Chapter 875

Chapter 875

"Sammy, Cáel's nailed a girl who was making afood delivery to us. In around an hour and a half, a waitress he met for a minute and gave his number to, will be here. She moved into his room. They are not a couple," Timothy tried to explain.

"She lives here to hang out with me and bangsCáel when he doesn't have anyone else over, yet, I swear on Buddha's Belly, I've never seen him abuse a girl," Timothy continued. "It is the strangest

damn thing I've ever seen. He's stacked them up like jets at LaGuardia."

"He's a shit-head player," Sammy glared.

"Do you feel used?" Yasmin pointed out."You don'tbecause you weren't. He's not trying to out-dick your vagina. He's not out to steal Evie. He is admittedly hormonally unbalanced. That doesn't make him a bastard. I'm not here looking for a boyfriend and if I was, it would never be Cáel."

"If you can get past the fact he might have sex withyour girlfriend from time to time, he's really a great guy," Yasmin added. "Cáel is fearless and as long as sex is not involved, completely reliable."Sammy was clearly not believing any of this, finally turning back to Timothy.

"He gives an incredibly good dicking, he's a dog,and he's one of my best friends," Timothy shrugged.

ww(w).lacktriangle0lac

I had been 'one of the guys', a 'buddy' and 'dude'. I had never been considered a man's best friend before and I had never heard Timothy toss that term around about anybody. I went up and hugged him.

"Dude, you have lousy taste in friends," I patted hisback.

"Cáel, I have plenty of friends who wouldn'tabandon me in a fight. You are the only person I know who took an arrow for a little girl you barely knew," Timothy patted my back."You don't find that dedication often. In the past two months we've been through more freaky shi t than I've experience in the past ten years. Faults and all, this has been the best time of my life."

I stepped back until we were at arm's length.

"I take that back. You don't have lousy taste infriends-you are delusional," I blinked.

"He got shot-took an arrow-for a little girl?"Sammy gulped."How come this is the first I'm hearing about it?"

"I have a dangerous job," I regarded the new girls."I test poultry for signs of intelligence. Let's

"That would be the bandage on your leg?" Eviepointed.

justsay that a sleeper cell got past me and chaos ensued."

"What do you do you really do?" Sammy pressed.

"Translation: he can't talk about it," Yasminsmirked.

"I'm working on a special project. We are tapingstrobe lights to Garden Gnomes then, using hobby

store-bought rockets, my corporation is going to sell them as a Developing World-friendly alternative to the current GPS system," I looked grim. "Really?" Sammy looked uncertain.

"I work for a really sleazy corporation," Iconfessed. "There is nothing they wouldn't do for a buck."

"That's heartless," Sammy protested."Men like thatare raping the planet and exploiting the poor."

"Sammy, I work for Havenstone CommercialInvestments. I am one of three men in the entire workforce-that is well over 10,000 women; undoubtedly more," I smirked. "If it is any consolation, I am treated as little more than a pin-up model by my co-workers."

"Oh wow," Evi e snickered."Were you hired foryour looks?"

Bolingbrook College in New Hampshire, an institute of higher learning renowned for its 70% female student population and nothing else. Still, I

"Hardly," I declared with authority. "I majored inBusiness with a minor in Philosophy from

am working for a Fortune 500 company at a job I am totally unqualified for, earning an unheard of starting salary and constantly required to work shirtless, or naked. www.novELworm.čoM "Personally, I think it was my creative writing skillsthat won them over," I nodded sagely.

"You are a jerk," Timothy snorted."I hate it whenyou tell the truth and make it sound unbelievable. It

is a skill I've never seen wielding so cuttingly."No one said anything for a few seconds. "It is really annoying that no one believes I earnedmy position because I'm actually intelligent and

hard-working," I grumbled. "Welcome to the world of a Carnival dancer,"Yasmin laughed.

"I was going 'a blond bimbo'," Sammy agreed, "butthat works too."That broke down the social ice.

the other side.

Letting yourself soak up a bit of ridicule can pay huge dividends. I was going to be back in bed with every single woman in the room-even the lesbian, though I'd be sharing a girl with her, wait and see.

For some reason, Sammy remained convinced I was an asshole, so she dared me to kiss Timothy. I

shrugged, Timothy shrugged, so we kissed. Seriously, I have no clue what I WON'T do for sex. When Timothy slipped me some tongue I nutted him. As he doubled over, I told him I wasn't the kind

of guy who went beyond se cond base on the first date. The group informed me that second base was touching my cock...whoops. Then Evi e reminded me

that I had sex with her within fifteen minutes of our initial meeting. I replied I hadn't had anal sex with

her yet, but if that was the case, I was sure Timothy would be a good sport about it all. Timothy had finally gotten back to his feet. Again, he nodded. This time he snatched me up, bench pressed me over his head (man, we need to re-spackle the ceiling) and bounced me off the sofa. Timothy is really strong too. I hit the floor, face down, but with

my knees and palms catching my weight. I quickly summersaulted and regained my footing. I

trusted Timothy. Still, talking about anal sex with a big, buff gay man then assuming the doggy-style position... let's not tempt fate. My antics earned me another round of sex. After Evie exploded (figuratively) all over the place with her... third orgasm, I looked over Yasmin's shoulder to Sammy, who was sexing up my Brazilian from

"I have totally and completely re-evaluated havinga lesbian in bed with me, Sammy,"I testified."You rock!"

Yasmin. After we demolished Yasmin, Sammy mounted me. My coc k was on my belly with her soaked pussy pressing on it. She wanted a 'test drive'more than anything else-the experience of feeling the differences between the masculine and feminine skeletal and muscular textures and nuances.

"Can I touch your breasts?"I requested. Sammythought it over, eventually giving me an 'okay'look.

She had those nice, banana-cone shaped breasts with huge areolas and sizable nipples. I started

Sammy shot me a look, realized I was expounding true praise and picked up her ravishing of

off by lifting and weighing each teat, taking it nice and leisurely. Sammy decided I was doing a passable job so she stopped studying me and got into the sensation of the moment. That little gasp cued me in that I had earned the right to move a little farther. Her nipples were already engaged. A half-dozen grazing passes and they were definitely joyous. Lesbians, bi-sexual

were specific arousal cues. Most lesbians didn't like Old Spice, The Firemen of New York calendars and Enrique Iglesias. At the very least they aren't throwing their panties at Enrique. Touch and taste tend to be unisex. Baring

you having big, calloused man-paws, fingers are fingers and hands are hands. Taste is taste and

and straight women all have the same physiology, yet different visually, audibly, and olfactory stimuli

more individual specific than gender-related wŴW.nOνεΙŴοℛm.co(m) Sorry ladies, your sweat can stink as much as a men's does. It is more a matter of diet. Both sexes should clean up down there'. It is common sexual courtesy, so use it. When I can, I use a subtle cologne though I've used women's Secret deodorant on rare occasions. It earned me curious looks

wanted to tell me to stop. She was caught in a double bind -she was getting gratification and the only reason to refuse it was because I was a man; a man she had allowed to touch her. That would make her either sexist, or a bigot. Never ignore the all ure of the female orgasm. Add to that, never ignore the power of friendship. As

Sammy was already taking quick gulps of air when her worried eyes looked down at me again. She

Sammy struggled to master her 'lesbian outrage', Evi e sneaked behind her, wiggling two fingers past my nut-sack, along my coc k and into Sammy's pussy from behind. "Evie," Sammy moaned in protest.

"Sammy-love, he's not trying to fuck you," Eviemurmured to her companion."You are liking what he's

doing and you know you have dynamite nipples. Let him have a sample." To me, "She likes a whole lot of suction and a tiny bit of teeth."Sammy attempted some kind of protest. Yasmin stroking Sammy's upper thigh, hip and stomach breached the dam of her inhibitions.

every time, but it never stopped them.

 $\mathbf{w}\hat{\mathbf{W}}\mathbf{w}.\mathbf{n}\hat{\mathbf{o}}\mathbf{v}\ddot{\mathbf{e}}\mathbf{I}(\mathbf{w})\odot\mathbb{R}\mathbf{m}.c\mathbf{O}\mathbf{m}$ So,I had a lesbian lowering her body toward mine. First her palms rested on my shoulders. Sammy's body flowed up mine until her elbows replaced her hands and her tits were now

"You should have longer hair," she purred as sheran one hand through my locks. "I don't normally go for but ch girls." You guys go be indignant if you wish. These were some sweet teats I was indulging in and I had zero regrets about 'girling-up'for a lesbian. Sammy finally climbed to the mountaintop of her orgasmic quest and howled out her victory.

accessible. As advised, I applied a wet vacuum seal to her right areola and nipple. I twirled my

tongue around her savory flesh, bringing Sammy to the point she embraced her tantric titillation.

face. Yasmin went to her knees, leaned over Sammy's prostrate form and began seriously making out with Evie. I lived in a vortex of unexpected pleasure and fulfillment. I had taken part in making a lesbian sexually complete.

She cascade down on me, my lower stomach syrupy with her juices and her bosom muzzling my

"He's the only guy you've ever been with," Evieteased.

"Fine. He's still the best. Cáel, have you everthought about becoming a post-op transsexual?"

Sammy giggled.

"You are the best guy I've ever been with," Sammymurmured.