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Taste Is Everything

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DRAFT

Chapter One

I exited the greenhouse, my latest treasures cradled in my dirt-stained hands. The hybrids were doing nicely, thank-you-very-much, and it was time for me to test the results.

It only took a few moments for me to ensure that Brooke wasn't around. She was exceedingly tolerant of my hobby, allowing me both the time and finances to indulge it. There are not a lot of wives out there who would let their husbands build three separate greenhouses on the back of their property, and spend a couple of hours each day lost in them.

Of course, I made sure she received some benefits out of them. Fresh herbs, exotic vegetables, bouquets, orchids. My Grandma called it a green-thumb; if it grew out of the ground, it would flourish for me.

The one thing my wife would not tolerate was the risks I occasionally took. Like I was about to. I made a paste of the smaller berries, removed the skin of the larger ones, and combined them in the mortar. I selected my treasure, *Lymania Brookiana* a unique subspecies of the *Lymania Bromiliads* I had discovered on my botanical safari in Brazil's Amazon basin. In exchange for a week spent at Ipanema and touring Rio, I was encouraged to disappear into the selva with my guides, searching out new and interesting plants.

One of my guides, an ancient by any measure, had been excited by the discovery of the unusual *Lymania*, with distinctive deep blue flowers. He'd pinched a couple off, and handed one to me, then popped the other in his mouth, gesturing for me to do the same.

I did, which is *exactly* why my wife would kill me, if she ever joined me on one of my annual excursions into the interior. I chewed the flower, almost flavorless, observing my native mentor. He was grinning, then reached into his backpack, searching for a while, before withdrawing a small shaker. He shook it over his hand, releasing a few small white granules, and passed me the device. I glanced over at the translator who grinned.

"Salt," he said. "Taste."

Curious, I shook out a little and licked my hand. "Nothing," I told him. It was totally tasteless.

His smile was enormous, when he took the shaker, and upended it over his mouth. He shook his head quickly, wincing. "Salt."

Passing me the plastic container, I sampled more, licking it up. Nothing but a hint of a subtly sweet flavor. The ancient laughed, waving the flower.

Could it be possible? A new flower, with properties similar to *Thaumatococcus*, or *Synsepalum dulcificum*, except instead of changing sour to sweet, it turned salty to nothing? It should be possible, something like *Amiloride*, blocking the salt taste-bud receptors.

I was exceedingly familiar with *Thaumatococcus* and *Synsepalum dulcificum*, two very different plants, both named Miracle Fruit although the *Synsepalum* was more recognizable by the name. They were one of my primary fields of study.

This was new. At least I believed so. There were several of the plants growing in the area we were in, and further investigation found one with several pups ready for harvesting. I carefully

removed them, and placed them in my care carrier, protecting the fragile roots and moistening them. I took an abundance of pictures, and logged the GPS location. I spent a moment marveling at nature, and its infinite variety and miracles.

A year later, in my greenhouse, I had seven flowering plants. Seven. I'd named them after my incredible wife, of course, although nobody knew that yet. Shortly, these plants would pup again, and I'd have a sustainable colony.

For now, I held several of the small flowers in my hand, and it was time to verify the plant's properties. I tasted a bit of sea salt to give myself a baseline. Yep, very salty. Rinsed my mouth, gave it a minute, then chewed a flower. Tested again.

Not salty. Hint of sweetness, maybe, almost invisible.

I was so excited that I was almost shaking. A botanist's dream.

I placed a few of the flowers into the mortar, and ground it into the miracle-fruit paste with the pestle. Dipping my finger into it, I sucked it clean. Very sweet, too sweet.

I cut a lemon in half, salted it heavily and bit into it. Damn! I could have been eating a nectarine! Took another bite, and laughed out loud. I was going to be famous. Well, not Einstein famous, but I'd get my own little footnote in horticultural history. Sure, there were already almost 3200 Bromeliaceae identified, the pineapple and spanish moss the most famous, but still!

It was a night for celebration. My wife should be back from her evening Yoga class any moment. I cleared the dining room table, and brought one of my precious plants in as a centerpiece, misting it carefully, and placing it so as to be as visually pleasing as possible.

A few seconds with my paste and some food coloring, and I had a 'pâté' cracker for an appetizer. Our best china was set out, with a half lemon, half grapefruit, steamed brussel sprouts, sardines, a pretzel stick, 90% Dark chocolate and of course individual salt cellars. Three glasses were available, one contained a strong Cabernet Sauvignon, another tonic water, the third cider vinegar.

I tasted things several times myself, to make sure the taste conversion was still happening, and to help determine the duration of the effect. I knew the *Thaumatococcus* effect could last for hours, and my first try with the *Brookiana* had endured all afternoon.

At my desk, I pulled out the little placard I'd made on the printer, listing family, genus and species, with the dedication to my patient partner. I placed the draft of my scientific publication with it. I had photos of Olaf Bromelius, and Lyman Bradford Smith, accompanying the photo of my wife on Ipanema beach.

I was trembling in anticipation. Seven years of education, six more of research, and I had hit the jackpot. Sure, new plants are discovered all the time, but with rare, useful, even unique applications? That was something very, very different.

Brooke entered the house, chatting on her phone, tossing her gym bag to the side of the entrance. Her hair was still moist from her shower. I practically ran her over in my excitement.

She laughed, that beautiful joyous laugh of hers. "Gotta go Deb, Nathan's here, practically bouncing off the walls. Something's got him wired. Love ya."

She accepted my embrace, returning it. "What's got you in such a glorious mood?" she teased.

"Hungry?"

"Starving."

"Then have I got a surprise for you!"

I sat her at the head of the table, in my usual seat. The plates were covered with our best cloth napkins, a temporary wall surrounding the centerpiece.

She was chuckling, enjoying the surprise. “What gives?”

I removed the cardboard from the center of the table. “Ta-da!”

She gave me a patient smile. “It’s beautiful.”

“It’s you!”

She looked at me quizzically. “Me?”

“*Lymania Brookiana*,” I told her excitedly. “A new species!”

She looked surprised, and excited. “You named it after me?”

“Of course! It’s the most amazing thing. You’re not going to believe this.” I uncovered the tiny plate at her side, exposing the ‘pâté’.

“Eat! Eat!” I encouraged her, removing the covering from my own serving, and popping the cracker in my mouth.

She picked it up, smelling it. “What is it?”

“A surprise. The most wonderful surprise in the world. It’s you.”

“Me?”

“Eat! Please!”

She indulged, me as she usually did. “A little too sweet I think,” she said afterward.

I felt like a kid with his first bicycle. “Have a drink,” I told her, the three glasses uncovered the whole while.

She reached for the tallest, the vinegar, the grin I was wearing was in danger of splitting my face.

She looked at me oddly, then took a sip. “Apple juice?”

I giggled, reached over and removed the cover from her plate. “Taste! Everything!”

She looked stunned. “What kind of meal is this?”

“Please, Brooke. Trust me, it’s the greatest meal ever. Eat!”

I uncovered mine, and took a bite out of the grapefruit, a sip of the tonic water, and popped an entire brussel sprout in my mouth. It was like Halloween. Candy everywhere.

She hesitantly dug into the grapefruit, and took a bite. “Not bad? What kind is it?”

“Secret,” I giggled. “Go ahead.”

She picked up the brussel sprout, not one of her favorites, and took a bite. A shocked look appeared on her face. She finished it, then lifted the lemon, biting into it.

“What ... what’s going on, Nate?”

“Isn’t it amazing?”

“It’s all wrong...”

“Sugary? Sweet?”

“Yeah.”

“It’s you, baby! The magic of Brooke. Take anything sour, bitter, salty, and turn it into a sweet joy.”

“How?” she asked, taking her time to taste each of the items.

“*Lymania Brookiana*,” I explained, “With some *Thaumatococcus* and *Synsepalum dulcificum*.”

“English please, Dr. Greene.”

“Miracle fruit and Brookiana flower.” I jumped up, and gave her a hug. “It’s amazing. Blocks the salty taste buds, and converts the bitter and sour buds reactions to sweet.”

“You ... you discovered this?”

“Not the Miracle Fruit, just the Brookiana. We discovered it. In Brazil last year.”

She bit the pretzel, then nibbled the dark chocolate. I saw her close her eyes and savor the treat.

She stood, and walked over to me, her toned body driving me crazy. She sat in my lap. "You are the most amazing man. You did this, all the years of research, and time slogging through jungles and swamps, countless hours in your greenhouses, and you named it after me?" Her eyes were tearing up.

"Of course, baby! Without you there would be none of this. I'd be nothing. Just another professor, in a mediocre college, bored to death. You're my Brookiana. You make my entire life a miracle."

She reached out for her wine glass, and passed me mine. "To the most wonderful man in the world."

"I can't drink to that," I told her. "Let's drink to you, and to your plant. The Brookiana. Rosette the color of your luscious lips. The flowers as blue as your eyes, as soft as your skin, as miraculous as your love."

"I'll drink to my man, my husband, and the love of my life, or not at all," she said firmly.

We clinked, and drank to each other, our eyes locked.

She was as beautiful as the day I met her. Natural, no artifices. Glistening long dark hair, worn free. Mesmerizing blue eyes which shifted colors with her mood. Heart shaped face, dazzling smile as big as the sky, button nose as cute as a three day old puppy. And she was mine.

"You're staring," she teased.

"I ... I still don't know how you're here with me. How I could ever deserve you," I confessed.

She shook her head, smiling. "Still? After all these years? You don't understand?"

"You're brilliant, beautiful, charming. You light up a room with your presence. You could have anybody."

"You're right," she grinned. "Anybody. So why wouldn't I choose the best?"

She wrapped her arms around my neck, and her lips convinced me once more, I was blessed and fortunate beyond my wildest imagination.

Her actions, moving in my lap, wearing those crazy tight yoga pants, made my blood boil. Her stretch top only enhanced the glory of her breasts, exaggerating the narrowness of her waist. She was feminine beauty incarnate.

She grinned. "I think somebody likes me." The wiggle of her butt in my lap was driving me crazy.

Her eyes gazed into mine, and I saw the love and lust both, giving me goosebumps and setting my heart racing. She stood, took the arms of my chair and twisted it so I was seated sideways. She dropped to her knees, and started unbuckling my belt, aggressively, anxiously. In seconds my pants and boxers were around my ankles.

She grabbed my shaft in her hands, and looked up at me. "Do you have any idea how much your desire excites me? And the thought that you would dedicate your life's work to me? My own plant?"

I shook my head as she started making love to my cock.

It was almost as big a surprise as my discovery. We had a great love-life, but oral sex was rarely performed, and only for a few minutes in preparation of the real loving. I didn't need it now, I was already hard, but she was kissing, rubbing, and licking my shaft like it was the most important thing in the world. Each time she'd look up at me with those dazzling eyes, my heart would skip a beat.

She stopped, pulled my hips out to the edge of the chair, so my shaft was sticking out more than it was up, and placed her lips over the head. She looked up at me, big blue orbs capturing mine, merciless, as her mouth slowly engulfed my swollen rod.

All the way to the back of her mouth, holding it there, pushing, before drawing back again, her tongue encircling the head before releasing me.

“Brooke ...”

“*Shh*,” she whispered, smiling at me. “Let me adore you for a while. I know you love this. After your incredible gift, I’m ashamed I don’t do it more often.”

I didn’t have the heart to tell her it wouldn’t be that long. Not the way I was feeling.

She devoured me again, teasingly slow, before moving faster, her mouth traveling the length of my shaft, driving me to unheard of feelings of pleasure.

I brushed her hair back from her face, the idea of missing even a moment of the visual banquet unimaginable.

Her hand stroked me, caressed, fondling and holding my balls, encircling my shaft, a sensuous counterpoint to her demanding, loving mouth.

“Brooke ...,” I moaned, the impending finish both desperately needed, and hated for ending the moment.

She extended her arm, palm forward. *Talk to the hand.*

My legs were trembling, toes digging into the rug. My hands clenched the arms of the chair hard enough to make the wood whimper. I fought it, fought the release, clinging to the last moments of the glorious sensation, stiffening, clenching my ass cheeks, tightening my PC. Just a little longer, not yet. Not ...

“Oh, God, Baby!” I groaned, my entire body stiffening under her precious gift, moments from release.

I reached down to push her head away, and she slapped at my arm, eyes proclaiming her love, her need for me in that moment.

Only once before had I finished in her mouth, and that time an accident. She hadn’t been furious, but she made it abundantly clear that she didn’t enjoy it, and preferred if it didn’t happen. No demands, no threats, just a simple request, which of course I acceded to.

“*Brooke!*” I cried out, a jolt traveling from the base of my spine, through my tightening balls, and up my trembling shaft. I erupted in her mouth, gasping, hunching over her head, thrusting into her mouth repeatedly, until the agonizingly wonderful pleasure spasms ceased.

Her eyes were open wide, in surprise, her cheeks hollowed, as I felt her swallowing. Swallowing. Taking my essence into her body, completely, without restraint.

She pulled away gasping, and clambered up my body like an Amazonian capuchin. She placed her mouth over mine, her slippery tongue piercing my lips.

I was shocked by her action.

She pulled away. “Did you see? It’s ... it’s what you said, a miracle.”

She kissed me again, her tongue delving deep into my mouth, exploring, leaving no corner untouched. I recognized it then, the subtle taste, familiar, but not. She pulled her face away, staring into my eyes. “Tell me.”

I was trying to place it. “Custard?”

She shook her head, grinning. “Crème brûlée! Light caramel, powdered sugar. Exactly like the one on our honeymoon cruise. Thick, creamy ...”

“My cum?”

She laughed. “You’re wonderful, magical seed.” She jumped up and took me by the hand, pulling me out of my chair, almost falling over with my feet tangled in my pants.

“Come to bed, my marvelous man. Claim your woman, take me, love me, and leave your wonderful dessert between my lips.”

DRAFT

Chapter Two

She was tugging my hand, almost skipping, so achingly desirable it hurt. Impatient, she all but threw me through the door to our bedroom, and onto our bed.

Her eager mouth brought me to life again, and I made love to her, with all my soul, a perfect union. I closed my eyes, yielding to my senses, each short thrust into her body a voyage of delight.

“Say its name,” she whispered.

“Lymania Brookiana.”

“For me.”

“For you. Everything I do is for you.”

Her eyes teared up. “God, I don’t deserve you. Why are you so good to me?”

I stopped mid-stroke. “Don’t deserve me? Are you insane?”

“Please don’t stop,” she whimpered, thrusting against me, “Please, Nate!”

I started moving again, “I’m the lucky one,” I told her.

“No baby. No, you’re not. I’m selfish. Not much of a housekeeper, can’t cook worth a damn. Wicked temper. I spend far too much of my time with my friends. I know so little of what you do. I never really cared to learn. How selfish is that? It’s your life, and I never made an effort.”

I sunk my shaft into her, deeply, holding still, feeling her body react.

“We are perfect together, Brooke. Yin Yang, you are everything I’m not, and we complete each other, don’t you see?” I kissed her lips, slowly piercing her again.

“You’re outgoing, I’m an introvert,” I continued. “You’re considerate, I’m forgetful. I’d have no friends without you, no status in the University without my perfect wife fighting for me, making the connections, pushing where I wouldn’t. You don’t need to know the minutiae of my research, yet you encourage me, allow me the time and resources to follow it up. Never once have you complained, no matter the cost.”

“It’s your money, baby. From your position, from your grants, from your family. I bring in nothing,” she said softly.

“It’s our money. Ours. And you understand and give me a freedom few women would. You spend time with your friends, and with your activities, but it costs us nothing. We still have our time together. Wonderful vacations and weekend outings, long quiet evenings, so much. Don’t ever say you don’t deserve me!”

I don’t know where the anger came from, but I’d lost the moment, softening, no longer making love to my wife, just leaning over her, growling.

She climbed out from under me, and crawled into my arms. I held her, ashamed at my outburst.

“I ... I forget how much you love me,” she whispered. “It’s scary. Hard to feel worthy, sometimes. A little stifling.”

She squeezed me tightly. “It’s so much. Too much. Naming your discovery after me. Immortalized, and for what? For being an affectionate and patient companion?”

I pulled away from her, disturbed. What had happened to my incredible, confident wife? Where were these words and thoughts coming from? “You know that’s not right. You are so much more. The love of my life, my reason for being.”

She sighed, laying back on the bed, her exquisite body stretched out on display. “You don’t understand. You can’t.”

I shook my head. “No, I don’t.”

She patted the bed next to her and I reclined beside her. “Hold me, Nathan?”

I pulled her into my arms. She rarely said my full name, and when she did, it usually preceded something important.

She leaned her head against me. “We were equals. You loved me, I loved you. You were a handsome man, intelligent, maybe brilliant. You had a good job, and an interesting hobby. You’re liked by our friends, maybe not adored, but well-liked.”

She caught her breath. “I’m a good wife. Not hard to look at. I keep myself in shape. I’m affectionate to my man, and I always try to remember to place him first in my life. I support what you do, without reserve, and enjoy the fruits of your labors. In exchange, I do what I want, buy what I need. Drive a fabulous car. I’m spoiled rotten.” She gave me a little smile. “Not complaining, you understand. I felt I deserved it, I guess.”

She shivered. “But now ... now you’re so much more. You see that, don’t you? You’ll be famous. Be offered better positions, more important ones. Government grants. Our friends won’t think of you as the professor. You’ll be the famous Dr. Greene. I can’t help but think of the applications of your find. It has to be invaluable. It will change you, change us. I’ll be Mrs. Greene, not Brooke. Trophy wife. I’m ... I’m no longer your equal.”

“Crazy. You’re talking crazy. Nothing will change. Nothing between us, and our friends. I’ll get published, sure, but it’s far from the first time. Maybe some grants to explore the benefits, applications and side-effects of our discovery, but I’ve had grants before. You are the same Brooke you’ve always been, and I’m the same Nate. You’ve always been more than I deserved. Maybe, finally, I’ll be worthy of you.”

I saw the tears in her eyes. “Poor deluded man. You’ve always been so much more. Why can’t you see it?”

“I see perfectly well. You are my soul-mate, in every way I can imagine. It’s horribly clichéd, but you complete me. You know that.”

“Do you honestly think so? Honestly?”

“Absolutely. I can’t imagine my life without you.”

She leaned into me, her lips meeting mine tenderly. “Make love to me Nate. Make it perfect, like only you can.”

I did. Slowly and intimately. Felt her surrender totally. As she had since that first time, so many years ago. Tutoring me in the ways of love, dragging me out of my shell, kicking and screaming.

Afterward I held her, feeling her warmth, our connection.

“Do you like making love to me?” she asked softly.

“More craziness,” I teased. “It’s amazing.”

“I ... we don’t do much. Do you want more? I can be whatever you need, you know. More often, different things. Do you have fantasies, things you’d like to try?”

I pulled her slender body close. Brushed my lips across her. “You’re my fantasy come true. Sure, I’d like to make love a little more often, but what we have is wonderful. What you did, with your mouth? Unbelievable. How about you? What do you want?”

“I want to make you happy. Be the woman you deserve.” She grinned. “If you can get me some more of that magic stuff, I’ll be blowing you a lot more.” She blushed. “I never really liked to do that. The taste, it ... it made me nauseous. I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? Why?”

“I should have put up with it. I know you liked it.”

“Never! Why do something you don’t enjoy, something so one-sided, when there’s so much we can do together?”

She grinned. “I know something I want to do together, right now.” She gave me a firm push backward, and in moments she was straddling my head, her mouth engulfing my soft cock, initializing the mysterious metamorphosis from flesh to stone.

Interesting. The fruit concoction didn’t change much about the way she tasted. Maybe just a little, like one of those fruit laced waters, a hint of sweet.

It was a playful war, to see who could distract the other to the point of uselessness. The feel of her mouth on me was too new, too powerful, and I found myself failing her, head resting on the bed, moaning my pleasure. She wiggled her hips now and then as a reminder, and I’d resume battle, knowing damn well I was outgunned.

I whimpered as the end approached, and her efforts sped up, demanding, until I surrendered, filling her mouth again.

She sighed, rolling off me. “Different that time. Good but different.”

“The effect of the Synsepalum berries wears off quickest. That may be what’s happening,” I explained after giving it a little thought.

She grinned. “Still, pretty fan-fucking-tastic.” She rolled over onto me, her face hovering over mine. “We’re going to be doing that a lot more often. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Mind?” I squeaked.

She laughed at me, her mouth covering mine, my hands wandering over her incredible body. I knew our play time wasn’t over yet.

Chapter Three

Each day I'd mix up a new batch. I was careful with how much I denuded the flowers, but there must have been 20 to 30 little florettes on each of several stems, so I wouldn't be running out any time soon.

After the second batch, and a scientific taste test with my shorts around my ankles, I was scolded. "Very different. Still sweet, but without the nuances. What did you change?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Nothing. Maybe the quantities of each."

"How much of each?" she demanded.

"I don't know, a few berries, a couple of flowers, some scrapings."

She pouted. "You've got to do better than that, Nate. I want the first one back. You're the damn scientist, how about a little precision, repeatability."

Suitable chastened, for the next few days I was very careful with how much of each ingredient I used, and Brooke performed at least two taste analyses each night. We'd make love in between, and I was as happy as I'd ever been.

The sixth day she grinned at me, after I provided her sample. "That's it. Real close at least. What was different from yesterday?"

"Two more small berries, and one of the larger."

"A little less of one of them, and we'll compare again tomorrow."

That statement left me a little disappointed. I figured that meant we were done for the night.

She looked at me and giggled. "Poor boy. You look like someone just stole your favorite toy. No way we're done tonight. Not after getting this close. You up for two more?"

"I figure I will be, if you want."

"I want. I definitely want."

* * * *

"Nope, that wasn't it," she said, wiping her chin. It had been a big load. "Berries or fruit?"

"One less berry."

"Add it back, and reduce the amount of the fruit tomorrow."

* * * *

While playing among my babies, I decided to make a little something for myself. I wasn't eighteen anymore, and the action I was getting was more than on my honeymoon.

A little research had me searching through my garden. From the Amazonian selection, I carefully removed some bark from a Muira Puama bush, peeling off the stringy soft under-bark. From the opposite end of the Amazon, in the highlands of Peru, the black Maca-maca root, boiled and mashed, provided a base paste.

The East Asian section provided a few leaves of Epimedium. Now if I just had some Pausinystalia yohimbe bark and a Ginkgo Biloba tree. Some Turnera diffusa leaves wouldn't

hurt. The last one I could get my hands on pretty easily. I put a reminder in my iPad to pick up a few from Saul.

That evening, after I went over my changes with Brooke and we'd discussed the availability of new Brookiana flowers from one of the plants about to bloom, we had a quiet intimate dinner. She still had the plant in the middle of the table, and wouldn't let me have it back.

"Why the pictures?" she asked.

"Namesakes. Olaf is credited with the discovery of the Bromiliad Family, Lyman with the Lymanis Genus. Brooke will forever be known as the discoverer of the Brookiana species."

"But I didn't!"

"We did."

"I wasn't even there. I was getting a tan on the beach!"

"Damn nice one. Pretty small bikini line. Tiny. Trying to make me jealous?"

"If I stayed by the pool, I might not have had any tan-line at all," she teased. "The lotion boys would have liked that."

My home-made natural Viagra was not the tastiest concoction ever made, but the rapid resurgence of my erection, was deeply appreciated. It was the first night that Brooke assured me I had the components correct in what she referred to as our Miracle Mess. I'd mixed it with a little strawberry marmalade to take a bit of the sweetness out, and to provide a more palatable and visibly appealing carrier.

She told me she was going to suck me dry, and was astounded when she found herself working on my fifth erection of the night, almost as hard and firm as the first.

"You're sure feeling manly tonight. Five?"

I laughed and confessed to making my own creation. I saw her face turn red, her temper rising. "You know I don't like you experimenting on yourself."

"All tried and true solutions, none with less than a thousand years worth of history. You think I'd chance losing what we have going?"

She seemed to calm. "You're sure about this stuff you're making?"

"Of the ingredients? Pretty much. Quantities and dosage, that's another question. I might have overdone it a little. I swear I could go all night."

She rolled over onto her back, beckoning. "My jaw's getting tired. How about you do a little of the work, Don Juan. Just remember where to make the deposit."

It was after 3:00 am when I was done with her. Brooke's body was a glowing, glistening mess, thoroughly used. She even assented to the final deposit between her luscious legs.

She had the sweetest little smile on her face, as she lay there, exhausted. "Damn. Hope you kept good notes on that concoction. Half doses in the future, but we may want to go the full route when we have a whole day to play."

* * * *

With our mixtures isolated and measured, we toned things back a little after that. Skipped two nights, and most evenings I was back to two deposits. When she was feeling playful, she'd leave me a little message. "Dose up." The half dose seemed a little light, and we ended up with a little more than 70% of the first attempt before we agreed we had it right. That was typically good for four turns, a fifth if she was willing to put in the effort.

Her words the first night were haunting me. About my discovery changing us. I rewrote my paper, limiting it to the plant itself, and leaving out what I'd discovered about the unique

properties of its flower. I could always release that later. I submitted it for peer review, had a few colleagues over to show them what I had. Sent some clippings off for analysis. Within a few weeks of my revelation to her, I had submitted it for publication.

Maybe I wouldn't be quite as famous, but what good is fame, if it interfered with my marriage, to the most wonderful woman in the world?

DRAFT

Chapter Four

Thursdays were my late days. I had a 4:00 pm lecture, which usually had me in the garage a little after six.

When I arrived home, I found Brooke in the kitchen with her sister Allison. Allie was a lot like Brooke, with lighter hair, and about two inches shorter. Three years younger than Brooke's 29.

My wife greeted me with a hug and kiss, and I got similar treatment from her sister, if a little less intimate. Not much, I have to admit. "Dose up," Brooke told me softly. "And double the Miracle Mess."

I looked at her in surprise.

"She doesn't believe me. Doesn't think it's possible."

"And ...?"

"We're going to prove her wrong. Trust me, we're not getting carried away, Ok?" She gave me another kiss as reassurance, then nudged me toward the backdoor.

Before I hit the greenhouse, I dressed down, getting comfortable, and started my preparations. We made our mixtures fresh each day, not knowing how it would keep. Something else we'd have to experiment with.

I thought about that, and decided that there was no time like the present, so I made a quadruple dose of the Miracle Mess, and a similar amount of what she jokingly called, my Phoenix Cream.

By the time I was finished, the girls were setting the table.

"That's the plant?" Allison asked, looking it over.

"*Lymania Brookiana*," Brooke said proudly.

"And he discovered it?"

"Last year, when we went to Rio."

Allison pouted. "Jesus, you two! Vacation in Rio, and get famous at the same time."

"Not quite famous yet," I said.

"You will be, if what she says is true."

We were feasting on a simple steak dinner, small filets, twice baked potatoes, fresh green beans from my garden area. When we were done with the meal, Brook and her sister cleared the table, and loaded the dishwasher, while I prepared the 'treats'. I'd already taken mine, since I'd discovered it needed at least an hour or so to take effect.

Brooke filled the lazy-Susan with taste samples, similar to our first time. I made toast points, each with about a teaspoon of the Miracle Mess.

Allison looked hers over. "This is it? Strawberry Jam?"

Brooke chuckled. "Try it." She led the way by downing hers.

My wife grabbed the lemon, and salted it heavily. "Here. Take a big bite."

Allison shook her head. "No way. You're crazy."

Brooke went ahead and bit into it. "Mmmm, delicious."

Rather than be subjected to sibling ridicule, Allison took the lemon and gave it a bite, as least as big as Brooke had taken. The surprise on her face was gratifying. “Holy shit! You weren’t kidding. That’s so weird!”

After that the sisters sampled everything, laughing and joking around.

“Oh my God! The chocolate’s heavenly!” Allison purred.

“I know! Ninety percent pure cocoa, smooth and sweet as a Hershey bar.”

I was getting a little nervous, wondering if the taste test was going to finish there. Especially after I’d been ordered to dose up. I’d taken a little extra just in case; approximately the first night’s quantity.

When they were done playing, I saw Allison looking at me oddly. She looked over at her sister. “The rest is true, too?”

“Every word of it.”

“You swear?”

Brooke stood and took her sister by the hand. “Better than that, I’m going to show you.”

Allison pulled back. “N . . . No, Bee, I can’t. Mike would kill me.”

Brooke tugged her along. “You won’t. I will. You just get a taste.”

“That, that’s gross!” Allison said.

“Crème brûlée,” Brooke said, dragging her sister along. I followed in their wake.

In our bedroom, my wife pulled a chair over near the bed. “Sit. There. Don’t say anything.”

Allison sat down, and I could feel myself flushing, my cock already rising.

My experience with the opposite sex was limited, at best. Some early fumbling and then the exquisite joys of my wife, were the sum totals of my history. This was far outside my realm of knowledge.

Brooke turned me so my back was to the bed, a couple of feet from her sister. She opened my pants, and pulled them down. I was already tenting my boxers.

“Naughty boy. No stage-fright for you I guess.”

I was at a loss for words, when my boxers joined my pants on the floor. I glanced over at Allison whose eyes were fixed on my crotch.

“Nice one, huh?” Brooke teased.

“Very,” Allison said softly.

My wife took hold of it, and looked up at me. “Don’t hold back, Ok? I don’t want to be here all night.”

“You did tell me to dose up,” I reminded her.

She chuckled. “Don’t want to be here all night for the *first* one.”

“Not much chance of that.”

She and her sister both remained fully clothed, while I was ordered to remove my shirt as well, leaving me naked. Damn awkward.

“It’s alright, baby,” Brooke said softly. “It’s for science.”

With that, her mouth captured me, and she went to work. The last few weeks had worked wonders for her abilities, and I was the lucky beneficiary. After a couple of minutes Allison was rubbing between her legs. “Damn, Bee!”

Brooke turned sideways a bit, looking over at her sister, and slowly drove up and down my cock. Fuck that was hot.

“Close,” I warned her.

She looked up at me, pretty eyes sparkling. She turned back to face her sister, and used her hand and mouth together to finish me.

“Brooke,” I gasped.

She only sped up.

I groaned loudly and exploded into her mouth. She sucked me gamely, swallowing quickly, then I watched her move her hand under her chin, and she dribbled my juices into her palm. Allison dropped to her knees beside her sister, took the palm between her hands, and lowered her lips, her eyes looking up at me. She licked her sister’s hand tentatively, and I saw the quick widening of her eyes. She licked it again, and again, until it was clean.

I was still hard as a rock when Brooke pulled her face away, her free hand stroking me casually.

“Well?” Brooke asked.

“You evil bitch. This is what you get to come home to?”

“I told you,” Brooke laughed.

“Not crème brûlée. More like a . . . a soft-serve vanilla custard.”

“Really?”

Allison nodded, her eyes watching her sister’s hand. “He’s ready for another?”

Brooke nodded. “Four or five if we want.”

“Or six,” I told her.

“You didn’t!”

I nodded shamefully.

She laughed, and Allison looked perplexed. “What?”

“Nature boy has another little concoction of his own. Phoenix cream. It’ll raise the dead over and over again.”

“You’re kidding.”

Brooke shook her head. “Not in the least. Fucking more miracle stuff. The first time he almost killed me.” She turned and licked my shaft. “Need to leave, sis? Or want to stick around for another taste.”

Allison checked the clock. “I’ve got time. How long?”

Brooke looked up at me. “This one, maybe 10 minutes. We should probably get on the bed. By the third one, my knees are killing me.” She gave me a quick suck, and a push. “Go on,” she said.

I laid back on the bed, putting a couple of pillows behind my head. Usually, after the first one, we’d make love, saving the finish most of the time. I didn’t think that was going to happen.

Brooke stripped down to her panties. “Don’t want to embarrass you,” she told Allison.

Allison laughed. “Oh, really? I can see Nate naked, watch you suck his cock like a pro, and even taste his cum, but you’re worried about panties?”

Brooked giggled and kicked them off. “Not if you’re not.” She climbed on the bed and patted the space beside her. “C’mon, don’t be shy. There’s not going to be any screwing going on.” She gave her sister a wink. “You can even get comfortable if you want.”

Allison chuckled, “Not as comfortable as you.”

Brooke shrugged scooting around me, before grabbing my hard cock. “Whatever you’re fine with, I am.”

“How about me?” I reminded her.

“What? You’re going to complain?”

“It’s a little weird,” I confessed.

“God, Nate! I thought you’d be climbing the rafters in excitement.”

“I just don’t want things to be awkward between any of us.”

My wife sat up facing her sister. "You're cool? We can stop any time you want. No weirdness."

Allison nodded. "I'm good. I can draw the line." She was down to her bra and panties, when she climbed toward me. She leaned over and pressed her lips to mine softly. "I'm fine, are you?"

I grinned. "You're a hell of a lot better than fine, Allison."

I loved her smile, a mirror of her sisters. "I'll take that as a yes. Thank you." She kissed me again, intimate, but not passionate, a hint of tongue, without raping my mouth.

I heard Brooke laugh. "He liked that. It's time. I'm going in."

It was a hell of a view. My gorgeous wife making love to my cock, while her sister watched from mere inches away, her chin resting on my thigh.

"For someone who swore they'd never give another blowjob, you seem to be pretty good at it," Allison said softly.

Brooke stroked me. "Practice. What do you think Nate? A dozen a week?"

"Maybe a little more. A lot more that first week."

"No way!"

Brooke nodded, her warm mouth engulfing me. I felt I had to set the record straight. "Half the time we make love, and then she finishes me with her mouth."

"After you're in her?"

I nodded.

"Wow," Allie whispered.

I didn't last the ten minutes. Not with the sexy sister and a new set of tits practically staring me in the face. Damn that bra. On top of that, Brooke wasn't playing around. She was working it hard.

"That's it," I moaned.

Brooke started working the finish, driving me crazy. I was inching ever closer. She pulled her mouth off, pointing my cock up my body, and stroking me rapidly. "Give me a big one, Nate. Blow for me. Show her."

I held back a little longer, struggling against the inevitable, until I gasped, and shot my load, the first couple of ropes doing a respectable job, landing halfway up my chest.

"Jesus," Allison whispered, as I continued, my cum pooling around my belly, filling my belly button.

"A lot, right? That dose thing seems to make him come tons. Didn't start that way, but after about a week, Boom!"

I wasn't even aware of that, always finishing inside Brooke's mouth or her sweet pussy. I wondered if it was the Ginkgo, Yohimbe or the Turnera diffusa. Perhaps it was the continued application. I'd have to look into that.

Brooke looked over at her sister. "Go ahead. What are you waiting for?" She closed her mouth over my cock head, sucking gently while her sister gave me a tongue bath.

"Amazing, huh?" Brooke said a few moments later.

"Incredible. Literally. I can't believe it. I'd be as big a cum slut as you, if Mike was squirting ambrosia."

Brooke joined her sister, and watching those two pretty faces and sexy tongues in such close proximity was driving me nuts. Allison grabbed my hand and put it on her breast. I almost jerked away. Almost. Instead I gave her a gentle squeeze.

Brooke was paying attention. "Allie ..."

"God, Bee. I'm so fucking worked up. Just a touch."

“A touch. That’s all. You gonna tell Mike?”

Allison stopped and sat up. “Geez. What am I doing?” She looked down at my naked body, and semi-hard cock. The little show I’d been watching had been doing wonders.

“Shit, is he ready for another one?” Allison asked.

“You bet. My guess is at least three, probably four more.”

“No fucking way.”

“It’s a miracle, I told you. My husband is a fucking genius.” She giggled. “The Plant Whisperer. They tell him all their secrets.”

“Not gonna argue that. I just ... it’s so hard to believe. All of it.”

“Still think I’m lying?” Brooke teased, her mouth moving down, licking my shaft, her hand playing with my balls.

“No. I’m sorry about that. It’s, well you know, impossible.”

“I know.”

Allison got off the bed. “You mind if I stay a little longer?”

I know I didn’t.

“Of course not,” Brooke replied, teasing me with her tongue.

“Let me call Mike. I’ll be right back.”

She got up, and left the room.

“Surprised?” Brooke asked.

“Knock me over with a feather.”

She giggled. “I wanted to know if it was the same for anyone else. That and she didn’t believe me. You’re not mad, are you?”

“No, baby. Not mad. Stunned maybe.”

She took me in her mouth, watching my reaction. By the time Allison returned I was raring to go.

Chapter Five

“Everything cool?” Allison asked.

“I told him.”

“*You told him? Everything?*”

“Yeah. I’ll have some explaining to do, but Jesus, Bee! This is like being there when they made the first phone call. It’s history.” She casually reached behind her and opened her bra, removing it while approaching the bed. Amazing.

“I know. And we were first. How fucking cool is that?” Brooke seemed to not even notice the change in clothing. Or lack thereof.

“Way cool, sis. You gonna blow him again?”

“Yeah, unless you wanna help.”

“You wouldn’t mind?”

“No. No fucking, okay?”

“Of course not. That would be cheating.”

Stupid me, couldn’t keep my mouth shut. “Blowjobs aren’t?”

Allison looked up at me blushing. “They would be, but I kind of said I might.”

“And Mike’s cool with that?”

“It’s science. History. I swear. I’d never do it otherwise.”

Brooke looked up at me. “Live with it, stud.”

“You’d be willing to do that?” I asked her, worried.

“I ... I don’t know. It’s not like sex. It’s, you know, a once-in-a-lifetime event. We’re here for the first time.” She sat up. “I’d never cheat on you, I hope you know that. I wouldn’t do it if you didn’t want me to. I swear.”

My cock had been wilting while I thought about her with someone else. Like Allison was considering doing.

“I don’t know if I could handle it,” I confessed.

Brooke grinned. “You’re never going to have to worry about it. We’re lucky. I’m the wife of the man who invented the miracle. How the hell is anyone else ever going to compare to that?”

“No shit,” Allison said, her hand joining her sister’s around my shaft. “Luckiest bitch in the world.”

Brooke smacked her playfully. “Stop calling me bitch, or no more treats for you.”

“C’mon, sis! I’m just teasing. You’re the best sister there is, letting me be second.”

“You gonna keep yappin’, or you gonna earn us another treat?”

I groaned as Allison held my cock and licked it from base to tip. “Jesus, Bee! You see how fast he got hard for me?”

“Mi-ra-cle,” my wife sang back in response.

Brooke climbed up the bed, and joined me, watching her sister blow me. “Nobody but you, baby. You asked me if I’d do it, in a hypothetical situation. Not friggin’ likely. You’re the miracle worker. I’m all yours, and nobody else’s. Forever and ever. Got it?”

I nodded.

“And you’re all mine, right? Not gonna let fame and fortune go to your head.”

“All yours, baby.”

She giggled. “Except for maybe the occasional friendly little sister blowjob. But only if I say so!”

“Fuck,” I groaned. Little sister was talented.

Brooke cuddled me, her head on my shoulder, watching. “I thought I’d be more jealous. I didn’t think it would go this far.”

“You’re not?”

“A little. Nothing to be worried about. She’s not going to steal you from me, is she?”

I moaned, as Allie changed things up a bit. “No. Not a chance.”

I was getting close, when Allison’s phone rang. Brooke jumped up and looked at the screen. “Mike,” she said.

Allison looked up at me, my cock buried in her mouth. She pulled off softly, and put her hand out for the phone. She stood slowly, lifting it to her ear. “Hi baby,” she said, walking out of the room.

Brooke took her place, sucking me for a couple of minutes, until Alice returned. “It’s driving him crazy. You mind if he comes over? I’m not sure he believes it either.”

Brooke looked up at me. “You alright with that?”

“Panties,” I said.

She blushed. “Of course. Maybe lingerie. That would be pretty hot, but not over the top.”

“Then it’s okay with me.”

“Tell him yes,” Brooke said. Allison gave her sister a huge hug, and I got a quick kiss. “You guys are the best. We’re going to owe you big time.”

She grabbed the phone. “Yes. Now ... I don’t know, is she asleep? ... Ok, get my phone book and call Caitlin. If she’s not available, go down the list ... Hurry ... I love you too, so much you don’t even know.” She hung up and turned back to us.

“Can I finish this one? I’m not sure how I’ll feel doing it in front of Mike. I know I told him I might ...”

“Go ahead. I think stud muffin would like that,” Brooke said.

Allison assumed her place, and it took her a couple of minutes to get me close again. Her phone chirped, and Brooke got up, looking at it. “Mike. Brenda’s on her way. He’ll be here in fifteen minutes.”

Allison looked up at me. “Can you finish before then?”

“Absolutely. You’re amazing.”

She grinned. “Text him, ‘Thanks, can’t wait.’”

Brooke cheated. While her sister did her best, my wife was whispering to me. “Do it, baby. Come in her mouth. Fill my rotten sister’s hot little mouth with your seed. Show her. Let her see what I get. All the time.”

She started nibbling my ear, her tongue teasing me. Allison looked up at me with her sister’s blue eyes, pleading.

“Soon,” I gasped. “Very soon.”

The teasing whispers continued. “Do it baby. For me. Let me watch you come between my baby sister’s naughty married lips. Watch her suck you dry. Make her get you hard again, so her husband can see.”

I groaned, and without warning lost it.

Allison took it gamely, purring sweetly as she drained me. She looked up at me and her sister, then closed her eyes slowly savoring me.

“Gentle,” I groaned, when she sucked a little too hard.

“He gets a little sensitive right afterward, once he’s done a few,” Brooke said.

Allison kept going, refusing to let me go, fighting to keep me hard. She did an admirable job, and I was stiff by the time she surrendered my cock.

She sat back on her heels, showing me her breasts. “Damn, I could do that forever. It’s so different, not worrying about whether he’s going to come or not, but anticipating it, wanting it. Earning that sweet treat.”

Brooke laughed. “What did I say?”

“I know, I know. You gonna keep rubbing it in?”

“No. Just this once. What did you think?”

“Died and gone to heaven. I’m fucking dripping. Mike is going to get so damn lucky. I’m going to leave him a blind, shriveled up shell.”

Brooke hopped off the bed. “Quick. Let’s get decent.”

I relaxed, watching for a bit, then got up and grabbed a beer. The taste was off, thanks to the treat. I thought about it, and made up two more small samples for the girls.

“We should have a good hour or more,” I explained, and put the crackers and Miracle Mess on the bed-stand. “But just in case, you can reload here.”

Allison giggled, looking at herself in the mirror, wearing my wife’s teal baby-doll. Brooke was wearing the red one. I saw they were both wearing the matching panties, but their tits were showcased nicely behind the transparent material.

“Presentable?” Brooke asked.

“Perfect.”

“You’re Ok with Mike seeing me like this?” she asked nervously.

“A little late for that, isn’t it? Besides, after what Allison did, I owe him that much.”

Allison twirled around, then jumped in my arms. “You owe him nothing. I owe him. You did us a favor. Don’t you forget it!”

Weird logic, but I wasn’t going to complain.

She dragged me down to the bed, tickling my tonsils. Brooke got up and smacked her on the butt. “Behave.”

Allison climbed across me. “It’s just a kiss. Hell, I just blew him, and I’m gonna do it again!”

Brooke hopped on the bed. “Don’t forget whose he is.”

“Like either of you would ever let me. No, he’s yours. And I’ve got Mike, and couldn’t ask for a better husband. Shit, he let me be here didn’t he?”

Brooke nodded. “We’re both pretty lucky, huh?”

Allison was kissing me again, while her sister teased my alter-ego, when the doorbell rang. The sister’s looked at each other, and tore off toward the door like banshees, laughing and pushing.

I decided the courteous thing to do would be to put on my boxers, and be a good host. The girls each had an arm, and he looked dazed, walking into the living room.

“Hey, Mike,” I said, giving him a handshake. He looked down at my tenting boxers.

“That’s the fourth one,” Allison said.

“No shit?”

“Nope. Lots more where that came from, too,” his wife teased.

I popped into the kitchen, returning with a beer, and a surprise. I handed him both. "Eat that. It probably won't kick in until you get home, but otherwise, she's going to wear you out something fierce."

He took it, looking at it oddly. "What is it?"

"Nature's gift. Crappy tasting, but worth it."

He shrugged, and ate it, making a face. "An hour?"

"About that."

The girls laughed, and Allison jumped over and gave me a hug and quick kiss. "You're the best, Nate. Thanks."

I just grinned. We sat down in the living room, and I thought things were going to get weird, but Allison was bouncing off the walls. "It's incredible, baby. Incredible. One little teaspoon of Miracle Mess, and cum tastes like pure candy."

"Crème brûlée," Brooke said.

"French vanilla custard soft serve," Allison said. "I swore she was lying. I thought it was impossible. Boy, was I wrong!"

"You tasted it?"

"A lot. We had to make sure. I mean, nobody else has ever had this chance. It's a fucking miracle. She's gonna do him again, and I'm gonna help. You don't mind, do you?"

He looked ill at ease. "Now, here?"

"Yeah. He's ready." She leaped in his lap. "We're making history, honey. I was the second. The second ever! Do I have the best sister or what!"

Brooke was on her knees beside me, her hand stroking me through my boxers. "You gonna help us change the world, Mike? Make blowjob believers out of women everywhere?"

"It really changes it?"

Allison shook her head. "No. The cum is the same. I mean, well not exactly the same. There's a lot more of it after you take a dose of Phoenix. But to us it tastes different. You explain it, Nate. It's sciency stuff."

Sciency. Cute. "Three ingredients, one of which I only discovered a year ago. I think the most important one. It blocks the receptors on the taste buds. There's lots of taste buds, you know, sweet, sour, salty, bitter, and umami. Sweet and umami are the only pleasant ones. This blocks the salt, and converts the sour and bitter to sweet."

He looked confused. "So it changes the taste?"

"After they take it, for a couple of hours, the only things they can taste are the sweet and umami, which I guess is kind of like meaty or milky. Some say savory."

Brooke was being evil, and she had pulled my cock out of my fly, and was nibbling on it. Mike looked stunned, watching her. Allison gave him a quick kiss. "I'll do you next, honey. You'll see."

She walked over on her knees, and Brooke took me out of her mouth, aiming my cock toward her sister. Allison didn't hesitate to take it in her mouth. Brooke leaned in and licked the base of my shaft.

I looked up and Mike was moving his chair for a better view. "That's your fourth?" he asked.

I nodded. "I'm not sure I needed the extra help with these two." I was glad to see there was no anger, disgust or any other negative feeling. What I saw was curiosity, and maybe a little excitement. I was able to relax a bit.

He shook his head in wonder. "When did you guys start?"

“About two hours ago,” I said. After getting the first three out of the way in a hurry, I was enjoying this one.

Brooke backed off. “Mike? Be a dear, and get the two snacks off the bed-stand in my bedroom, would you?”

He nodded, still looking dazed. He returned after a minute and walked over to the girls. Brooke took hers, and ate it. Allison looked up, her mouth full of cock, and put out her hand. Mike gave her the cracker, and she released me with a pop. “Thanks, baby. You’re the best. Why don’t you get comfortable? You’re getting your own treat in a minute. And I’m swallowing.”

Brooke reached out and placed her hand on his thigh. “A bottle of water? From the fridge. Please?”

He nodded, and when he got back the girls had switched off, with Brooke doing the sucking, her sister doing the base licking. My wife pulled away and accepted the water. While she was taking a long drink, Allison didn’t waste any time taking her place hoovering my cock.

I was beginning to feel really good. Not close yet, but on my way there.

Allison took the water bottle, and had a long drink. Around that time, Brooke decided that the boxers were overkill and she tugged them off of me. The girls giggled, foreheads bumping, mouths vying for the right to suck me. Lips pressing against my cock head, and against each other.

Mike groaned, and I saw he had stripped down to his shorts, and was stroking himself. Nope, didn’t look like he’d be a problem. Thank God. The girls were messing with fire.

Brooke won, and Allison leaned over, nipping her on the shoulder. “Meanie! You get it all the time.”

Brooke didn’t reply, just sucked me harder.

I watched Allison pop up and run over to her husband. “Don’t come. Don’t you dare come! That’s *mine*. We get to see if it’s different with a different man.”

The word ‘we’ struck me. Hard.

Allison gave her husband a big kiss, and swatted his hand away from his cock. “Patience,” she said. She skipped back to us, as cute as could be, and Brooke relinquished her position, allowing Allison free rein.

My wife hopped up on the couch next to me, nibbling my neck. “Baby?”

“*Mmmhmm?*” I replied nervously.

Her lips caressed my ear. “I’m not going to blow him, but can I have a taste? To see if it’s different?”

“How?” I asked, curious how she wanted to do that.

“From Allison, of course. I won’t even touch his thingy if you don’t want me to.”

“Do you want to?”

She shook her head. “No. Not really, but I want to taste it, if it’s Ok. I have to know.”

“Spell your sister,” I told her.

She gave me a quick kiss, then got back on the floor, giggling as she dislodged Allison.

“Greedy!” Allison whined.

I grabbed her arm. “Up here a sec, gorgeous.”

She grinned at me, and climbed on the couch, giving me a kiss. “What’s up, Dr. Handsome?”

“She wants a taste of your husband. Did you two already arrange this?”

She blushed, looking across the way. “Not from the source. I’ll hold it in my mouth, and give her some.”

“Really?”

She gave me a poke. “It’s not like that, Nate! It’s an experiment. Science. We’re the first. The first to do it once, and the first to see if two men are different. Historic. You’re not going to deny her that, are you?”

Brooke had turned things up a notch, and I was finding it harder to maintain a conversation.

“No sucking?”

She shook her head. “Of course not. He’s only a, what do you call it? A subject. You’re the inventor. The baseline. Everything’s compared to you.”

“You’re okay with that?” I said, moaning a little afterward.

She grinned. “Okay? Ecstatic. This is the coolest thing ever. Candy cum. And you did it. You made it all possible. You’re my fucking hero!”

She kissed me, big, curling my toes, even distracting me from Brooke’s efforts. When she was done, she nibbled my lips. “Gettin’ close?”

“Uh-huh,” I gasped.

“Can I finish you?”

“Share,” I managed to say. “Like with him.”

“Sure. That would be cool. Practice.” She kissed me again, then knelt at my side, whispering in my wife’s ear.

Brooke lifted off, giving me a momentary respite, before Allison took over, with a vengeance. My wife rose up, and gave me a quick kiss. “Thank you. I promise you won’t regret it. I promise.”

“You’re welcome. You know I love you, right?”

She grinned. “Do I ever! God, you’re so damn good to me.” Another quick kiss, and she was back helping her sister.

Less than 30 seconds later, I was ready. “Time,” I warned Allison.

She picked up the pace, stroking my cock, head bobbing up and down. With a groan, I felt the pressure peak, and I let go, firing into her hot little mouth.

When I finished, Allison carefully pulled off my messy cock. Brooke took a moment to clean me up, then she lifted her face to her sister, who was waiting patiently, mouth closed, naughty little smile blessing her features.

The girls leaned toward each other, and their mouths connected. Stayed that way. A long time. I heard a groan from across the room, but couldn’t spare the brain cells to think about it. I was in heaven. Both the sisters’ eyes were closed, and I couldn’t tear mine away. They finally pulled apart, grinning at each other, lips wet, mouths sealed. I saw Allison swallow first. “A lot.”

Brooke waited a few more seconds, closed her eyes, and tilted her head back. Swallowed deeply. “Yeah. Hard to believe it’s number four.”

Allison nodded. “The same?”

“Pretty much. Maybe a little stronger than the last one. You think?”

“No difference for me.”

“You gotta try what I did. Tilt back and let it coat the back of your tongue, it tastes different, stronger.”

“Better?” Allison asked.

“No. Maybe. Definitely different.”

I spoke up. “The back of the tongue, I think is where the bitter taste-buds are most prevalent. You should try the sides, where salt and sour are heaviest. The salt may not make a difference, since they’re blocked, the others are converted.”

“Oh,” Allison said. “That’s good to know. Anything else?”

“The soft palate on the top back. It has tasted buds too. I’m not sure if any one type are more evident there.”

“So the difference in the back, might be a different conversion, bitter to sweet, than the sides, sour to sweet?” Brook asked.

“I think so, at least that’s what I remember from school. I’m not an expert on taste-buds.”

Allison laughed, climbing up and giving me a quick kiss. “You’re our expert, buddy. Fuckin’ genius!”

Not much of a genius, I thought. Little ol’ brown man in Brazil was the real genius. I just put things together.

Allison got up, and started walking sexily across the room, then stopped cold. “Damn it, Mike!”

“Sorry,” he said.

“Crap. I thought I told you not to come! That was mine!”

“I tried to hold off, but then ... you kissed her.”

“Oh, honey,” Allison said, kneeling before him. “It wasn’t really a kiss. Not like that. It was part of the experiment. Research. We had too.” She reached up and pulled his briefs down, exposing a messy, soft dick.

“Long kiss,” he said. “I ... I could have lasted through a short one. I almost did.”

She grabbed his hips, and scooted him forward. “Brooke,” she called out.

My wife crawled over, looking back at me, wiggling her butt. I knew how I wanted to work off my next erection. I mean, I love a blowjob as much as the next guy. But sometimes a man has to have some pussy. Especially as sweet as hers.

Allison leaned down and started licking up the mess on Mike. He groaned, his eyes wandering back and forth between his wife and Brooke, who had taken up position leaning against his leg.

After a minute or so Allison sat up. I could see she had done an admirable job of cleaning up her husband, and he was starting to respond to her actions. Brooke leaned across his leg, and the two wives lips met again. Briefer, maybe only 20-30 seconds. They pulled apart.

“Different,” Allison said firmly.

“Completely,” Brooke confirmed.

“Good?”

My wife nodded. “Subtler. Not as sweet.”

Allison nodded in agreement. “Kind of like Angel food cake batter. Not as vanilla.”

Brooke took her time thinking about it. “I don’t know. Pancake batter?”

Allison shrugged. “You know it’s different for both of us. Still, a whole lot better than the real stuff.”

Brooke laughed. “Hell yeah. Might not be my dream dessert, but still, I could do that.”

I spoke up. “You know, honey. We customized the mix for what you wanted. It might be different for others.”

I saw her light up. “Yeah. I bet you’re right! It could be very good, but if we took the time and effort, maybe we could make it great for them. Could we do that?”

That wasn’t what I was thinking. “We have to be careful. Until we have the next plants, we have a limited supply. As far as we know, there’s a fixed amount in the world. I only saw maybe a dozen plants in Brazil. By next year, we’ll have more than has been known to exist.”

Mike and Allison were watching us in obvious interest.

“Please, honey. She’s my only sister. It’s a good experiment. To see if there’s more than one optimal mix.”

“It took us weeks, and we were only trying to get back to a combination we’d already hit on by accident.”

Allison seemed to have enough of the conversation. She ran over to me, climbing on my lap. “Please, Nate? We can be patient. It doesn’t have to be all at once. Make it perfect for me. Please?”

I looked from her across the way. “Mike?”

He nodded quickly. “Whatever she wants. I want to be her dream dessert. However we can help, you just let me know.”

“When we find it, you’ll share it with Brooke,” I said, already knowing there was no way I was going to deny my wife’s wishes, or her sister’s.

Allison threw her arms around my neck, kissing me like there was no tomorrow. Thankfully, she and her sister had somehow taken care of most of the evidence of Mike’s flavoring. I realized my own taste might not be converted anymore. I shuddered.

She clung to me, her lips against my ear. “You’re the best brother-in-law ever. Ever. I’m going to make sure you know it.”

I chuckled, hugging her back, then swatting her butt. “Go try your husband again.”

She sat up grinning. “You think it might be working by now? He’s usually one and done.”

“Allison!” Mike whined.

She blushed and went back to her husband. “It’s Nate, honey. He’s a scientist. He had to know that. Know how the Phoenix affects you. For the science. There’s nothing wrong with that. You know you rock my world.”

“Once,” he griped.

She laughed. “Not anymore! You’ll see. We’re going to owe him. Owe them both.”

He chuckled. “Maybe.”

“Maybe nothing. How often do I blow you?”

“Dunno, a few times a year.”

“Swallow?”

“Uh-uh.”

“How’d you like the real deal, all the way, swallow and everything, a couple of times a week.”

“Is that really what we’re talking about?” he asked.

“At least. He finds the perfect mix, and I may not be able to stop myself. Morning, noon and night.”

“Really?”

“Hell yeah! We can be like them. Suck you off. Get you hard. Pound the hell out of me, then give me another treat. Would you like that?”

“More than once a week?”

She laughed. “Baby, we might be talking more than once a day!”

He looked down at Brooke, who I was surprised to see was tugging on his dick, to little effect. “She’s serious?”

“Maybe exaggerating a little. The first couple of weeks it was crazy. We’ve toned it down a lot, no more than, what did we say, Nate? Maybe a dozen times a week?”

“A little more,” I told her.

Allison turned toward me. “You said it takes about an hour. It’s been almost 40 minutes.”

“It takes *me* about an hour. I don’t know how it’ll affect Mike. We’re all learning here.”

“Can we do you again while we’re waiting? New baseline.”

I blushed. “I want... uh...”

Brooke stood laughing. “I know what you want big guy. The real thing, right?”

I nodded.

She grabbed my hand, and helped me up. “We can still share the finish? Allison and me?”

“You want that?”

She nodded. “It’s for the science tonight, honey. Tomorrow, all the sweet pussy you want, finish where you want. But tonight ...”

Allison stood beside me, grabbing my arm. “Science only. You don’t get to fuck me. Only Mike gets to. You know that.”

“Of course,” I told her.

“Good. I don’t want you to forget when you’re all worked up or something. Don’t you dare screw this up.”

“I won’t Allison. Don’t be silly. Hell, you’re hot as the hell-hole where I found the Brookiana, but I’m not a cheater. Don’t even think that. I’m ... I’m offended that you’d think I might.”

She grabbed my arm tightly. “Don’t get angry, baby. Please. I just have to make sure. You understand, right sis? I can’t risk my marriage. This is science. Not lust or crazy sex, or any of that shit. It’s research. We can’t forget that.”

I put my arm around her waist. “Of course not. I promise, Ok? No fucking any of the subjects except my amazing wife.”

Allison teased. “Not even someone sharing most of the same DNA as her.” She paused. “Hmm, I wonder if that changes the results?”

I looked back and saw Mike watching. Oddly, he seemed proud.

Chapter Six

Mike sat in the chair, observing, while I saw to my wife. I made her keep the babydoll on, but I don't imagine that hid much. Allison joined us in the bed, teasing, reaching in and touching us where we were joined. When the position was right, she did the same with her naughty mouth.

"Don't come in her," she warned every now and then.

"I won't Allie, I told you."

"Don't forget."

"Give it a break, baby. I'll stop."

Brooke was seriously worked up, coming for me a few times. On my fifth erection of the night, I knew this one was for the long haul. Fucked her pretty little brains out.

"Break," she gasped, after a huge, screaming orgasm.

I pulled out of her, and Allison had my cock in her mouth within moments.

Brooke rose up on her elbows. "Thanks, Allie. That was a little intense."

Mike had scooted his chair up right next to the bed. "Is this new too? Or was it always like that between you guys?"

Brooke straightened out the bottom of her outfit, covering up. A little late, but I appreciated the effort.

"It was always wonderful. Always. But like that? No, that's new. Five in one night?" She turned to me. "Did we ever do five in a row?"

"Honeymoon. Indonesia," I said, caressing Allison's hair.

"No, that was five, no, six in a *day*. But spread over the whole day. Breaks in between."

I nodded.

She turned back to Mike. "All new. No blowjobs, hardly ever. Certainly no swallowing. Yuck."

"Brooke ...," I said cautiously, not liking where that line of discussion was heading.

"C'mon, Nate. He should know. He's part of it now. Part of the research." She turned to Mike. "First time in my mouth, it almost made me sick. Swallowing's definitely new. We sometimes had three tries in a night. I'd guess half the time, the last one never finished. Now four is common, all to completion, and if I had the stamina or time, we could go five, six easy."

She turned to me, reaching out and brushing her sister's hair back. "How's she doing?"

"Excellent. Still a ways to go though."

"Want to work me a while?"

"Yeah."

She got on her hands and knees, facing Mike. Any idea of covering up her breasts were pretty much shot, the way her scoop neck top hung down. I eased Allison off my cock. She pulled away reluctantly.

"Don't come in her."

I chuckled, lifting little sis up and giving her a big kiss. "You were wonderful. If it wasn't the fifth time ..."

She giggled. "I know. What's the sixth time like?"

Brooke laughed. "Only once. It was eternal, slow and easy, mostly on our sides. I loved it."

I was behind her, and slid in easily. "You did? You didn't say anything. I thought you were just letting me get off."

"Silly. I loved it. Intimate, loving. The way you held me, couldn't get enough of me."

"You didn't come much," I reminded her, stroking steadily, looking down at that perfect ass.

"All comed out," she chuckled. She stopped. "Hey Mike! That's new."

He grinned. "Yeah, steel pipe hard, too."

Allison squealed joyfully, getting on the floor between his legs. "About time," she teased. "How long's it been like that?"

"Just a minute or so."

"Horn-dog. It was seeing her tits, wasn't it?"

He blushed. "A little of everything."

Allison turned to us. "You still don't get to come in her, Nate."

"It'll be a while, gorgeous. Ok?"

"Don't forget."

Her head disappeared into his lap, and he leaned back sighing.

Allie rose up. "You like this, don't you?"

"Love it."

"Good. Don't *ever* forget why you're getting it."

"I won't."

"No crap, later, right? I don't want you getting all weird on me, acting jealous and shit."

"You gonna keep sucking me?"

"Drain you dry, husband of mine."

"Then you'll never hear a complaint from me. Now suck," he said, pushing her head down into his lap.

"Mike! Be gentle with her. She's going to need time to get used to all this cock," Brooke griped.

Allison lifted up. "Mind your own business, Bee! My man wants to fuck my face, he's got it coming. You see how he is. Letting the science come first. He understands. Some men wouldn't. Not like mine." She rose up and kissed him on the lips. "Best fucking husband in the world."

"With the best wife ever," he said, holding her face in his hands. "God, I love you, Allie-bear."

She giggled. "You better. Cause there's going to be a whole lotta loving going on, and it sure as shit better be all for me!"

She turned back to Brooke. "He ever gets it anywhere else, you guys are gonna cut him off, right? No Miracle Mess, no Phoenix. Never again."

Brooke was starting her cute little grunts, that told me I was getting to her. "You're... my... sister," Brooke gasped.

Allison crossed the short distance, and kissed Brooke on the mouth. I felt my wife shudder with pleasure. "Best sister ever." She turned back to her husband. "You heard."

He shrugged. "I heard. Doesn't matter. Why the fuck would I ever go anywhere else, when I have you?"

She laughed, arms enveloping him. "You mean that, don't you?"

"Of course. I can't believe you even brought it up."

She pouted. "I'm sorry, honey. Be patient with me. I'm feeling a little insecure. I'm not used to any of this. I mean, really, sucking another man? Even for science. It's not easy. If it wasn't so important ..."

He hugged her. "Hush, Angel. I understand. I wish you didn't have to. I do. But think! What you're doing, it could change the world. This is so important."

She nodded. "You do understand."

"God. Of course I do! I saw you, you know. How it excited you. Sucking him. Sucking me. The way you shared it with your sister. Figuring things out. It's ... It's magical. To see how it makes you feel. Knowing that you're going to feel that way with me."

He looked over at us. "Fucking greatest thing I ever heard of. I don't know how to thank you guys."

I just nodded. "Family, Mike. Who we going to share it with, if not family?" I had a nice little rocking going, pounding Brooke sweetly. I grinned as I felt the first of the preliminary orgasms course through her. Nice, but I wanted the big one. Not gonna come 'til I get that one.

Allison's head was in his lap, and she was working her magic. He stretched out, his hand on the sides of her head, directing her.

Brooke had another one, a little louder, announcing it cutely with a piercing whine.

"You'll take care of my girl, right? She's ... she's special you know," Mike said, brushing her hair back, looking lovingly on his wife.

"Of course. Brooke's sister for Christ's sake. We wouldn't do anything to screw with that." I grabbed Brooke's hips and pounded her, listening to the next one build nicely.

"I'm sorry. It's just, a little difficult. Even knowing how important it is. Science. You said it takes a long time to develop the right mix."

I laughed. "Dude! Wake up! She's got to be working with you, not me. It's the perfect mix for you!"

He looked surprised then slowly grinned. "No shit?"

I had to stop in mid-stroke, laughing. Brooke was rocking hard, pounding her pussy against my cock. I guess she didn't like the interruption. "Damn. I'm sorry I didn't make that clear. Most of the work with Allison will all be with you. Starting immediately. I'll brew up a new batch for her tomorrow."

He shook his head. "I'm such an idiot. I should have known. Forget I ever said anything. Ok? Look, I'm not a scientist. Just an A/C guy. This is all a mystery to me. I trust you."

I nodded, long-stroking my love. "Forgotten. I won't let you down. Whatever it takes, I'm gonna make it perfect for you." I laughed. "And cut that 'just an A/C guy' crap. You own the fuckin' business. Earn twice what I do."

He was distracted, eyes closed, thrusting up into Allison's willing mouth. "Uh ... good," he moaned.

I had Brooke where I wanted her, starting to tremble, each little groan a sexy sign.

"*Fuuuuuuuck!*" Mike growled, holding Allison's head down and coming for her. After a few seconds, he groaned and leaned back, spent.

I watched her sit up, and turn to Brooke. She grabbed her sister's head, and pressed their mouths together. I heard Brooke whimper and her body started fighting me. I held her, slamming my cock home, while she had the big one, crying out into her sister's mouth.

I slowed, calming her, calming myself, I was getting damn close.

Allison was giggling. "Fuck, that was cool. Feeling her come like that."

She climbed on the bed, on her side, facing Brooke.

Brooke had collapsed, flat on the bed, and I moved my legs outside hers, enjoying the different feeling, the tightness. Grabbed hold of her tight buns, and started ramming her.

“Whattaya think, sis? Different.”

Brooke sighed beautifully. “Different from my guy’s. Same as before. Pancake batter.”

“Yeah, I think so too. More though.”

“*Mmmhmm*,” Brooke purred.

Allison turned on her back, watching me. “You’re gonna make it better? Make it perfect for me too?”

I nodded. “Gonna come soon,” I said.

That had Allison up in a heartbeat. “Not inside her! Pull out! Let me finish you.”

“Share,” I reminded her.

Her face was resting sideways on her sister’s creamy butt. “Of course. Don’t be stupid now. You’re a fuckin’ genius for Christ’s ... *Mmmph!*”

A hard cock was a good way to shut her up. I loved the girl, known her forever. Cute little co-ed when I met my wife. Brooke in miniature. But damn she could talk.

I was enthralled by the view, my wife’s impeccable ass, a chin rest for her adorable sister, whose mouth was doing quite the job. I pulled out, sliding back into Brooke, making her moan for me. A dozen or so strokes, before Allison was back to reminding me.

“Not inside her, damn it!”

Back into Allison’s sweet mouth. Fingers in her hair, a little rougher than I was used to with Brooke, but Allie seemed to like it.

“We got another one. Over here when you’re done,” my wife said.

I saw that Mike had moved his chair a little closer, and Brooke’s extended hand was stroking him. Maybe she felt guilty. She looked over her shoulder at me. “Just keeping him ready for her, baby.”

“I ... know,” I gasped.

Close now. Back into Brooke, earning a sweet moan from her, and a whimper from Allison. Harder now. Close. So close.

“Careful, Nate. Not in...*Mmmph!*”

Holding the pretty sister’s head. Right on the verge. “Now, Allison,” I groaned.

She was drooling on her sister’s butt. So damn hot. I thrust firmly, and started coming. She backed off a bit, sucking me, taking it all patiently. When I was done, she pulled away carefully, smiling, and winked at me. Before I could soften, I pressed back into Brooke, pushing deep, stroking into her.

I watched the sisters’ mouths meet. Allison inched closer, hugging her big sis. Their heads turned slightly, mouths shifting. I saw a flash of whitened tongue. They pulled apart, but their tongues continued to caress each other, then they were back together, firmly. Allison was holding Brooke’s head, kissing her now. Deeply. Brooke’s amazing body responded, and I felt the flutter of an orgasm around my shaft.

Allison had her hand between her own legs, whimpering, while she kissed her sister. I pulled her lower body over, parallel, the two women pressed together. I leaned over, my unflagging erection on its last legs, but doing its best to keep up. One arm beside my wife, the other between Allison’s legs. I rubbed her, helping her achieve what she needed. Her entire body shook, and she cried out, her sound muffled by Brooke’s lips.

I gave her cute little tush a squeeze, and rolled off. My cock was going to need some serious help before it would be useful again.

Allison was on her knees again, servicing her husband. Brooke groaned then rolled over on top of me. “No more full doses,” she mumbled, cuddling in close.

“You need another taste of Mike?” I asked.

“Uh-uh. We know it doesn’t change.”

“Have fun?”

She hummed sweetly, squirming against me. “A lot. Learned a lot.”

I thought about the effort of getting it up again, and having another go. “I think this experiment is over, don’t you?”

She seemed to stiffen in my arms. “I ... I guess we overdid it, huh?”

I could feel her nervousness. I had to wonder how much, if any of this the girls had planned ahead of time, and if I’d ever really know. Sisters. It changes the whole equation.

I kissed her shoulder softly. “It’s okay. I think it needs to end now before it gets any weirder.”

I could tell she was sore from her movements, but she gamely climbed out of the bed, and knelt beside Allison, whispering, her face only inches from where Mike’s cock was sawing in and out of her sister’s mouth.

Brooke stood up, and Allison did moments later, to Mike’s obvious chagrin. Allie helped her husband up, and gave him a hug. “C’mon honey. Nate has wisely pointed out that our experiment has finished. We don’t want this to become weird or awkward do we?”

“But baby ...”

“Baby, nothin’! We’re not going to cheapen this. You’re taking me home, and we’re going to see how many times the Phoenix rises. I think you’re going to like that.”

“We’re going to do this at home, too?”

“Of course! That’s the whole idea, doofus. It’s a gift they’re giving us. Let’s not seem ungrateful.”

Mike was grinning large. “What are we waitin’ for? Let’s go!” He picked her up, hugging her to his body. In his big arms, she seemed weightless.

She laughed. “Clothing would be nice.”

While Mike got dressed, Allison climbed onto the bed and gave me a quick kiss. “You’re not mad, are you? Overstaying our welcome?”

I gave her breast a little teasing tweak. “Of course not. You’re always welcome, you could even use the guest bedroom if you like. It’s just that I need my bedroom back.”

She nodded. “You’re still gonna make my stuff?”

“Of course. Work it out with your sister. I’ll make up a batch whenever you need. We’ll work out balancing the ingredients as we go.”

Allison bounced off the bed, and picked up her neatly folded stack of clothing. “I’ll return the babydoll tomorrow,” she told her sister.

Brooke chuckled. “You better check with your husband before you do. I think he likes it.”

We cleaned up and shut things down, crawling back into bed half-an-hour later.

“We can do it if you want,” she said.

I chuckled, she giggled. We laughed at each other and the situation, until our sides were aching. Every time we tried to stop, we’d end up in tears again.

“Stop, Nate!” she gasped, hugging her sides.

“... if you want ...”

It wasn’t even that funny. We were tired, our emotions in a quandary, nervous, anxious, too many things. We finally calmed down and I pulled her into my arms.

“It’s over,” I said softly. “No regrets, no recriminations, no blame, nothing. I won’t even ask how much of that whole thing you and your wicked sister planned ahead.”

“Would we do something like that?”

I pressed my lips to hers, shushing her. “Honesty, alright? It’s over and we’re both okay with it.”

She nodded, hesitantly.

“You want me to make a mix for your sister?”

She nodded again, more adamantly.

“I’m not going to make a habit of getting blowjobs from your sister, and you won’t be ambushing me. Alright?”

She started to speak, to deny it I imagine. “Alright.”

My wife fidgeted. “She didn’t believe me. I had to share it with someone! It’s just too big to keep it all to myself.”

“I get it. It’s okay. Even kind of fun.”

“She likes you. Always has.”

“Stop, Brooke. You’re more than enough for me. I’ll take most of the blame for this. Making super-secret sex potions was bound to cause a little trouble. I didn’t mean for that to happen. It was just about us. I don’t want the whole world to know about it.”

“Alright,” she said sleepily.

We were quiet, half asleep. I couldn’t get the nagging little feeling out of my head. “Did you intend for your baby sister to blow me all along?”

“Nathan! Do you really think I’d do something like that?”

“You’re not going to give me a straight answer are you?”

“You know I’d never lie to you, honey. Never.”

“I’ll take that for a yes on the sister, and a no on the straight answer.”

“Would I do anything to hurt our marriage? You know I love you, right?”

She was grinning mischievously.

“Rotten girl.”

“You love me.”

“Goodnight, Brooke.”

She kissed my chest softly. “You’re welcome.”

Chapter Seven

Things settled into a bizarre situation after that. Most evenings, Allison would stop by. We'd tinker with the ingredients, and I'd make her up a new batch. The sister's had come to the conclusion that another test had to be made, and Allison was the perfect subject.

"You're kidding right?" I said.

"No, honey. Think about it. It makes perfect sense."

"Why would you want Allison to give me daily blowjobs?"

"It's not like that! Don't cheapen it. We need to know if the perfect combination needs to be customized for the man, or for her. If it's for her, then one mix solves all her issues. If it needs to be customized for the man, then each guy she blows would need a different mix, for the perfect result."

It was good logic. Hard to assail. We only had two women, and I didn't want Brooke to be testing that hypothesis. She pounced on that.

"If you want me to do it, I will. I'd rather it was her. Besides, she's going to do it for Mike anyway. All we have to do is keep track of each new sample, and when we find the right solution for Mike, we'll know if it's the same for you or not. Killing two birds with one stone."

"What about Mike?" I asked.

"Whatever we need to do, he said, remember? He understands completely. It's not like she hasn't tasted you already."

* * * *

That was my new life. Early evening mixes, and a blowjob from Allison, before she went home to test on her husband. She left as soon as she got me off and wrote down the results. Dinner and quality time with my wife, then off to bed for some personal testing.

I had acquired additional components and was tweaking and testing the Phoenix mix a few times a week. We were getting better at making the mixes, and determining how fresh they needed to be. Like in all things, the difference between fresh, natural ingredients, and store bought, was night and day.

I had to laugh at the process for determining when the mixture was no longer effective. Allison got new combinations each time, so she couldn't be used for testing. It fell on Brooke's slender shoulders.

We were in bed, getting my first blowjob of the evening. As wonderful as ever, she finished me in less than 10 minutes. I saw the surprise in her eyes, as she swallowed, making a face.

"Nasty."

I stifled a laugh. "How many days was that?"

"Nine," she said, getting a drink of water. She stood looking at me. "Hey! I could have tested that by just tasting a lemon, couldn't I?"

"Your idea, baby. Not mine."

“Crap. Well nine days is the limit.”

“We should see how it lasts in the freezer,” I said.

“Lemon test. Ok?”

“Of course. Whatever you want.” I grabbed her, dragging her into bed. “Was it really that horrible?”

She struggled a little, then surrendered, cuddling into me. “I guess not. It’s just I was expecting my wonderful treat. Not that.”

I gave her a little kiss. “You know, I dosed tonight. You asked me to.”

“God, I did, didn’t I?” She got all lovey-dovey. “I don’t supposed you’d be willing to take it out on my poor little pussy tonight, would you?”

“Baby, there’s nothing I’d like better.”

“Better than my blowjobs?”

“I love your blowjobs. It doesn’t compare to making love to you.”

She grinned. “It doesn’t, does it?”

* * * *

It took three weeks before Allison was happy. On Fridays, I’d started giving her a Phoenix mix for Mike.

“Keep it in the refrigerator. It should last at least a week. It should be good for two good doses.”

“Good doses?” she asked.

“Too much for one dose. You can try stretching it out to three if you want. If you do, let me know how that works.”

She had her own treat in her hand. “We think this is the one?”

“It should be. Let us know.”

“In the living room?” she asked.

I went to the couch, and dropped my pants. She ate her Mess, and went to work. She was getting better, that’s for sure. We were getting pretty consistent. Seven to ten minutes to finish me, if she was serious about it. I relaxed, watching her pretty face devour me with gusto. I have to hand it to her, three solid weeks of near daily blowjobs, and it was far from a casual repetitive thing. Each time, she did her best to make it memorable and wonderful. What a great sister-in-law.

When I finished for her, I glanced at the clock.

“Eight minutes, Forty-two seconds,” Brook announced, taking notes.

“Nope. Last Tuesday was still much better,” Allison said. She grinned. “That one was outstanding. By far the best from either subject so far.”

“I guess that confirms the ideal mixture has to be matched to both the woman and the man,” I noted.

Brooke sat next to me, reading the notes. “The two ideal mixtures are pretty far apart.”

Allison sat on my other side, snuggling up to me. I put my arm around her shoulders. She responded by taking my cock in hand and playing with it. “I’m kind of sad. Looks like this is the last of our experiments.”

Brooke updated her notes. “I don’t think so. We’ll have more experiments, they just won’t be as often.”

“Really?” Allison asked eagerly.

“Sure. Probably as least one a month. Still so much to learn. Adding different components, different carriers. How each independent part of the mix handles storage. Best generic mix, if we don’t want to go full custom. Averaging a mix for multiple lovers. God, it goes on and on.”

Allison gave me a quick peck. “That’s great! You can count on me. Now it’s time to go see if this is the one for Mike.”

Brooke walked her to the door.

“One experiment a month?” I asked.

She climbed up in my lap, with a quick kiss. “I didn’t want to cut her off cold turkey. I’m sure I can come up with something.”

DRAFT

Chapter Eight

My life was blessed. Everything going my way. I had a surprise for my wife, just arrived that morning. Finally.

I entered the house, and was greeted just inside the door by Allison. She took my briefcase and coat, then delivered a huge hug and a kiss. She rubbed against me, and I felt myself responding. I always did. Sweet Allie had that kind of effect on me. So much like her sister.

“You’re late,” she said. I noticed she was wearing one of their matched lingerie outfits. I had Mike to thank for that, he’d gone a little crazy outfitting them. Brooke confessed he’s spent over a grand on the two of them. I didn’t remember it being an extended experiment night. Black lace usually indicated it was.

“Sorry I’m late, but I have a surprise,” I said.

She took my hand in hers, leading me to the kitchen. “He’s here!” she called out. She gave my hand a squeeze. “So do we. Don’t be too mad at her, okay?”

In the kitchen, Brook was waiting for me, looking guilty. She was wearing the matching black lace babydoll to the one Allison had on, the only differences were where the strategic lace patterns were placed. She knew it was one of my favorites.

“Welcome home, honey,” she said, and I suspected it was going to be a bad one. She had that guilty look.

“Hi Nate,” a voice said nervously, and I saw her friend Debbie peaking around her, dressed in the white version of the sister’s outfits. It was a little tight on her.

“Brooke...”

She ran to me, leaping into my arms. “Please, don’t be mad baby.”

I looked past her, where her best friend Debbie stood, obviously nervous. The nearly transparent outfit did little to hide her substantial charms.

“What’s going on?” I said softly.

“She doesn’t believe us.”

“I thought we were going to keep it a secret, remember?”

She nodded, slowly. “It was an accident. She overheard us. Challenged us. Called us liars. Said nobody can come seven times in one evening. No way cum could taste as amazing as we claimed.”

Allison stood beside her sister. “She made fun of you, Nate! Called you plant boy. No way I ... we could let that stand!”

“Why not? What do we care what she thinks?” I argued, and I saw that the sisters may have gotten their friend to dress the part, but it was clear that she was skeptical. She had that look. “I am plant boy, aren’t I? It’s how I make my living. Although I would prefer Professor Plant Boy.”

“Please, Nate. All it takes is one little test. Prove her wrong.”

“So let her taste the lemon, the sardines, the vinegar.”

“Nice try, Nate,” Debbie said smirking. “But I’ve already read about Miracle Fruit. Been around a while. Doesn’t change anything. Even read where some people have tried it with blowjobs. Doesn’t do a whole lot.”

Allison had my arm clutched in her hands. “See? We need to show the bitch!”

Debbie’s face darkened, but Brooke interceded. “Stop it, Allison. Don’t call her names. You didn’t believe at first, remember? Hell, I didn’t. Pretty incredible.” She looked up at me. “Pretty please, Nate? For me. She’s my best friend. She’ll keep it a secret.”

Debbie rolled her eyes, and I have to confess, her attitude was getting to me. “You spoiled my surprise,” I told her.

She looked shocked. “What surprise?”

“Give me a second.” I went back to the living room, and opened my briefcase. Pulled out my letter, and the magazine. Opened it to the bookmarked page.

Back in the kitchen, I held it out for her. “Official. Name approved and everything. *Lymania Brookiana* is officially a new species.”

Both sisters squealed in joy, and I was enfolded in several square feet of lace covered sister flesh. Pretty wonderful. I highly recommend it.

Brooke grabbed the magazine and ran over to Debbie, waving it. “See? It’s official!”

Debbie nodded. “That’s great. Congratulations, really. Pretty impressive. Doesn’t change a thing. No way it does what you say it does.”

Allison brought her lips near my ear. It meant standing on tip-toe, so it wasn’t very subtle. “Show her, Nate. She’s divorced. It’s not hurting anyone. Nobody to get permission from. One quick blowjob and we can shut her up good.”

Debbie was my wife’s best friend, outside of her sister. Not my favorite of her friends by a long shot. I always thought she was a bit of a man-hater, not that she didn’t have some justification, if the stories of her divorce were true.

Cute, but not all that. Nothing like Brooke or her sister. Little heavy, but I have nothing against soft. More cushion you know. It was the whole package that bothered me.

I didn’t like her all that much, didn’t find her very attractive. Certainly had no need for anyone else in my life. So why was I starting to find the idea appealing to me?

“One,” I said.

Brooke laughed, clapping her hands. “That’s all. It only takes one. Then Allie and I will take care of the rest. Dose up, big boy. We’re making a night of it! We’re official!!”

Allison opened up the refrigerator, and handed me a paste covered nacho chip.

“Looks different.”

She blushed. “Same ingredients, but I’m working with Bee on the delivery. Let me know what you think.”

I took a bite, and was pleasantly surprised. She had gone away from the sweet, and it tasted more spicy, hot, with a nice bite. I smiled. “Dangerous. I like it. I could even eat more. That could be disastrous.”

She beamed. “Really? You like it? It’s good?”

“Very good. Where’d this idea come from?”

“Mike hates the taste of the original. I was trying to make it at least a little palatable.”

“You did that and more. Come here, gorgeous. Give us a kiss.”

She leaped on me, arms around my neck and I got a nice big juicy one.

“You guys have an open marriage?” Debbie asked.

“Hell no!” Brooke snapped. “This isn’t about sex. It’s research!”

“Making history,” Allison added. “I would never cheat on Mike!” She grinned. “Do you have any idea how important my help is? I’m only the second person ever to verify it works! I was the first to discover that different mixes were needed for different men. The first to find out that it works differently on different women.” You could hear the pride in her voice.

Brooke nodded. “We wouldn’t know half the stuff we do if not for her. Best sister in the world.”

“Your husband has no problem with pimping your mouth out?” Debbie asked.

“Of course not! Don’t be crude. He’s been in on it from the first. He understands the importance. Hell, he’s the biggest beneficiary. I sucked him off more in the first two weeks of experiments, than I had in my entire marriage up until then. He’s ecstatic. Gives me crap if I’m late getting over here for evening research.”

Brooke chuckled. “More crap if you’re late getting back with the results.”

“No shit. Good thing he’s out late tonight. Watching that damn pay-per-view fight. Gave me the go-ahead to make a night of it, if I want.”

I freed myself from the sisters’ clutches. “Let me clean up and get comfortable, and I’ll be back in a few.”

Debbie looked like she was getting a little nervous, for the first time. Good.

Chapter Nine

I didn't rush it. Showered and all. Walked out about fifteen minutes later dressed in boxers and a t-shirt. If it was only Brooke and Allie, I wouldn't have bothered.

My wife intercepted me. "You ready? The Phoenix hasn't kicked in yet, has it?"

"I don't need it for the first couple, you know that."

She lowered her voice. "I know, but there's a lot more, once it does. You figured out why yet?"

I shook my head. "No, but we don't need a lot for a taste, do we?"

She turned her back to the room, stopping me. "It's not just the taste she doesn't believe. It's the performance. How you respond so quickly, how you provide big load after big load. The number of times you can do it."

I started to get suspicious. "Trying to show me off? How big a dose did you give me?"

She blushed. "Just a little bigger than the first one."

"Damn it, Brooke! We can't go messing with ever larger doses. It might have some bad side effects. I can't believe you'd do that to me! You're the one who's always been so picky about my experimenting with stuff."

She pouted. "We know the big dose doesn't bother you. It's only about twenty percent more. It's not like we're doubling it or anything."

"Christ. What if it won't go down? What then?"

"I got Allie here to help me. We'll take care of it. We'll be gentle, I swear. Don't be mad, baby." She looked sad.

I pulled her into my arms for a hug. "I'm not mad. But I hate these kind of surprises. You could have told me."

"Sorry," she said, but I doubted she really was. "Let me take care of the first one, get it out of the way. I'll take my time, milk it. When you're ready for the second one, the Phoenix should have kicked in. Alright?"

I sighed. I could fight it, or go along. Rather than make a big deal of it, I decided to give in to my wife. Not like she never did anything for me.

"Alright. Whatever you want. I'm trusting you. But Debbie's the last one, got it? I don't want the whole world finding out about this."

She nodded. "Thank you so much. You're earning some pretty big brownie points. You're not going to regret this." She took me by the hand, and stood me in front of the middle of the couch. She pulled my boxers down, and gave me a teasing push, so I'd sit back.

"Start him up, Allie. Not too much yet. Just get him in the mood."

Allie grinned. "Time to get Messy," she giggled. She grabbed her Miracle Mess, dark blue I noticed, before she downed it. She knelt in front of me.

"Blackberry?" I asked.

She nodded. "Like I said, we're working on the delivery. Fresh blackberry hides the weird sweetness better than the strawberry."

With that out of the way, she started teasing me. Licking, kissing, rubbing, stroking. She was good at that.

“Tease,” I murmured.

She giggled. “You know you love it.”

Brooke had brought Debbie over to watch. “This is a normal one. It’ll taste the same for Allie and me, but it won’t have as much volume. Once the Phoenix kicks in, he’ll get that fast recovery, and produce a lot more, thicker too.”

Debbie nodded, watching my cute little cock-tender at work. “What’s this Phoenix you keep talking about?”

My wife got them both seated, Debbie close to me, Brooke on the other side of her. “We got two things going on here. The Miracle Mess is what makes it taste so great. The Phoenix helps him.”

“Like Viagra?”

Brooke nodded. “Yeah, but a little different. At least for Nate and Mike, they come more. Get it up easier, like Viagra. Each one seems to last a little longer, but I guess that’s normal.”

“She really acts like she likes it,” Debbie said softly.

“Oh God, of course she does. We love it! Earning our treat, each action getting it closer and closer, knowing what’s in store at the end. It’s amazing, Deb.”

She got up, and tapped her sister on the shoulder. “My turn, Allie. You see if you can explain it.”

The sisters swapped places, and Brooke only teased a little before taking me in her mouth. I released a little pent up moan, and settled back.

“Sexiest sound in the world, huh?” Allison said.

“What sound?”

“That moan of his, when you know he’s getting into it. First clue that we’re on our way.”

“This isn’t some stupid trick is it? You like doing that?”

“Not until a few weeks ago,” she giggled.

“Seriously. No bullshit. It can’t change it that much, can it?” Debbie asked.

“You’ll see.” She leaned over to talk to her sister. “We gonna give her a taste of the first one?”

Brooke pulled off, grinning, her hand stroking me wonderfully. She had such a nice touch. “Tiny taste. Just a hint of this one. Enough to incentivize her to get the full experience.”

Her face disappeared back into my lap, earning another undeniable moan.

“You don’t want me to do *that* do you?” Debbie asked, nodding toward my wife.

“Up to you. You wanted to know. Gotta earn it,” Allison answered.

“I don’t like it.”

Allison put her arm around ‘Doubting Debbie’. “We’ll help. We didn’t like it either. She *really* didn’t like it.”

“Really?”

I added my two cents. “Maybe a couple a year. Only finished in her mouth once. Never swallowed. Made sure I knew it wouldn’t be good if I did.”

“And now?”

“How many times that first week, Nate?” Allison asked.

“God, I don’t know, maybe twenty? Easily a dozen a week since then.”

“*Twenty!* From zero to *twenty?*” Debbie exclaimed.

“It wasn’t zero,” I said.

“How do you expect anybody to believe that?” Debbie whined.

“Nobody is supposed to. It’s just for us. You were the damn eavesdropper,” Allie snapped.

“Not on purpose. You weren’t being very quiet about it.”

“We were alone on the deck. Nobody was supposed to be around. It’s her own backyard.”

Debbie blushed. “Hey, I said it was an accident.”

Brooke was beginning to get more serious about her efforts. I knew she could get me off in as little as a few minutes, but between her and Allison, it had already been close to ten. I guess she figured she’d waited long enough.

“Doesn’t he ever come?” Debbie asked.

Allison laughed. “You say that now? Wait until you see number six or seven. Jesus, it’s a lot of work to earn that one. First one is on average eight minutes and twenty seconds.”

“You track that kind of stuff?”

“It’s science, Debbie. Science and research. We track everything. Hell for a few days we made him finish in a cup so we could measure the volume. God, I hated that. Hell, Mike hated it even more. So much better direct from the source, or at least from on his skin.”

“Getting close, honey,” I told my generous wife.

She adjusted the pace, knowing what I needed to finish. Only took another thirty seconds or so after that.

“You took your treat, right?” Allison asked our guest.

Debbie nodded, and I could see how nervous she was getting. I wanted to reassure her, but I was too far gone. “Now,” I groaned.

Brooke’s mouth eased back until only the head was between her lips, but her mouth cranked me through the finish.

“So ... good,” I groaned, delivering her reward.

Brooke took her time making sure I was done, and pulling off. She got up, and Allie jumped over and took her place, doing a final clean up. I knew she was just trying to get a free taste.

My wife stuck her finger in her mouth, and pulled a sticky finger free. She offered it to her friend. Debbie stare at it in distaste, as the cream ran down Brooke’s finger. Brooke swallowed. “Do it. You wanted to know. Thought I was lying.”

Debbie’s eyes blazed, and she took Brooke’s arm by the wrist and pulled it closer. She lowered her mouth over the finger, sucking. And sucking. Clinging to the hand.

“Fuck. No way!” Debbie gasped.

“What was it like for you?” Brooke asked, teasing.

“What do you mean?”

“What did it taste like? It’s different for all of us. For me it’s just like the crème brûlée we had on our first cruise.”

Allison’s head popped up from where she was making sure I didn’t lose my entire erection. “Vanilla custard soft-serve.”

Debbie hesitated. “Tapioca pudding.”

Brooke laughed. “That’s cool. You got something to say to me, bestie?”

Debbie blushed. “I’m sorry. I was wrong, okay? I mean, seriously? How in the Hell is anybody supposed to believe this? Fuckin’ impossible.”

“Not quite impossible. Now say it. My husband is a genius.”

Debbie grinned. “Big dicked, tasty genius. Always was kind of a hunk, but this? Sweet Jesus, you’ve got a keeper.”

A hunk? I didn’t think she liked me at all. I put my arm around her. “Thanks.”

She laughed. "Shut up dickhead. That wasn't for your ears. As far as I'm concerned, you're still plant boy."

"I can deal with that. Not much of an insult, really."

She grinned. "No, after this, I guess it isn't. You really discovered this all on your own? Whole new species and everything?"

"Not totally. There's a little old native man down in the Amazon who clued me in on the ... special properties of the plant. But I get credit for believing him, and putting it to the test."

Debbie looked over to where Allison was leisurely sucking. "He's still hard?"

"Oh yeah," Brooke answered. "If he's dosed, the first few hardons don't need much help. Even if he isn't, he can still sometimes get a quick second one. Having you here with us I'm sure helps."

"Me? Right. We all know how he feels about me. Doesn't hide it much."

My arm was still around her, and she was leaning against my side, enjoying Allison's show. I gave her a squeeze. "She's right."

"What do you mean, right?"

"You here. I like it. Got me hard. I'm looking forward to it."

She blushed again. "I haven't said I'm going to do it yet."

"Are you?" I asked.

"You want me to, don't you?" she teased.

"Yeah. Hell if I know why. You're right. We're always prickly with each other."

She giggled. "That's a good word for it. If you ask me nicely, I might do it."

"Oh really? If you ask *me* nicely, I might deprive my wife and her sister, and let you do it."

"Bullshit! Let me do it? You wish, motherfucker."

Such a rotten attitude. "Never mind then. Allison this one's all yours. Brooke, baby? Wanna grab me a beer?"

"Sure, honey. Don't be mean to my friend while I'm gone."

I could feel Debbie fuming, but she hadn't pulled away. She mumbled. "No way I'm gonna ask to give a blowjob."

Allison popped her head up, chuckling. "Cause you haven't had the full effect. I've been known to beg." Her face settled back down for a second then she stopped, hopping to her feet. "My knees hurt. Let's take this to the bedroom, Dr. Stud."

I let her drag me along, and Debbie followed. Brooke was right behind us. I climbed in the bed, and Allison removed her top, climbing between my legs wearing only her panties. Debbie nervously sat on the bed beside me.

Brooke passed me the open beer. "Don't spill any this time."

"Jeez, Brooke. It only happened the once."

My wife removed her top and after hesitating a moment, she removed her panties as well.

"Brooke!" Debbie shrieked.

"Relax. It's just my husband, sister and best friend. Everybody here's seen it before."

Debbie just shook her head.

I reached for her, and she resisted a bit before allowing me to pull her down. "C'mon Debbie. If you're going to stay, you might as well be comfortable."

She rested her head on my shoulder. "There's nothing 'comfortable' about seeing those two taking turns sucking your cock. Pretty damn weird."

"Not like you've never done it. It's just a blowjob." I said.

Brooke poked me in the side. Maybe I'd overstepped my bounds.

“I haven’t. Not by choice,” Debbie said softly.

“He didn’t mean anything, Deb. He doesn’t know,” Brook said softly.

“I’m sorry, if I was out of line. I swear, I was only trying to relax you a little,” I told our guest.

“He ... he would make me. Especially if he was drunk,” Debbie said. “I hated it.”

I brushed her hair back, looking down into her open face. I could see the hurt. “Why are you here? I wouldn’t do that to you. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I ... I just couldn’t believe they like it. I know Brooke never did. That turnaround? Unbelievable.”

“You don’t have to do it. If you want to know, Allison will share with you. Won’t you Allie?”

She nodded, unwilling to stop.

Debbie chuckled. “Damn. She sure doesn’t seem to mind.”

Brooke reached across my body, rubbing Debbie’s arm. “He’s not like your jerk. Never forced me. Wouldn’t dream of it. Never even asks for it, much,” she teased. “Not that he wouldn’t drop a hint now and then.”

Debbie turned her head and looked up at me. “What’s the big deal anyway? Isn’t the pussy enough?”

I was getting a little distracted, and reached down, caressing Allison’s head. “Ease up, sis. Too distracting.”

She slowed her motions, looking up at me for approval.

“Yeah, that’s nice,” I told her. I turned back to Debbie. “The pussy is wonderful. Spectacular,” I chuckled, reaching over and giving Brooke an affectionate squeeze. “Blowjobs are different. Honestly, as far as just the feeling goes, her pussy beats it all to hell.”

“Then why?” Debbie whined.

“It’s everything else. The visuals are simply amazing. A beautiful face, taking me willingly? Damn, that’s hot. That and all the different feelings. The teasing, although it drives me crazy, is fucking incredible. Mostly, though, it’s just the idea that she’ll do it for me.”

“‘She,’ meaning your wife?”

“Yeah. It’s different with her. I mean, I love Allison to death, sweetest sister-in-law in the world. And she gives great head.”

“Obviously,” Debbie interrupted.

“Yeah, but it’s not the same.” I looked down at Allison. “You know I love it right? You’re wonderful.”

She lifted up, stroking my cock. “Of course. It’s pretty obvious when you’re on the receiving end of this, that you like it. It’s cool, Nate. She’s your wife. It should mean more.” She grinned. “But that was still a little mean. Seriously, dissing me in the middle of a blowjob? I’m going to have to punish you now. No more Mrs. Nice Guy.”

She went after my cock with a vengeance, sucking hard, her tongue working the head, her hand stroking me. She started getting sloppier, noisier, and abruptly took me all the way down her throat.

“Jesus!” I gasped.

Brooke laughed. “Way to go Allie! All the way!”

Allison deep-throated me for the first time, and I thought my head was going to explode. All thoughts of Debbie disappeared.

“Fuck, Allie, you’re gonna make me come,” I groaned.

She mixed it up, sucking, stroking, taking me deep. Driving me crazy.

“Allie,” I moaned. The single word more a prayer than a warning.

She backed off, stroking me rapidly and I stopped resisting. I was moaning my release, as I filled her sweet talented mouth.

Brooke was gentle cleaning me, as her sister pulled off and climbed up the bed. Allison reached out for Debbie’s hands, and made her sit up. She was smiling, glancing at me smugly, when she reached for Debbie’s head, and leaned forward, bringing their lips together.

I thought Debbie might resist, but she went along easily. I couldn’t see what they were doing, but they did it for a long time. When Allison pulled back, she was grinning.

Debbie sighed, and laid back down on my shoulder. “Impossible,” she murmured softly.

“Where the fuck did you learn that, naughty girl?”

Allison crawled over me, taking over my other side. “I am married, remember?”

“Lucky ass, fucker.”

She chuckled, cuddling in close. “Yeah, he is. He knows it.”

“You gonna teach your sister that?”

“We’ll see. I gotta have something, you know. She’s got such a big fucking head start. You love her. How am I supposed to compete with that?”

I laughed, gazing down at my beautiful wife. The Phoenix had kicked in, big time. I was harder now than I was before my first one that evening. “C’mon, Allison. We’re not competing are we? I love what you do.”

Brooke sat up, stroking my cock. “See Debbie? Number three. Hard as steel. I wasn’t lying was I?”

Debbie shook her head. “Alright, already. I was wrong. Way wrong. I’m sorry I ever doubted you, okay? Jesus, who would ever believe this?”

“Still tapioca pudding?” my wife asked, before settling back down over my cock.

“Yeah. Grandma’s, just a hint of cinnamon.”

Cinnamon. Umami, that almost made sense, I thought.

Allison was rubbing up against me, teasingly. “Hey Nate. How come you never really play with my boobs, other than a quick feel now and then?”

I felt myself blushing. “I ... uh ... I feel kind of guilty. It’s not really part of the research.”

My arm was wrapped around her shoulders, and she pulled my hand over her breast. “Geez, it’s just tit! I’ve gotten better gropes on the dance floor. It’s cool, alright? Pretty much everything short of fucking is.” She lifted her head and pressed her lips to mine. Sweet little teasing kiss, hint of tongue.

“You know, Nate, I could use a little help now and then. I get super horny doing it. It would be nice if I got to come once in a while,” Allison said softly.

“I’ve seen you come.”

“Sure, but not on my own, okay? Your touch would help a lot.”

“Isn’t that going a little far?”

“You got a problem with that, Bee?”

Brooke stopped long enough to answer. “No fucking.”

“See? Mike’s cool, sis is cool. You know I’d like it. How about it?”

“Now?”

She shook her head. “Doesn’t have to be this moment. That’s not what I’m saying. Loosen up a bit, that’s all. I ... I’d like to sometimes feel I’m more than a willing mouth for you.”

Shit. I pulled her up, and kissed her warmly. “Sorry if I ever made you feel that way. You’re so much more, you know. Amazing, really. I didn’t want to push the boundaries, understand?”

She nodded, grinning. “Sure. You’re a nice guy. That’s why it’s okay. But before I put that sexy mouth of yours to use, you’re gonna have to shave for me.”

“Mouth?” I squeaked.

“Hell yeah. What you did to her, last week? Holy shit, that was hot. You had her climbing the walls. I thought the neighbors were going to call the police! I’m definitely looking forward to a little of that.”

“Brooke?”

She pulled up, grinning. “It’s not fucking, is it?”

“No ...”

“Then what the fuck, Nate! You gotta start contributing a little here. Leavin’ sis hanging all the time? Man up, already.”

She leaned down, licking my cock teasingly. “Whattaya think, Debbie? Wanna give it a try?”

I could feel her tremble, and she looked up at me.

“I’d like you to. Very much,” I said softly. “I’m asking.”

“I won’t be very good,” she mumbled. “Not like them.”

“It’ll be wonderful. Just keep those pretty little teeth of yours out of action, and everything will be fine.”

“I ... I’d like to try, but I might not be able,” she said.

“Whatever you’re comfortable with. I understand. Brooke can help you.”

Brooke reached out her hand, and Debbie got up and crawled her way. My wife, stopped her over my leg. “On top of his leg. When there’s two of us, it drives him a little crazy, pinning him down like that.”

“Troublemaker,” I whined.

She laughed, and took up position on the other one. She stroked my cock, and leaned her head next to Debbie’s. I could hear her whispering but couldn’t make out the words.

Debbie leaned over and took my cock in her hand. Her eyes were glued to it. She stroked me carefully. “Damn, he’s hard.”

“He’s really excited by the idea of you doing it.”

“You think so?”

“Nate?” my wife asked.

“Definitely.”

A tiny hint of a smile made a brief appearance on Debbie’s face. She moved closer, and I saw her tongue reach out. She gave me a little lick, and I groaned.

“See?” Brooke said.

Debbie smiled for real. She looked up at me. “You liked that, didn’t you?”

“A lot.”

She moved lower, gazing up at me, and licked me from the base to the head. I stifled my whimper, wanting to feel her mouth around me.

Debbie giggled. Brooke was whispering to her again, and she started kissing my cock, rubbing her face, her lips against it. “Big hard cock, wants me, doesn’t it?” she teased.

“Fuck yeah,” I groaned.

“Gonna give me a treat?” she asked, kissing the head. “Warm yummy treat?”

“Uh-huh.”

She opened her mouth, hovering over the top. She started downward and stopped, pulling back a little. Her tongue lashed out, circling the crown. "I don't know ... you said I had to ask for it."

"I'm asking, Debbie. Suck me. Please."

She grinned, kissing the head. "Aww, that's sweet." She licked me again, listening to my wife's coaxing. "Maybe just a little suck. It's way too big for my mouth. Never had one this big. Kind of scary."

For someone who didn't give blowjobs, she was the consummate tease. "Suck me Deb," I pleaded.

She laughed, whipping her streaked blonde hair back with a quick turn of her head. "Big strong guy, Dr. Genius, can't wait to feel my hot, innocent mouth. My first voluntary blowjob. You like that idea, don't you? Being my first. Making me want you like this. If you didn't taste so god-damned good, you wouldn't stand a chance, you know."

Her mouth was almost on top of the head, and I could feel her warm breath with each word she said.

She suddenly plunged her mouth down, until I was brushing the top inside of her mouth. She pulled away almost as quickly. "There. Was that what you wanted? My hot mouth on your big, fat, juicy cock?"

"Again. More," I pleaded.

"More? You want to fill my mouth? Choke me on your huge prick?"

I nodded, a little ashamed.

She pressed her lips to the head. They slowly opened, and her mouth descended ever so slowly, deeper, until I could feel the pressure at the back of her mouth. She sucked firmly as she worked her way back up and off. "More than that? I can you know. I never liked it, never wanted to. But I did it. I took it all. You might be a little more difficult. Longer. Thicker. Want me to try?"

"Jesus, Debbie! You're killing me!"

She grinned, then took me in her mouth, bobbing up and down, slowly at first, then more rapidly. Deeper, until she was making nasty little grunting noises each time. I saw her spittle dripping down my shaft. She closed her eyes, and pushed hard, a couple of more inches disappearing. She opened her eyes, and looked up at me. She turned her head, struggling, and settled further, deeper, her lips stretching out. She stayed there for several long seconds, before pulling away quickly.

"Damn," she gasped.

"Fucking amazing."

She looked up at me, grinning. "Think I can make you come for me?"

"I know you can."

"Not yet," she laughed, and passed my cock to my wife.

Brooke didn't hesitate to take the messy thing in her mouth, head bobbing beautifully. Debbie slowly crawled up the bed. She moved her head over mine, gazing down into my eyes. "Thank you," she whispered. "I really felt like you meant it. You liked it."

"I loved it. You're pretty damn amazing, when you aren't being a pain in my ass."

She laughed, and didn't resist me when I pulled her head down for a kiss. It started slow, gentle. A 'getting to know you' kiss, that turned passionate after a bit.

"Finish me?" I asked.

"You wanna come in my mouth?"

“I do.”

“Make me swallow it?”

“Not ‘make’ you do anything. It would be the most amazing gift if you did.”

“Ask me nicely,” she said. I could see she wasn’t joking. This was important to her. I could understand why.

I brushed my lips against hers. “Please, Debbie. Suck me, finish me. Take all I can give you. Please, I’d love to come in that sexy little mouth of yours.”

“I don’t have to, you understand? If I do, it’s only because I want to,” she whispered, staring into my eyes.

“Your choice. I have no say in the matter. I’d love it if you did, but understand if you won’t.”

She smiled slowly. “You do taste pretty good. No more in my throat though. I don’t like that.”

Odd. If she didn’t like it why did she do it? “Whatever you want, beautiful.”

“Don’t hold me down at the end,” she said anxiously.

“Of course not.”

“Don’t forget,” she whispered, slowly backing down the bed.

“I’ll hang onto his arms,” Allison said.

“No. He has to choose not to.”

“I won’t, I promise,” I told her.

She climbed on top of my bare leg, facing my wife. “Can I finish him? Do you mind?”

Brooke lifted up, stroking me. “I’d like you to.” She leaned over and kissed her friend on the cheek.

Debbie took over stroking my cock, once again licking and teasing for a while. More damn whispering from my wife, and Allison couldn’t leave well enough alone, nibbling my ear, and putting my hand on her tit again. “Give her a good one, Nate. Make it special.”

I groaned as Debbie’s mouth settled over my cock. All the attention was getting to be too much. “Not long,” I warned.

She looked up at me, and I could see a combination of excitement and nervousness. She kept it pretty basic after that, warm sweet mouth moving up and down, her tongue pressing against me on each stroke. Her soft hand stroking me in tandem with her mouth.

“Close,” I groaned, trying to keep my hips still, wanting to drive back into her throat so badly.

Her blonde hair fell over her face, and I instinctively reached down to brush it back. Exposing her eyes, I saw her looking at me nervously.

I brushed her cheek with the back of my hand, gently. “Thank you,” I gasped, pulling my hand back. Her hand darted forward, grasping my wrist, and pulled it back to her head. I ran my fingers through her hair, and she suddenly pushed all the way down, making me gasp.

“Nate!” Brooke snapped.

I started to pull my hand away, and Debbie grabbed it again, pulling it to the back of her head. She pulled off, until just the head was between her lips, and pulled my hand down hard, pushing her face forward, until her lips were pressed against the base.

“*Nathan*,” Brook gasped, slapping my hip sharply.

Debbie bobbed her head over the bottom few inches, holding me in her throat, until I gasped.

“Coming.”

She released my hand, and pulled back, tilting her head and catching the load against her cheek. Her hand stroked me, milking me, drawing every last drop out. Once I finished, she held on for a few seconds, then backed off, her lips slowly closing around the tip of my cock, before she sat up. I could see tears in her eyes. She closed them briefly and I saw her throat move as she swallowed.

“God *Damn* it Nathan! What the hell was that?” Brook practically screamed, sitting up on my leg, glaring at me.

“Sis ...,” Allison started.

“He was perfect, Brooke,” Debbie said. “Perfect gentleman. He wouldn’t, even when I let him, putting his hand on my head like that. Don’t blame him.”

“But you said ...”

“I know. I ... I wanted to feel it, for a second. The way he responded. God, I could feel how hard he got, how bad he wanted me. Kind of erase the bad times.”

“Incredible,” was all I could say.

Debbie grinned. “Not bad for my first time, huh?”

I laughed. “You’re rotten, you know that?”

She grinned, and climbed up the bed, nibbling on my chin, kissing my face. “I bet that’s not what you were thinking just a little while ago.”

“No, it wasn’t.”

“You liked it?”

“You couldn’t tell?”

“You always come that much, on your third try?”

Allison giggled. “Pretty much, greedy guts. You didn’t share. We share around here.”

Debbie pouted. “But it was my first one ...”

“Yummy?” Brooke asked.

Debbie giggled. “D-double e-licious.” She licked her lips naughtily. “Takes me back to Christmas dinner dessert, at Grandma’s.”

My wife climbed up my body, and her face appeared before mine. Pretty hot, three pretty girls looking at me from only inches away. “You scared the crap out of me,” she said.

Debbie reached over and hugged her. “It wasn’t him. All me. I’m sorry. I ... I didn’t think I’d do that.”

“You’re Ok?” Brooke asked.

Debbie leaned over, and kissed my wife on the lips softly. “More than okay. Thanks. I’m really sorry I ever doubted you. Shit, no wonder you do it all the time. A girl could get used to that.”

“It’s not the same is it,” Allison spoke up. “Knowing there’s a yummy treat at the end, it makes me want to go crazy on him.”

Debbie nodded. “Yeah. I can see that. Especially when he’s so good about it.” She looked up at me. “Who knew? The asshole’s really not that bad.”

“Yeah,” I teased. “And the bitchy friend could suck the chrome off a tailpipe.”

“You liked it. You know you did. Don’t be a coward now, admit it.”

“Never denied it, did I? You surprised the hell out of me, I’ll give you that.”

She gave me a quick kiss. “Who gets the next one?”

“Hey! We only gave you one to show you it was true. It’s ours.” Allie griped.

Brooke laughed. “Mine, really. But I wouldn’t mind sharing every now and then. This doesn’t become a habit though, understand?”

“Bee ...” Allison whined.

“What? You complaining? It was only supposed to be the one time for you, now I can barely get you out of my house!”

Allison pouted. “You don’t mean that do you? You don’t want me here?”

Brooke leaned over and kissed her on the lips, softly. “I love you like a sister, Allie—”

“I am your sister!”

“—but every one for you, is one less for me. You have a husband. You get all his and some of mine too.”

Allison seemed suitably chastened. “You ... you want to share Mike?”

Brooke shook her head. “No, I wouldn’t do that to you. But this one’s mine. I choose to share or not.”

Allison nodded her head slowly. Me? I’m a genius, remember. Kept my mouth close. No way I was getting involved. Even if it was my cock.

Brooke hugged her sister, kissing her again. Longer, more seriously. “I love sharing him with you, sis. Maybe even more than I do now. But if I want to let Debbie have a little ...”

“I know,” Allison whispered. “I’m sorry.”

Brooke laughed. “No you’re not. You’re greedy. It’s okay. We’re all going to get a lot tonight. We dosed him good.”

Allie grinned. “We did, didn’t we.”

“Yep. And he’s hard as a rock right now, pressing up against my belly. I think he likes us fighting over him.” She looked up at me, eyebrow raised.

“I love you, Brooke. Best wife in the world.”

She smiled. “Good answer, bub. I guess you did immortalize me. Brookiana. All official and everything. You want a little of your wife’s steaming hot pussy, big guy?”

“You know I do. I always do.”

She sat up, and slipped me inside of her. “Happy now?”

I nodded eagerly, grinning, earning a giggle.

She started rocking on me, and Debbie spoke up. “I guess it’s hers now,” she pouted.

Allison nodded. “It’s always hers. This is the fourth one. He’d wear our jaws out if we only blew him. This way she can take care of him, but we still get to enjoy the finish.”

“After he’s been inside of her?”

“If you don’t want to share, you don’t have to. But after the first three or so, he gets the real thing for a while.” She sat up and pulled her panties off. “The good news is, we’ve got permission to play more. At least *I* do,” she smirked. “We’ve let that sexy mouth of his go idle for far too long.”

She straddled my head, and I saw her sexy little opening up close for the first time. It settled lower, until it was in reach. I licked her, and felt her tremble, earning a little moan from her. “Damn,” she gasped. “About fucking time.”

She pressed down against my face, and I did what I could. She must have been really worked up, it was only a couple of minutes before she was coming for me, grinding against my mouth. She rode my face through a second one, before she climbed off, breathing hard. “Next time, we shave you.”

My wife was riding me hard, working my cock. She looked at me grinning. “You did good, Nate. Ready?”

“For?”

Debbie’s leg appeared over my head, and I jerked back, surprised.

“It’s okay, honey,” Brooke said, as she disappeared from my view, replaced by another strange pussy.

Her best friend was a little harder to get off, and I was ready to come by the time she’d finished shaking. I pushed her away, “Soon!” I gasped out.

I felt the cool air as Brooke pulled off of me, then alternating sucking. Both of them, I could tell. Debbie shifted, and I could feel by the way her hand pulled my cock forward that she was participating too. My cock felt like a joystick, alternately pulled in three directions, for a little sucking each way.

I was struggling to hang on, but didn’t stand a chance. “Gotta ...”

The mouth disappeared, and my cock was stroked. I grunted as I shot my wad, feeling it splash on my belly. A few seconds later I felt the tongues descend, cleaning me, someone sucking my cock for a bit, finishing up, then it was cool air again, and hot tongues on my flesh. I pulled Debbie’s hips back, and attacked her ornery pussy, making her squeal for me. I liked that.

She pushed back against me, and I was surprised with how quickly she came the second time. She climbed off of me, turned around and kissed me. “Another first.”

“No way. You’re what, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, married once, and never had your pussy licked?”

“Not like that. Not to finish. I never came on a man’s tongue before.”

I wondered about her saying ‘a man’s’ tongue. Naughty thoughts. Shame on me.

They gave me a short break, handing me my beer, while they sat around my waist, hands playing with me casually. The sisters told Debbie about the research, and creating an optimal mix.

“You mean it gets better?” Debbie asked.

“Probably. Dumb luck that his first attempt was pretty close to the perfect mix for me. Took us better than a week to replicate it.”

“Three weeks to find mine. One for him and another for hubby,” Allison added.

“Wow. Can ... can we find my mix?” she asked.

“You want to? It’s not easy. You might have to work for weeks to nail it,” Brooke teased.

“If you didn’t mind,” Debbie said.

Brooke gave her a hug. “I’m just teasing. Of course we can. You understand, it’s just us, right? Nobody else gets to know.”

“Of course. I swear. I won’t tell a soul.” She giggled. “Hell, who would believe it? I didn’t and you’re my best friend!”

Allison’s a tricky one. She stretched out on the bed, laying on her side, head resting on my belly. Debbie was laying beside me, head-to-toe, gabbing away. I reached down and caressed her rear, rewarded with a cute little wiggle. I felt movement on my cock.

“Allie, we’re giving him a break,” my wife warned.

“But it’s right there in front of me,” her sister pouted. “Just a little teasing ...”

“A little, that’s it.”

Right. Number five was raring to go not two minutes later. Allison pouted and left before number six. The other two replenished their treats before continuing. Deb insisted on finding out if seven was really possible. It was after 2:00 am before she acknowledged it was. Brooke let her stay the night, but I was a bit of a hardass, insisting that I only slept with my wife.

Chapter Ten

Four weeks. Debbie was a friggin' perfectionist and it took a full four weeks before we got her to agree we'd found her mix. I was getting suspicious, since at the end, we were working with a mixture very much like the one she'd started with.

The first two weeks were nuts. Brooke and I had at least one 'guest' over every day, and I was wondering if a guy could get tired of blowjobs. No, seriously. No relaxing when you get home from work. Come in, undress, get sucked. Day in, day out. And that was just the start of it. Getting dosed nearly every day, since Debbie didn't have to go home like Allison did.

I was getting chafed, and cranky. Had to put my foot down.

"Girls, I love you both. I do, but I need some time with just my wife. At least two days a week."

Both girls pouted but didn't put up a fight. "It seems like you guys are tag-teaming me. Whenever one is absent the other's here."

Allison nodded. "You need takin' care of."

"No sweetie, I don't. I have Brooke for that. She does a perfect job."

Brooke was sitting back, staying out of it. She had already addressed the issue once, but the push-back was so hard, she didn't want to cause trouble with her sister and best friend. She left it to me to be the bad guy.

"C'mon, Nate," she had argued. "You make the decision, and they're not going to put up a fuss. I mean, seriously, they get mad at you, and they're shooting themselves in the foot. Besides, right now, you can do no wrong with either."

I accepted her analysis, and made the point.

"I don't want to be dosed every day either. I'll give you three nights a week, and both of you can come over. One more night for each of you alone. How's that?"

"Alone? Just you and me?" Allison asked.

"No, gorgeous. Alone, meaning without Debbie here. Brooke will always be here."

Brooke coughed, getting my attention. "I wouldn't mind a break either, to be brutally honest. How about once a week or so, I'm optional. We can alternate weeks between them."

"Brooke ..." I whined.

She leaned over and hugged me where I was sitting. "I'll be here. Let them do the lion's share of the work. After the last couple of weeks, my pussy is so sore, I'm getting scared to come to bed."

"That sounds fair to me!" Allie said.

Debbie nodded her assent.

Two weeks later, our plan seemed to be working out. Brooke and I even took one of our days off and did nothing. No sex at all. It was refreshing. We both looked at each other the next morning, feeling guilty. It was our day, and we'd passed.

"Not mad are you?" she asked.

"No. I loved holding you last night."

"Me too. We need some more of that. Could we, uh, plan the same for next week?"

I chuckled, and pulled her into my arms. "It's a date."

Weird. Planning on when we *weren't* going to have sex.

We'd found Debbie's mix, and we were all together, for a little celebration. It was the day after Brooke's and my second break day, and I was feeling my oats. Took a full dose of the Phoenix, and headed straight to the bedroom. "I need naked women, in my bed, now."

They started giggling, undressing on the way, nibbling their Magic Mess.

My first stop was the bathroom, for a close shave. Ever since they ganged up to shave me on the bed, in the middle of our research, I made sure I had that taken care of. Debbie had even set up a skin care regimen for me, and I applied the lotion to my face, ever mindful of the grief I'd get for any chafing that occurred.

The last few days had started my mind wandering down a strange path. Their desire and need was beyond anything that 'candy cum' could explain. I was fearful there was an addictive element to our mix. I was tempted to wean Debbie off of it for a while, to see how she'd handle it.

But not right then.

On group days, Brooke had started the habit of letting our guests duke it out for first rights. Debbie and Allison had come up with the elegant decision to rotate turns, and Allison was waiting eagerly for me to get ready.

The whole business was becoming surreal. Allison, or Debbie would blow me, while the others cuddled in and talked about the progress in our experimentation. I'd taken a back seat to the sisters, letting them come up with ideas for testing. They took it all so seriously, notes, spreadsheets, short write-ups. A friggin' Powerpoint slideshow last week. They seemed to be together, plotting, all the time. Made me a little nervous.

I was content with the way things were, and enjoyed Allison's attention. She finished the first one, and Brooke rolled over and opened her notebook. "Did you get that Deb?"

"Nine minutes, twelve seconds," Debbie responded, giving Allison a quick kiss and taking her place between my legs.

Allison took her place cuddling. "No significant variations. Yummy."

She and I kissed for a while, playful. Brooke dragged her fingernails across my chest, a subtle reminder to share the affection. I turned to her, pulling her close. "What's for dinner?"

"Thought that after this one, we'd get comfy, share a bottle of wine until the effect wears off, have some Chinese, then back to science. That work for you?"

"Any success with timing the duration of the effect?" I asked. It was their latest line of study.

"Some. Definitely one of the sweet converters goes first. Around two, two and a half hours with a standard batch. Still not terrible tasting at that point, just not perfect anymore. Within half an hour, it goes to hell. Things still taste weird for at least another hour afterward. Taking it before bed, no problems, but during the day, there's about a four hour windows of effect. Ideal for the first two, then degrading after that."

"*Mmmhmm*," I nodded, losing my attention for a bit, as Debbie proved she could take me deep on demand.

Brooke pouted, and I saw her nudge Deb's shoulder with her foot. "Easy girl, we're talking business here."

Deb mumbled an apology, and turned it down a notch.

"You back with me?" Brooke asked.

"Of course," I told her, stealing a quick kiss.

“Of course’ my ass. Pay attention, or the girls go home.”

“I’d still have you, right?” I teased.

She rolled her eyes. “Can you think of any way to cut the duration of whatever’s lasting longest without changing the mixture and disturbing the taste?”

I gave it some thought, while Debbie did her best to distract me. Allison was being good for once. I gave her perky bottom a squeeze.

“Maybe. Age the ingredient. It seems to lose potency over time. If we age the single ingredient, almost surely *Thaumatococcus*, we might be able to do that. Why don’t you try keeping it in the frig for a few days, and use it then?”

She nodded, marking her notes. “Few days, like three?”

“Sure. We have to start somewhere, it’s an educated guess, then we work from there.”

Brook looked across at her sister. “Where we at with Debbie, time-wise.”

“Ten minutes, but you know the second one is so inconsistent,” Allie said.

“Yeah, but it might show us some trending.”

“How about some wifely attention,” I teased.

She grinned. “A couple of minutes. One of them has to finish you, I didn’t get treated yet. Saving it for later. I want to enjoy my wine.”

She scooted down and got Debbie to trade places for a while. “What do you think, Allie. That face of his looks awfully empty.”

Allie pouted. “You know the rules. Not ‘til number three. Too much distraction when we’re still working the research.”

Debbie was rubbing my cheeks. “Smooth as a baby’s bottom. You using your lotion?”

I nodded, my attention back on my wife’s sweet performance.

Debbie noticed and pouted while she snuggled in. “Doesn’t matter what I do, does it?”

“Matter how?” I asked.

“You’re always going to prefer her.” She nodded down the bed.

I hated that crap. It didn’t come up very often, but every once in a while. “Debbie, how many times do I have to tell you that you’re wonderful? I love what you do. But Brooke’s my wife. I love her.”

Deb’s fingers circle my nipples. “You don’t love us just a little?”

“I love you like crazy, you ornery thing. I’m in love with my wife. Since day one.”

Allison chuckled. “Brookiana. We know. How many of your fellow plant discoverers named their finds after their wife? Not many I could find.”

“You looked?”

“Yeah. You’re in a rarefied group. I get it. It’s cool. I’m not yours, I’m Mike’s. Heart and soul. I wouldn’t expect to be on the same level as sis. You see me gettin’ jealous again, tan my ass.”

Debbie was blushing. “Easy for you to say. You’ve got Mike. These two are all I have.”

Allison reached across and took her hand. “And me.”

Debbie smiled. “Yes. You too. Sister in crime.”

“I need a change. Gettin’ close,” I warned them.

Debbie was up in a flash, takin’ Brooke’s place. My wife was back at my side, delivering a little kiss. “Happy? God, you’re spoiled.”

I grinned. “Yes. Thank you. I needed that.”

“Your harem not enough for you?” she teased. She knew the answer, but I always liked to remind her.

“They’re wonderful. They’re not you.”

She gave me a poke. “Damn. I don’t know how, you slick talker, but you actually have me believing it.”

Allison giggled. “Duh! Of course you do. It’s kind of obvious, isn’t it?”

“Jealous much?” Brooke teased.

“Do I have to remind you, I get *two* men?” Allison smirked.

“Answer the question, bi-otch.”

Allison gave her sister a poke. “Alright. A little. Don’t go gettin’ all swelled head about it.”

Brooke grinned. “S’okay. I get a little jealous too. Lucky girl.”

“Close,” I mumbled, reaching down and caressing Debbie’s soft hair. It was an offering. About one in four times she liked it rough. If she moved my hand to the back of her head, I’d give her what she needed. This wasn’t one of those occasions.

Brooke got up, giving me a quick kiss. “I’ll get the wine ready. See you in a minute.”

As soon as she was gone, Allison captured my mouth with hers and practically raped it. “I’m so fuckin’ horny tonight. Take care of me tonight, Nate.”

I groaned, and filled Debbie’s warm mouth. She eased me through the finish, gently, and cleaned me afterward. I relaxed, and watched her climb up the bed. Allison waited with open arms, and Debbie slid into them, their mouths meeting, as they shared the aftertaste. I watched, rolling onto my side, and rubbing my hand over their naked bodies.

“That’s the one,” Debbie finally said. “Absolutely perfect.” She climbed onto me, kissing me ardently. “I know that was a lot of work. You didn’t have to do it. I appreciate it.”

“You’re worth it,” I told her.

She chuckled. “You never would have said that four weeks ago. You could barely stand me.”

I nodded. “Yeah, you drove me crazy. But you were always Brooke’s friend, and a good one. Don’t think for a second I don’t notice things like that. Your friendship alone earned you that and more.”

“Are we friends now?” she asked softly.

“I think so. Good friends, even if you still are a pain in the ass sometimes.”

She bit my lip, tugging, teasing. “I think so too. Thanks. Beast.”

The wine and dinner was nice. The girls talked about the taste of the food as their treatment wore off. Brooke and I didn’t have that issue.

“What’s your schedule, Deb?” Brooke asked. It was Wednesday. We knew that Allie was good until about midnight.

“Yours ‘til you kick me out,” she said, sipping her wine. She chuckled. “So weird, the taste of the wine changing, as the evening wears on.”

“I’ve got clean-up duty,” Allison announced. One of the benefits of having her and Debbie around. They always pitched in.

“Need help?” Debbie asked.

“Nah, I got it. It’s your celebration night, remember? We found your mix.”

Debbie glowed. “Hell yeah. Better’n my birthday.”

She was showing the effects of the second bottle of wine, but hell, we were all among friends. A little buzz never hurt.

It was halfway through number four for the evening, that things took a decided twist. Sweet Allie was riding my face, while my wife was handling things below. I felt Brooke moving for a change of pace, and Allie gasped.

“Bee! That’s *so* not fair!”

I may not be the all that aware of my surroundings, once the girls get me going, but I knew instantly. “*Brooke!*”

Her face appeared above me, next to her sister’s cute butt, while my cock was being ridden. “Relax baby. She’s not married. I don’t mind. On some of these long nights, I could use a little help sometimes. We won’t be making a habit of it, but every once in a while ...”

“I didn’t want that,” I told her, a little irritated. Not that I didn’t enjoy the feeling.

“I know. That’s why I cheated a little.” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “It’s been three years for her, baby. Three years. Since before her divorce. I thought she was done with men for good. She needs this.”

“This? Wouldn’t it be better with someone who matters to her? You know, love?”

She shook her head at me. “For a genius, you sure are dense. No, this is perfect for her. Trust me.”

Allison climbed off my face, and snuggled in, pouting. “I can’t believe you,” she snapped at her sister.

“Allie, you know it has to be this way. You love Mike. You’re not going to cheat on him.”

“What if he said it was Ok?” she asked.

“Don’t. Don’t ask. It’s not fair to him. Let’s be happy with what we have, alright?”

Allison popped out her bottom lip. “I don’t have to like it.”

I laughed, cuddling her close, while Debbie did her pogo stick imitation. I opened my arms to Deb, and she laid down on my body, her hips still working away. I got two hands full of soft ass cheek, lifted her, and drove my cock into her body.

“Nate, Nate ...” she gasped, and thirty seconds later she was coming. The sisters were encouraging her, caressing her body. I wasn’t ready for the tears that followed.

“Did I hurt you?” I asked nervously.

Brooke gave me another of *those* looks. “Just hold her, dumbass.”

I did as requested, still hard, it was number four after all. I kissed her face, rubbed her back, and slowly pumped her ridiculously tight pussy. “Thanks, beautiful,” I whispered softly. More friggin’ tear works.

I used her well. She rose up after a bit, riding me hard, then it was back to my arms again, letting me do most of the work. I felt her trembling, and the feel of her coming for me, brought me close.

“Soon,” I whispered, looking over to my wife.

“Inside her,” she answered.

“Really?” I gasped, gripping Deb’s ass, and slamming up into her.

She rolled her eyes. “Yes, baby. Really. Please.”

I didn’t bother asking Debbie. She could have moved if she didn’t want it. I was getting a little rougher, pounding her, using her ass like handles to drive her down onto my cock. She was whimpering beautifully, as I slammed home, erupting. “Fuck,” I groaned, feeling my essence pump out, and into her soft body.

I guess things got a little weird after that. Brooke took care of me the rest of the evening. Debbie was pretty clingy, tucked into my side, and not moving for hell or high water. Allison was Allison. Wanted a mustache ride after a bit, then insisted on finishing me when I got close with Brooke. My wife let her have that one, since she had to leave soon.

With Allie gone, Brooke got me up again, and insisted I give Debbie a ride, letting her have the bottom. It was nice, don’t get me wrong, but I would have preferred my wife. I think she

knew that. I was kneeling upright, Debbie's muscular legs held open in a large 'V' while I plumbed her tightness. I was learning what she liked, and worked her through a couple of smaller orgasms to a nice big one. I took it easy on her, as she came down from that one.

Brooke parked herself behind me, arms embracing me. I felt her lips against my ear. "I owe you for this one," she whispered. "Thank you."

I turned and look into her eyes, "You know I'd rather ..."

She put her finger over my lips. "*Shh*. I know. We all know. Still, she needed this." She kissed my neck. "Lay on her, make love to her, be tender, okay?"

I took my directions, and did as requested. It wasn't a difficult task. I'd grown to like her a lot. And physically, she felt awesome. Not too active, but very accommodating.

Debbie's hands were creatures of curiosity, touching me, running over my skin, squeezing fondling. All over the place. I was still a good way from finishing, and I enjoyed her, kissing her face, pressing my lips against hers, sharing her breath. She came for me a few times, always seemed to be on the edge, moaning sweetly, each stroke forcing her breath out a little. I would feel her nails dig in as she got close, and I'd pound her a bit harder until I pushed her over that edge.

Near my finish, Brooke didn't even say anything. She simply knelt beside me, and pushed my hips back down when I started to pull back. "I'm close," I said softly.

"Fill me, darling," Debbie pleaded.

Sounded like a plan, and I did as she asked, groaning as I drove her into the mattress. When I finished, I was zonked. I laid on top of her for a long time, resting, catching my breath. It seemed her lips never left my skin. When I felt she was uncomfortable, I rolled off of her. Brooke took the initiative to clean me up.

That was the first, and only time so far, that Brooke let anyone spend the night with us in our bed.

I knew things had changed.

Epilogue

I woke slowly, worn out from another full dose night. A familiar feeling had been the impetus for my rising. I saw the covers raising up and down, as a talented mouth completed its mission, draining me.

“Best damn alarm clock in the world,” I said.

“Your presence is required in the analysis room.”

Sigh. I never had signed up for this. A quick shower, not much more than a rinse, and I slipped my robe on. Time to greet the world. A few dozen steps and I was out of the residential wing.

“Good morning, Dr. Greene.”

“Morning Tina. How’s my favorite intern doing this morning?”

She giggled. “I’m not your favorite.”

“Favorite intern,” I repeated.

“Only intern. Doing good, not as good as you today,” she teased.

“Really?”

“Oh yeah. You best get your buns in the analysis room pronto, boss. Wifey’s on a rampage. The Dragon is free.”

Crap. Crap, crap, crap. And the morning had started so well.

Allison walked up to me with a quick drive-by hug, and a kiss on the cheek, as I marched down the hall. “You still alive after last night?”

“No thanks to you,” I teased.

She handed me my mug of coffee, and I watched her walk back to the preparation room. The short dress made the walk a thing of beauty.

I place my hand over the reader, and opened the door when it unlocked. Brooke was standing there, chewing out the receptionist.

“No exceptions! None! I don’t care what her excuse is!”

I wanted to go up and give the young thing a hug and reassure her, but I knew better. If Brooke was this agitated, there had to be a reason.

She turned to me, and I saw her calm down a little. “Sorry I had you woken early,” she said.

“Never mind me, what’s the problem? What can I do?”

She stood and looked through the two way glass into the luxurious ante-room. “Anything wrong with that picture?”

There were four women seated, watching a video. Each had one of our attendants with them, taking notes while the women spoke.

“It’s the first Monday. New group.”

“The Heinz girl canceled, remember? Recognize anyone?”

It was hard to tell, most of them were in profile. I recognized two immediately. I’d been looking forward to their arrival. The brunette had graced enough movie placards to be instantly

recognized. The red-headed trophy wife was a repeat. Only our second of those ever. Kind of a surprise if you think about it. The woman in the back turned to speak to her attendant.

“Oh my God. Are you kidding me?”

“I wish I were. No appointment or anything. Waltzed in here like she owned the place.” Brooke was very *not* pleased.

“She give us her referral?”

“Nope. Her head of security said it was top-secret. We had a hell of a time keepin’ him in the lobby. His buddies are at all the exits.”

“Fuck. We don’t need this.”

“No shit. What do you want to do?”

“Let me talk to her, alright?”

“You’re gonna take her, aren’t you?” Brook snapped.

“We do have an opening. She knows. She’s here. All we can do now is damage control.”

“It has nothing to do with who ...”

“No. Of course not. I can’t believe you still ask,” I teased.

She cuddled up to me, giving me a soft kiss on the lips. The receptionist had the sense to slip away while the Dragon was distracted. “I can’t help it,” she pouted. “Jesus, look at them!”

“Why, when I have you?” I reminded her.

“You think you can fix this?” she asked, her concern evident.

“No. There’s no fixing this. All we can do is roll with it, and try to minimize the fallout.”

“I’ll have her brought to the Teal Room, when she’s finished. You going to start her on the process?”

“I figure we’re going to have to, don’t you?”

She nodded, and opened up the mini-fridge. “Eat up. I imagine you’re going to need all the help you can get, today.”

I took my dose, sipping my coffee, shaking my head. Of all the dumb luck.

Forty minutes later I was waiting in the small room anxiously. I’d been subjected to a lot these last few years, but nothing had prepared me for this.

I stood as she entered, charm and grace in her every movement. I had an urge to drop to one knee. She smiled opening her arms for an embrace. “The mysterious Dr. Greene. I’m so sorry for intruding like this. I hope you understand. It’s so very difficult for me to get away from, well, you know. For a week? I had to leap at the opportunity. Forgive me?”

Goosebumps broke out on my skin as she entered my arms, and I received a kiss on the cheek. I took her hands and guided her to the leather chair opposite mine. “Of course, your hi ...”

“Dee. Call me Dee, please.” She had a delicious smile. “You’ll be able to fit me in? I understand you only have a very limited number of openings each month.”

God, she was beautiful, and so naturally charming. “Never a doubt, was there? Of course we’d love to accommodate you.” I leaned forward. “You have no referral. May I ask how you found out about us?”

“Research. I have some, uh, rather unique tools at my disposal.”

“Not to seem crass, but how much do you know?”

Her blush was knee-weakening. “I understand you have the ability to help a woman, um ... enjoy certain acts. I’d like to be able to give my husband that gift for our anniversary.”

I smiled. “Dee. We’re very informal here. The level of intimacy required demands that. I hope I don’t offend you.”

“Oh no! Please, Dr. Greene, think of me as just another client. I understand this is your world I’m intruding into. A very, very exclusive clientele. By all means, be frank. I’m not a child.”

“Our clients leave her loving to give blowjobs. Everything about it. In particular the taste. That’s our special niche. Is that what you understood?”

She blushed again, hands absently rubbing each other. “Precisely.”

“You understand how?”

“Some kind of special food, isn’t it?”

“It is. It is customized for most of our clients, so they have the greatest experience possible. It isn’t absolutely necessary, the standard version works quite well and is considerably less expensive.”

She nodded. “The price is no issue. I imagine the customized version is best. I’d like that if possible.”

“This may be a surprise to you. Please understand, all of our clients know what they’re getting into before they get here. Still, over ninety percent select the customized product. But they know what they’ve signed up for.”

“You make it sound so mysterious. You’re beating around the bush. Please, don’t hold back on my account.”

“Dee, to customize it, you will be required to deliver blowjobs daily for the next week. Multiple.”

I could see the shock set in. “To ... to whom?”

“If you had brought your partner, to him of course.”

“But he could never get away! You said ‘if’. There’s an alternative?”

“Yes. There are only two of us. Myself, and Mr. Reed.”

“It ... it’s required?”

“Only if you customize. With the standard version, we only require one blowjob, to verify its efficacy on you. I’d be willing to waive that, in your case.”

She was quiet. “Why would ninety percent choose customization, if that’s true?”

“I’d suggest you speak with one of the advisors. My wife would be happy to explain it.”

“I don’t have to decide now?”

“I’ll need your response in the next few hours. The customization process involves three other clients this session, you understand. Any delay would affect them as well. We can’t afford to waste a day.”

“I ... I believe I would like to speak with someone, if it’s not too much trouble.”

I stood. “Wait here, please. If you need anything, you only have to press the buzzer. The back door exits to a restroom, if you are so inclined. Someone will be with you very shortly.”

Outside the door, I was having trouble catching my breath. My palms were sweating. I wasn’t there ten seconds before the sisters braced me. “What’s the deal?” Brooke asked.

“She doesn’t know much. Came in her basically blind.”

Allison laughed. “You’re fuckin’ kidding me!”

“Not at all. She wants to understand why customization is such a popular option. Could one, or both of you speak with her.”

“Sure,” Brooke said. “She got to you, didn’t she?”

“It’s ...”

Allison giggled. “We get it.” She turned and faced her sister. “He hasn’t been like this since the second month.”

Brooke laughed. "Oh, yeah. That was a hoot." She gave me a hug. "Just another woman, remember that. I saved Hollywood for you, she's in the Rose Room. Mike has the other two. No partners this time. That's starting to become a disturbing pattern."

They walked past me through the door I'd just departed, and I continued a few steps down the hall.

"Dr. Greene," the stunning brunette said, her perfect smile illuminating her face. "I'm so damn excited, thank you for handling me personally."

I accepted her hug, and she gave me a nice little kiss. "You understand the process?"

She nodded. "Signed everything. Now I'm a nervous Nelly. Like my first time on stage."

I opened my robe, removing it and placing it over the chair. "You've already taken your first treatment?"

She was peeling her clothing off. "Less than ten minutes ago. God, I can't wait to find out if it's true."

"You can leave your clothing on," I said.

"I'd rather not, if that's okay? Weird bein' fully clothed with you nekkid and all."

"More than okay. Thank you."

She giggled, dropping to her knees and taking me in her mouth. "Thank you," she mumbled around my hardening cock.

Ten minutes later she was gazing up at me in that familiar adoration I still hadn't grown used to. "My God. You *are* a genius! And you say it gets better?"

"Almost always. There's about a five percent chance that the first sample is very close to your optimum mix."

"Mmmm," she purred, now sitting in my lap, her naked body curled up so cutely. "Can we do it again?"

I kissed her lips. "We most definitely will. This afternoon. After you've been suitably spoiled for the day. First, we need you to meet with the analyst, who will collect the information necessary before making your first custom variation."

"How long? I mean, if I wanted to do it again, how long would it last?"

I held her body in my arms. The whole world would be jealous if they knew. "It's only a trial dose. It lasts less than an hour. You're regular treatment will usually give you two to three hours of enjoyment. We'll know before you leave."

She leaned her head on my shoulder. "Incredible. I ... I want to thank you for taking me on. It's a pretty rarefied group, I reckon."

"Less than fifty a year, worldwide."

She turned and cuddled in. I pulled my robe around her shoulders. To this day, I have no idea why so many of them respond this way. The need for closeness, intimacy. Almost universal. It clearly had something to do with Brookiana. Without it, they were nothing like this. But years of research still couldn't explain it.

"Not a bargain though, is it?" she teased.

"We've yet to have a client who didn't believe it was worth it," I reminded her.

"None?"

"Not yet. The lovely red-head with you today? She's here for the second time. New husband, new mix."

"I don't understand that part. If it's customized for my husband, why isn't he the one here with me?"

I thought that was a strange comment. “He was certainly welcome. It actually makes it much easier.”

“Really? But Jenni ... my sponsor said I had to come alone.”

Shit. “No dear. I’m sorry if there was any confusion. If you’d like we could reschedule you when he’s available.”

She didn’t think it over long. “We’ve already started. I’d hate to have to wait another six months on the list. We can do it without him, right?”

“Certainly. It’s why you’re required to provide a semen sample ahead of time. We analyze it and compare the results, extrapolating the differences from our baseline. When you leave here, you’ll have a mixture that is dead-on perfect ninety-five percent of the time. You’ll also have three variants which you’ll be asked to test with your partner. There is a small chance one will be even better. Let us know if that’s your case. You’ll be only the eleventh person to need the final adjustment.”

“Sure you wouldn’t like to go again?” she asked, nibbling my neck.

“I’d love to, but I’d be doing you a disservice.” The fifteen minute winding down period was near complete. “Please, let’s get dressed and get you ready for the geek squad. They’ll do their magic, and I’ll see you promptly at four this afternoon.”

She turned in my lap, delivering a toe-curling kiss. I accepted it graciously. I was expecting it. “Thank you, Dr. Greene,” she whispered.

“Nathan. Please call me Nathan,” I snuck a look at my notes, “Angel.” Part of the process was to give each of them their very own affectionate little nickname.

She grinned for me. “Am I going to be your Angel for the next week, Nathan?”

“I sincerely hope so.”

* * * *

I left the room, and had a cold juice, straight from greenhouse number seven. I always needed a few minutes after the first test.

Allison found me. “C’mon, lady like that is not used to waiting.” She grabbed my hand and tugged me along.

“She’s staying?”

“Never a doubt was there? Not once they know.”

Still hard to wrap my brain around. I entered the Teal room, and my wife got up, and gave me a kiss. Her lips brushed my ear, “Gentle with this one.”

She closed the door behind her, and I could see how nervous our guest was. “Relax, Dee. Please.”

“God, I screwed up, didn’t I. Waltzing in here unannounced, like I knew everything.”

I smiled and held her hand. “It’s fine. We’re happy you’re here. Truly. We want the best for you.”

“Your wife is very kind.”

I almost laughed. If she’d seen her earlier, she wouldn’t be saying that. When the Dragon is wakened, it’s a scary thing. “The brains behind all of this.”

Dee smiled. Damn, such a beautiful smile. Not that I, and the rest of the world, hadn’t seen it a million times. “You’re far too modest, Dr. Greene. She made it very clear who the resident genius is.”

“A little discovery. This? Our little enterprise? That’s the women.”

“Your wife and her sister?”

“And their best friend. The three of them. I’m just along for the ride.” Conversation was good at this point, calming.

“Brooke, she said, we would be starting immediately.” Our guest was blushing mightily.

“Yes. A quick test, and then an afternoon of spoiling before we do our first experiment.”

“I ... I should do it now?”

“As long as you’re okay with it, now would be good.”

She nodded. “I don’t have much experience. Almost none.”

I chuckled. “That’s part of why you’re here, isn’t it? We’ll have training sessions, and bring you up to speed.”

She nodded. “I’m embarrassed,” she admitted quietly.

“If I may be so bold, please, come here, sit on my lap.”

She did, and I held her, my arms trembling. “You’re shaking,” she whispered.

“You’re incredible,” I confessed.

I saw the little smile. “Please, my researchers have shown me who walks through your doors. I’m a plain old city girl.”

“You make my heart race. Your charm, beauty, grace, it’s devastating.”

She leaned into me. “Dr. Greene! I thought this would be purely professional!” she teased.

“Ninety percent of the time it is.”

“And with me it isn’t?” Her hand slid inside the front of my robe.

“No. Purely pleasure, on my part. I hope I don’t disappoint you.”

She laughed, and kissed my cheek. “I sincerely doubt that. I’ve seen the video testimonials.”

I reached down and started unbuttoning her blouse. She watched quietly. “I ... I didn’t know that was necessary.”

“It isn’t. Stop me if you must,” I whispered, nibbling her ear lobe.

“This is all private, correct? Nobody will ever know.”

“Only your presence is known to the others here. What goes on behind closed doors is absolutely secret. You have my word.”

I was peeling her shirt off, and she helped me. My hand gravitated to her bra enclosed breast. I heard the rush of her breath. “Dr. Greene,” she gasped.

“Nathan,” I reminded her. “I’m going to undress you now, and then I’ll remove my robe. After that, you’re going to suck my cock.”

She nodded timidly. “You’ll show me?”

“I doubt I’ll need to. I’m certain you’ll pull it off with the grace and panache you manage with everything else.”

I kissed her then. Kissed those lips. Felt her tongue against mine. Melded with her, while I removed her bra, exposing her august breasts. She trembled as I lifted her off my lap. She stood nervously, while I removed my robe. I sat back down, hips thrust forward. “On your knees, please.” It felt sacrilegious just to say it.

She didn’t hesitate. Her hand moved to my shaft, stroking it.

“You took your treat, didn’t you?”

She nodded.

“Then it’s time,” I glanced at my notes. Somebody had a sense of humor. No, Princess was not going to be her nickname. “Baby girl.”

She looked up at me, and put her lips over my cock.

“Stop. Don’t start like that. Relax, become familiar with it. Learn it, love it. Tease me a little first, only then should I be graced with the wonder of your mouth.”

She changed before my eyes, her regal veil falling away, replaced with a young woman’s curiosity. She held it, tilted one way than another. Brushed it against her face. Her lips pressed against the shaft lightly before her tongue reached out and teased me. I groaned.

She backed off. “Did I do something wrong?”

I chuckled. “Not at all, baby. You did something very right. I knew you’d be a natural.”

She grinned. “You liked that?”

“Absolutely.”

She licked me, slowly the full length. “And that?”

“Wonderful.”

Several minutes she spent, learning to tease, observing my reactions, playing me. She was adventurous, pulling the skin, shaking, squeezing. Kissing and licking. She knelt upright and pressed my shaft between her breasts. Rubbed her nipple over the head. An absolute natural. Wouldn’t it figure? Blessed.

“More,” I suggested.

She looked up. “My mouth?”

“Please.”

Her lips captured me, just the tip, her tongue playing before she tested her ability to take more. I groaned, and her eyes, those magnificent eyes, lifted up, watching me, dancing with humor and joy. She knew now that the groans were in appreciation.

My third of the day. That usually meant a good fifteen minutes or more, but not today. Not with her.

She pulled off. “Tell me what to do. If I do anything wrong.”

“It’s perfect. I swear. Very few others can make me feel like this.”

She grinned. “That’s quite the compliment, isn’t it Nathan?”

“The truth. Please, I need to feel your mouth.”

She took me eagerly, and although her technique was weak, her energy and desire made up for much. Her mere presence was the kicker.

“Shortly, Dee. I’ll come for you. Have you done this before? Had a man come in your mouth?”

She kept sucking, but shook her head no.

“You’ll feel it when I do. I want you to turn your head slightly when you feel me coming for you, and take it against the inside of your cheek, not down your throat or you might choke. Can you do that for me?”

Though I’d said it a few times before, and practiced it, I had difficulty getting the words out.

She nodded, looking up at me with those fabulous mesmerizing eyes.

“It’s going to seem like a lot. Hold it in your mouth afterward. At least five seconds before you swallow. Understand?”

She nodded again.

“Finish me, baby girl.”

She moved faster, her head bobbing up and down, her hair bouncing sexily. I took her hand and placed it on my shaft below her mouth, and she started stroking me, a little awkwardly to be honest. Didn’t matter.

“Soon,” I groaned, fighting the urge to thrust against her.

A few more seconds, and I couldn't hold on any longer. I never wanted it to end, but nature determined otherwise. "Now," I gasped.

She pulled back and did as I suggested. I erupted in her mouth as if I hadn't come in a week. She gamely held on, swallowing once, but holding the rest. She pulled her mouth back when I'd finished.

"Show me."

She looked up at me, eyes sparkling, and opened her mouth, displaying the milky deposit.

"Close your eyes. Savor it a moment. Got it?"

She nodded, eyes tightly shut. I caressed the ivory skin of her face.

"Perfect, now swallow."

She did, then opened her eyes smiling. "God, it's true. All true."

I helped her stand up, unbuttoned and unzipped her sheath skirt. Pulled it down her legs, and peeled her pantyhose down. Her hand rested on my shoulder, while I removed her panties, and helped her step out of them. I sat back in my chair, and drew her into my lap.

I saw the look. That look. From her. I held her close, bathing in it. She clung to me. "Thank you," she whispered.

"My pleasure," I teased.

I caressed her body, while she cuddled in, kissing my body, my shoulders, my neck. My lips.

"Was I okay?" she asked softly.

"I'll let you know when I wake from this dream, baby girl."

She giggled, while I fondled her. "Am I really your baby girl, Nathan?"

So predictable, so wonderfully predictable. "All week long."

"Could we ... could we do it again?"

Sometimes exceptions must be made. "I'd love that."

She did better, and I lasted longer. Twenty minutes later, I was cuddling her, brushing her hair back. Full adoration mode had kicked in, and I wasn't going to fight it. I mean, seriously. Who would?

"We must get dressed now. The analysts will be waiting to take your comments, and prepare your next batch."

She pouted, and kissed me hard. "Later?"

"Yes, four-thirty. I'm looking forward to it."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. Go on now. Put some clothing on you little harlot," I teased.

She gave me a tender slap. "Is that anyway to talk to your baby girl?"

"When she's naughty? You bet. Clothing. At least until you hit the spa."

She laughed, such an endearing laugh, and dressed. I escorted her out of the room, where her attendant was waiting. The young woman glared at me. "We're late."

I pulled Dee's face to mine, and kissed her. "Soon, baby girl. I'm counting the minutes."

She kissed me back, and I saw her veil reappear, as she stood straight, once again, a little more than human.

Brooke was beside me within moments. "Forty-five minutes?"

I blushed. "Sorry."

She shook her head, but she was smiling. "Full immersion pattern, I imagine."

"It seemed appropriate," I confessed.

"God, you're such a man."

“Your man.”

She nodded. “Don’t forget it.”

Yolanda appeared at my side, tapping her clipboard. I sighed. The responsibilities that came with being a figurehead. I gave my wife a quick kiss, and started my rounds.

“Kitchen, Allison wants to show you the latest results in blister-pack MM,” Yolanda read.

Allison was professional in her domain. Resisted teasing me which I knew was difficult. The women might ride me ragged, but in the business setting, she maintained her managerial demeanor.

“What do you think?” she said, placing the pack in my hands.

Six inches by four, the sheet contained four single serve Miracle Mess one hour servings. “Shelf life?” I asked

“Thirty days,” she said grinning.

“Thirty days? How? I thought we were limited to two weeks?”

She leaned back against the counter, basking in her success. “You’re not the only staff genius, you know.”

I took her in my arms, professional appearance or not. Gave her a huge kiss, crushing her to my chest. “You never cease to amaze me, Allie. What would I do without you?”

She laughed. “Teach mediocre students, and hide out in your old greenhouse.”

I stole another kiss, and thanked her staff, before Yolanda was tapping her clipboard again. “Dr. Greene ...” she urged.

She lead me to the lab, where Debbie was standing before the centrifuge. Never one to stand on protocol, she leaned back against me as I wrapped my arms around her. My hands settled over her swollen belly.

“Any news?”

She laughed. “Nothing like Allie. First Mondays are always a pain, with all the rush work to handle our guests.”

She turned, her arms around my neck, belly pressed against me. “I think we’ve narrowed down another of the base combinations.”

“How many does that make?”

“Eight so far. Linda is convinced there are no more than twelve.”

I looked over to where her chief scientist was seated, watching us with a grin on her face. “Twelve?”

Linda nodded. “With these eight, we achieve a eighty-nine point seven efficacy for,” she glanced at her paper. “approximately eighty-two percent of our clients. I believe with ten we’ll surpass ninety-ninety.”

“Almost makes full customization obsolete,” I observed.

She shook her head adamantly. “Of course not! Nothing beats perfection. There will always be clients willing to pay dearly for that last ten percent. It will allow us to provide the customization much quicker.”

Debbie patted my bottom. “We’ll talk later. You’re behind, and we’ve got to deal with the first test results. Get moving, handsome.”

I allowed her to chase me from her lab, and Yolanda fell in step, as we headed to the greenhouses. As my personal assistant, and fellow botanist, this was her domain. She gave me quick updates as we passed through the eight minor buildings, being seen, and chatting with the workers.

Heading toward the final building, I was once more reminded of the extent of security that Brooke insisted on for our crown jewels. I pressed my hand to the glass beside the entrance, and greeted Jewel, our head of security. She waved me in with a grin, and I passed through the second doors, into the greenhouse. I waited patiently as Yolanda stripped, walk naked through the anteroom, and dressed in the proscribed skin-tight leotard. She joined me within a couple of minutes, and I walked through the aisles of *Lymania Brookiana* in various stages of growth. The harvesting was in the third quadrant but I was more interested in the business behind the secondary door at the end.

We identified ourselves and passed through. "Any changes?" I asked.

She shook her head. "None of the hybrids are displaying the characteristics we desire so far. I have great hopes for the H one-thirty-three's."

There were no workers present. Only Yolanda and I were allowed in this room. I inspected the charts. "No problems holding down the fort this week? You know how bad it gets for me."

She laughed. "Don't go looking for pity from me, Dr. Greene. I saw who walked through the doors today."

"Nate."

"Yes sir."

I'm not going to give up. I'll get her to call me by my name someday. "Everything looks in order. Anything else scheduled before lunch?"

She shook her head. "Spa visit from two to three, then prep for our guests."

We headed out, "Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Are you content with my performance?"

I almost stumbled. "More than content. What brings that on?"

"You know my second year review is in two weeks. Full benefits. Do you have any concerns that would interfere with my advancement?"

"Hardly. You're doing a damn good job of making yourself irreplaceable."

I lost her on the way out, as she went through the inspection and clothing change again, to ensure that nothing went in or out of the building. We picked up where we'd left off on our way across the grounds.

"I'm entitled to customization as part of the benefits," she said quietly.

So that's where this was going. "You've certainly earned it."

She grinned. "A quarter million dollar bonus? Isn't that the going rate?"

"I repeat. You're worth every penny."

"Sir, would you be willing to be my agent for customization?"

"I thought you had a young man?" I reminded her. Unless things had changed.

"The standard mixture works quite well with him."

I stopped, and turned to her. "You're losing me here Yolanda."

For perhaps the first time ever, her cool, controlled persona slipped. "Brooke and Debbie both believe I could be a managerial asset. At a level with them, with your approval."

"Indeed you could. You all but run the Greenery as is."

"They'd be willing to cede me a share, if I would take the job."

Big surprise. I was shocked that my wife hadn't brought it up.

"I've asked them to keep it secret, while I thought it out. I never expected to be here past the first year, and my doctoral thesis."

"I'm pleased you decided to stay. You must know that."

She nodded, and I got the biggest surprise of the day. She moved close to me, her hand resting on my arm. She gazed up into my eyes, hesitant, nervous. "It would include membership in the 'club', if you were willing. Would you be willing, N ... Nathan?"

"The club?"

"Brooke, Debbie, Allison. Your women."

"Allison is not my woman, Yolanda."

She nodded. "Those with intimacy privileges," she said softly, closing the gap between us, until her body pressed against mine.

"They've discussed this with you?"

She nodded. "I ... would stay, take the role, commit myself fully, if you would accept me. I would be honored."

I reached out to her, my hand brushing her cheek, watching her lean into my touch. I'd never been familiar with her. This came as a total surprise to me. "I need to confirm this with my wife, you understand."

She nodded, face upturned, eyes blazing. How had I not known how she felt?

I held her chin, and pressed my lips against hers gently. A first for us. I felt the tremors pass through her body. "The honor would be mine."

Her eyes misted, and she wrapped her arms around me tightly. Her clipboard was digging painfully into my back, but I ignored it, hugging her in return. "Two weeks until your review?"

"Yes ... Nathan," she whispered.

"Let's get through this week, and we'll move it up to next Monday. No need to observe protocol on this."

She pressed her head against my shoulder. "Thank you. I won't let you down, I promise."

"I know that. It's fitting. You have the responsibilities, only appropriate you have the title and benefits."

She pulled away, wiping her eyes. She checked her watch. "You're tardy, Dr. Greene. You'll be late for lunch if you dither any longer."

I laughed, giving her a quick kiss, surprising her. "Time spent with my favorite botanist is never dithering."

She grinned and gave me swat on the rear with her clipboard. "Go! I won't have the club angry with me. Not now!"

I laughed as I headed to the veranda for what should be an interesting discussion.

* * * *

Lunch was us five. The sisters, Mike, Deb and me. I took a lot of teasing. It was worth it.

Mike was glowing. "I only wish it was more than twice a year," he whined.

I had no sympathy. "It's your business. You could take more time off. I'd appreciate the help."

He glanced at his wife, who was enjoying the garden's produce. "I told you, it's fine by me. Not like we can't afford it."

Mike nodded. "Four weeks a year wouldn't hurt the business. Rodney's pretty much up to speed by now. You sure you wouldn't mind?"

I laughed. "I'd welcome it. Believe me."

We were almost finished when the little ones came rushing in. Their daughter, Heather, a six year old heart-breaker, led the way, three year old David, toddling along on her heels. Brooke turned and captured our son, devouring him in kisses.

I looked around our estate, from the porch where we ate. Our guests were relaxing poolside, before their spa appointments. Two of the four were topless. I had no doubt all would be by the end of the week. Debbie got up, and came over to give me a kiss. I rubbed her swollen belly. "Back to the lab for me," Debbie groaned. "I wish just a couple of them would bring their significant others. Make my life so much easier."

"Poor baby. Do I need to remind you whose idea this was? Couldn't keep one little secret could you?" I reminded her.

She blushed. "Like you have room to complain. Especially this week."

"I'd give it all up tomorrow." Small lie, I'd give it all up at the end of the next couple of weeks. I was going to enjoy this one.

"No way, Jose. We made a deal. Four years to go, then whatever we want," Brooke said, rocking our son in her lap.

Debbie gave me a quick kiss. "Don't enjoy yourself too much this afternoon."

I turned toward the sisters. "Yolanda?"

Brooke blushed. "She finally got up the guts, *huh?*"

"What's this about 'club' membership?"

The two sisters grinned at each other. "She's been in love with you for two years," Brooke said. "We haven't had anyone working with us with a tenth of her talent. Seems a small price to pay to keep her on staff."

"Price to pay? You're pimping me out!"

Allison leaned over and grabbed my arm. "C'mon, Nate. We know you like her. It's no big deal. She's a perfect fit."

I shook my head. "What a mess. I don't need any more complications."

"She's not a complication. She's an asset. Please consider it."

I sighed. "I think I'll take a dip in the pool, and enjoy the day. Relax a little."

My wife handed me our son. "While your women slave away. You are so spoiled."

She's right. I am. No complaints.

I looked back down at the pool. A cool million dollars, sunning themselves. Four more years of receiving blowjobs from the rich and famous. Then a life of luxury and leisure, with my wife, our children and closest friends. Including a new Teutonic goddess, who I can talk shop with.

Yeah, I can live with that.

THE END

Acknowledgements

I'd like to thank my fellow Cabin authors, and my many loyal readers, who encouraged me to put my works into book form, and create full length novels, novellas and short stories like this one, out of my extensive body of work.

[Shea Mara](http://www.SheaMaraWrites.com) (www.SheaMaraWrites.com) is a dear friend, and great author to bounce ideas off of. The lady makes for an incredible muse. [Patient Lee](http://www.PatientLee.com) (www.PatientLee.com) beta reads many of my stories, and is a source of incredible insight, into the gentler sex's thinking. [Freya Lange](http://www.FreyaLange.com) (www.FreyaLange.com) is the driving force behind so many of our Cabin authors taking their inventory of Erotic writings commercial. Without her guidance and encouragement, I doubt this story would be available. The members of the [DFW Writer's Workshop](#) has been critiquing my works for six years now, and I apologize for some of the early versions I've subjected them too. My fellow authors from the [Hot Summer Reads Anthology](#) are inspirational, incredibly talented, and help keep me focused. I love them all.

About the Author



TT Tales has been writing erotica since 2001. In 2015 Literotica.com, the largest free story site in the world, listed him as the second most favored writer, under the pseudonym Tx Tall Tales. His award winning novella, The Accidental Nudist Cabin, has been read 1,750,000 times and was the #1 rated Loving Wives story at Literotica in 2010, 2012 and 2013. His three part series The Perfect Game, has generated more than 2,000,000 reads. His contest winning novel, That Old House, is the #1 rated Erotic Horror story, and the 2013 Clitorides Award winner for best Erotic Horror/Paranormal. Gamer Goddess won the 2013 Clitorides Award for best online Exhibitionist/Voyeur story and is the #1 rated Exhibitionist/Voyeur Story for 2013 and 2014.

When he's not writing, he's probably hiking, traveling, or dealing with raising a teenage daughter.

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Free Preview

Thanks for reading *Taste Is Everything*. It was written as a contest story, on a lark. I loved the characters and got a little carried away. But I had a blast writing it. If you enjoyed reading it, please consider taking a moment to leave me a review at your favorite retailer.

I also love to hear from my readers, so consider tweeting me, visiting my website, or joining my mailing list to let me know what you think.

The series that launched my writing was *Convenience vs. Need*. Its online popularity was well beyond my expectations, with the first chapter generating well over half-a-million views. I've updated those stories, and created a new seven book series titled *A Matter of Convenience*. I've included the first chapter of the first book, *The House That Lust Built* to give you a taste. I hope you enjoy it.

The House That Lust Built

Volume 1 of A Matter of Convenience

When Karen first started working with us, I didn't pay her much attention. She was several years older than me, almost 30, and rather plain. She had a kid and a live-in boyfriend. Not exactly what a guy two years out of college, and fresh out of his first serious relationship would consider part of the talent pool.

Most of the 20 or so people in the office were older than I was, and they were often eager for news of my dating life. It seemed like the whole lot of them lived vicariously through me. They were full of advice, most of which I blissfully ignored. I'm sure I kept them entertained with my shenanigans. I may not have been the world's most successful Romeo, but it was certainly not for lack of trying. And I did have my occasional successes, just none recently.

When Karen was tasked to work with me on a new project, things started to slowly change. The only other person on the project was Brenda, a thirtyish chubby married brunette who was a bit of a prude. Karen would grill me on my dating, and talked openly of sex. I'd never met anyone like her. Brenda would act offended, but always managed to stay nearby and soak up the conversation. There was some friction between the two of them, both being new, and I think Karen went a little overboard at times just to irritate Brenda. Our discussions got more and more overtly sexual and even included some minor office grab-ass.

One thing led to another, and before long I had Karen giving me handjobs in the closet at work, after hours, and on the way back to the office from lunch. She wouldn't do any more, she said, since she was living with a guy. Our conversations were intensely personal and she had confessed almost every detail of her life to me. She lived with the guy for convenience. She rented a small townhouse she could barely afford. With him as a roommate, she could just barely make ends meet. She couldn't rent out the only other bedroom, since that was her six year old kid's room. She was usually strapped for cash, and didn't enjoy our work that much, but it paid the bills. I bought her lunch on occasion, and the first time she leaned over and gave me a handjob on the way back to the office, I realized she was like nobody I'd ever met.

Her sex life was less than fulfilling, to hear her tell the story. She wasn't a fan of oral sex—she doled it out to her live-in as a reward for good behavior. She was getting laid about once a week, and doing the oral about once a month. The more we talked about it and how much her boyfriend loved it, and the hoops he would jump through to get it, the more I was convinced I had to move past the hand stage, and into a more intimate sexual relationship. I thought I should have a fairly decent chance since she clearly didn't love the guy. When it came right down to it, she paid him in sex to be her roommate and share the bills. I don't know what it was about this skinny, bigmouth, dirty-blond but something certainly pressed my buttons.

Over a period of several weeks I had been hounding her to get more intimate. I was treating her to lunch, using the drive to describe to her how badly I wanted to go down on her, figuring if I could get her pants off, there was a decent chance of reciprocation. I enjoyed the handjobs, it was the only sex I was getting, but I wanted more.

“You know Karen, we could head to my place for a break. I would love to make you squirm on the end of my tongue.” I was teasing her one evening around 7 p.m. She stayed late at work once a week, every Wednesday, since it was the only chance she had to get caught up. Craig, her live-in, picked up the kid and watched her on those nights. You can bet I stayed late Wednesdays.

“God, Jack! Don’t talk like that around here, someone could hear you,” she admonished me.

I took her hand and placed it on my ever-present erection. “I get so hard, just thinking of licking your pink.”

“Jack, don’t! You are so bad. You know I won’t do that. I’ve told you, I’m in a relationship.”

“And you’re telling me you don’t want to trade up?”

I’m not sure why I said that. I wasn’t really looking for a relationship with her. I just wanted in her pants. I was actively dating other women, and she knew it. In detail. If I was having more success in those arenas, I probably wouldn’t have even brought it up.

“You don’t want an old woman with a kid, you’re just horny.” She was squeezing my cock through my pants, which was a good sign. With the place all but empty, I knew I’d be getting my handjob soon.

“You always make me horny, babe,” I said.

I stood up and drew her after me, down the hall, to a small utility room. She came along reluctantly, offering minimal resistance. It was all part of the game; this had become our Wednesday evening ritual.

She entered the room behind me, and I opened my pants. My dick flopped out, hard and ready. She sat on a ten-gallon bucket, spit in her palm, and started beating me off.

“You have such a pretty mouth—”

Ok, so maybe I wasn’t the smoothest. You can’t say I didn’t try.

“No. No way. You know this is all you’re getting, now lean back and enjoy.” We went through this all the time. Me, constantly pushing the envelope, and Karen fighting me off.

Karen normally talked incessantly. This was an odd occasion. She was quiet for once, while she slowly worked her hand up and down my cock. After a few minutes of her stroking my dick, she broke the silence.

“Are you still working on buying that house over on Preston?” she asked me, as she worked her hand back and forth. It usually took her several minutes, and she would change hands several times. She had recently taken to letting me play with her breasts while she worked me, in order to speed things up I figured.

I unbuttoned the top of her shirt, and slipped my hand inside her bra. Her nipple was hard as usual. She might fight the game, but she seemed to enjoy it. She just had her own rules. My job was to get her to bend, or even break them.

“Yeah, but the house won’t appraise, it’s in such bad shape. The lot is great and the foundation and frame are solid, but it’s only livable on about half the main floor, and not at all on the top floor. I need to come up with about another eight grand to get in it.” My hips were thrusting in time to her stroking, and I was feeling good.

“You’ve got the money, why don’t you just do it?” She was in a pensive mood tonight. She often teased me about my relationships while whacking me off. Tonight she was a little distracted.

She seemed to think I was loaded. I was an engineer, and she was a graphic designer. I earned easily double what she did, but it still didn’t stretch that far. If I hadn’t received a sizable

bonus for completing a tough project ahead of schedule, I wouldn't even be thinking of buying my own place. I was tired of paying rent, and thought I might be able to stop, given the right circumstances.

"It'll drain me to buy the place. It needs a lot of repairs. At least the kitchen is new. On my salary alone, I won't have enough cash left over to do all the work it needs. I can't afford to pay rent while trying to get the place habitable. I'm hoping for another bonus when we finish the project. If it's enough, I might go ahead and pull the trigger."

Out of the blue, she leaned forward, and licked the head of my cock. For the first time. Just once, then she smiled a wicked smile and continued the stroking.

"Oh shit, do that again," I begged her.

"Did you know Debbie broke up with John?"

Debbie was a friend of hers. Another single mom, Debbie was 25, and a knockout. She tended to overdo the make-up, with too much eye-shadow, eye-liner, heavy face powder, and bleached blonde hair, but she was a looker none-the-less. Her body was what dreams are made of, enough to overlook too much rouge and lipstick. I had tried to get Karen to set me up with her in the past.

"Really? Great! You gonna hook me up?" I asked her, leaning forward, trying to get my erection closer to her mouth. I had removed my hand from her tit, and was rubbing the back of her head; of course she knew all my tricks, and twisted away from the encouragement with a little laugh.

"Well, she's got a problem. She needs a place to live. She moved in with that bastard John, let her apartment go, and now she's up shit creek. She'll be staying in my living room for a while. Craig acts like he isn't happy about it, but I know he'll be trying to get in her pants. Since he hasn't been getting in mine." She leaned forward, and took half my cock in her mouth, and with her lips tightly circling the shaft, she slowly drew her head back, holding just the head in her mouth for a few seconds, before she let it pop free from her lips.

"Jesus. That was nice, babe. Don't stop," I pleaded, gasping.

"How would you like this every night?" she asked, before repeating the long slow suck.

"*Hunh?*" Give me a break, I was young and a little slow on the uptake. Besides, there wasn't much blood reaching as high as my shoulders.

"I was talking to Debbie. You know my lease expires at the end of next month. If you bought that house, maybe we could all live together. Debbie could stay home and watch the two kids, and you and I could work and bring in the money."

"Karen, I don't even know Debbie, and that would be kind of odd, her in the house—"

"I don't mean just live together, I mean *live* together. We could take turns sharing your bed. We'd each have our own room, but you could have either one of us pretty regular." She was really excited by the idea, and was stroking me agonizingly slowly, while pleading with me. I was rewarded with another slow teasing lick. "Think about it Jack, you said it has five bedrooms. What are you going to do with that many bedrooms? The extra income would be the perfect solution for fixing the place up. I could pay, say, five hundred a month? We could all save money."

"Are you serious? What does Debbie think of this?"

"Debbie would do anything to stay home and raise kids. She hates working. She wants to be a homemaker. She'll clean, she'll cook, she'll watch the kids, and I'm sure she'll fuck your brains out if you let her be a mommy. I know she thinks you're cute," she said, accenting the last statement with another deep suck.

“Oh, that’s nice. Suck me off, so we can talk about this more seriously without the distraction,” I told her.

“Wouldn’t you rather have the real thing?” she asked. Like she didn’t know. She knew everything I liked and wanted, I’d been bugging her about it long enough. Man this girl was the queen of the hard sell. She was definitely in the wrong profession.

“Are you kidding? Of course! What’s the catch?” I asked her.

She stood up, unbuttoned her pants and stepped out of them. “Here’s the deal. Friday, you give Debbie the keys to your apartment. Then Debbie and I can spend Friday and Saturday convincing you what a good idea this could be for all of us.” She leaned over, wiggling her butt at me. “No other strings attached. I haven’t told her about this little plan, but I know how badly she wants to stay home. And she *doesn’t* want to get married again. Both our kids could use a man around the house, and you know that Craig is a pretty sorry excuse for one. What do you say? Is it a deal?”

“Friday and Saturday, huh? Why not?” I told her, sidling up behind her, grabbing her skinny ass cheeks in my hand.

“Good, now come get a taste of what the good life could be like.” She again gave me her mischievous smile.

I rubbed my cock up and down across her pussy lips, mostly by feel; she was not one of those women who maintained a closely cropped rug. I slipped my cockhead between her shiny wet lips, feeling the moist warmth. I couldn’t play around too long; I was heated up from the discussion and the work she’d done so far.

I thrust up inside her, and she pushed back, with a pleased groan. “Damn, you’ve got a nice cock, Jack. Craig has a needle-dick. It’ll be nice to be filled for a while.”

“You could have had it at any time,” I reminded her, slowly stroking her pussy. She was wet and the going was easy. After only a few thrusts I was bottoming out, forcing a sweet little grunt out of her.

“You now I wouldn’t cheat on him. I don’t do that. But things are changing. Right now we’re not even speaking. He’s been talking about a new apartment, but I won’t discuss it with him. I think he knows that no matter what, after next month it’s over. As it is now, we’re just sharing a roof. He hasn’t gotten any of this in three weeks, and isn’t likely to get any more. Not if I’m getting yours,” she told me, with another wiggle of her boney rump. “You wouldn’t want your girls cheating on you, would you?”

Man she was talkative. I was fucking her with long, steady strokes and it didn’t slow down her conversation a bit.

“You know, I need to hook you up with Krista some time,” she was telling me, as I sped up and started pounding her harder. “*Ooooh*, gentle lover. Not too rough, now. Oh! That’s it.” She gave me a nice little moan. “You know that little fantasy you have about using the backdoor? Krista loves it in the ass. She doesn’t look like much, but I bet I could get her to give you a treat, under the right circumstances, of course . . .”

She was crazy. She just kept on with the jabbering. I pushed my cock deep into her pussy, with a series of small thrusts until I was balls deep. All of it.

“That’s nice right there. You feel so thick inside me, Jack. Can you imagine Debbie licking your balls while you fuck me? I bet she’d do it. Ask her Saturday. What do you want for dinner Friday? Or should I just let Debbie make one of her specialties? She’s really a great cook.”

Incredible. She was wonderfully tight. I was fucking my brains out, and she was making dinner plans. I knew I wouldn't last long now, so I started pounding her hot little twat even harder. "Whatever, I figure fur-burger would be nice."

She giggled. I'm fucking my heart out, and she giggled. "You're so nasty. That's for dessert. I'll have her make one of her favorites. You know you can still date other women. We won't be jealous. Neither of us is really that into dating. I think Debbie needs to get it pretty regular, but I don't think that would be a problem for you, do you?"

"Fuck, Karen, you've got a sweet pussy. I'm gonna come soon. You are so tight." I was really screwing her deep and fast now, working up a sweat. I couldn't help but think this would be fun to do on a regular basis. A little quiet might be nice, but the pussy was prime.

"I know you are baby, I can feel it. I like it. Come inside me." She was smiling at me, an affectionate look on her face, nothing like the pure lust I'm sure I was showing. For some reason, she always managed to make me feel like some kid she indulged.

I finally exploded, deep inside her, telling her how fucking hot she was. I came over and over, then stood there, breathing heavily, while my cock enjoyed the sensation of her pussy walls squeezing away at me. She was doing some kind of Kegel exercise, and it was as if she was milking me dry.

"Do you like that, lover?" she asked me teasingly. "That was so sweet, I haven't had a nice thick dick in me for far too long. I think I'd like to have you do me like that a little more often. Would you like that, baby?"

"Fuck yeah! That was intense. So you really think Debbie is up for this?" I asked her, the idea starting to do wonders for my previously wilting cock.

"Absolutely. I'm sure she'll go for it. I'm telling you, this weekend you better be ready, because she can be *very* convincing." She was still working my dick with her pussy. I don't even know how she could concentrate on it while running her mouth.

"And if we do this, no teasing right? If I want it, I'm gonna get it?" I didn't want some bait-and-switch game, getting a little action to start, and soon finding myself in the once-a-month blowjob rut. I had grasped her hips and was making some small in-out movements.

Karen pulled off my semi-hard dick, and turned on the water in the utility sink, wetting some paper towels. She stuck a couple between her legs, then turned and used a few more on me, cleaning me up.

"Well, I'm pretty sure you'll get as much as you want, but we can discuss that this weekend. I gotta get home; Debbie picked up Ashley for me, and is expecting me. Plus I want to tell her the good news."

(—*—)

When I saw Karen the next day, she was eager to get me alone to talk. It was driving me crazy. I would normally have had lunch with her, getting my rocks off and finding out the information, but some dingleberry had scheduled a working lunch meeting. It wasn't until around 3 p.m. that I was able to get her to go outside with me for a walk. We headed down to the shore-trail, and ambled along.

Karen got straight to the point. "Debbie is *so* into this. She was almost crying last night. Don't be a bastard now and take advantage of her because you know how bad she wants this."

"Christ, Karen! Of course I'm going to take advantage of her," I told her. "I thought that was the plan!"

“I don’t mean that. I mean, well, just don’t be mean. She really has been fucked over by the last half-dozen guys in her life. She could use a decent relationship for once.”

“You crack me up. You call this a decent relationship? She doesn’t even know me, and she’ll be my shack-up sweetie just to stay home and have a roof over her head? While you two take turns warming my sheets?” I laughed. I was surprised when she slapped my arm.

“Don’t be an ass, Jack! You can be such a jerk. Think of how bad her life has been, if this is the best thing that has come her way in a long time. She’s been on her own since she was seventeen, been a mom since she was twenty. I’ve had good times and tough times, and I’m pretty sure this can work ‘cause you’re really a good guy; poor Deb is just desperate for some stability of any kind.”

I had been thinking about it a lot, wondering mostly how I’d explain living in sin with two single moms to my parents. Then again, they were a long ways away, and I could always claim it was a purely platonic relationship, just renting out spare rooms.

Only a few hours earlier, I had set up an appointment with my realtor for that evening to make my formal offer on the house. I was putting almost 40K down on the house, to be able to get into it. I would be almost broke, but I was determined to get a tax break. The potential benefits had finally made up my mind for me. But I wasn’t about to let these girls know that. Not yet.

“Listen,” I said. “I think you know me pretty well by now. I’m not going to fuck either of you over. I kind of like the idea of this thing. There’re some issues and details to be worked out, but hey, that’s what we have this weekend for.” I reached across and held out my spare keys.

“I know,” she told me, as she took them. “Your aura is way too bright and too blue. I know you think I’m silly, but I’m positive we’ve been together in a previous life. I just know you too well. You’ve always been good to me.”

Oh. Did I forget to mention that my friend Karen was deeply into the whole numerology, psychic, and past-lives thing? Sometimes I felt she was a certifiable nut. A fun, cheerful, sexy, certifiable nut. What the hell was I getting into?

She reached over and took my arm and held it tight. Almost desperately so. “Please, let this thing play itself out. I know it’ll be great for all of us. Give it a chance.” Her head was leaning against my shoulder and we’d stopped walking. We had circled the property perimeter, and were almost back to the building.

“I’m going into this with a very open mind. If we can work the details out, I’d be willing to give it a try. No guarantees - but I’m open to the idea. Let’s leave it at that for now.”

Karen took off at 5:00 p.m. sharp as she did four days a week. I went out and bought a love nest.

I won’t go into the details, but the house was a shambles. I was getting the place for little more than the value of the land. If I could fix it up, it would easily be worth three times what I was paying for it.

I would be taking possession in less than three weeks, if we didn’t hit any bumps in the road. At that time only one bathroom would work, the kitchen would be in good shape although it wouldn’t have any appliances, and the bedroom on the main floor was livable. My first job was to re-roof the place. Then I could consider the rest of the work ahead of me.

It looked like I was going to be busy.

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