My Best Friend Blaine

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18-year-old gets closer to her roommate her boyfriend.

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I always looked up to Blaine; she was like the big sister I never had.Blaine taught me everything, from how to walk in heels to the art of getting a guy to pay for your drinks. I really loved it; hell, I loved her. It killed me to admit it, but I really did. Not in the awkward way a brother loves a sister, or the passionate way a husband loves a wife, but in a secret, silent way that was embarrassing to think about.

But as I sank lower into my bubble bath, I started to think about it more and more. Had I always felt this way? Did it show? My mind wandered to the scene of my thirteenth birthday. Blaine was eighteen and way past the age for showing up at kiddy parties, but she came anyway, toting bags of makeup and stuffed animals. There had to have been at least ten or fifteen other kids there, but she was the only one I saw. That night, in the basement when she was loading my lips with cherry gloss, I kissed her cheek and asked her to run away with me.

"You're such a sweetheart," she had said, ruffling my hair. I had felt like such an idiot then and the same way even now. Blaine knew everything and I knew nothing.

I let my breasts bob on the surface of the water for a moment and ran a fingertip over the soft flesh of one nipple. They weren't as nice as Blaine's, as I had observed one day during a bit of topless sunbathing at the beach. Hers were this lovely pale pink, just like her lips, and much smaller than mine.

As I rolled the brown bud back and forth between my fingers, I thought of how Blaine might like it if I did the same to her. I closed my eyes and gave it a little pinch, all the while picturing my roommate lying beneath me, red hair fanned out on the bed. Part of me wasn't sure it was what I really wanted, but the idea definitely seemed nice.

"Blaine," I whispered her name out loud and trailed a hand down my stomach, lazily. Just as I parted my thighs, the bathroom door swung open.

"Hey roomie!"

I jumped, splashing water everywhere, but Blaine just looked in and laughed. I adored that laugh, even if it was at my own expense.

"Sorry honey," she started peeling down her stockings. "Was I interrupting something a little naughty?"

"No!" I snapped and contemplated getting out of the bath. It was just too hard to concentrate when she was standing in front of me, undressing like that.

"Can't you do that in your room?" I whined, trying my best not to watch. Blaine just smiled. There was something motherly about it, and it *killed* me.

"Is that water warm?" she asked once she was down to her bra and panties.

"Sorta..." I blew some of the bubbles around and then stopped. "You're not thinking of getting in, are you?"

Blaine pulled hair into a ponytail and then twisted that up into a bun.

"Why shouldn't I? You're taking ages." she gave me another smile, and I couldn't bring myself to protest. She looked so lovely with all that red hair framing her face. Thinking about it made me remember a time when I was younger and tried to dye mine to match hers. It would have been perfect...if I had known what the hell I was doing. I put in too much, left the dye in for too long, and when Blaine came to my aid to rinse it for me, my hair fell out in clumps.

"What's your rush?" When I looked up again, Blaine had her bra off and was stepping out of her panties. I turned back to the tub as quickly as possible, and pretended I hadn't seen anything.

"Big date tonight," she slid into the tub behind me and sighed. We hadn't taken baths together since we were little, and even then I had been self conscious.

"Big date, huh?" I felt a little jealous of her. Blaine was always getting dates, which meant as soon as she came home with them -- which she always did -- I was confined in my room until they decided to stop fucking.

"Yeah. Met him at work when he came in for a coffee. His name is Mark. Nice guy, really. I want you

to meet him." Blaine started to rub her soapy hands on my back. She always did have a problem with self-control.

"I don't want to—

"—you're so lucky you've got bit tits," Blaine interrupted me and squeezed them together with a giggle.

"Blaine!" I splashed her in the face with the bathwater and she let go, laughing still.

"You're so damn sensitive," she took my hands and placed them on her small breasts. "See? Feel them. I don't care."

I kept my hands there, even after she had let go, and ran my fingertips across her nipples. Blaine smiled curiously at me.

"Mark likes big tits too, you know..." she said once I let my hands fall away.

"What do I care?" I huffed. "He's gonna be fucking you, not me."

Blaine chuckled right against my earlobe. "Mm, yeah...that's right, isn't it?"

The tickle of her warm breath made me flush.

"You're such a whore," I sank lower into the water with a nasty scowl on my face. I hadn't meant it seriously, and I knew she knew that.

"At least I'm not a *virgin*," Blaine pushed me down under the water and I came back up, coughing.

"I am not!" I grabbed her shoulders and tried to push her down in return, but she looped her arms through mine and held us together.

I didn't mind it at all, really. Even though we were both slippery with soap and water, chests still pressed tight against mine. With a little smile, she ran a hand over my thigh.

"Pretty much though, right? You've only slept with what...one guy?" Blaine's hand traveled over my bottom, but she didn't spank or squeeze. She just left it there, casually.

"Two," I corrected. My heart was racing, but I tried not to let my arousal show. "Maybe I just don't

need a cock in me at all times."

"Maybe you don't like cock at all..." she teased. "Is it pussy you're after?"

I opened my mouth to protest, and then shut it. I didn't even want to hear myself answer that question.

'Maybe I like both,' I thought angrily.

"Don't get all serious; I'm just kidding," Blaine spanked me this time, and then pulled the drain plug with her toes. "Now stand up and help me rinse off."

I turned on the overhead shower and did so with no protest. I felt nervous, rubbing the soap on her skin, and then clearing it away, but Blaine didn't seem to mind at all. She wasn't shy about massaging the soap into my breasts, and even sponging between my legs. I wanted to tell her to stop and give me a little space, but I couldn't find the strength to deny myself of her touch. She was so gentle, so motherly as she washed me; I found myself wanting to hug her as she shampooed my hair.

"Tired?" she murmured. Her voice was soothing and without its usual humorous undertone.

"A little," I rubbed my sponge between her shoulder blades. "I wish you didn't have to go out..."

"Aww, you're such a sweetheart," Blaine whispered in my ear.

Hearing those familiar words stirred anger within me, but before I could snap at her, Blaine just turned up the shower flow and rinsed off. I stood there for a while after she got out and watched her fix herself up for the date.

"Are you sure this guy is nice?" I finally stepped out and wrapped a towel around myself. Blaine let her hair down and started curling it.

"Very," she smiled to herself. "Like I said, you should meet him."

"I'll pass. I've met nice guys before." I tugged my robe on and followed Blaine out of the room when she was done.

"But obviously not enough of them. You should put out more, sweetheart." She stepped into a pair of strappy black heels that matched her thong panties, and didn't bother with a bra.

I didn't respond to Blaine. Instead, I sprawled out on her unmade bed and watched her struggle to pick an outfit. She finally decided on a dress she'd bought weeks ago, but never worn. It was a backless mini that I hated, with a low draped front. It was easy to see the swell of her breasts, and with just a slight bend at the waist, she'd be flashing anyone who stood behind her.

I wanted to tell her not to wear it, but I knew there was no point. The more I protested the more keen she'd be on leaving the house in it.

As I stared up at the ceiling, Blaine sprayed on perfume and went over a series of chores she wanted me to do. Of course I wasn't going to do a single one, but I thought nodding and "mhm-ing" was the right thing to do.

When the doorbell rang downstairs, I followed behind Blaine sluggishly, just to get a look at the guy she'd be leaving with. They greeted each other with a series of overzealous kisses, but I didn't really react. Like I said, Blaine didn't have much self-control. Part of me couldn't blame her, either. Mark really wasn't bad looking. He was sort of...gorgeous.

I hid at the top of the stairs instead of facing them together, and stared. He seemed a lot older than Blaine, probably in his early fourties, but he looked good for it. Nice smile, clean shaven, good hair. Real hair.

It was a step up from some of the undeserving assholes I'd seen her parading about with. He looked corporate almost, very important and distinguished.

Putting out worthy.

I started feeling a little jealous again, but not for the same reason as before.

'*Maybe I should have more sex,'* I thought solemnly of the stash of toys I had shoved in the back of my closet.

I was too picky when it came to men, and I almost always ended up chickening out when it came to the sex.

It wasn't as if I wasn't interested in it – I was definitely interested in it – I just didn't feel like going through countless men to find the one to hit the right spot for me. Two nights of bad sex over two years was two nights too many.

"Hey roomie! Get down here!" Blaine called up the stairs while holding Mark's hand.

I started to go back towards my room, but I was certain they had already seen me. So still in my bathrobe, I sucked it up and plastered on a fake smile.

"Hi..." I gave my hand to Mark. "You must be—

"Mark. Blaine's told me so much about you," he smiled at me, and I shrank a little. There was something a little...dirty behind it. And besides that, I hadn't noticed how tall he was. I felt like a dwarf in front of him.

"Um..." I couldn't think of anything else to say. Why would Blaine bother to tell him anything about me in the first place? She'd never done it before.

"Isn't he great? He's great, isn't he?" Blaine gave me a little punch in the shoulder and I pretended to laugh about it.

"Yep," I avoided her date's eyes, but I could feel him staring at me anyway.

"Hey, you just turned 18, didn't you?" Mark got my attention again.

"Yeah..." I furrowed my brow. "Yesterday."

He just smiled instead of saying anything else, and I fought the urge to clamp both hands over the front of my robe. It felt almost as if he could see right through it.

"Well, don't wait up," Blaine winked at me.

"You're a lovely young lady. Take care," Mark leaned in and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I hadn't seen it coming fast enough, and when I tried to turn my head, our lips touched.

I didn't know what to say after that, but neither Blaine nor her date mentioned it. Instead, they bid me goodbye again and left. On his way out, Mark gave me a little wink of his own.

I decided not to dwell on it, and plopped down on the couch instead. I watched a documentary on god knows what for a while, and then started feeling antsy. I couldn't get Blaine and her new boyfriend out of my head. He was too old for me, but I kept thinking about how nice it would be if I could be the one going out on a date for once.

It was then I remembered my address book. I had to know someone who'd want to get together. The

first guy I called was a friend from high school, Daniel. We didn't go to the same college, but occasionally Dan and I would fool around when he was in town. There was never any sex, but I figured it was something we both thought about enough to go through with...

Luckily when I called he was in and spending a night at home. He seemed eager to come when I invited him, and as soon as I hung up, I went up and changed my clothes. After digging around in my closet for a little, I found the present Blaine had given me yesterday – a white lace babydoll with matching g-string. She always was one for inappropriate gifts, but I figured as long as I had it, I should put it to good use.

It took about half an hour to get into it properly, and by that time, Daniel was at the door. I pulled on my robe again and ambled back downstairs to meet him.

"It's great to see you again," he gave me a polite peck on the lips at the doorway, and wiped his feet on the mat. That's the kind of guy he was. Sweet; even when you didn't want him to be.

I kissed him again when I shut the door, and he pushed me firmly against the wall. It knocked the wind out of me at first, but I was pleasantly surprised.

'So much for politeness,' I thought. In response, I slid my tongue into his mouth and angled my mouth slightly. Even after we parted for breath, he still feathered kisses on my cheek and collar.

"So how's life?" I managed. Daniel slid his hands under my robe and pulled it down to expose my shoulders.

"Well, I can't complain..." he smiled when saw the lingerie. "I definitely... can't complain."

"I take it you like it?" I wrapped my arms around his neck and he slid his hands down my sides.

"Very much." he kissed me again, harder, and we stumbled our way over to the couch.

We didn't spend anymore time chatting after that. I helped him out of his shirt and jeans, and tossed them on the coffee table. Blaine was always doing the same when she brought her boy-toys home, and for some reason, it made me feel more adult, more mature. I had always lived by pages torn from the "Rule book of Blaine," but I had never been able to pull off the things she did quite as well.

'Not until now.'

"What made you want to get together?" Daniel dragged my robe off completely and then leaned up to

get a better lock.

"Horny," I chuckled, straddling him. "Very horny."

"So you're using me?" he smiled curiously. I slipped one hand into his boxers and watched his eyes roll back.

"Do you mind?" I jerked him again. Half chuckling, half moaning, Daniel just shook his head no.

As he relaxed against me, I pressed kisses down his chest in a beeline towards his waist. Daniel stroked the side of my face absentmindedly, and continued to hold his eyes shut while I pleasured him. He looked so peaceful and sweet, it was hard to get turned on.

"Oh..." he arched his back against the couch a little when I finally took him into my mouth. His cock was still a little soft, but as soon as I began to suck, he swelled between my lips.

"Mmm," I groaned. "You're so fucking hard..."I opened my mouth to take him further in, and then all of a sudden heard the front door unlock behind us.

"Roomie!" Blaine called out, and I nearly jumped out of my skin. Daniel gave the same look of panic, and immediately began tucking himself back into his jeans.

"Ow," I stumbled into the coffee table as I tried to snatch up my robe. "Hold on! Stay in the hall!"

Just as Daniel pulled his shirt back on, Blaine and her date came into view. I hadn't covered up yet, and my lingerie was out for them both to see. Blaine covered her mouth with her hand, but I could see the laughter in her eyes. Beside her, Mark just stared.

"Why are you home so early?" I covered my front with the robe instead of pulling it on. "You left half an hour ago!"

"We got bored," Blaine smirked. "Hello Daniel..."

She gave him a little wave, and I felt like dying right then and there. Daniel looked as though he seconded that notion. Even with his jeans on, it was easy to see his cock straining against the fabric.

"Hey," he said quickly, and then looked to me. "Thanks for...well...um...I had a nice time. Call me, okay?"

I nodded miserably as he planted a fast kiss on my cheek and hurried out the front door. Blaine just kept looking at me with a smirk on her lips, and her little boy-toy parroted it easily.

"I'm going to bed," I pulled the robe closed over my shoulders and with what little dignity I had left, marched up the stairs.

Blaine tried to call me back down, giggling all the while, but I shut myself up in my room, prepared to die a slow death.

'That's what I get for trying to follow her advice...' I turned on my side in bed and licked my lips. I could still taste Daniel in my mouth, and I didn't hate it at all. Men were so unique tasting, so musky and warm...I loved it, but couldn't help wondering about how other women tasted. My thoughts turned to Blaine once more, and I growled out loud. There was no use thinking about that when in a matter of moments she and her date would be screwing.

At that moment, there was a loud bang at my door. I started to get up, but stopped when I heard Blaine's obnoxious giggling.

"Watch it! You're gonna get her pissed," she whispered. "Come on...my room."

I covered my head with the pillow again and willed myself to sleep.

A few hours later, a long while after the giggling and groaning had finally ceased, I dragged myself out of my bedroom and into the hall. Everything was quiet, and it was after one in the morning. By that time, Blaine had usually sent her fucktoys home. So I carefully opened the door to her room to see. Blaine lay on the bed completely nude and alone, the sheets only covering her ankles.

Her toy was nowhere in sight, so I took the liberty of strolling in without asking. Blaine was asleep and snoring lightly. Under any other circumstance I would have been annoyed, but she just looked so perfect lying there. I let my gaze drift down between her thighs and smiled. She had red hair everywhere. Very gently, I placed a hand on her stomach and waited for a reaction. There was nothing. Blaine continued to snore.

Her skin was so smooth; I couldn't help but stroke it. With a smile on my lips, I moved my hand up to her breast, and teased her soft, pink nipples. They hardened quickly under my touch, but Blaine remained unaware. Or so I thought.

"Pinch them," she whispered suddenly.

I recoiled immediately, but Blaine caught my wrist at the last moment with a smile. I wanted to apologize, or at least to crawl away and hide, but her smile kept me grounded.

"I knew you were a lez..." she chuckled while pulling the robe from my shoulders.

"No," I tried to protest, but she was easing me down on the bed next to her, and I couldn't think properly anymore.

"I'm only kidding," she brushed a bit of hair out of my eyes in that same, motherly fashion. "It's okay to experiment..."

Blaine continued passing her fingers through my hair. "I did it during college...there's no reason why we shouldn't...why we couldn't..."

"I-I we can't...I mean I'm not..." I stammered dumbly, but no longer had any idea what I was saying. All I knew was the feeling of her lips on my neck. Her kisses felt so soft and natural, I didn't feel hesitant at all when I cupped her breast with one hand. I took her advice and pinched her nipple to see how she'd react. Blaine mewled quietly in my ear, and then licked it slowly. I could already feel wetness building in the crotch of my panties.

"You look so hot in this outfit," Blaine said, referring to the lingerie. "I actually felt jealous of that kid you were with. But when I really think about it, he wouldn't have known what to do with you."

I hid my joyous smile by bowing my head to suck her nipples. She moaned in appreciation and I felt her hips wriggling beneath mine. I never knew she was so sensitive.

"Are you as wet as I am?" she asked, shamelessly. Before I could stop her, Blaine reached down between us. Her fingers pushed aside the string of my panties and slipped into my pussy. I could hear the wet sound of her fingers sinking in, and it felt so much nicer than I thought it would.

"Blaine!" I gasped, when she wriggled them slightly.

"You are, you naughty little thing..." she sucked her fingers with a naughty little smirk. I started to turn away a little, embarrassed, but Blaine put an end to that when she pulled me on top of her without warning.

I didn't know what to do, but Blaine kept smiling.

"Lick my pussy," she commanded. My heart sped up a little, but I didn't resist. There was no point.

Blaine could talk me into anything. As she watched, I planted kisses down her tummy until my mouth met the soft, red hairs at her entrance. I licked them teasingly, matting the hair, but Blaine didn't seem up to it. She pushed my head down with one hand and spread her legs.

I was overcome with her smell and taste all at once. She was musky, like Daniel, but there was a much sweeter undertone. With one thumb, I rubbed lightly on her clit while my tongue slid in and out of her pussy. It was cute to see the way Blaine writhed under my touch, and hear the soft sound of her moans. That alone kept me going, plunging deeper, stroking longer. Though filled with nervous tension, I fucked her with my tongue the best I could, each time pulling back with a bit of her sweetness. The whole situation was unreal, and I didn't want it to end.

I leaned on my arms with my ass in the air and held her hips down to keep her from bucking. I was sure I had her in control, until I felt my underwear being pushed aside again. I was indeed taken by surprise, and gasped at once when I felt two fingers slide inside me from behind. However, they weren't as smooth and gentle as before. In fact, they felt thicker, and moved inside me quickly.

"Not so hard, Blaine..." I squirmed, but Blaine didn't say anything.

It was at that moment, I realized that both of her hands were at her breasts, squeezing as I licked her. I stopped immediately and looked over my shoulder.

It was Mark, from before.

He was standing over me in nothing but his boxers, one hand on my ass to keep me in place. I tried to pull away, but he held me still.

"Just keep licking her pussy," he breathed on my neck. "You were doing such a good job before."

I was hesitant, but Blaine pulled me forward for a kiss that gave me reassurance. Her tongue slid into my mouth and I imagined she could taste herself clearly.

"He's right," she pulled down the straps on the teddy and shimmied it down to expose my breasts. "I haven't cum yet, baby."

I nodded obediently, but proceeded with caution. Instead of the furious tongue fuck I had given her earlier, I opened my mouth over her pussy, clit and all, and then sucked hard. Blaine squealed loudly and groped one of my breasts. It was hard to absorb the feeling when behind me; her boyfriend was working his fingers in and out of my pussy, now at a painfully slow pace. Even with just two fingers, I could feel him stretching me. It felt so good, it almost hurt.

"You've got a tight cunt, sweetheart." Mark squeezed my free breast and leaned forward. He was pressed so close that even through his boxers; I could feel his cock jutting into my thigh. It had to be at least seven or eight inches of hard, hot length. I knew should have been repulsed by the situation, but strangely wasn't. Mark wasn't being incredibly aggressive or perverse, and the closeness of them both made me feel warm.

It also reminded me that he had been the one to fuck Blaine only moments before. The pussy I was licking was the pussy that had squeezed tight around his cock, and pulled in all his cum. I probed in a little further with my tongue, secretly hoping to taste a little of it.

"I told you," Blaine's voice was breathy, but full of humor. "She's only had sex twice."

The two spoke over my head as though I wasn't there, and quickly it became obvious that I had been set up. Blaine wanting to introduce her guy friend to me, the stares, the age questions, the coming home early... This is what they were after all along. Again, I wanted to be angry, but I just couldn't find it in me. Maybe hours later when I drank it all in, but not then.

"She looks like she's pretty good at sucking cock too," Mark and Blaine both shared a little chuckle, but it didn't last long.

Blaine came without warning, and I made sure not to move my mouth until I had lapped up all over her juices. It was sticky on my lips and tongue, but I didn't care. I was experiencing something groundbreaking, something I might never get again in my lifetime.

"Good girl," Mark pulled my head up and pushed me towards Blaine. "Now kiss her."

I didn't hesitate, and neither did she. Mark slipped his fingers out of my pussy and walked around to the side of the bed so he could watch. Blaine and I kissed and groped hungrily. By the time we had parted for breath, Blaine had ripped and shoved off the teddy top of my lingerie. She left on the g-string, and rubbed me through them with her wandering hands.

I could feel Mark's eyes on us, but instead of bothering me, his gaze only made me hotter. I snuck glances at him as Blaine and I kissed and saw that he was slowly jerking his stiff cock. I couldn't see much through the dark fabric of his boxers, but judging by the shapely outline in them, he was impressive, to say the least. Every few moments, he let the thick head peek out of the waistband, and my pussy throbbed in longing. His ogling made me feel almost like a performer— grinding, moaning, and moving for the sake of my onlookers. It got me going, and all I wanted was for him to drop his boxers and give me what I was aching for.

Blaine wriggled her body against mine until our breasts were smashed together, much like in the bath we had shared earlier, but the mood was entirely different. From the wicked look in her eyes, and the way her kisses were trailing lower, I knew that she was prepared to go down on me in return, but Mark pulled us away from each other, abruptly.

"I thought you wanted to watch us," Blaine ran her hands over his chest, playfully. Mark indulged her for a moment with a brief kiss, but then turned to me.

"I do," he tried to coax me into a kiss as well, but I turned my head. I had to admit, I did feel a little awkward about kissing Blaine's guy, especially when he was so much older.

"Go on, It's all right," she seemed read my mind. "He likes you. Besides, we're sharing here."

"Sharing?" I looked into Mark's eyes, and they were smoldering with desire. I let him push me backward onto the bedspread and then press his lips onto mine. His tongue swept my mouth in a way similar to Blaine's, and I wondered for a moment who had learned it from whom. It felt good though, anyway, to have him turn his full attention to me. His kisses weren't nearly as fervent and bruising as Blaine's but just as enticing. When he finally pulled away, I let out a pleading moan.

"Come on, sit up." he smiled and gestured to Blaine, who had been watching and fingering herself.

When she pulled her slick fingers away, I came to her side and sucked them clean. The sinful actions were becoming second nature to me. Mark stroked my hair lovingly.

"You are a delight, you naughty little girl, you." he kissed my neck and then pushed Blaine's legs apart with his hands. She turned over on her stomach, and I sat back, watching in earnest.

Mark instructed me to remove his boxers and obeyed, giving him a little rub and tickle along the way. He slid the full length of his cock inside Blaine in one quick stroke. I was amazed at how well she could take it, but once again, it was one more thing she could do better than me.

Judging by the way Mark smiled; the surprise on my face was obvious.

"Don't worry," he pushed inside Blaine again. "I'll be easier on you."

I just blushed and continued to watch them fuck. Blaine was fully at his mercy, and from the loud smacking noises and the way her breasts swung as they moved, told me they both liked it quite rough. That and the dirty talk they engaged in continued to turn me on. She begged him to fuck her

cunt, he called her a whore, and all I wanted was to join in somehow.

I became entranced with Blaine's swinging breasts, and couldn't help but touch. Mark smirked at me again when he heard Blaine's enthusiastic moan.

"Go ahead, suck them. I give you permission," he told me.

Part of me felt a bit embarrassed that I had really been waiting for his say so, but another part, a stronger part, liked that he was so controlling. So on his insistence, I slid underneath Blaine and took a pert nipple into my mouth. Her moans became even louder, and with that, Mark quickened his pace. From my position below her, I could see his cock clearly working in and out of her. There was something so incredibly carnal about it that I couldn't help but want to be a part.

"That's it, baby." Blaine squeezed her eyes shut. "Just like that – don't stop!"

As I licked and bit playfully on Blaine's tits, I used one hand to rub her clit. She felt so hot, and so did he. Every time he pulled out and pounded back in, I could feel his balls smack her cunt, and my fingertips simultaneously. Just hearing how close Blaine was to orgasm made me crave it myself. Between the three of us, I had received the least action.

I started to kiss Blaine again, but she was too on edge to put any heart in it. Just as I began to work at her nipples again, Mark dragged me up with one hand. He pulled me so my side was squashed against his, and commanded me to watch. Blaine's pale cheeks were flushing red, and her whole body was sheened with sweat.

"Fuck! Fuck it harder! God..." she pressed her face into the pillows and I heard her scream.

When Blaine finally came, I was able to see it from Mark's level. Her pussy sucked him in greedily, and spasmed as she twitched. I felt his entire body shiver as he groaned. He hadn't cum yet, but still he slid his cock out so I could see. It was slick and covered with her juices. Blaine whimpered and relaxed onto her stomach.

"Do want me to lick her again?" I looked up at Mark expectantly.

"No," he held me tightly by the wrist, and then pointed his cock at my mouth. "Lick me instead."

Mark helped me to my knees and timidly, I obliged. I worked first at licking Blaine's juices off while she and Mark watched me, and then pulled back. Gently, he eased my head down again, and his cock brushed my cheek, leaving a wet smear.

"Go ahead," he urged.

I licked my lips and slid as much of him as I could manage into my mouth. He gasped quietly, and I waited a moment before running my tongue along his length. His foreskin slid back and I held it there with my free hand, all the while licking him. I felt his hands slide into my hair, and then another moan, soft again, but very telling. I could only imagine how hard he was trying not to cum. Very slowly; Mark began to move in and out of my mouth.

"That's it," he pulled firmly on my hair. "Such a good little slut..."

I swallowed repeatedly as Mark began to thrust; struggling for air, but it was obvious he got off on it. And when he pulled his cock out again, slick with my saliva and his pre-cum, I did too. Eagerly, I took in again and sucked harder. I tried my best to keep a tight seal around Mark's cock, but it was difficult to focus when Blaine was near me. She dropped to her knees beside me and ran a hand down my back, between my shoulder blades, and then down to my ass.

The fingers of one hand pressed daringly at the puckered bud, while the others teasingly grazed my clit. I was still wearing the g-string from before, but Blaine made no move to take it off.

I continued to suck him for a few more minutes as Blaine teased me, but Mark pulled away before I could get him to cum.

"Very nice..." he breathed heavily, and I could tell it was an understatement. "But I still want some of that ass. Turn over."

Once again, I obeyed. But before he touched me again, Blaine turned her attention to him. She began to suck his cock as well, and it seemed he couldn't bring himself to resist. She moved much faster than I had, and used her hand to jerk as she licked. It was amazing to watch her; she was so skilled it killed me. Even the way she dribbled her own saliva onto his cock as lubricant made me hot. I leaned back against the wall behind the bed head and let my own fingers graze my pussy. As soon as Mark caught sight of what I was doing, he pulled Blaine away.

"Hey," he took my face in one large hand. "You don't cum unless I make you. Understand?"

His tone was stern, but I didn't feel scared.

"Y-yes. Okay," I said simply.

"I told you she was a good girl," Blaine snaked her arms around his neck and gave me a sultry wink. At that moment, I realized I'd never be able to look at her the same way again.

"Do you have anything?" I heard Mark murmur to Blaine suddenly, and with a sigh, she went rummaging through her bedside tables.

I looked up to try and see what she was doing, but Mark pinned me back down. Under his guidance, I took a submissive position on my hands and knees, as Blaine had before. With one hand, he gave me a spank and raised my ass in the air. All of a sudden I felt Blaine's familiar fingers part the lips of my pussy and slide the g-string away. Her tongue, I assumed, was warm on my clit, and made no hasty moves. In that position, I was exposed to them both, and thanks to Blaine, completely wide open for Mark to see. As her mouth worked over my swollen clit, Mark dipped a finger into my dripping cunt.

"Oh fuck..." I moaned loudly at the feeling and tried to clench my muscles around it, but with Blaine holding me open, it was difficult. As Mark worked his finger in and out, I noticed it had a much slicker, cooler feel. The same feeling emerged again when he pressed for entrance at my asshole. My first instinct was to resist, but with the ease of that lubricant, his finger slipped in part way before I could clench down around it. He moved it gently in time with the one in my pussy, and I fought to muffle my whimpers in the pillows.

"Please..." I begged, but wasn't quite sure of what I was begging for.

"Now now..." Mark chided, playfully. "Be good." Shortly after, a second finger moved into my pussy. The stretching feeling wasn't quite so bad anymore, and the warmth of Blaine's tongue moved to my spread asshole. She spread my cheeks and tongued it lovingly. As she did so, I could feel her saliva sliding down the crack of my ass and into my pussy.

"Please...I want your cock..." I said it softly, but it was enough too make them both stop. Blaine giggled behind me and spanked my ass hard.

"What did you say?" Mark pressed a kiss between my shoulder blades.

"Fuck me," I clenched the bed sheets in my palms. "P-please fuck me."

"What do you think, Mark? She's been so good...she deserves it, doesn't she?"

I wriggled desperately, and I could practically feel Mark grinning down at me.

"She does," he offered his slick fingers to me, and I sucked them dutifully.

I expected him to slide in from behind, the way he did for Blaine, so I was surprised when instead, he pulled me to my knees again. I stared dumbly as he lay back on the sheets, and then looked to Blaine. She too looked a little bewildered.

"Come here sweetheart," he smoothed his hair back with one hand and pulled me onto his chest.

"You're going to let her ride?" Blaine's eyes lit up. Looking down at Mark, I felt horribly embarrassed. The position was so...exposing, and I certainly didn't have a figure like Blaine's to make it look sexy.

I started to tell them I couldn't, but then I realized how much control he had just given me. I imagined that for a man like him, it was not an easy thing. I looked down at Mark again and pushed his sweaty bangs out of his eyes. They were still full of lust. Although still a little hesitant, I took his cock in my palm and rubbed it at my entrance. It was swollen and engorged with blood, and I knew he had to be dying to cum. As I used the blushing head to rub against my clit, I heard Mark gasp and his hand squeezed my forearm urgently.

"Don't," he warned. Although he was beneath me, he was insistent on keeping a semblance of control.

At last, I obliged him, and raised my hips. Mark and Blaine watched eagerly as I slowly let him sink into me, inch by lovely inch. I leaned forward and began to rock, but he stopped me again.

"Wait..." he breathed out shakily, and I felt his cock twitch within me. We both took a moment to adjust, and I let my hands wander he expanse of his chest before rising up again.

"I love the way you squeeze me," he rasped. I closed my eyes as his hands wandered up my body to cup my breasts.

Beside us, Blaine kissed and petted his hair.

There was silence amongst the three of us again, and then I slowly began to ride him. I moved slowly, deliberately on top of him, while trying to fit as much as I could in my pussy. I could hear the wet sounds of us meeting and parting, and it was intoxicating. I'd never been filled so much in my life. I could even feel Blaine's soft hands stroking my ass and massaging Mark's balls. Along with her fingers, Mark's joined in to help me along. He parted the lips of my pussy and pinched my clit. It was all completely overwhelming, but in a *very* good way.

I started to ride him harder, and the bed rocked a little with the motion. I hadn't felt so good, so free, so filled in a long time.

"That's it," Mark grabbed my hips, hard, his fingertips digging and squeezing me. "Good girl... You love it don't you?"

I could barely manage a squeak.

"Tell me," he demanded, rocking me harder against him. "Tell me how much you love this fucking cock."

"I...I..." I couldn't even answer. So many different feelings and emotions were stirring within me; all I was focused on was trying to reach my climax. And when I did, it was phenomenal – as if a thousand firecrackers were going off somewhere deep inside.

"God!" I dug my nails into Mark's forearms to steady myself through the explosion, but he wasn't anywhere near satisfied.

As my muscles clenched and spasmed around Mark's cock, he flipped me onto my back. With finesse I wasn't aware anyone could posses, lifted my legs over my head and hammered into me.

If it had been anyone else, I would have been too sensitive to continue, but I readily allowed Mark to bring me into another orgasm with his thrusts. He was so deep inside me, and I'd never felt anything like it. I shut my eyes and couldn't help the squeals and cries that passed my lips. His balls spanked my ass, his hands pinned me down, and his cock...his cock hit me perfectly, over and over...and over.

No longer could I form words. I squeezed my eyes shut and groaned, long and hard. As if it was some sort of signal, I felt Mark's body stiffen up and his cheeks flush red.

"Fuck! Oh, Christ...I'm c..." he gasped and moaned.

Assuming he would cum inside me, I tried to lock my legs around his waist, but Mark pushed them back up, swiftly. Without warning, he pulled away from my warmth and hoisted himself over my body. His hand worked his cock quickly, and I lay back to take everything he had to offer.

"Yeah, please-please...I want your cum!" I cried, caught up in the thrill of the moment.

Still panting and exhausted, I closed my eyes and rubbed my hands up and down his thighs as Mark

shot his load onto my stomach, bright white against dark skin. The first creamy ropes splattered on my face, but the rest pooled on my tummy. Taking over, I stroked Mark until I milked out every last drop, and Blaine sucked the rest from his dick with a smile.

"I want to see you again," he bent over and whispered in my ear. I started to look to Blaine for approval, but he kissed me briskly to stop it.

There had been a bit of cum on my lips, but he didn't seem bothered by his own taste.

"Just you," he kept his voice low. I nodded slowly and Mark got off the bed. He watched for a while as Blaine and I kissed and licked the cum away, but then shuffled back into his clothes.

"Leaving so soon?" Blaine giggled teasingly. I knew she probably could have cared less. Guys weren't exactly slim pickings for her.

"I have work in the morning," Mark smiled, but I noticed it was more at me than her. I pulled up the comforter to cover my chest a little, and his smile turned into a smirk.

"I had a great time," he said, finally. "Maybe we'll have more sometime?"

He left before either of us had the chance to respond, but Blaine seemed rather dismissive.

"He really was nice..." I snuggled against her.

"Yeah, I guess." she sighed. "Boring as hell though...outside the sex. I can't see myself doing much else besides screwing around with him."

"Oh I don't know..." I smiled to myself, but Blaine wasn't paying attention.

She murmured something about taking a shower and tried to drag me with her, but I stayed planted. I didn't want to erase the memory so soon. Before our little ménage a trois, I had been so jealous of Blaine and always tried to emulate her, but now I knew better. I knew how deeply my feelings ran for her, and I knew I didn't want to try and be her clone. I didn't need to be. She and Mark too, apparently, liked me well enough the way I was.