**Dillon’s Harem**

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**DILLON'S HAREM CH. 02**

*Girlfriend, her roommate, me, and some nutella.*

I woke up on the couch, without a headache but with a desperate need to pee. Thank goodness for Hannah and her insistence on making us all drink water throughout the night. I'm not sure when the girls left, but they were both not in the living room this morning. I tried to shake out the cobwebs and rally my brain. It was Sunday, right? So, Brittany would be at work. Hannah... was that the shower running? Hannah must be in the shower.

I huffed and puffed my way to my feet, stretched with a groan, and then dragged my feet to the shared bathroom. My jeans were still unbuttoned and unzipped from last night, and my dick was turgid with morning wood, but still draped over the opening, due to gravity. Two years deep into our relationship, Hannah and I were past the point of knocking. I let myself in, padded over to the toilet, and pointed my dick at the bowl.

"G'morning," I grumbled.

"Good morning!" came the cheerful reply from a voice that did not belong to Hannah.

"Oh, shit!" I tried to stop peeing and to turn away from the shower. "Brittany, I thought you were at work!"

"Why? I never work Saturdays."

It took me a few minutes to process. Was I really at work yesterday? Did I only tell Ava yesterday about my plans to go to my first ever rave? That feels like forever ago. I tried to piece together how much had happened since then. Still frames from last night all flashed through my brain in quick succession: the girls in their skimpy outfits, somehow ending up in the middle seat of the Uber, getting a patdown in line from a cute security guard, dozens of people dressed as a not-sexy Spiderman, one girl dressed as a very sexy Spiderman, Brittany grinding on me, sitting on the couch as Brittany removed her jacket, Hannah whispering-

"Oh, I think we're past that now, aren't we? No need to try to cover yourself up like that." I turned toward the shower and found Brittany's face peeking around the curtain. "I mean, you've seen all of me, now. You could see all of me again, if you wanted to finish peeing in here with me?"

"Uh, no, that's alright. I'm pretty much done... So... last night..."

"Stop," Brittany held a hand out to me. "Yes, that really happened. No, it was not planned. Yes, it was fun. No, your girlfriend and I have never done anything like that before. Yes, I would like it to happen again. No, I have not talked to Hannah yet this morning. Did I hit all the FAQs?"

"I think that about covers it... I'm gonna go find Hannah."

"Tell her either or both of you are welcome to join me!" Brittany called out after me.

My conversation with Brittany had done nothing to deflate my morning wood. I needed to find Hannah and make sure we were still okay after the events of last night.

Hannah was in her room, in her bed, asleep. I crawled in next to her, which woke her up.

"Mmmm, g'morning," she said with a blissful grogginess.

"Good morning," I responded tentatively.

"Aw, you sound concerned?"

"Well, it's just that a lot happened last night..."

"And I loved every minute of it," Hannah answered, to my great relief. "Are you happy with how last night went?"

"Obviously, I loved every minute of it too."

"Good. That just leaves Brittany."

"Oh, I talked to her already this morning. She said, 'Yes, no, yes, no, yes, no.'."

"Well, that sounds like it about covers it," Hannah speculated. She didn't seem too concerned with what exact questions those binary answers corresponded to. "I love you, Dillon. Now, spoon me." Hannah rolled away from me, and shimmied back into my embrace. "Oh my... either spoon me, or fuck me, I guess."

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"So, going to another rave tonight?"

I startled awake. What was it about Friday afternoons that made me so sleepy? Ava was in my office again.

"You know, you never did show me photos of last weekend's rave..."

I thought back to the events of last Friday. Even if I had photos of what we did, I wouldn't be able to show the most interesting moments to my favorite coworker. "Uh, no, no rave tonight. It was fun, but I think those sorts of nights will be few and far between for me. No, tonight's Slumber Party Night. Like, once a month, Hannah and Brittany set up a blanket fort in the living room and watch movies together. They invited me to join them this time."

"Cute! OMG, they both sound so lovely. You gotta get me an invite to this exclusive party next time it happens!"

"Sure, sure. I mean, I'm surprised I'm invited, so I don't know about a plus one. But maybe we could start with brunch or something."

"Divine!" Ava beamed at me. "I'll hold you to that. Have a fun time!" Ava left my office.

I couldn't cut out early two Fridays in a row, so I opened Solitaire on my computer and counted the minutes until 5:00.

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"We have everything we need for our slumber party! Snacks, sweets, edibles, phone chargers, the remote...What movie do you want to start with?" Hannah and Brittany seemed to alternate whose turn it was to be the high-energy roommate. I guess tonight was Brittany's turn.

Every sheet, comforter, throw blanket, and pillow in the entire apartment had been collected in the living room. I felt lucky just to be included, so I didn't have any strong opinions about the movie selection. Hannah and Brittany were each wearing a long t-shirt that didn't quite cover their panties, and glances at their tight cheeks had captured whatever portion of my attention wasn't already distracted by the tell-tale pokies high on their chests.

"Dillon, this is a slumber party, not Christmas morning at your parent's place," Brittany said to me.

I gave Hannah a confused look. She walked up to me, knelt in front of me without a word, and pulled my pajama pants down to the floor, leaving me in my plain white undershirt and my blue boxer briefs. My cock stirred as I looked down at my girlfriend in this position. Hannah stood up and gave me a hug, as she whispered in my ear, "That's better. Relax a little. Tonight is gonna be fun - for all four of us." As she said "four of us," one hand snaked down and grasped my cock through my underwear.

"What happened to my conservative, but still very sexy girlfriend?" I asked teasingly.

"She sucked on her roommate's nipple, and she liked it," Hannah responded bluntly. "Now, go get the nutella from the kitchen. I'm gonna want some of that later, and I'm not gonna wanna get up and walk all the way to the kitchen for it when I'm high."

I fetched the last sweet treat and also filled three water bottles for later. We each took an edible, settled in side-by-side with Hannah in the middle, and the girls queued up some animated movie. It was cute and nostalgic, and it set a fun and giggly atmosphere, as we waited for the edibles to take hold.

When our first movie ended, I excused myself to use the restroom. I was definitely starting to feel the warm and euphoric sensations I associated with this brand of edible. When I returned to the living room, I noticed a couple big changes: 1) Hannah and Brittany had swapped places, so now when I got under the extra extra large comforter, Brittany would be in the middle. And 2) Hannah and Brittany were softly making out. I immediately felt blood rushing out of my head and into my cock. I cleared my throat and the girls looked up at me. Well, Hannah looked up and made eye contact with me. Brittany's eyes stopped when they reached my underwear - there's not really anywhere to hide your erection in boxer briefs.

"Oh good, you're back!" Hannah enthused, as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening. "Come get back under the blanket!"

Brittany was still making eye contact with my cock as she said, "We were just about to start the next movie: Blue is the Warmest Color. Have you ever seen it? It's not nearly as good as the comic - really waters some stuff down. But the acting and the cinematography are pretty good - it won some awards at Cannes."

I didn't know if I currently had the attention span for a festival film, but movies were also the furthest from my mind that they had ever been. I got under the covers next to Brittany, where began my anxiety. Do I cuddle her? Do I turn away from her? Do I stretch my arm across her shoulders like we're at a drive-in? Maybe I cross my arms over my own chest like a vampire in a coffin. I mean, Hannah is cuddling her on the other side... of course, it's different for girls to cuddle their platonic friends than for guys to-

Brittany grabbed my left hand and placed it on her thigh, such that my pinky followed the crease where her leg met her pelvis. She then placed her right hand in the same place on my thigh.

I don't know how long we stayed like this, but as expected, I could not follow the movie at all. There were a few sex scenes that certainly got my attention though! They must have got Brittany's attention too because she started sliding her hand up and down my thigh slowly, and then from my outer thigh to my inner thigh and back. I was horny and relaxed, and I found myself reciprocating Brittany's sensual touches. A part of me had wanted to do this for so long, so on an impulse, I let my left hand travel a little further, until it was resting on top of Brittany's panties on top of her bush. The tips of my pinky, middle finger, and thumb were each resting on a different lacy edge of the triangle of fabric that separated me from Brittany's beautiful pussy. My middle finger began to hook around-

"Hey, Dillon?" Hannah's voice crashed into my consciousness, and I froze. "Where's that nutella? I've got the munchies for something sweet."

"Uh, right. Sweet. Um, I will find it..." I sat upright, and my torso pulled the blanket down the girls' bodies too. I looked to my left, my jaw dropped, and my breath caught.

Brittany was laying on her back, with her head propped up on a pillow. The blanket had been pulled down to about Brittany's waist, revealing that her t-shirt had risen a little above her belly button. Hannah was laying on her side, using Brittany's shoulder as a pillow. The blanket had been pulled down to about Hannah's knees, revealing that her t-shirt had been removed altogether. My girlfriend's 32B tits were out for all to see. What was more shocking though was that Hannah's left hand was under Brittany's shirt, actively massaging her right boob, while Brittany's left hand was under Hannah's panties, actively massaging her ass. If I thought I was turned on before, it was nothing compared to the instant hard-on I got from seeing my girlfriend and her roommate grope each other, and knowing that I was under the blanket with them while-

"Ahhh, that's actually a bit of a relief. It was getting a bit warm under that blanket. Nutella, Dillon?" Brittany smirked at me.

"Right. Nutella." I took a deep breath. I was finding it difficult to concentrate. I scanned my surroundings slowly, until I found the plastic jar, which I proffered to the girls. "I, um, I don't think we grabbed any spoons..."

"That's okay!" Hannah assured me, as she and Brittany removed their hands from each other's clothes and scooted back to sit criss-cross with their backs against the sofa. "We can just scoop it out with our fingers." Hannah took the jar from me and removed the lid.

Brittany immediately reached in with the hand that had been on my thigh and scooped out a dollop of nutella on her index finger, which she promptly popped in her mouth. Her eyes rolled back as she sucked the nutella off her finger.

Hannah reached in next. "Oh, Dillon, where were you keeping this? It's all warm and melty. It's actually pretty tantalizing, but so messy." She barely got her fingerful into her mouth before any dropped on the floor.

The girls took turns scooping out the sweet treat, one finger at a time, as I watched dumbfounded by the eroticism on display in front of me. My cock got progressively harder every time Brittany sucked on her finger.

"Want some?" Brittany held out her nutella'd finger to me. I nodded and started to crawl toward her, but I wasn't fast enough and Brittany stuffed the dollop in her own mouth to avoid any drips on the carpet.

Hannah saw I had stopped mid-crawl, so she scooped some out for me and held her finger out. "Here, babe!" Again, I was too slow, but Hannah actually did let the nutella drip off her finger and onto Brittany's shirt.

"Ugh! My shirt! This is gonna stain!"

"Oh, you'll be fine! It's a dumb shirt anyway. No one's ever even heard of the Ramones." Hannah tried to reassure Brittany, who gave me a look of exasperation we had shared many times before. "Weren't you just complaining about being too warm? Get your tits out, like me!" Hannah gave her chest a shimmy to demonstrate her freedom.

"That's a good idea! But only if Dillon takes his shirt off too." Brittany looked at me pointedly. I've never removed a shirt so quickly - or maybe I've never removed a shirt so slowly; it's difficult to tell when you're high.

Now, Brittany and Hannah were sitting side-by-side, matching as best friends often do. They each had their hair up in ponytails, Hannah's still blue from the rave, and Brittany's natural red. Their tits were nearly identical, both perky, creamy 32Bs with dark pink nipples. Their only attire was a pair of lacy panties, Hannah's turquoise, and Brittany's pink. I completed the triangle, sitting across from the two in my blue boxer briefs. The movie still played behind me, but none of us were watching anymore.

"Much better," Hannah affirmed. "See, now if I drip nutella on your tits..." She held a finger over Brittany's chest until an entire dollop slipped off. "...there's no staining! Dillon can just lick it off." Hannah looked at me expectantly. Brittany looked at me expectantly. I was the only one who hadn't had any yet tonight, so I moved toward Brittany and scooped the nutella out of her cleavage with my tongue. "See?"

"Brilliant!" Brittany exclaimed with a laugh. "Let me try." Brittany scooped out a large dollop of nutella and deliberately wiped it off on Hannah's nipple.

I was still shaking internally from the ecstasy of running my tongue on Brittany's skin. I could barely taste the sweet treat, as my mind parsed out the essence of my crush, the warmth of her body, the hint of saltiness in the sheen of sweat, the debilitating knowledge that I had been that close to her-

"Dillon? Eh, I guess this one's for me." Brittany said, as she leaned over and sucked Hannah's nipple into her mouth. Hannah moaned and shuddered. Brittany kept sucking long after the hazelnuts had all been consumed, and Hannah's breathing got heavier and heavier. With a popping sound, Brittany released Hannah's nipple and her boob bounced back into place.

I saw a fire in Hannah's eyes as she searched desperately for the jar of nutella. When she found it, she scooped out a large portion and spread it on each of Brittany's nipples. Hannah then grabbed the back of my neck, getting a little leftover nutella behind my ear in the process, and pulled me into Brittany's right nipple while Hannah took the left one for herself. I closed my eyes and the rest of the world disappeared as I sucked on the most perfect nipple to have ever graced my mouth. I flicked my tongue on it, gripped it with my lips, massaged it with my mouth, and nibbled on it softly. Brittany massaged our scalps as we lavished her nipples with affection.

"Okay, okay, as much as I love this, I shouldn't be greedy," I heard Brittany's voice as if it were coming through a tunnel. I was dimly aware of Hannah sitting back on her heels next to me, but I kept suckling on what I now considered "my" nipple until Brittany pushed my forehead away. Brittany then scooped a little more nutella onto her finger and wiped it on Hannah's lips. The two resumed the makeout session I had interrupted earlier, while I watched and idly massaged my dick through my underwear. After a few minutes, they separated, and Hannah pounced on me instead, making out with me as fiercely as she ever had. I was obviously horny and ecstatic to be kissing my girlfriend, but a part of me couldn't stop thinking about Brittany's nipples.

When Hannah came up for air, we all sat back and looked at each other for a minute. It was as if we were all giving each other the opportunity to call it a night, but none of us were budging.

With this mutual, tacit approval, Brittany picked up the plastic jar again. "You know," she started. "I don't know why you're wearing panties." Brittany dipped each of the fingers on her left hand into the jar. "No one's ever even heard of the color turquoise anyway." She wiped each finger on Hannah's leg, starting with the ankle, making her way up to the knee, and then the thigh, finishing by wiping her thumb off on the front of Hannah's panties. "Wouldn't want them to stain."

Hannah and I each seemed to be holding our breath, as Brittany repeated her path up Hannah's leg, but this time with her tongue, cleaning up the trail of breadcrumbs her fingers had left behind. When she finally reached the apex, Brittany gave one wide-tongued sweep to the front of Hannah's panties, and Hannah yelped softly. Brittany smirked, turned to wink at me, and then turned back to her prey. She grabbed each side of Hannah's panties and pulled them all the way off in one motion. She then dove in tongue-first to my girlfriend's pussy, burying her nose in that bright blue bush. I couldn't see what Brittany was doing to Hannah, but I could see Hannah's reaction. This was the first time Hannah had ever been eaten out by a girl, but I knew this wasn't Brittany's first time eating out. Hannah lay flat on her back, with her legs spread wide. She massaged her own tits, periodically pinching her own nipples. My eyes roamed from Hannah's face, to Hannah's tits, to Brittany's face in Hannah's pussy, to Brittany's hanging tits, to Brittany's perfect ass in her tiny lacy panties, and back to Hannah's face. Hannah was tossing her head back and forth, as if the sun were directly in front of her face and getting closer each second. In between large gasps for air, she was repeating, "Oh fuck...oh - fuck....oh FUCK...fuck!...fuck me!...hmmmmmmmm fuck!" She was thrusting her hips into Brittany's face, digging her heels into the carpet to push away from Brittany's face, while also reaching around wildly for something to grab onto and hold herself in place. It was spectacular seeing her body be so indecisive about wanting more pleasure, but also being overwhelmed by pleasure. She finally managed to grip the carpet in each hand, as her orgasm began to crescendo. Her hips thrust upward and didn't come back down. Her abs and her chest followed, until her hips were a foot off the ground and her whole body formed a semicircle with the floor. She lost the ability to even curse, and had instead dissolved into blowing raspberries through her pursed lips. Finally, her orgasm broke through as her lips slackened and her lungs released the rest of their oxygen with a breathy "AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH." Her body crashed back to Earth, and she lay there breathing deeply and staring at a fixed point in the ceiling for several moments.

Brittany sat up and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. "Damn. Hannah, I don't know how to say this. But to quote Chris Traeger, you have LIT-rally, the tastiest pussy I've ever eaten."

We all laughed, as Brittany briefly broke the tension in the room. "I don't think I remember that episode of Parks n Rec..." I said.

"You! Eagle 2!" Brittany pointed at me. "Get that cock out."

I was nervous, but excited after watching Brittany in action. If she sucks dick half as well as she eats pussy, I'd better sit down for this. I shucked off my boxer briefs and took a seat on the floor with my back against the sofa. My cock was perfectly perpendicular to the floor and as hard as it had ever been in my life. Hannah still hadn't moved from where she lay.

Brittany wasted no time sucking my dick all the way into her throat. Unfortunately, I knew immediately that I wasn't going to last long after all of tonight's stimulation and the exultation of having Brittany's lips and tongue anywhere on me. She sucked my dick as well as it had ever been sucked, she licked it from the base to the tip several times, and she massaged my balls with her tongue. I could feel my heart rate rising dangerously fast. I tried to think about anything else that could postpone my orgasm and prolong this insane experience. It was not to be though, as Hannah, still laying on her back where Brittany had left her, ensured my mind was focused on the moment at hand.

"Cum for her, babe! Cum! She wants you to cum for her! Cum!"

My balls tensed, and Brittany knew I was approaching the point of no return. She sat back on her heels and commanded me, "Get up on your knees!" I followed her directions immediately and she resumed sucking my dick from where she was on all fours. I grunted as my first shot of cum hit the roof of her mouth. I had my eyes closed, but I felt Brittany take her mouth off me and replace it with something plastic. I must've shot eight more loads before I was done with one of the strongest orgasms of my life. I finally hung my head, took a deep breath, and opened my eyes. Brittany had the tip of my cock in the nutella jar! My load was mixing with what was left of the hazelnut spread. A little nutella was on the top of the head of my dick, so Brittany sucked it off and sucked the last few drops of cum out of my cock at the same time. I looked at her with reverence, arousal, and a little confusion.

"I swear, I'd be a full-blown lesbian, but I just love the taste of cum too much." With that, Brittany crawled over to Hannah, kissed her once on the lips, then stood and walked to her room with the jar of nutella.

I picked up my nearly catatonic girlfriend and carried her to bed, in awe of what my life had become in the last couple weeks.