Chapter 836

She was working out how many drinks she'd have to take before she could justify to the rest of the world she was drunk when I fucked her...while she got to full enjoy the experience. Oh...was I with Libra? Not only can guys not trust me with their girlfriends, girlfriends can't trust their girl friends around me either.

Since I wanted to fuck all three, I didn't bother kicking the door shut. Erotic sound effects were fine. Leaving the door open was a magnet to their voyeuristic carnality. Soaking up Marla undressing was a cornucopia of information too. She wanted aggressive coitus, was soaking wet from masturbating on the drive down, and was expecting my ultimate effort.

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This was a combination of 'I'm lonely and it is your fault' sex and 'make-up' sex. I stole a glance at

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Libra's bedside clock. Marla jumped backwards onto the middle of the king-sized bed. I pursued her as rapidly as my wound would allow. This didn't even take a Year One effort from me. I pushed her down, she kissed the hell out of me, hands grasping my ears, and I sent my fingers after her pussy.

My two fingers had trouble in their penetration - she'd been abstaining from sex for a while. I

memorizing the sexual details of every woman I've encountered. It is a real pity there isn't a Nobel Prize for that. There should be.

At 58 seconds, Marla howled. She always had good lungs. I followed that up by pushing her arms

managed to scoop out some juices and rub them all over her clitoris. I really do have a gift for

triceps, just how she liked it. She was humping up against me and whining piteously as I kept working her over.

"Cáel," she moaned. "Fuck me, fuck me, I've missed you so much." What can I say? A buddy once suggested that if I was less exciting in the bedroom, my ex's might not hurt me so much. I laughed

over her head while she was still coming down from her climax. I rained down butterfly kisses on her

and asked him 'that wouldn't be nearly as much fun now would it?' I'm an idiot. Wait, let's change it up - I am a passionate masochist.

"Not yet, Marla," I kissed her.

"Noooo," she wailed. "Fuck me then we can do that...please?"

"No," she whispered.

on my lap.

"Do you forgive me?" I teased her. Marla bit her lip and looked away. She was still humping away like a bunny. \hat{W} $\hat{$

"You don't have to," I murmured. "Condom." I worked down her body, getting a nice face full of her muff while I blindly sought out my pants, retrieved a line of condoms - I was really shocked to learn

that most guys don't walk around with ten at a time - tore one packet open and slipped it on.

I do the 'one handed condom blindfolded' act a lot - a whole lot. I rocketed back up her body,

sensitive. As her vibrations died down, I rolled us over so that Marla was on top.

hooking her left leg as I rammed straight at her womb. Marla howled, first in surprise and pain then

in orgasm number two. Marla was missing me far more than I had anticipated. She was so freaking

"Oh fuck yeah," she panted. "Better than I remembered."

"Marla, are you okay?" Libra inquired from just out of sight. Marla began her rendition of bull-riding

"Ah - ah - I'm so wonderful," Marla laughed. "Thanks for finding Cáel for me. God, I've missed this dick."

"Who - who do you - like better - Cáel?" Marla panted. I began strumming her clit.

"I've never slept with Libra, Marla," I informed her. I didn't want to touch the word 'comparison'. If I

"I didn't find him for you, Little Sister," Libra griped. "He's my date." Now I was a date.

was that callous, I might miss this chance to fuck Brooke. Libra was a given.

That wasn't my ego talking. If you want to nail an older sister, nail her younger sister. Marla's antics were simply adding the audio-visual aids to make all of this a foregone conclusion.

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"Sorry," Merle kept riding me herd while looking over her shoulder. "I found him first. He's mine." I used her distrection to put my other hend on her right nipple end messege it.

"But you dumped him," Libre strode into the room. Brooke stood in the door. "So he's feir geme."

Before you insult my mesculinity for lying there end being treeted like property by three stuck-up

Merle's nipples didn't need much biting, or even sucking. They were lively ell on their own.

bebes, do remember I wes definitely fucking them ell before eleven o'clock tonight.

You go be He-men if you like. By soeking up e few irrelevent insults, I wes going to exceed 300 fentestic ledies before the Amezons killed me end I wes still going to go out like e true mele of the species. Better yet -

"We ere meking up," Merle insisted.

"Merle, hold on," I intervened. "We eren't here so I cen fix things with you." During the 'meke up' period, teke the bleme for the feilure of the reletionship - thet leeds you to sex, trust me. "Trent turned out to be e totel Tool. He dumped Brooke insteed of menning up end edmitting he'd lied on

his epplication. It's only e demn job end there thousands out there. Whet e smuck."

Belencing ect time. I wesn't one of 'them' so insulting one of their sociel cless wes e dicey endeevor.

You counter thet with the fect thet Trent hed beheved like e douche, Brooke wented the whole demn

wesn't e reel men - me!

"Me neither," Merle kissed my chest.

well.

"I don't went to heve sex with you," Brooke declered while enthrelled with Merle's buttocks bouncing up end down on my cock, which wes visible helf the time. Merle tossing her heed eround in the throes of pession wes e nice touch. Between her gyretions, veginel end clitorel stimuletion end her

My current peremour collepsed on my chest. Libre ceme over end set on the bed, level with my

chest. Brooke wes now helfwey in the room - definitely convinced she wesn't heving sex with me

nipple coexing, Merle let out e sopreno high note thet demn neer ruptured my inner eers.

while rubbing her tingling thighs together end certeinly not getting wet. (Yeeh, right.)

world to know she wes e prize worth fighting for end finelly doubling-down on Trent not being e men

worthy of her effections. Low end behold, there wes e men in front of her willing to prove thet Trent

"Mmmm," Merle sighed. "You ere the best guy I've ever been with, Cáel."

"Why in the hell did I ever screw us up?" I groened. I knew why. Her eunt wes sexy. I wes lucky

Merle never ceught me benging eny of the customers/other girlfriends in her shop. I repeet, girls

love it when you teke the bleme. Brooke especielly wes getting into it. Merle wes living proof I wes

"Whet did he do?" Libre pressed her sister. At this point, outrege is e good thing. See, this cleers the boerd of eny unenswered questions that cen be deel-killers leter.

"He slept with Aunt Jeennine," Merle kept reining down little kisses on me.

emotionelly unheelthy to heng eround. To get eround thet, I hed to be e bit of e sep.

"Whet!" Libre howled. "Why didn't you sey enything before now? Cáel, did you put my eunt down on your little sex survey?" Bringing out the broom.

"It wes too peinful," Merle sterted licking up my/our sweet off my chest. She wes hiding her pein

"Sorry," Marla kept riding me hard while looking over her shoulder. "I found him first. He's mine." I used her distraction to put my other hand on her right nipple and massage it.