

Unexpected Affection Chapter 26-33

By BreaktheBar

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Chapter 26

“So how are you going to handle Hannah?” Margot asked.

You frowned. “I’m not sure what you mean?”

Margot had ended up having Tuesday off at the University library so the two of you had skipped your coffee meetup in the morning the previous day, but you were both back to work on Wednesday and you’d gotten your usual welcome from Paula. Your date with April at the mini putt place was that night, and until Margot had asked that question you’d been gliding by thinking everything was great.

“Come on, Ollie,” Margot said, leaning in as she sipped on her coffee. “You really do like April, right?”

“Well, yeah,” you said.

“A lot.”

“Yes, I like April a lot,” you said. “So what? Hannah was the one encouraging me to do the contest to begin with. She’s been trying to get me to date for... years! This is everything she’s wanted for me.”

Margot smiled in a way that was sort of sad as she looked at you and shook her head. “Ever heard of the story of the dog who finally managed to catch the car it was chasing?”

“Um, no,” you said, raising an eyebrow.

“It didn’t know what to do with it once it caught up,” Margot smirked. “Seriously - you and Hannah have had a specific dynamic for years. Hell, you and I have had a specific dynamic for the year we’ve been friends and neighbours and *I’m* a little jealous of your time with this new woman in your life, and I’m not the bundle of energy that Hannah is.”

Your brain tried to go three ways at once, and you ended up focusing on the part that might have been the most throwaway part of what Margot had said. “You’re jealous of April?” you asked.

"I mean-" Margot said, caught off guard a little and blushing just a little. "I'm jealous of your time, Ollie. And because I'm a reasonable adult I know that's not fair, so I'm not gonna hold that against you or her. I know Hikaru feels the same way and she's only been in the city for what, two months? We get into routines, and you're an amazing person and it's easy to fall into that routine with you. April is shaking everything up, and Hannah will be feeling it more than me or Hikaru."

You groaned softly, shaking your head.

"You hadn't given it a single thought, had you?" Margot asked.

"No," you said. "Hannah hasn't said anything. Unless she did to you?"

"No," Margot said. "Not explicitly or anything. But I'm a girl, Ollie. I can tell when another girl is starting to feel off. Hannah isn't going to, like, flip out or something... probably... so you don't need to stress out. Just keep in mind that just as much as April is going to be nervous about meeting your *best friend*, Hannah is going to be nervous too."

"Well, what am I supposed to *do* about it, though?" you asked. "Like, should I talk to Hannah about it beforehand? Or April?"

"Gawd no," Margot said. "Jesus, Ollie. That's the last thing you want to do. Just be your usual self. Give them reassurance. You make everyone feel comfortable anyways, so do that."

You grunted and then sighed, giving the blonde former cowgirl a look. "You do realise you've only stressed *me* out more by telling me this, right? Like, I would have just 'been me' *without* knowing."

Margot hesitated, surprised, and then laughed. "I guess so," she said, then reached across the table and rubbed your hand. "But sometimes knowing is half the battle, Ollie. And I'd rather you go into the danger zone knowing you're doing it than sending you in blind. Hey, who knows, maybe it goes *really* well and you end up in bed with them both by the end of the night."

You coughed on your coffee, lucky you didn't fully splutter and spray it. Once you had yourself under control you looked at her through slightly watered eyes and saw that smirk on Margot's face that told you she'd teased you like that on purpose.

"Damn it, Margot," you said and then cleared your throat again.

"Hey, you never know," she grinned wickedly.

"Yeah, when pigs fly, hell freezes over and Jesus comes flying down from heaven and surprises all the other religions by revealing the Mormons were right all along," you said.

Margot snorted and patted your hand again, then looked at her watch. "Shit," she said. "I gotta go." She stood up and you stood with her to give her a goodbye hug. "Good luck tonight, Ollie. Just have fun and be reassuring to both of them, OK? Don't stress more than you absolutely need to."

"Thanks, Margot," you said, giving her a good squeeze back. She gave you a firm kiss on the cheek and winked playfully before she grabbed her coffee cup and headed out of the shop.

"Why so red?" Paula asked as she came over to your table and you sat back down.

"Margot knows how to tease me by saying shocking stuff," you said, shaking your head a little.

"You sure I can't get you a pastry, Ollie?" the coffee shop manager said, putting her hand on your shoulder with a friendly squeeze. "I don't like seeing my favourite customer going to work hungry."

You groaned softly and sighed. "I really can't," you said. "I'm on a new diet."

"Well, tomorrow give me a list of all the things you can't have and I'll see if I can come up with something you can," Paula said with a smile. "And I can give you an update on your cousin's first shift here this afternoon."

"She's looking forward to it," you said. "Thanks again for that favour, Paula. And for not mentioning I asked."

"You're a good man, Oliver," Paula said. "And if she turns out half as good as you, she'll probably be employee of the month in the next few weeks."

Chapter 27

Hannah clenched her fists tight enough that her nails dug into her palms painfully.

Why the fuck am I so goddamn nervous!? She thought to herself. It was just fucking putt-putt golf and meeting a minor celebrity that was dating her best friend. No big deal.

Except it sort of was.

She'd taken the bus since there was a line that ran from the training facility where she worked her day job to the outlet malls, and that meant it had only been a couple minutes of walking to the minigolf place. Realistically, she probably should have already gone inside - Ollie and April would be waiting inside unless they were running late.

Hannah looked down at herself again. She hadn't even been sure what to *wear*, which rarely happened. The problem was it was a date, but it wasn't a *date*, or at least her date. But then it sort of *was* since she was meeting April for the first time, so really it was more like a date between them than Ollie being on a date with April. Except that-

Sometimes Hannah got in her own head.

She'd ended up leaning more towards the casual, semi-sporty nature of the location and had worn a long t-shirt with a white and black trippy checkerboard on it that should look wild under the glow-in-the-dark lights, and a pair of black jean shorts that were relatively appropriate and not booty shorts. She'd made herself look more dressy by doing up her makeup a little more than usual and spending time to make her hair look nice - well, she'd gotten the help of Tracy the media manager for the team to do her hair, but still. It was up in a ponytail but braided on the sides and in a thick, almost poofy French braid on top. It was cute but also made her feel a little fierce, which was exactly what she wanted to lean into now.

"It's just Ollie and a girl that likes him, that's all," Hannah muttered to herself, then nodded decisively and headed for the door.

Wednesday evening apparently wasn't the putt-putt golf's busy night - someone was manning the cash register at the front, and Ollie and April were waiting for her, and that was it. She made sure she didn't hesitate as she walked in and headed for them, pushing a big smile. "Hey! It's so good to meet you, I'm Hannah."

"Hi!" April said, flashing a big smile of her own and opening her arms to offer a hug.

God, she had nice boobs, Hannah thought as they hugged. April was only a little taller than her - a nice change of pace considering how Margot and Hikaru both loomed over her, not to mention everyone at work. The other woman had worn a cute floral print summer dress that showed off a moderate amount of cleavage, but there was no hiding the fact that she had tits for days. She

was also wearing big, thick-rimmed black glasses that gave her a decidedly nerdy and down-to-earth look like she could have been playing the love interest in some nerd romcom or something.

It was kind of infuriating how fucking perfect she seemed for Ollie.

“You look so pretty,” Hannah said.

“You do too, I love your hair!” April said. “And that shirt is going to look awesome under the blacklights.”

“Thanks,” Hannah said, giving the other woman a smile that felt a little more from the heart. At least she’d noticed the effort. Hannah turned to Ollie. “Hi, big guy,” she said, giving Ollie a hug. “How was work today?”

“Same old, same old,” Ollie said with a tired sigh. Hannah knew he wasn’t feeling particularly challenged in his current job, but he’d just switched places a couple of months ago and was making like triple what she did. He said he couldn’t look to jump again for at least a few more months.

The tech industry was wild.

Ollie insisted on paying for the round of mini putt, and April teased him the right amount without making a big deal about it, which was a green flag. They were given the balls and putters and headed out onto the course.

April was frustratingly lovely. She wanted to know more about Hannah, and Hannah found herself on the end of the nicest interrogation ever. They talked about what Ollie was like when they were kids, and College Ollie, and Hannah revealed that Oliver had done the cosplay LARPing thing which *of course* April thought was super cool. But they also talked about Hannah’s job now, and April had a way of at least seeming really interested - she had no idea about anything to do with the MLS or soccer in general, but still managed to ask nice questions about her work life.

And Ollie was just following along, beaming a smile under the blacklights. Except he *wasn’t* just smiling and following along - he was offering high fives for good putts, and hugs for hole-in-ones, and he would give April a little kiss in between every other hole, but on the other ones he was teasing Hannah more than they usually did. Well, more than *he* usually did; Ollie was acting more like Hannah usually did.

“OK,” Hannah said as they lined up on Hole 15. “I can’t talk about work *anymore*. I’m tapping out. I need to hear about you, April.”

“Well, what has Ollie told you about me?” April asked, still sporting that bright smile.

Hannah smirked and glanced at Ollie. “Well,” she said. “We both already knew who you were before I got him to start doing that App contest, and for me that was mostly because Ollie was a bit of a fanboy for your work.”

“Hey now, you can’t blame me for that,” Ollie said with a playful roll of his eyes. “April is a talented, hard-working professional with a slew of amazing credits in genres I love. How could I *not* be a fan?”

“Don’t worry, he didn’t make an ass of himself,” April chuckled to Hannah as she rubbed Ollie’s arm and slid her hand down to grasp his hand. “Ollie was a perfect gentleman and not a weirdo at all on our first date, or any time since.”

“Hooold on,” Hannah said. “Are you sure we know the same Oliver? *Not* a weirdo?” Oliver stuck his tongue out at Hannah, making her snicker. “OK,” she continued. “Here’s the big thing I want to know, April, and I’ll be upfront that it’s purely because I want to protect my best friend and the best man I know so I’m sorry if it’s really fucking direct - when was your last relationship, how long did it last and why did it end?”

April’s bright demeanour finally shifted a little, though Hannah had to give her credit that it only lasted for one long moment and wasn’t bad, just an adjustment.

“Well,” she said. “To be honest, I’ve never really had a serious boyfriend before. I’ve dated, and I guess I’ve been in relationships a couple of times, but they never felt... It was kind of going through the motions. The last one ended about a year ago, lasted a few months, and it ended because I had no intention of moving to LA and the guy wanted to get serious and move in together and stuff and I thought we were just having some fun going on dates while we were working on the same project and I was hopping in and out of town.” She shook her head and sighed. “Hell, we didn’t even sleep together and he wanted me to *move in* with him in a completely different city.”

“I didn’t know about that,” Ollie said, wrapping his arms around April from behind and hugging her. Hannah felt a twinge in her heart. *She* wanted to feel safe and warm like that.

“I mean, it’s bad form to talk about people you used to date, especially on the first few dates,” April said with a smile, turning in his arms and going on her toes to kiss him.

Fuck, she looks cute, Hannah thought to herself.

“Any other deep, burning questions for me Hannah?” April asked once they’d all taken their first putts for the hole.

“A thousand,” Hannah said.

“Well, give me a fun one,” April said.

“What’s the most surprising thing you’ve found out about Ollie so far?”

“His mammoth-” April started, then seemed to hesitate and change her mind quickly. “-Heart.” She finished. “He is just the sweetest person I think I’ve ever met.”

“Aw, thank you,” Ollie said with a grin as he went to take his next putt.

Hannah hadn’t missed a thing though, and she turned her back to Ollie and faced April. It was hard to tell under the black lights but Hannah was pretty sure the other woman was blushing.

‘His dick?’ Hannah mouthed to her, raising an eyebrow as she made the inappropriate guess.

April visibly flushed this time and bit her lip. *‘You’ve seen it?’* She mouthed back.

Hannah shook her head, making a face. Then hesitated and raised her hands apart, maybe six inches apart, and gave April a questioning look.

April glanced at Ollie and then shook her head, grabbing Hannah’s hands and moving them more apart. Hannah’s eyebrows climbed so high it was almost painful. *‘And like this,’* April mouthed and held up her own hands forming a circle that would have spooked Hannah if it hadn’t seemed almost unrealistic.

“Holy fuck,” Hannah blurted out.

“What was that?” Ollie asked.

“Nothing,” Hannah called back, then mouthed, *‘Are you Okay!?’*

April grinned with a shrug, nodded, and started giggling before pulling Hannah into a hug. “Sorry,” she whispered over the music playing in the background of the course. “Probably TMI, but I’ve only really talked to one friend about Ollie and me and it’s- Sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“It’s OK,” Hannah chuckled, hugging her back. “Um... congrats then, I guess?”

They both started giggling harder, leaving Oliver confused.

“Fuuuuuck,” Hannah moaned.

The 'date' had gone well. She and April had exchanged numbers at the end, and she and Oliver had walked April to her car before Ollie drove them back to their neighbourhood. She'd thanked him for the fun, gave him a kiss on the cheek, and then got out of there as fast as she could.

Because she kept thinking of Ollie's Cock.

Other than that one time she'd masturbated thinking about him, she'd *never* thought about what sort of trouser snake he was carrying around. After April clued her in, though, Hannah had found herself glancing at his groin more often than she wanted to even admit to herself.

And now here she was, in bed and completely naked, slamming a dildo into herself as she tried to imagine the fucking *girth* of that motherfucker. How deep in her would it go? Could April take the whole thing, or did Oliver need to stop short? What about a blowjob; could she even wrap her lips around that thing?

Hannah's right leg started to spasm and she realised she'd been super tensed up. As she relaxed she slowed her frantic masturbation, squeezing her eyes shut as she imagined Oliver and his 'mammoth dick' overtop of her, his warm arms and his loving smile making her feel safe and loved like always while that cock made her his little whore.

She had to change her sheets before finally going to bed.

Chapter 28

“Well?” Margot asked.

Hannah grunted softly and then sighed.

“Hannah, you were the one who asked to meet up,” Margot said. “If this is bad news, just rip the band-aid off. Is she awful?”

“No,” Hannah sighed. “She’s actually pretty great. And not in a ‘too good to be true’ sort of situation or something, or like she’s gonna try and use him and suck him dry of his money and then move on. She’s sweet, and she’s his exact type of nerdy, and *fuck* Margot, she’s pretty and has tits like- ugh.” Hannah held out her hands to show the size of April’s tits compared to her own.

“OK, so why the cryptic message, and wanting to meet in the middle of the afternoon?” Margot asked, leaning forward on her couch. When Hannah had messaged her, she’d invited her over since she’d worked the morning shift at the library. “I had coffee with Ollie this morning and he said the whole thing went amazing, but obviously *something* happened.”

Hannah grunted again, rolling her head back and forth in frustration as she leaned back into the couch. Finally, she sat up. “April almost let something slip, between the two of us, and I kind of pressed the issue a little and she opened up about something I didn’t really need to know, but now that I *do* know...”

“Shit or get off the pot, Hannah,” Margot said dryly.

“Oliver has a fucking donkey dick,” Hannah blurted out. “A horse cock. A massive fuck tool. April literally used the word ‘mammoth.’ And she said something like this,” she held out her hands to show the length. “And this,” she showed the approximate girth.

“Holy shit,” Margot said. “He could club someone to death if that’s real.”

Hannah snorted a laugh, feeling her face heating up. “Right!? And part of me is like, she’s got to be lying, or using it as a test or something. But the other part of me is like - she didn’t seem like the type to do that, and why would she? And she was embarrassed she blurted it out, and apologised, but also said she didn’t really have anyone to talk to about the *big* secret. And then it’s like, fucking *hell* Ollie! If I knew he was packing that sort of heat I could have gotten him a date back in fucking *high school* and maybe that would have gotten his ass moving to lose weight and stuff before now. Like, my biggest fucking worry in life is that he’s going to keel over with a heart attack at the age of thirty, and now that he’s had sex he’s suddenly all interested in losing weight. It could have happened *years* ago!”

“Jesus H. Christ,” Margot said, still wide-eyed and shaking her head.

“Right?” Hannah sighed. “And it’s not like this is something I could talk to Hikaru about. Or the people I work with.”

Margot blew out a breath, blinking a few times. “So our Big Ollie is *Big Ollie*.”

Hannah covered her mouth as she tried not to giggle. “Yeah,” she said.

Margot wiped at her face, still a little stunned. “Um, OK,” she said. “This is... definitely news. That we can never talk about with him.”

“*Ever*,” Hannah agreed. “He would be so embarrassed. April apologised to me like four times for even answering my question.”

“But, other than that, it went well, right?” Margot asked.

Hannah took a deep breath and let it out. “Yeah. Unless something else comes up on your dinner with him, it’s all green flags from me.”

Margot scrolled again, chewing on the inside of her cheek as she let out a long sigh.

“I guess this one?” she muttered to herself.

She would never have considered buying such a big dildo. Any time before now she would have considered it ‘porn-sized’ because she could only ever see it being a comedic prop or something.

She was still having a hard time believing that it hadn’t been a case of exaggeration from April to Hannah to her, but Hannah had been pretty insistent it didn’t seem to be.

Margot ordered the fake cock, then slid her fingers under the waistband of her cotton shorts and felt her pussy. She was already slick

“Fuck it,” she said, standing up and pulling off her top before heading towards her bathroom. Her showerhead detached - if she couldn’t fuck herself with the right-sized cock to imagine Ollie, she could give her clit from attention instead.

Chapter 29

“Morning, Paula,” you said with a grin as she came around the counter of the Coffee Shop for her regular hug.

“Good morning, Oliver,” she said, smiling widely as she gave you a squeeze and then grabbed your coffee from the counter and handed it to you. “I’m still looking for a carb-free pastry I can try making for you.”

“I appreciate it, but you really don’t have to,” you said. “Seriously, you’ve fed me enough free pastries already.”

“Are you kidding? The security cameras are the only thing that makes me feel safe locking up at the end of the night. There was *another* break-in last night, just two doors down at that clothing boutique.”

“Damn,” you said, shaking your head. “Well, I’m sorry you’re stressed out.”

Paula sighed and rolled her eyes. “What did I just say, Ollie?” she asked. “I’m *less* stressed because of you. So don’t you dare apologise for anything. Plus, Hikaru is already catching on to everything quickly so you got me a great employee too. I owe *you*.”

“Well... fine,” you said, not sure what else to say. “You’re welcome.”

“Thank you,” she said with that same big smile.

Margot walked in, heading for the line, and you sighed. “Talk to you tomorrow?”

Paula nodded and hugged you again before getting back to work.

“Well. Well. Well,” Hannah said. “Fancy meeting a guy like you in a place like this.”

“Hey, Hannah,” you said, not a fan of the fact that you could hear your nerves in your own voice. You’d long ago gotten used to the looks you got, being your size. Confidence, or at least yours, had nothing to do with your appearance. Stepping into a *gym* though?

All of your deep insecurities felt like they were on display for everyone to see. And you hadn’t even changed out of your work clothes yet.

The gym was brightly lit, with rubber tiles all over the place. It was mostly one big open space, which you guessed was normal for a gym, with dozens and dozens of different machines meant for torture- er, exercise- arranged in neat rows and groups. There were maybe twenty people

working out, or standing and talking, at the moment. A reception area with a big desk had a very pretty brunette woman behind Hannah; the receptionist was thin and fit and there was no hiding the fact that she had breast augmentation underneath the athletic gear she was wearing. Hannah, meanwhile, was in similar gear with an athletic bra under an extra-short crop top with long sleeves, and a pair of yoga thighs and sneakers. You'd seen her in that sort of gear before, and it was her natural style, but seeing her *in* her element made you appreciate it in a fresh light. She looked *good*.

"Ollie, I'm so fucking glad that you're here," Hannah said, coming towards you and giving you a hug. "Seriously. Dream come true."

"I know," you sighed softly. "I know."

"OK. I've already negotiated with my boss and he said you can have a one-week trial before you need to sign up or anything," she said quickly. "I don't want you to have any reason *not* to try this for a proper week. You just need to come in with me, which is fine since I'm training you anyway. Just head down that hallway to the changeroom and get ready."

"Alright," you said. "Thanks, Hannah."

She placed both her hands on your chest, looking up into your eyes. "Your life is changing for the better, Ollie."

You pulled her into another hug before heading back to the changing room.

"Well, the good news is that you're stronger than most people would expect, especially your legs and back," Hannah said.

You could barely hear her because it felt like your heart was hammering in your ears, your lungs were billowing with the power of an open furnace, and you were dripping sweat from every square inch of your body. You were sitting on a bench but your limbs felt like they were still moving.

"That's not actually that uncommon for people in your weight class though - you've basically been living your life carrying around big weight packs all over your body," she continued. "The key is to get you to lose weight without losing too much muscle mass in the process. You also put in really good effort on the cardio, but you definitely need to work on it - eventually, I want to see you running on the treadmill, but the stationary bike is a better choice right now since your knees won't be getting impacted."

“OK,” you panted, nodding. You wanted to tell her to fuck off. The last forty-five minutes might have been the worst in your *life*. But you also knew that cardio, and stamina, were important for your goals.

“I’m proud of you, Ollie,” Hannah said, her tone shifting, and you looked up at her. She had a weird expression on her face. “Seriously. I am.”

“Thanks, Hans,” you said and then swallowed and took a long, slow breath in and out through your nose. “And thanks for this.”

“You’re welcome,” she said. “Now, you’re going to need a solid day of rest for tomorrow, but we’re back here on Saturday, OK? And tomorrow at work, do me a favour and do *one* flight of stairs before taking the elevator. Just one!”

You groaned, and she smirked a little and then surprised you by shifting your hand from where it was braced on your knee, sitting on it and wrapping her arms around your neck and hugging you despite the sweat. “You can do it,” she said. “I love you, Ollie.”

“Love you too, Hannah,” you said, weakly hugging her back.

Chapter 30

You were humming to yourself as you worked in the kitchen. Music would have been nice to cook to, but you were trying out a new recipe and had the YouTube video up on your tablet instead. 'Mashed Cauliflower' sounded like a poor replacement for mashed potatoes, but this recipe had cream cheese and a bunch of other stuff in it - all of it low or no carb, just like Hannah had ordered.

Carbs, it turned out, were pretty much everything delicious except for meat. Your options had become very limited.

Your body still ached from your second workout earlier that day. Hannah hadn't been trying to 'find your limits' this time, so in some ways, it had been easier. She'd been demanding though, pushing you to *reach* your limits again, and right at the end she'd pushed you to get another couple of minutes in on the stationary bike. The bike was actually nice - you hadn't ridden a bike since you were a kid - except that the fucking tiny little seat felt like it was going to either sodomize you or cut off your balls if you shifted the wrong way. You were already considering if they would let you bring in your own bike seat.

The door to the apartment opened and Hikaru came home from her afternoon shift.

"Hey!" you said from the kitchen. "How was work?"

"Really good," Hikaru said, coming through to you. She was wearing a casual t-shirt and jean shorts, the unofficial uniform of the coffee shop, and you could see where her apron had been pressing into the shoulder of her shirt all afternoon based on the crease in the fabric. "I'm, like, *tired*, but I made some good tips and Paula said I'm ready to start taking morning rush shifts."

"Is she treating you well?" you asked.

"She's amazing," Hikaru smiled as she hugged you hello. "Best boss I've ever had."

"She's the only boss you've ever had," you chuckled.

"Well, officially," she said. "I've had managers at volunteer events and stuff. And she beats them all hands-down."

"That's good," you said.

"When is April supposed to get here?"

"About an hour," you replied. "Maybe a little less. Margot is bringing dessert so don't you dare think about coming back into this kitchen."

She gave you a look but then sighed. “OK,” she agreed. “I’m going to go take a shower and primp myself a bit. Gotta make a good impression on your girlfriend.” Then she kissed you on the cheek and gave you a cheeky grin before heading towards her bedroom.

You were left silently stammering, unsure whether to correct her or not. You and April hadn’t really put a *label* on your relationship yet. You’d both been pretty blunt about things, but neither of you had used the girlfriend/boyfriend words yet. Was it too soon? Two dates together, plus one outing with Hannah. Maybe it was too soon? You definitely didn’t want to seem clingy or scare her off.

Hikaru left the kitchen and you went back to your tablet, playing the next part of the recipe, but your eyes were distracted as, across the apartment living area, Hikaru pulled off her t-shirt as she was about five feet from her bedroom door. She was wearing a bra *and* facing away from you, so it wasn’t like you saw anything untoward, it was just...

She must be feeling a lot more at home now, you told yourself. She’d never done that before, and you doubted she’d do it facing you or anything. It was just surprising.

You’d already buzzed April up, but Margot was the first one up when she knocked on the door. “I’ll get it,” the southern blonde said confidently. Part of you wanted to argue, wanted to meet April at the door so you could kiss her hello in semi-privacy, but you also didn’t want to seem weird and defensive by going ‘No, me!’

Margot was wearing a version of her usual style - a button-down, short-sleeve ‘western’ shirt that hugged her fit torso and a pair of tight jeans, except these seemed to be her ‘dressy’ version because the jeans had a low-rise waist and the shirt was freshly ironed and had pearl coloured snap buttons. She’d also done her hair up a little more particularly in a neat bun at the back of her head that left her bands and two long, wavy strands framing her face.

Hikaru had dressed up a little as well, wearing a summer dress that suited her tall frame. You could have seen her out on a date in a park or something in the dress.

You stood up by the time Margot was already opening the door and headed in that direction.

“Hi,” Margot said. “It’s nice to meet you April, I’m Margot.”

“Hi, Margot,” April said. “I’ve heard so much about you, I don’t think I could have mistaken you for anyone else. And it’s all been good! Ollie sings your praises.”

The two women were briefly hugging as you approached, and when they pulled away from each other April saw you and her smile brightened even more.

“Hey, Ollie,” she said, sliding past Margot and coming to you with a couple of hopping steps before throwing her arms up around your shoulders. You couldn’t help yourself and held her hips, kissing her firmly as you bent to meet her even though you were also a little embarrassed to have a big Hello like that in front of Margot and Hikaru. April didn’t seem to mind, though, and while she didn’t slip you any tongue the kiss was deep and lingered.

“Now that’s a Hello,” Margot chuckled, shutting the door.

“Um, Hi,” you chuckled when the kiss finally ended. “Ah, you already met Margot. This is my cousin and roommate, Hikaru.”

“Hi,” the half-Japanese woman said sweetly, giving a little wave. “Technically it’s just roommate now; we were cousins by marriage and my Dad-”

“Oh, please,” April said, leaving your arms and going to her and wrapping Hikaru up in a hug. “You can’t just lose a bond like you and Ollie have.”

Hikaru, looking a little surprised by the hug, patted April’s back as she smiled nervously. “Thanks,” she said.

The meal was all ready to go and the table was set, so after handing out drinks to everyone - cider for you and April, a beer for Margot and water for Hikaru - you pulled the covered serving dishes out of the oven where they’d been staying warm. The girls gave you some polite ooh’s and aw’s as you revealed your hard work. Joining the mashed cauliflower for the sides were roasted carrots and parsnips and a cheese bun for each of the ladies since you couldn’t have one. The main was a Greek-style chicken thigh marinated in a herb and garlic marinade and then roasted in the oven until they were crispy.

The conversation was fast and light - the girls had a dozen questions for April, and she had just as many for them. April wanted to know more about them *and* me, and was fascinated by Margot’s history with rodeos and hearing what living in Japan off and on was like for Hikaru when she was a kid. The girls in turn wanted to know about April’s current lifestyle and asked some of the more ‘fangirl’ questions that you’d held back on so far not wanting to overwhelm her. It came out that Hikaru was pretty much as big a fan as you were for some of April’s voice acting work, and April promised to sit down and watch a couple of the older anime films she’d worked on with us and give us some ‘behind the curtain’ commentary of what it was like working on them.

With all the talking the meal lingered longer, but eventually everyone was done and you got up to start clearing plates only to practically get shoved back into your chair as Hikaru said she would handle it. April insisted on helping, and Margot slipped out to head back to her place to grab the dessert she’d prepared. Five minutes later all the ladies were back at the table with you, and Margot revealed that she’d prepared a bowl of freshly cut strawberries and whipped

cream. You managed to suppress your groan, but not the flash of disappointment on your face as you realised you weren't going to be able to partake.

"It's OK, Ollie," Margot said with a grin. "I texted with Hannah and she pointed me to a no-sugar sweetener for the whipped cream, and she said you can have a small bowl of berries and a heap of the cream as long as I used it."

Your sigh of happiness got giggles out of all three of them.

Chapter 31

“I’m going to head home I think,” Margot said. You’d all continued the conversation after dinner and dessert over in your little sitting area, and it hadn’t exactly been ebbing so you were a little surprised when your friend made her declaration. Margot and Hikaru had sat on one couch while you and April sat on the other and everything had felt really *good* about the evening.

You started to protest that she didn’t need to, but Margot was already turned to Hikaru. “I could use some help with a ‘girl thing,’ want to come help and we can watch a movie or something?”

Hikaru seemed confused for a moment and then all of a sudden they were saying goodbye and you were standing up and hugging and April and the girls were trading phone numbers and then they were out the door.

April was looking at you with a big grin when you turned back from shutting the apartment door, but it faltered when she saw the look on your face. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

“I- Why did they just up and leave?” you wondered. “We were having a good time I thought...”

“Oh, Ollie,” April sighed, coming and taking both your hands as she looked up at you. “We were. Dinner was amazing, and Margot and Hikaru are absolute dolls. I’m so glad you have them both in your life. Especially Margot, because she just did the one thing she could to make this night even better.”

“What?” you asked, still confused.

“She got herself and Hikaru out of the way so we could have some private time,” April said with a little smirk, knowing this was the one spot in your life where you didn’t have much experience. “And I think, if she’s doing *that* for us, she approves of me and you.”

It embarrassingly took another long moment to click in before you realised. “Oooh,” you said.

“Mmm,” April hummed with a grin. “I like that look in your eye.”

“You do, do you?” you asked.

She nodded, biting her lip. “I haven’t seen your bedroom yet.”

Her shirt, a nice cream-coloured blouse that had shown off a small amount of her bounteous cleavage, came off before you even made it to your bedroom door and you paused so that you could feast on her cleavage with kisses and licks as she moaned with her back to the wall. Her hands were scrambling at your belt and got it undone and you almost tripped over your pants as they fell down around your ankles while you stumbled through the door. You kicked them off, lips

locked with April's and she dropped her shirt and started to work on her own pants until she backed up to the edge of the bed and fell back on it.

You took the waist of her nice black jeans and pulled them over her curvy hips, peeling them down her legs as she looked at you with 'fuck me' eyes. Once they were off April was left in a sexy set of black and white lingerie. The cups of the bra were white with black lace trim and they were full to almost overflowing with her breasts, while the thong panties were black with white trim and already had a wet spot in the crotch. She grinned while biting her lip and then spun around and up to her hands and knees on the bed.

"I want to suck you, Ollie," she said, reaching for your boxers and teasing the elastic waistband. "I want to take this big mammoth cock and slobber all over it and feel it with every corner of my mouth. I want to *worship* it with kisses because you are so perfect."

You groaned as she lowered your underwear and your cock spilt out, already mostly hard.

"Ummppgh!" she moaned as she fished the head into her mouth, sucking and bobbing softly right along the mushroom head. That did not last long though as she pulled away, stroking the length with one hand. "Get up on the bed with me," she panted hornily. "We aren't in the park this time, I want to take my time with you."

Soon you were up on the bed, leaning back against the headboard, and April was on her hands and knees between your legs. She started by doing just what she'd said she wanted to - she rained kisses on every inch of your cock and it really did feel like worship. It was a fat, fleshy tentpole standing up nearly perfectly vertical. Then she surprised you further by delving lower after kissing around the root, looking at you from around the base of your cock as she gently kissed your ballsack.

"Oh," you grunted, surprised at the feeling. She'd felt them before with a hand, but not that.

"Does that feel good?" she asked. "These balls are just as precious as the rest of you and deserve some attention. Plus, they're so important for giving me those huge, tasty loads, Ollie."

She spent a minute or two down there, softly kissing and fondling them, before slowly kissing her way back up your shaft to the head. Then the blowjob started for real and you were pretty much unable to think of anything at all. You were entirely in the moment, revelling in the physical and emotional overwhelming sensations as she worked your cock with her mouth and hands.

This, you had the errant thought, was what they meant by 'making love.'

At one point April literally choked on your dick, trying to get as much of it as she could into her mouth and into her throat. That made her eyes water behind her glasses and she had to wipe them as she chuckled. "Too big," she admitted. "I'm just going to have to practise with something smaller first."

“You don’t need to,” you said, sitting up and cupping her cheek. “Seriously. I’m already- Fuck. I’m stunned. I can barely hold on.”

She smiled warmly and pressed her cheek against your palm before turning and kissing it. “Me wanting to deepthroat you is half wanting to do it for you, and half wanting to feel it myself,” she said. “So if I *do* want to practise, over and over, I hope you know it’s for me as much as for you.”

“Over and over?” you chuckled.

“Mhmm,” she hummed with a closed-lip grin. “Blowjob practice. Over and over.”

“It’ll be a pain, but I guess I can go along with that,” you said.

She snorted and rolled her eyes, then reached behind herself and started to undo her bra. “I think my jaw needs a break from stretching around this most holy of cocks,” she said. “So I think I’ll just put my breasts to work instead.”

You groaned again. “How can I be this lucky?”

She laughed joyfully and looked you in the eyes as she wrapped her tits around your cock. “I’m asking myself the same question, stud,” she said. “Now lean back and enjoy.”

Chapter 32

"It's fine, I'll just be in and out," Hikaru said.

"Hik, honey, it's fine," Margot said. "We can watch it some other time, let's just pick something from Netflix."

"No, no," Hikaru said as she slipped out the door. "It'll take me one minute, I'm sure it's fine."

She wasn't sure it would be fine.

April was lovely. And for all that Hikaru didn't want it to be, that was the problem. Oliver had made an amazing meal, and the conversation had been great, and Hikaru had been able to set aside her anxiety over him for a bit between her new job and the excitement of meeting an honest-to-God celebrity. But as the night wore on she found herself needing to suppress her frustration - she was lovely, sure, but Ollie was...

Ollie was hers.

She still knew she shouldn't have felt that way, but she did. She could see her and Oliver living together forever. Being there for each other. And maybe, someday, it would be... more than that. They weren't actually related anymore, even through marriage, so it wouldn't be weird. And he was only a few years older than her.

And she loved him.

Hikaru hesitated at the door to their apartment, blushing a little at her own thoughts. It was wrong, but in her heart, it was what she fantasised about. It was why she'd been having such a bad couple of weeks, dealing with it and not being able to *talk* to him about it.

She also hesitated because she knew she really shouldn't go back in, but there was an evil little part of her that hoped that she could interrupt them making out on the couch or something. Make it awkward for them. Ollie *had* said that she should treat the place as her own for however long she lived with him.

Hikaru put the key in the lock and opened the door, not sure what she was going to find.

She wasn't ready to find.... Nothing. The kitchen, living room and his desk area were all empty. Hikaru quietly walked into the apartment, frowning to herself. Had they gone out? Maybe they had a fight or something, or they decided to go see a movie, or...

It didn't make sense.

Then she heard the groan from behind Ollie's bedroom door and froze.

Hikaru knew she could be... naive, at times. But she'd watched porn. She knew what that sound meant.

She couldn't help the fact that it hurt her heart, even if it didn't make sense. Her eyes watered up and she covered her mouth to stop herself from letting out a sob.

They were having sex. Or something.

Oliver was having sex with April.

Hikaru didn't know what to do. The right answer was for her to leave as quietly as possible, but her head was a mess. The next best answer might have been to go to her room where she couldn't hear them, but that didn't occur to her either. She wandered towards Ollie's collection of DVDs near the TV, feeling her whole body tensed as, a few seconds later, another soft moan echoed through the walls or from under the door or however it was assaulting her ears.

She found the DVD for *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind* that Ollie had in his Studio Ghibli collection. There was a whole history around the movie where it was made by the animation studio before they were technically a studio, but 'it counted' for most people. Hikaru wanted Margot to watch it.

But now...

She had the DVD in her hands, but another groan from the bedroom made her throat clench and she felt constrained and tight and needed air. She went to the balcony door and unlocked it, stepping out onto the little enclosed area and letting the cool night air splash all over her. She slid the door shut behind her so she didn't have to hear... that.

Hikaru closed her eyes. It was night in the city so it was cooler but only a little quieter, and that was OK. She needed to just think. Or not think.

She was being irrational and she knew it. Oliver wasn't going to be interested in her. Not like the way she was in him. He was an adult now, with an adult job and lots of different friends and she was barely done being a teenager and college student. Of course, he would be interested in a woman like April. And of course a woman like April would be interested in him. Her fantasies needed to stay-

Hikaru's eyes went wide.

She'd never spent time out on the balcony before. She'd never leaned against the balcony railing and looked around.

She'd never realised that you could see into Ollie's bedroom when you were on the balcony and leaning against the railing. Or that the standing mirror he had in one corner of his room was positioned within view, and that it reflected most of the rest of the room.

Including his bed.

Where she could see April on her knees between Oliver's legs, using both hands to stroke his penis.

His giant penis.

No, it wasn't a penis. It was a dick. A cock. A *cock*. Definitely.

April reached behind herself and undid her bra, leaving her just in her thong panties, and bared her breasts. They were big and heavy for her frame, which had some curves to it and made Hikaru jealous because it made her feel too skinny. She put both hands to her own breasts - hers were nice, she thought, but not like *that*.

She watched as April wrapped her tits around Ollie's *cock* and started to jerk him off with them.

She couldn't take her eyes away.

It lasted for a while, the two of them giving each other sex eyes and talking to each other. Laughing together. When April pulled her tits away from Ollie's *cock* Hikaru moaned softly, seeing it again. Then April put her lips back to Oliver's *cock* and started to give him more blowjob, and Hikaru watched in horrified fascination as April seemed to speed up her stroking of the lower half of his shaft with a hand, and cradled his balls with the other, and then Oliver was squeezing his eyes closed and breathing heavily as he-

He came in her mouth, and she swallowed it all.

Hikaru swallowed the pool of spit in her mouth.

I should go, she thought.

April kept sucking him, slower now, and they were talking. And then they were moving, and she was laying down and Oliver pulled her panties down her legs, revealing that April was shaved clean.

Does he like that? She thought to herself. She'd trimmed her pubic hair before, especially in the summer if she was going to the beach or wearing a swimsuit for some reason. Still, she'd never really thought about it for...

Oliver was kissing between April's thighs.

Oliver was giving April oral sex.

Hikaru suppressed a moan by biting her lip hard, but she didn't stop herself from pulling up the front of her dress and touching herself. It was dark and she was leaning back against the railing so no one could see her. Her fingers slipped under her panties and she imagined what Oliver's tongue would feel like where her fingers were. Teasing over her labia. Circling her clitoris. Delving a little in between the lips and teasing her hole.

Her eyes were locked on April's face. She was enjoying herself. Hikaru could see her moaning and smiling and whispering things to Oliver. Sexy things. April grabbed her breasts, kneading them, and Hikaru grabbed one of her own through her shirt, grabbing it roughly.

It came on fast. She'd had orgasms before, but never like this. Never big enough to make her legs feel like jello, or to soak her panties. It had always been a little pleasurable jolt, not a wave feeling like it was crashing on her.

She slid down to her knees on the balcony, losing sight of them, as she panted and squeezed her thighs together around her own hand.

"What the fuck did I just do?" she whispered to herself.

She'd... masturbated. On a balcony. Watching Oliver give oral sex to April. That's what she did.

But it felt so much... heavier. So much nastier.

And she knew that it hadn't helped. Hadn't gotten anything out of her system.

Chapter 33

“Hey, where were you?” Margot asked as Hikaru came back into her apartment. “Please tell me you didn’t interrupt something or-” She stopped when she saw the look on Hikaru’s face, getting up and going to the younger woman. “What’s wrong?”

It took a good ten minutes for Hikaru to calm down. She hadn’t been crying when she first came in, but she started as soon as Margot pulled her into a hug. They slowly moved to the couches and Margot bundled her up in her arms as she hugged her friend tightly and just held her.

Finally, Hikaru started talking. Or maybe not talking, it was more like she was blubbering and spilling her guts at the same time. She would repeat herself, and second guess herself in the same breath, and overall it was a little hard to follow everything she was saying - especially when she slipped into speaking Japanese a few times - but the message became clear.

“Oh, sweetie,” Margot said, rubbing Hikaru’s back.

She had the biggest, meanest crush on Oliver. She loved and adored him. *That* was why she’d been having such a rough couple of weeks, Margot realised. And Hikaru didn’t *want* to be this way, but she was and she couldn’t just turn it off, and it had been a thing for years and had only gotten stronger over the last couple of months since she’d moved in with Ollie.

“I saw them having sex,” Hikaru croaked.

That one Margot could follow.

“How?” she asked.

“I didn’t mean to. I went out on the balcony for air and I realised I could see them through his window, reflected in a mirror.”

There was a little piece of Margot that wanted to go test that theory right that second. “And you saw them...?” she asked instead.

Hikaru nodded, wiping at her eyes. “She was- She was giving him a blowjob on his bed,” she whimpered. “And then she used her breasts too, and he really liked it. And then, um, she went back to blowing him and I watched him have an orgasm. And I wanted that to be *me* with him, and I felt awful, but I couldn’t look away because I mean - I’ve always wondered since I realised I wanted him, but I never guessed he was as big as *that*. But then she kept sucking him and he stayed hard, and then April got naked and he started eating her out and- God, I’m such a- I don’t know!”

“It’s OK, Hikaru,” Margot said, still rubbing her back and now squeezing her knee. “It’s OK.”

"It's not OK!" she sobbed. "I touched myself while watching them. I- I couldn't help myself. I touched myself watching Oliver give April oral sex, and I..."

"Shhh," Margot hushed her, pulling her close and stroking the other woman's hair. "Shh, it's OK. You got caught up in a *lot* of feelings."

"It's not just feelings, it's..."

"I know," Margot said.

"I wanted it to be *me*," she whispered.

"Me too," Margot whispered back and then froze.

Hikaru was frozen as well.

"You too?" Hikaru finally asked.

Margot swallowed and pulled away from her, then shook her head at herself. It was a stupid mistake, but there was no taking it back. "Me too," she admitted again. "I realised last week sometime, when April turned out to be more than just a one-time date for Ollie, that I've been treating him like my boyfriend in every way but sexually. He's the best man I know who isn't my own father. He works hard, he's fun and kind and generous. And even if we have a lot of different interests, he never fakes wanting to listen to me talk about mine and I put in effort to know more about his. He's held me while I cried or got homesick, and brought me food when I got sick. The best part of my day, if I'm not seeing him some other time, is our coffee at the shop in the morning before work. And when I realised all of that, I realised that I wanted to *be* with him. Sexually. I want him to hold me. I want to kiss him. I want to feel his big hands all over my body, and I want to- I want to fuck him, Hikaru. Just like you do."

Hikaru was looking at Margot like she'd seen a ghost.

"But we can't," Margot said. "We can't just make a move on him, or try to seduce him, because that would push him away. He's got April, and God they seem good together even in such a short time."

"We can't," Hikaru agreed sadly, looking like she was about to start crying again.

"Yet," Margot said.

That brought another long moment of frozen silence between the two.

"Yet?" Hikaru asked.

"I... might have a plan," Margot admitted. "I need to do some more work to see if it could happen, and a lot of it had to do with April. But it could maybe... work. Originally I thought it was just for me, but I guess it could work for you too. If you'd be willing to share him with me and April."

"... Share."

Margot nodded slowly, looking into the other woman's eyes. "Share," she confirmed. "Ollie's life is full now. He has his family, his friends, and now his girlfriend. He doesn't have room for a fuckbuddy relationship, but if we can get April on board then we might be able to move ourselves from Friend to Girlfriend. Together. He was already splitting his time between us and Hannah, it'll just be different."

"Hannah's going to be pissed if we... do that," Hikaru said. "She'd be the only girl left out."

"She'll be fine," Margot said. "They've had closer to two decades than one to figure out their dynamic. You've had family ties holding you back, and I've only known him for a year."

Hikaru looked deep into Margot's eyes. "I... think I could share him," she said. "With you. And April, if nothing changes. What do we need to do?"

"I'll need some paper and a pen. Let me explain what I'm thinking..."

"Thanks," Hannah said.

"I had fun tonight," Patrick said. "You think we should... keep the fun going?"

Ugh. "I actually have plans tomorrow pretty early," Hannah said, lying her ass off. "So I should probably call it a night here."

"Oh, uh, alright," Patrick said.

"Thanks for walking me home."

"Yeah, no problem," he said. And leaned down for a kiss.

Hannah dodged his lips and gave him a peck on the cheek as she hugged him. "Have a good night, Pat," she said, then turned and went into her building, leaving the athletic meathead standing on the sidewalk.

There wasn't anything *wrong* with Patrick. Except that he kind of sounded like Patrick from SpongeBob. He was nice enough and attractive. And his arms and chest *were* impressive.

There just wasn't any sort of spark with him. She didn't get butterflies, or find anything he said interesting.

If Hannah was being honest with herself, the only reason she even agreed to the date was because she knew April was over at Oliver's with Hikaru and Margot.

Upstairs and in her apartment, Hannah grunted as she shut the door and then kicked off her heels before reaching back and unzipping her dress. She only had two that were 'date-worthy' so she didn't just let it fall to the floor. She brought it into her room and slung it over a chair to be hung up later, wandering around the other side of her bed in just her panties and into her washroom. She looked at herself in the mirror, planting her hands on the counter.

She looked hot. She didn't need her affirmations to know that. She reached up and tweaked her nipples, groaning softly and then blowing out a breath. "Fuck it," she thought and turned around and climbed up on her bed, fishing in her nightstand for her vibrator. Oliver would have been dashing. Oliver would have been sweet, and interesting, and wouldn't have asked to be invited up to her apartment for sex.

She would have fucked Oliver.

"Ollie," she groaned, pressing the vibrator to her chest between her breasts and starting to trail it down towards her pussy.

It felt so wrong to masturbate to the thought of her best friend. In all the right ways.