester. Angie was spending some roommate time with Susie, and Annalise texted me that they'd finished 'the talk' with their brother Paul and it had been about as messy as expected but they were OK. Next she, Maya and their brother were going to visit their other brother Brandon the following day to do the same thing all over again.

That left me and Stacey to hang out with my parents, and once they had gone to bed it was just us snuggled up on the couch. Well, at least until she snickered and rolled over to lay on top of me, which led to us recreating that first time things got weird between us. Dry humping, after a day of wild sex, was practically mundane and yet it was still fun as Stacey giggled and moaned softly while the movie on the TV ran out.

Other than some texts from the girls that evening, things remained quiet. Jordan had a flight at 4 AM, which was awful, but I still managed to respond to the texts she sent me that morning. She immediately apologized, swearing she figured I would just reply later while she was in the air, but I assured her it was fine. I also responded to the teasing picture she'd sent me of her travel outfit for the day by sending her one of Stacey sleeping snuggled up next to me, her mouth slightly open and drooling on my chest. Jordan had sent a bunch of laughing emojis, then a heart emoji and, *'FOMO. Wish that was me.'*

The next day was, blessedly, entitled 'Jerry's Day Off' on the schedule the girls were keeping for me. With everything that had been going on, it was deemed that I needed a day of rest. Not from sex, obviously, but from big emotional or magical events.

The morning was dedicated to family time again, and since I was within eyesight of my parents I ended up needing to do chores. It felt silly, being an all-powerful sex wizard and needing to mop the kitchen floor and wipe out the refrigerator. Part of me wanted to magic up all the cleaning, and when questioned just tell my parents about the magic and the money and all of it.

I could help my Dad retire. Make things easier around the house for my Mom.

But I wasn't ready to tell them. They still saw me as a kid, their kid. And even with all the good things I could give them, it would also heap worry on them too. About the dangers. It was the age-old Superhero Dilemma - if you tell people you're a superhero, they will inherently be at more risk due to knowing. Just telling them magic was real, and proving it to them, would open them up to seeing magic elsewhere in the world. The same was true for my harem, but somehow that felt more *necessary*.

So I mopped, wiped, dusted and vacuumed, and I realized that it didn't really bother me that much. It also gave me time to think and consider all the various spell ideas that had been building up in my head.

After lunch, Lauren and Lindsey had come over for our 'workout' in the basement. I'd also received confirmation from Jordan that she and Ashley had arrived back at BYU safely, and she'd sent me a picture of herself naked except for her choker collar, on her bed in the apartment she rented in a student housing building.

Annalise called me sometime after the 'workout' session when the four of us had transitioned upstairs to 'study,' and I'd put her on speaker as she explained how things had gone with her brothers. She had been able to demonstrate Magic easily enough with her fire, and with Maya's backup her brothers had been convinced of what had happened. She hadn't exactly told them about the details of our relationship, but discussions were ongoing about who Maya would stay with. The four siblings would head down to their parent's old property together to salvage what they could find and pay respects to their mother's grave.

We'd sent her our love, and I'd offered to teleportal down even if she just needed a hug, but she assured us she was OK. She was surrounded by family, which was a first in a while, and she was safe and looked after.

Later that night was Date Night with Stacey and Angie, who were the two girls still in town who knew the least about each other. Lauren knew Angela through her being friends with Lindsey already, so while Stacey and Angela had been closer in age and generally interacted fine, they hadn't been friends before everything. The date went well; both brunettes were open to flirting with me and each other, and the simple date of indoor, glow-in-the-dark mini putt followed by a visit to Dairy Queen was a hit. We ended up back at Angie's for a sweaty, energetic threesome that culminated in Stacey being jealous of Angie's ability to take me in her ass so easily, wanting to try again, getting frustrated when it wouldn't work, and then her emotions getting soothed over as Angie and I double teamed her with oral that left Stacey giggly and groggy, she'd come so many times.

That night, once Stacey and I had returned back to my parents' house, Stacey snuck into my room as usual once we were sure my parents were zonked out and snoring away. As she snuggled up to me in nothing but a thin nightshirt that did nothing to hide her pokey nipples, I kissed her softly. "Can I ask you a maybe awkward question?"

"No, you shouldn't grow a moustache," Stacey said with a smirk in the dark.

"Not the question I was going to ask," I said, reaching down and grabbing her ass.

"Ask me then, dork," she whispered.

“What’s up with you being more and more open in playing with the others?” I asked. “When we started things a few weeks ago, you weren’t super into the girl-on-girl stuff. When we hooked up with Amara in Miami I was surprised but figured it was just for the magical gains, but you’ve been... I dunno. A lot more open. Like tonight.”

“I wasn’t into girls,” she agreed softly. “It’s more just... honestly, Jerry, we’re a really attractive group. Like, Lauren and Lindsey are stupid pretty, and Angie isn’t far behind. Annalise is pretty in a different way but she’s got those tits and the magic thing is super hot - no pun intended. Even Jordan is quirky-hot, and is obviously smitten with you. It’s not so much that I’m turning bisexual, I guess, than that I’m just... I don’t know what the label would be. Sex with attractive people is nice, but I like sex with people who are attracted to you. And I hadn’t really thought about that, and it feels weird to say now.”

“Are you worried about that?” I asked.

“I... don’t think so,” she said. “I mean, I’m going to be thinking about it more now. But I think it’s fine. I mean, I love you the most. You know that, right?”

“I figured, but it’s nice to hear,” I said with a little smile.

She leaned the few inches it took to bring her lips to mine and kissed me softly. “Sometimes,” she whispered even more quietly. “I wonder what my life would have been like if my parents hadn’t died. Which is probably normal for an orphan, I guess. I wish I could say I wouldn’t trade the life I’ve had with you and your parents for anything, but I’ll always have to wonder. But I wouldn’t trade anything for you, Jeremiah. Any life I coulda-woulda had, I think I would have loved you no matter what.”

We didn’t have sex that night - well, not in my bed, anyway. We’d already had plenty at Angie’s. Instead, we just held each other and talked about when we were kids, and all the little things that we’d loved about each other before we’d figured out we *loved* each other.

The next day was ‘Help Make Sure Lindsey and Stacey are Ready to Move Back’ day, which didn’t actually entail a whole lot of work from me. Neither of the girls had brought so much stuff down from Cardinal that they needed physical help packing so it was more about making sure we were all ready for the transition.

I was presented with a checklist of things to do, which included spending some solo time with both Stacey and Lindsey, so I did that in the morning. Stacey was still satisfied sexually and emotionally from the night before so we just hung around being friends instead of lovers, then I went and met Lindsey near the Baxley house and we went for a walk just holding hands and being together.

Lindsey, having *not* gotten the same satisfaction as Stacey the night before, contrived to lead me onto a path through a park area that gave her the chance to suck me off with a giddy little

grin on her face at the mild risk of us getting caught. There was a major part of me that wanted to just press her up against a tree and have my way with her after that, but I was supposed to take her and Lauren out later in the afternoon on a little double date of their own so I held off.

Another line on my To-do list was to set up the date with Moira that I had promised her the last time I'd seen her. Instead of texting I called her, and I could hear in her voice that she was stressed as she answered.

"Hello, gorgeous," I said. "It's Jeremiah."

"I know," she said, the hint of a smile coming through her voice. "I do have caller ID."

"Are you OK to talk?" I asked.

"Briefly," she said, and I could hear her walking.

"Are you doing a showing or something?"

"No," she said. "But I have one coming up."

"So you're alone?"

"Sort of," she said. "There's another Realtor just outside in the backyard."

"OK," I said. "I just wanted to call and let you know that I'm helping the girls move back up to the city tomorrow, and I was wondering if you wanted to have our date the night after next?"

She sighed softly, thinking.

"I'd really love to see you," I said.

"We shouldn't," she said.

"Moira," I said. "You practically demanded that we needed to go on a date. Please tell me you aren't regretting our night."

"No, not regretting it," she said. "Just... feeling like a repeat might be a mistake."

"If you don't want to see me, for whatever reason, I understand and will respect it," I said. "But I don't think you *want* that, do you?"

She hesitated for a long moment. "No, I don't," she finally admitted. "I'd love to see you again too."

“Last time we were fancy,” I said. “How about we do something more casual for dinner? You know the city better than me - where’s the best place for Barbeque?”

She rattled off the names of a couple of restaurants and I realized I was asking a woman whose job it was to know the city to give me information.

“Moirra, which is your favourite?” I asked.

“The Blue Whistle Canteen,” she said, and I could hear her smile getting a little bigger.

“OK. Do they take reservations?”

“No,” she said. “First come, first serve.”

“OK, then the day after tomorrow I want to pick you up at five on the dot. Are you available?”

“If I move a meeting I can be,” she said.

“Move the meeting,” I said. “Would you like to have dinner with just the two of us, or should I bring the girls?”

Another long moment of hesitation. “Dinner alone,” she said. “After... Can we see?”

“Of course,” I said. “Lauren will be with us this time. I know she wants to meet you. Play, too, if you want, but she’d at least like to say hello and thank you for helping us with the penthouse.”

“OK,” Moirra said quietly.

“Are you alright?”

“Just... you know this is a lot, right?” Moirra asked. “The age difference, you being polyamorous... group sex... You’re asking a lot.”

“If it’s too much, tell me,” I said.

“It’s not yet,” she assured me.

“Can I ask you for something else?”

“What’s that?”

I smirked a little, feeling nervous. “Could you send me a selfie? I miss seeing your pretty smile, and the way your eyes crinkle just a little when you laugh.”

That did get her to laugh, soft and light. "Only if I get one back," she said.

"See you soon, darling," I said.

"Bye, Jeremiah," she said and we hung up.

I got a picture from her after a couple of minutes. She was dressed up in a pretty blouse, her blonde hair styled perfectly, and she was wearing a reddy-pink lipstick that accented her broad, delicate smile. Then I got another picture shortly after, though this one was from the mirror of a bathroom in the house she must have been showing. She'd unbuttoned her blouse and was flashing the camera her sheer bra - her bust was small enough that she could have gone without one, but I doubted her professionalism would have allowed that.

My first picture I took carefully - I was already wearing a nice shirt since I'd had the mini-date with Lindsey, but I had to make sure my background didn't give away that I was living in what really did look like a high school teenager's bedroom. The girls seemed to think it wouldn't matter to her and she would just fall into the Harem like everyone else had, but I had a lot more concerns. Moira was great, but she had even more of an established life than Angela did. How could I ask her to change all of that, and possibly even uproot it, for me?

The second, sexier, picture was easier to do because I recruited Stacey to help. Soon I was shirtless, my torso glistening a little with a light amount of baby oil, and she showed me the right angle to take a 'thirst trap' photo from to accent my abs. Then she got in on the fun and we sent a third picture, and this one included Stacey pressed close to me in just her bra, licking up my neck. It felt silly, but the picture turned out pretty hot so I sent it to the group chat after Moira.

That choice turned out to be disruptive because soon I was getting inundated with pictures from all of my girlfriends from wherever they were. Even Annalise got in on it, taking a picture with her shirt off in a diner bathroom while she and her siblings were stopped for lunch somewhere in New Mexico.

When I got that one I called her, knowing she was alone for a moment, and we traded a few words as I encouraged her and made sure she was OK still. She assured me she was, so I let it be.

I made my way through a couple more small tasks the girls had set for me, including organizing a new account for 'household expenses' that the girls could use to buy things for the penthouse. Lindsey had outlined what she needed from me for that, so it was fairly simple to follow her instructions and get a good chunk of cash transferred into the account. I really needed to take more time to start accessing the other banks and accounts on the long list she and Stacey had compiled from Ezekiel's notes.

With the list almost complete for the day, I had about an hour to myself and I settled down to try and do something I hadn't in weeks - I wanted to write something. Inspiration abounded with my new life.

Twenty minutes later, I was staring at the little blinking line and an otherwise blank screen.

"Shit," I muttered. *Too much* inspiration. Too many ideas. The page in the document hadn't been blank the whole time - I'd started maybe two dozen different sentences but erased them all. I'd even managed to get through a couple of paragraphs a few times, but nothing felt right.

The ping of my phone was a welcome distraction from banging my head against the creative wall. Part of me was a little worried I'd get a message from Moira backing out from our date, but I mostly expected something from one of my girlfriends.

What I hadn't been expecting was a text from Aidra.

'It's done. Broke it off with Brenton, but I set him up with this other girl I know so he's disappointed but isn't blaming anyone.'

'Are you OK?' I asked her.

'OK? I'm *thrilled*,' she texted back. Then she sent me a picture. She was in what must have been her bathroom at home, and what little I could see of her body was dripping with water like she'd just gotten out of the shower. The focus of the picture was her tight little booty, plump and perfect for her small frame and height. *'This ass is all yours, Jeremiah. Just tell me when and I'll come running. I haven't been able to stop thinking about the last time with you.'*

I groaned softly, reading those words and looking at the picture of her ass. Aidra was... she was a lot of things. She was the most promising in I had to the magical world locally without just throwing my weight around, and she was a good friend with lots of the same interests as me. She was also a dynamite fuck, and having her to myself instead of sharing her in a threesome with her now-Ex was something I desperately wanted.

"Stacey!" I called out of my room. It took her a second but she came over from her room, and I tossed her my phone.

Stacey took one look at it and smirked. "Your parents went out," was all she said.

"They did?" I asked.

"You didn't hear them calling goodbye?"

"I had headphones in. Where did they go?"

“They got an invite to dinner and cards with... someone, I don’t know. They asked if I was looking forward to a family dinner and I told them I was fine just hanging with you, it’s not like I’m travelling abroad or crossing the country. I figured you could use the space with Lindsey and Lauren.”

“Stacey,” I said, frowning. “*Were* you looking forward to a family dinner?”

“No,” she chuckled. “I mean, I love your parents, but we’ve spent plenty of time with them this week. I’m still a college girl with her own life, including my boyfriend.” She winked at me. “Order Aidra to come over here. I’m sure Lindsey and Lauren won’t mind sharing their time if they’re going to get a crack at her too.”

“I don’t know if she’s into that big a group,” I said.

“Didn’t she say she was looking to date a subby girl next?” Stacey pointed out. “And she took two dicks. *And* she knows you’re a Sex Wizard and is still offering you her ass. I think she’ll go along with it happily.”

“OK, OK,” I said, gesturing for my phone back. When I got it I texted her. ‘*Come over now. I don’t want to wait an hour more.*’

‘*Do you want me natural, or can I take the time to do up my makeup so you can make it run?*’

“God,” I laughed, shaking my head. Stacey laughed when she got a look at the message. “OK, maybe you’re right.”

‘*Take your time, Aidra. But just so you know, the longer you take, the more likely it is my harem will be gathering to get a taste of you themselves.*’

All she sent me back was a picture of her looking into her phone, biting her lip.

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When I opened the front door, I stepped out and immediately took Aidra into my arms, lifting her up as our mouths met in a deep kiss. Her tongue was between my lips as I grabbed her ass openly and she started writhing her body, humping at me as we made out on the front porch. I managed to get us back inside without running into anything and I kicked the door closed behind us. I didn’t even stop the kiss then though, and instead walked her over to the entryway between the front foyer and the living room, backing her up to the bare half-foot of wall there.

“Fuck,” she gasped as we finally separated. “God, fuck!”

“Eventually,” I smirked.

“Hey,” she said as she leaned back against the wall and grinned at me.

“Hey,” I replied, squeezing her nearly bare ass. She’d worn a black and white kilt with thin black fishnet stockings and black and white Converse shoes that were currently wrapped around my back. Her jacket was a black leather number, and the shirt underneath was just a band t-shirt with some sort of spiky white design on it. And the time Aidra had spent on her makeup before coming over paid off - she was always attractively cute, but she’d gone all out with smokey eyes, black lipstick and soft contouring to her cheeks that accented her already cute apple cheeks. She’d also gone a step further and drawn a white line down the centre of her lower lip, and little ‘war paint’ marks under her eyes in the same white that I had a feeling would highlight any dripping of the thick mascara that was going to happen.

“I thought your harem was going to be waiting?” she asked.

“Lauren, Lindsey and Stacey are upstairs if you want to play later,” I said. “But first, Aidra... my little *hex slut*... I want you all to myself.”

She laughed when I used the ridiculous name she’d called herself when we’d been having sex the last time, and she ducked her lips down to kiss me. “Whatever you want, Jeremiah,” she said. “You’re the Seat.”

“I am,” I said. “But I’m going to tell you the same thing I tell every one of the girls in my harem and the hookups I have. Your pleasure, and what you want, are important to me. So if you aren’t actually that into losing your anal virginity to me right now, or don’t want to play with the girls, then that’s OK. I’ll be happy with whatever you want to do.”

“And if I just wanted to play a game of checkers?” she asked me.

“Then I’ll give you one hell of a fight on the checkerboard battlefield,” I chuckled, massaging her ass still.

“Fuck me,” she said. “Take me up to your room, bend me over and fuck me. I’ll be your little witch whore hex slut. Take my cunt, take my ass. Make me choke on your cock.”

“I absolutely will,” I said. “But first-” I lifted her up higher and she gave a whoop as her back slid up the wall until she had to bend sideways at the ceiling a bit. This height let me get her legs over my shoulders and I flipped her kilt up and over my head as I got my mouth between her legs. It was an easy thing to tear a hole in her fishnet hose, baring her pussy to me. She’d shaved or waxed herself bare, the little pentagram of pubic hair gone, and I gave her smooth mound a broad lick before diving my tongue through her pussy lips.

“Oooh, fucking hell, Jerry,” she groaned. She was contorted a little but clearly enjoying herself as she grasped at my shoulders and ran her fingers through the hair on the back of my head while I ate her. “God, fuck. You frea-hee-heeak,”

She had already been wet when I'd dived in, her taste quickly spreading across my lips and tongue, and I knew she must have been looking forward to this for a while because she was quickly rising into her first orgasm. With her legs braced on my shoulders and her back against the wall I was able to let go of her with my hands and I slid them up and under her jacket and shirt, quickly finding her little tits with my fingers and tweaking her nipples.

Aidra gasped and hiccuped as her first orgasm rolled through her. I kept tonguing her throughout, tasting everything she would give me, before slowing down and simply planting kisses across her now flushed labia, and then up over her mound and on the innermost areas of her thighs.

"OK," she panted. "Not how I'd thought this would start. But damn good."

Smirking, I held her by her waist and let her slide down from my shoulders until she was on her feet, pressed back against the wall as I leaned over her. She was still the shortest of the women I was intimate with, and she made me feel big and powerful as she grinned up at me and clung to the front of my shirt. "How did you see it starting?" I asked.

"Well, I fantasized a few times about you just bending me over and taking my ass right here in the front hall," she said. "Just a savage fucking that left me broken on the floor. But most of the time I pictured a sort of orgy scenario. I mean, I know you and the girls don't just live in a constant state of fucking, but fantasy doesn't need to match with reality."

"From what I know of the other Seats, that's closer to their lives than I'd like to think about," I said. "And like I said, I prefer to focus on the person I'm with. If fucking with the others turns you on, we can absolutely make that happen. Lauren and Lindsey in particular both definitely want a piece of you. But first, it's you and me, OK?"

She nodded and wrapped her arms up around the back of my neck, holding me close as we kissed again.

Eventually, we split and I took her hand, leading her up the stairs to my room. She didn't waste time, dropping her jacket and then pulling off her T-shirt, leaving her tits bare. "Want me to keep the bottoms on?" she asked with a teasing smirk.

The kilt was short and barely covered her ass, and I'd already ripped a hole in the fishnets. "Shoes off," I said. "They are cute as hell on you, but when your legs are kicking from the orgasms I don't feel like getting clocked in the face."

"Hmmhmm," she hummed a laugh, sitting on the edge of my bed to undo the laces. "Big words. Maybe you just want to suck on my toes."

“Maybe I *will* suck on your toes,” I said. “But only while I have you bent in half and I’m pounding your ass.”

Aidra got one shoe off and stopped, looking up at me. “Jerry, I’m going to need you to stop doing that.”

“Stop doing what?” I asked, concerned at the change.

“Saying shit that makes my pussy clench,” she said, her serious expression breaking. “Seriously. Do that. Bend me in half, throw me around. I’m usually the aggressor in this sort of situation, and last time you showed me you could take that role and I want you to.”

I stood from my desk chair and went to her, grabbing her knees and lifting them so she fell onto her back. I held her legs to my chest and quickly undid the laces on her other shoe, pulling it off myself. “You want me to be in charge?” I asked her.

She nodded, biting her black-painted lip as her chest rose and fell with her panting.

I did actually suck a couple of fishnet-covered toes into my mouth for a moment, then left them and kissed her ankle. “You want me to throw you around?”

Again she nodded, looking at me with those big eyes.

“You want me to tell you what to do?”

“Yes,” she hissed softly.

“And take your ass? You’re sacrificing your anal virginity to me?”

“Take it,” she said. “It’s yours.”

I opened the zipper of my jeans and then got the button undone, letting them drop. I leaned down over Aidra, pressing her legs back to her chest, and without looking I got my cock out of my briefs and pressed the head between her pussy lips, sliding it across them and between her tightly-squeezed thighs. Aidra whimpered at the feeling, giving me a pleading look.

“You know this isn’t the only time this happens,” I growled at her. “You can date other girls, but from now until at least to the end of the year, you’re mine. Here. At school. Anywhere I take you, you’re mine.” I didn’t ask her to be in the harem - we weren’t there yet. There were too many unanswered questions. But I wanted her, and I wanted her to want me like this too. Maybe I’d gotten a little egotistical after putting a collar on Jordan, but I felt like I was reading Aidra correctly. She liked to be dominant but also wanted a safe space to be the reverse as well.

"I know," she said, looking at me with the kind of gaze that made promises words couldn't quite make out.

I pressed my cock into her in a long, slow stroke that brooked no resistance. Aidra groaned throatily, her pussy clenching and squeezing as I took her. And then, once I was fully seated inside her, feeling her innards pulsing and shifting a little as they got used to me again, I cheated a little and kissed her, triggering an orgasm with the touch of our lips and a little spark of magic.

She came hard, moaning into the kiss and actually biting my lower lip as her legs trembled and her hands grasped for mine until they clasped. As she came down I pumped into her a few times, hearing the lewd squelching of the juices she'd been leaking.

"Holy... fuck..." she panted. Then she glared at me. "You cheated, didn't you?"

"Caught me," I said, grinning and shrugging. "That'll be the only one, though. I just thought it was a climax-worthy moment."

"It was, you bastard," she laughed.

"Good," I said. "Because now we get down to business." I pulled out of her completely and took her raised legs in my hands, spinning her around on the bed so that her head was hanging off the edge. "Open wide," I told her. "Because first I'm going to fuck your face and get that makeup running all pretty just like you want. Then I'm going to fuck this pretty little pussy," I scooped my hand over her mound, working two fingers into her briefly. "And make sure it remembers who it serves. And then, only once you're dripping my cum, I'll take your ass. Sound like a plan?"

"The best," she agreed and opened her mouth to stick out her tongue.

"That's my little witch," I groaned as I tapped her tongue with the head of my cock. "That's my little fucking witch."

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I knocked on the door to Stacey's room and entered. Lauren, Lindsey and Stacey couldn't *not* have heard the ravishing of Aidra in my bedroom next door. Especially not the absolute whorish moans and swearing the lithe little goth had been letting out as I took her ass for the first time.

It was completely unsurprising that I found them in a state of undress, and it looked like they'd kept themselves busy. Lauren and Lindsey were both completely naked and already a little sweaty, while Stacey was wearing an unbuttoned blouse still but that was it. All three of them were on the bed, though Lauren was half falling off of it as she was braced on the floor with both arms while Lindsey was eating her out. Stacey was panting near the head of the bed and

grinning, clearly having just orgasmed. All three of them looked over at us in the doorway with grins and raised eyebrows.

I walked in, carrying Aidra as she clung to me and groaned with each step. She was in my arms much like she had been when I first brought her inside, except this time my cock was inside her. Also, her cheeks and forehead were both smeared with the streaks of her running mascara, and the black lipstick was pretty much worn away.

“Ladies,” I said. “This is Aidra. Aidra, my dear, these are Stacey and Lindsey, and you know Lauren.”

Lauren backed away from Lindsey and stood, coming over to hug me and Aidra both and she smirked when she saw the well-fucked grin Aidra couldn't get off her face. “Damn, girl,” Lauren said. “Lucky you. Welcome to the club of ‘Nearly Fucked to Death by Jerry.’ Was it fun?”

“Mhmm,” Aidra mumbled and nodded. “Not done yet though.”

“No?” Lauren asked.

“Obviously not,” Lindsey chuckled as she got off the bed as well and then knelt right in front of me. “Jesus, look at this ass,” she said as she gave Aidra's booty a smack. “Stealth juicy, and gaping from a good fucking. And such a *pretty* gaped asshole, too.” Then she leaned in and I knew she started tonguing Aidra's ass.

“H-h-hooo boy,” Aidra panted, clinging to me more.

“Yeah, she'll do that,” Lauren smirked, then took Aidra by the chin and pulled her into a kiss.

It didn't take long for Aidra to come again, and then I planted her on the bed as Lindsey and Lauren both leaned in and captured one of her little tits between their lips. I turned to Stacey, who hadn't moved from her spot on the bed yet. “She gets creamy as hell,” I said. “Want to try eating her out?”

“Only if you slide that cock into me while I do it,” Stacey grinned, finally getting up.

“Absolutely,” I said, kissing her as she knelt on the bed before she got down on her hands and knees and planted her face in Aidra's creamy pussy. Almost all of it was Aidra's secretions and not my cum. Almost.

“Damn, Aidra,” Stacey said as she got into position, spreading the smaller woman's legs. “Nice abs.”

“Thanks,” the witch panted.

I gave Stacey a little spank on the ass, then got into position as I locked eyes with Lauren. She was smiling as she sucked on Aidra's tit. I could tell she was thinking it even if I'd told her it wasn't the time. *Seventh concubine*. She wouldn't say it, but she believed it.

Instead of dealing with that, I busied myself wedging my cock into Stacey, who very much appreciated the attention.

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"Thanks, Jerry," Aidra said as I helped her with her coat. She was all cleaned up - the makeup was gone, along with the cum. Both from the girls and my own. Aidra had definitely not been squeamish about eating them out. Nothing a slow, hot shower couldn't fix as Lindsey and I pampered the very well fucked girl. Linds had given her some tips on dealing with the day-after ass fucked feeling, and even though they'd barely traded a few words beforehand, after the shower Aidra had hugged Lindsey hard and thanked her. The best I could think was that it was fuck-bonding. Lindsey had obliged with a smile, looking at me with a grin over Aidra's head as she pulled the girl tighter to her bosom.

"I should be thanking you," I said as she turned, shrugging into the coat a little bit more. "I had a lot of fun, and thank you for giving me something so special."

"Are you kidding me?" she asked. "After that, you're the only guy ever getting it. No one else is going to make it feel anything close to that. You've staked your claim on my ass. It's yours."

"I'll keep that in mind," I said with a grin, reaching down and grabbing said ass over her kilt.

"Just so you know, I was serious at the start," she said. "I don't know if that was just you dirty talking or not, but I'm into you fucking me whenever you want."

"How about us fucking each other?" I suggested. "I'm not just going to use you like trash."

"OK, I'm into us fucking each other whenever you want," she said. "And if that's the case, I definitely don't need another guy around to cramp that. Are you sure you're OK if I date a girl?"

"You did say you wanted to find a sub," I said.

"True," she smirked. "So... I'm sex-friends with a Seat of Fertility."

"I don't know about you, but I'm more shocked that I'm sex friends with Aidra, not a witch," I said.

"True," she said with a smile. "I'm sex-friends with Jeremiah."

I escorted her out the door and on the front porch she turned back, pulling me down into another kiss that lasted a long time. "Just sex-friends?" she asked.

"For now," I whispered. "I need to talk with you soon. Really soon. About magic stuff. We can fuck after."

"Anytime you want," she smirked. "Tomorrow?"

"I'm driving Stacey and Lindsey back up to Cardinal," I said. "I'll be there for a couple of days, so I won't be back until late Sunday. Maybe Monday after school?"

"It's a... not-date," she said. "Magic talk, and then fucking."

"Plenty of fucking," I agreed, and we kissed again for a bit. It was funny how similar and yet different Aidra's face was when she was stripped of her gothy makeup, and yet she felt the exact same.

When she pulled away she was grinning. "See you Monday," she said. "My ass will be waiting."

I laughed and gave her butt a spank over the kilt, then slid my hand under the kilt to grope it. I'd fixed her fishnet hose with some magic and her cheeks were once again encompassed in the netting.

When I let her go I turned to escort her to her car at the curb but stopped.

"Oh, fuck," Aidra said under her breath.

"Shit," I muttered under mine.

At the end of the driveway, looking at us with giant eyes and gaping mouths, were my best guy friends. Jay, with a pizza in his hands, and Benji with a board game in his. Both just staring at us in shock.

"Lauren!" I called back into the house. I was going to need some backup.