

My New Girlfriend
Chapter Seven

“Well that was fast,” I said as I ushered Erika in. “When you said ‘be there in five,’ I thought you were just being cute.”

“Would you like me to leave and come back?” she asked.

Now that I was looking for it, I could see it, hiding behind her eyes. “It’s the middle of the night, Erika. No, you can stay.”

“Oh thank you,” she said. In the blink of an eye, Erika shed her overcoat. Beneath it, she was completely nude. It wasn’t in the least bit subtle, but with a body like hers, it didn’t need to be. It hadn’t been two full days since I’d last taken in the sight of her, but it was still enough to instantly heat my blood.

Courtney entered the room; even wearing her silk robe, she was a match in sex appeal for her friend. Erika regarded her with undisguised interest. “Hey, E.”

“Hey,” she said in a smoky voice.

The sexual tension in the room was palpable. Everyone there couldn’t wait to fuck everyone else. Our eyes were screaming our need. Any moment, someone was going to take a step, and that step would signal the commencement of my second threesome in as many days.

With all that I’d learned tonight, and all I’d learned I’d yet to learn – about Courtney, about Erika, about that fateful day on the bus – I was only human. Answers could wait until more basic needs were satisfied.

Rest being among the most basic need of all.

“We’re going to bed, girls. We all have a long day ahead of us.”

So intense was their mutual lust that it took them a moment to register what I’d said.

“Wait, seriously?” asked a stupefied Erika.

“Yeah, you’re... sure?” Courtney asked.

“Yeah. I’m sure.”

Erika pouted. “But you said you wanted to put my ass to work. That’s what her text said.”

“And I do. Tomorrow. Come on.” I headed to the bedroom, and with nothing else to do, they followed after. Courtney took her usual spot beside me, and Erika looked between us with some consternation. There wasn’t enough room for her the way we’d situated ourselves.

“Don’t worry, you won’t need space. Erika, I want you to crawl under the covers and give me a nice, slow blowjob until I fall asleep. Don’t stop until you’re certain I’m totally out, or I’ll send you back home. And without your coat.”

Some people sleep best when they leave the TV on. Some people need to be held. For me, ever since I’d started dating Courtney, nothing knocked me out like one of her slow-paced blowjobs. It might sound like I was throwing away an opportunity, but once I got used to the fact that she’d just give me another one when I felt like it, using her mouth as a sleep aid didn’t feel like a waste.

Rather than leap to obey, she looked at Courtney questioningly. The buxom blonde on my right nodded. “He knows, Erika.”

“You told him? I thought you said...”

“Nevermind what I said,” Courtney interjected. It was strange hearing her voice so firm, especially after spending so much of the evening in obedience training. “Show Drew how well you obey. Remember, you belong to him now. Understand?”

My new playmate didn’t need to be commanded twice. As Courtney gave me a few final goodnight kisses, Erika wriggled under the covers and pulled my dick out through the hole in the front of my boxers. I turned the light off and closed my eyes as her mouth gently descended on me.

“I know it’s my own fault, but I want you to know how fucking jealous I am right now,” Courtney whispered in my ear.

“So get down there and help her,” I murmured back. That was all it took – she slipped down beside Erika, and what had been a mouth wrapped snugly around my cock became two tongues stroking up and down the length of me. I could just barely hear Courtney whispering instructions to Erika, teaching her how to maximize the relaxation factor without making me cum.

Erika was a quick study. I was out in minutes.

The morning was light on chit-chat. I got ready for work, and Courtney made a light breakfast for the three of us. Erika remained naked throughout the meal; I suppose she didn’t have any clothes to wear. The only attempt at conversation was some commentary by Erika about how much fun she’d had putting me to sleep last night, to which I told her if she liked sucking my dick so much, she better get under the table and get to work before she was stuck with grapefruit juice and toast for breakfast.

The girl was there in a flash, sucking me with relish. Last night she’d been the portrait of gentle servitude, soothing and patient; this morning she was out to make me cum, and fast.

She did. Courtney parted her robe and buried my face in her tits while her friend worked.

Erika was still slurping down her “breakfast smoothie” (as Courtney jokingly called it while she was finishing) when I gave them their marching orders. “I need something from you two today,” I began. Both girls immediately were at rapt attention.

“Now I didn’t ask for a sex slave, and I certainly didn’t ask for two. Courtney’s become my girlfriend, and I don’t intend to have two. That means that role is filled. Understand, Erika?”

Courtney beamed proudly. Erika just nodded, waiting to hear what part she might play.

“That means if you’re going to stick around here with us, Erika, we need to find another niche for you. What exactly that means, we’ll discover together – or not, if you choose to leave. If you even can choose to leave. But for today, I have one simple request.”

“Anything, Drew. Anything at all,” she said. I very much believed her.

“Courtney already knows what I like. What turns me on, what gets me off, what makes me happy, what gets me hot. She’s the world’s foremost expert – knows me even better than I know myself. So today, hon, I want you to help me by training your friend.”

“I’d be happy to,” she said. “So long as you promise not to forget about me.”

I knew she was being playful, but I also remembered her whispers the night before. “Well that’s up to you. The last thing I need is a badly trained sex slave, right?” I was trying to be playful, but Erika didn’t seem to get the joke. Courtney gave me a little smile, at least.

“So here’s what happens tonight when I get home from work. I’m going to split the evening between the two of you, and you each get a chance to show me a good time. And there’s going to be a prize for the contest winner.”

Just from the time I’d spent around them recently, I suspected they were competitive with one another for attention and social supremacy. The brief look they shared confirmed it.

“Whoever wins gets me all to herself for the rest of the week. If she feels like sharing me, she can, but she’s under no obligation – winner gets to be as selfish as she wants. Understand?”

“I can’t wait,” Courtney said.

“Teach me,” Erika demanded.

I gave Courtney a goodbye kiss and once more reiterated to do her best. She promised she would, and I left for one of the longest days of work of my life. As I sat through meetings and phone conferences, answered emails and double-checked spreadsheet formulae, all I could think about was what awaited me at home.

Well, not *all*. I hadn’t forgotten Courtney’s secret. But for today, I was first and foremost a man who’d just inherited a beautiful, adoring sex slave. The secret would still be there tomorrow.

The commute home was hell. (I drove to work that day; learning that there may still be a renegade mind controller on my bus route made me much more willing to endure city traffic and shell out for parking.) Objectively it wasn’t any worse than usual, but every red light, every second behind some poky old driver, was an aggravation. I took the stairs two at a time on my way up to my apartment.

“Welcome home, darling,” Courtney said as I came in.

I froze in my tracks. There she was, wearing a pink checked housedress that flared out around her. Her hair was done up in adorable little blonde ringlets, her lipstick as pink as the dress, her rouge thickly applied. The dress was still snug across the bodice, a tantalizing hint of cleavage showing at the neckline that was more than enough competition for the high hemline of the skirts. Her heels matched in color, even if the five-inch heel was slightly anachronistic to the rest of it.

She was standing beside the door, holding out a martini on a tray. “How was your day?”

I accepted the martini and took a sip, noting the background smell of something cooking. She followed me to my armchair as I groused about my day, my annoyance with Watson in R&D, my hopes that the new account would mean big things for the company.

All the while, Courtney inserting monosyllabic sounds appropriate to the topic (“ah” “mmm” “aw”), kneeling beside the ottoman as she rubbed my feet. I asked what smelled so good. She responded that it was – of course – it was a pot roast.

It was all so heavy-handed, and yet, it was easy to see why some looked back on this era as the golden years. Any other woman I would’ve felt guilty, but Courtney exercised her incredible gift to make any kink or taboo feel right.

Erika was nowhere to be seen, but I wasn’t looking around except to note and compliment the work Courtney had done in tidying up the place. Although usually the kitchen table was a dumping ground for junk mail, tonight we abandoned our usual dinner place on the couch and actually ate sitting across from each other at the table. She’d even cut my food for

me – which was delicious, by the way – and after slipping out of her shoe, she rubbed her bare foot against my groin while I ate.

After dinner, Courtney insisted on washing the dishes by hand. Her dress was short enough that just leaning forward enough for her chore revealed her thighs up to mere millimeters from her panties. I came up behind her and ran my hand up them and rest on her bare hip, pulling her ass snugly against my crotch.

She washed the silverware without missing a beat, holding each up to the light to inspect for any spotting.

Then the doorbell rang.

“Oh! I should get that, dear.”

“Whoever it is can piss off. Right now everyone I need is already in here.”

She giggled. “You’re so sweet. But I’m sure your friends would be disappointed.”

I arched a brow. What was she on about? I hadn’t seen Stu and Rich in almost two weeks, busy as I’d been with Courtney’s party and all the aftermath with Erika. I certainly didn’t have plans for them to come over tonight.

Yet when she squirmed out of my grip to answer the door, that’s just who it was. “Come on in, boys,” she said.

They were so used to seeing Courtney in states of undress that her costume barely surprised them. In fact, as Rich came in and set a sixpack of beer on the counter, his first thoughts were on the apartment itself. “I don’t think I have ever seen your place this clean, Drew.”

“Thank the little woman,” I said. Courtney fawned at the compliment and made a gracious curtsy. “Believe me, I got nothing to do with it.”

“That’s stating the obvious,” said Stu as he helped himself to a can. “Thanks for having us over, Courtney. We were starting to think you didn’t like us any more.”

“Far from it,” she assured him. “Can I take your coat? Please, settle in, make yourselves comfortable. I’ll have hors d’oeuvres out shortly. Can I get you anything else in the meantime?”

She collected their coats as they waved off her generosity. Soon enough, instead of fucking my girlfriend from behind while she washed the dishes, I was sitting at the table with my buddies playing cards. I hadn’t even realized how long it’d been since I just hung out with the guys. Given how I’d been spending my evening, I was surprised how much I missed it.

We caught up on recent events (I neglected to tell them about Erika), talked about the election, won and lost a little money. Courtney all the while flitted around, bringing us snacks, refreshing drinks, and whispering in my ear how badly she wanted me to finish what I’d almost started.

She whispered just loud enough for the guys to overhear. I was sure she meant to do just that.

We didn’t stay up late – Stu worked early, and Rich had a family waiting on him – but we still had a few quality hours of guy time. I ended the game down almost two hundred bucks, but I didn’t care. The whole evening was just an enchanting blend of fiction and promise for the future. Courtney’s way of reminding me she understood me, cared about me. That she was happy to gratify my desires, but knew I was more than just my sex drive.

After the guys left, I pulled her into my arms and as much as I wanted to just tear that dress off and make liberal use of the body beneath it, we instead just grinned goofily at each other and made out on the sofa. “Thank you for that,” I said.

“For what? I was just being a good girlfriend,” she said innocently, a proud gleam in her eye.

“You sure were. Only...” I looked around.

“Only...?” She gestured for me to finish the thought.

“That’s your half of the evening. I don’t have time for anything else.”

“That’s quite all right. I kind of counted on it, actually. But I think Erika will be more than up to the task of satisfying any... lingering urges,” she said, giving my package a firm squeeze.

“Yeah. Speaking of, where is she? Lurking around the neighborhood again, naked under a trench coat like some creepy flasher?”

“You haven’t been to the bedroom yet, hon. She’s waiting for you. You go have fun; I’ll clean up in here and camp out on the couch tonight.”

She kissed me good night, and I made for the bedroom. I smelled it as I got near – something aromatic, perfumy. As I opened my bedroom door, I saw what.

The entire room was ringed with candles of every shape and size, filling the room with a sensual glow. Several wall hangings had been added to the room’s décor, draperies of some ephemeral material hung loosely and fluttering just from the breeze created by the opening door.

And there, lying on her side in the middle of the bed, head propped on one hand, was Erika.

Like Courtney, she had undergone a transformation through the use of costume and makeup. Most of her costume was of the same see-through fabric as the wall-hangings. She was dressed in a sleeveless blouse that bared her midriff, the pale green fabric revealing the matching strapless bra beneath it. Over her legs she wore what might technically be called pants, except that due to that same material, every curve on her body was laid bare. Her bikini-style panties matched the bra, as did the paint on her finger- and toenails. She wore layers of gawdy gold necklaces and earrings and accessories woven into her jet black hair.

I couldn’t tell if she was supposed to be an Arab princess or a harem slave, and for the first time, I realized I’d never really understood the aesthetic distinction.

“Good evening, Master.” That rich, smoky voice of hers, lowered in submission.

“Wow. Erika, you look... wow.”

“Slave Erika thank you, Master.”

I paced around my bed, inspecting her from all angles. She didn’t move, not even to follow me with her eyes. She was an ornament for my bed. “I swear, between the cleaning, the decorating, and the costuming, I don’t know when Courtney had time to actually teach you anything today.”

“Slave Erika had only so much to learn, Master. Though she hopes to learn more, she already knows much of how to bring her master pleasure. Much of Mistress Courtney’s time ‘training’ me was spent in each of us coming to understand our role’s in Master’s life.”

“Oh?” I said, slipping out of my work clothes and settling in behind her in the bed. She still held motionless as I ran my hand along her side, unable to resist touching this personification of temptation.

“Yes. Master guided Slave Erika and Mistress Courtney this morning. He reminded us that Mistress Courtney is his lover. His equal, as he sees it.” From her tone, she saw it otherwise but didn’t wish to argue with me. “So Mistress Courtney set out to remind Master of her delight in providing him domestic tranquility. The perfect home life. A loving partner.”

“She sure did.” Even with Erika right here beside me, part of me still wanted to go back and give Courtney the nonstop sexathon I know she was craving. A very specific part.

“But Mistress Courtney needed to find a role for Slave Erika. And she told me exactly what she had in mind. You see,” she said, reflexively spreading her legs apart as my hand strayed towards her pussy, “Mistress Courtney told me of your love-making. Of the role play. She spoke of many scenarios, but one of them stood out. She told me of when she offered to be your harem slave.”

I remembered that night. Vividly, in fact. We’d gone to the beach with the guys, taking a ride on Stu’s brother’s boat on the lake and then laying out on the sand much of the afternoon. Something in it gave Courtney the idea of me playing the lusty sultan and her the latest addition to my harem, a perfectly trained slave girl.

Erika continued. “Mistress Courtney told me of your refusal, and how she’d wondered for some time how it had failed to appeal to you, why you never brought it up again. Together, she and Slave Erika worked out a theory – a theory Slave Erika now wishes to try out with Master’s blessing.”

“All right, I’ll bite. What’s your theory?” I asked, then resumed sucking on her slender neck.

It seemed to distract her not at all. “Master loves Mistress Courtney. This was clear to us. But Mistress Courtney is, in some ways, like Slave Erika. She wishes to please Master above all things. She would stop at nothing to bring Master joy and pleasure. Her needs are nothing to her compared to Master’s.

“To speak plainly, to play at being Master’s harem slave was a bit too on the nose. The idea reminded you how little distinction existed between his beloved and a true sex slave.”

“You guys are pretty good,” I acknowledged. “I wanted it, but... I was worried if I let her play that part, let her for a time be my submissive little slave, that it’d break the veil between that fantasy and the reality of our relationship. If that makes sense.”

“Master feared she would be too good, that he would see her as this plaything, begin to think of her as such.”

“Something like that. I mean, I knew she’d do it, and be happy to do it, but we’ve come too far. There’s more to us than just that.”

“Of course, Master. But... you and I, we have made no such journey. Mistress Courtney can be your partner. Slave Erika... she can be your fantasy.”

At that, she deftly rolled to the side, drawing herself up into a kneeling position in front of me. She placed her hands behind her head, her back arched, breasts thrust forward. “Slave Erika awaits your command, Master.”

She held the pose motionless but for her breathing. In that moment, Erika was more a posable toy than she was my girlfriend's bestie. She was a tool for my amusement that could walk, talk, and fuck on command.

I'd definitely gotten to know her body well in our prior encounters, yet I quickly found there was a difference between having sex with a woman for mutual enjoyment and trying out one's new harem acquisition. Erika held firm as my hands roamed across her flesh. I didn't even bother removing the diaphonous material, as it did next to nothing to conceal the sight or feel of what lay beneath. Her smooth, taut abs. Her pert, yielding breasts. Her soft bubble butt.

When my fingers ran across her lips, I thought surely she would extend her tongue, perhaps suck them into her mouth. But she held firm as I touched her how I liked. Like a true fuck doll.

"I'm thirsty. Would you mind...?" I asked after a time. I wasn't tired of feeling her up, not in the least, but a segue seemed in order.

Erika leapt to her feet. "Slave Erika could never mind, Master. She begs you to wait but a moment." Then she was off, running out to the kitchen and returning with an uncorked bottle of wine. I wondered if Courtney had pointed it out to her, or if she'd just picked my favorite by coincidence.

"You forgot a glass, Erika," I pointed out with a little smirk at her forgetfulness.

"Slave Erika is happy to retrieve a glass for Master, though she thought she might serve his wine another way." She laid down next to me on the bed, face-up, then inhaled deeply. I didn't understand her intent until she took the bottle to the depression beneath her breasts and began to pour.

She was a skinny little thing so it didn't hold much, but it did hold. Not that I cared about the depth as I bent down to suck the pool dry. She promptly refilled it, and continued pouring as I continued drinking from her. As I moved one hand to grasp at her breast, squeezing down hard on it, I used the other to move the neck of the bottle over her chest. It ran right through her top and spilled everywhere, but I didn't care. I drank sweet wine off her breasts as it ran into my mouth, then filled hers and drank from it as I pressed my lips to hers.

The bottle didn't last long. Erika gave no sign that she minded the spillage across her body and her new outfit. She obeyed, and nothing more.

"Stand," I said. Erika discarded the bottle on the nightstand as she rose to her feet. She stood facing me with eyes and smile that focused on some distant unseen nothing.

"Dance for me."

While Erika obviously took care of her body and knew her way around the male form, there was no guarantee that would translate into this sort of sexual dexterity. Courtney had opted to learn a bit about the art of strip-tease (and as she'd improved, I'd learned it was indeed an art), but she'd begun with nothing more than the hot girl's know-how for grinding and shaking her naughty bits.

Erika... Erika knew what she was about. I tried to keep my eyes from popping out of my head and she swayed and undulated her hips around the room. It was like salsa meets belly dancing meets teen twerk videos. Her mostly bare bottom would put any mere twerker to shame as it jiggled at her command. Mostly, though, was a simple and rhythmic sway that simply hypnotized me beyond noticing anything else in my surroundings.

Even had Courtney and I been a normal monogamous couple, I don't think I could've stopped myself.

"That's... that's enough," I stammered. I had no idea how long it had been. With no music, no interruptions, I might have let her go on all night if I hadn't noticed the threads of sweat trickling down her back and dimly realized I might wear her out before I'd gotten full use of her.

"Why don't we, um, tidy ourselves up," I said. Truth be told, as badly as I needed to get inside of her just then, I was so turned on I was afraid I wouldn't last the first minute.

Erika brought a graceful halt to her dance, bringing closure with a bow that brought her head down to knee level, her breasts dangling beneath her. "Of course, Master. Slave Erika has prepared a bubble bath. Would Master like her to warm it up, or would you prefer your shower?"

"Seems like a waste of a bubble bath."

"Master is free to use my time and energies however he may wish." Her voice was all sincerity. "Slave Erika does not mind 'wasting' them if they provide Master more freedom to choose."

I considered the tub, imagined her kneeling beside it, sponging me, lathering me, rinsing me. The height of decadence. I knew firsthand from her lullaby-blowjob last night that she was a pro at draining the tension out of a man.

Right now, I didn't feel like relaxing. Not at all. "The shower, then."

Erika didn't even remove her harem slave attire as she joined me, nor did it seem to slow her down. I'd envisioned the sponge bath as being gentle and languid; the shower proved to be anything but. She was a wildcat, hands everywhere, breasts and belly and pussy all tools in her pursuit of scrubbing as much of me as possible in each moment. I soon just stood still, letting Erika do literally all the work.

Her face said it was anything but work, though. She was loving it, and the slippery friction was driving her into the same frenzy as it was driving me. Erika had become a dutiful slave who was getting off on getting her master off.

Somewhere in the middle of it, I came, spraying freely across her body, all traces rinsed away in seconds. I barely even realized it was happening before it was over. She didn't stop, though. Didn't slow. Neither did I. I couldn't remember being so aroused that I didn't so much as droop post-orgasm, at least not since I was a teenager.

Tonight though, I stayed steel-hard.

I couldn't take it any more. "You better be ready for me, slave," I said, practically a bestial growl. There was no waiting for a response from her – she was facing the shower door, so that's the surface I shoved her up against. The door wobbled so hard it nearly popped out. Not that I would have cared just then.

I shredded the flimsy little pants she was still wearing. Her panties I tore at the hips and discarded. Pinned up against the shower door, I drove into her. Honestly, I'd not really intended to fuck my new slave in the ass, but when that's what I found first, I was no longer patient enough to look elsewhere. Erika gasped as her master drove himself into her impossibly tight hole. In mere seconds, I was all the way in, and began a rhythm that was too fast for the physics of it, but not nearly fast enough for the heat in our veins.

Erika held motionless, almost suspended in place with her ass impaled on my cock. She couldn't have moved if she wanted to – but like she'd reminded me, her wants weren't a factor. Her want was to fulfill my want. Right now, I wanted to fuck my slave girl's as-yet-untested butt.

I realized then that I'd been wrong to hesitate role playing this with Courtney. With her, it would have been a game. The sultan would have selfishly made use of his slave girl, then reverted to being her smitten boyfriend who thanked her and did his best to make her as happy as he could.

With Erika... this was how things actually stood between us. She was a girl with a body for me to fuck. She was a slave whose purpose was to please me. She wasn't my girlfriend's kinky friend; she was a set of holes and a pair of tits for me to amuse myself with when I wanted, how I wanted.

I wouldn't have to show gratitude after, or worry about reciprocating, or even so much as compliment her. From now, she would do this. Be this. I really, truly, owned her.

And as I felt her body quaking with yet another in a series of orgasms, I knew she loved being my slave at least as much as I loved having her.

I came inside her, and it triggered an orgasm in her so strong that she squeezed my cock as hard as she could have done with a clenched fist. It came in waves, effectively milking me dry right up into her bowels. Finally I slid out of her, and before I could even catch my breath she was on her knees, cleaning my shaft in the hot spray and looking grateful for the opportunity.

I was hard again before she was done. I shut off the water and opened the door. "Dry me, slave."

When she stood up, I saw that having her chest pressed against the glass while I pounded her tight little ass had managed to tear her top and cause both breasts to pop out of her bra; she didn't fix it or even seem to notice it as she toweled me off. I left her behind as I went to the bedroom, but she had the good sense to dry herself off before following.

"How may Slave Erika serve you now? Would Master care for another dance?"

"I'd like you to go trade places with Courtney for the night."

I watched her for a reaction – for disappointment, resentment. Relief, even, if her mind hadn't yet fully acclimated.

Yet I saw nothing in her countenance but raw obedience. "As Master commands, his slave obeys," she said.

Courtney came in a moment later. "Bored already, eh?"

I could do that all week and not get bored, I thought. "I just missed my girlfriend," I said.

She smiled at that as she began stripping off the dress and the pink underwear beneath it. "Sounds like you had at least *some* fun with your nubile little slave girl though, right?"

She's still right out there. Go bring her back, I thought. "Some," I said. "But I wanted to share my bed with you. Especially since it looks like I might be seeing a little less of you for the next few days."

She smiled, but there was a little pout behind it. "She was that good, eh? Darn, thought I might've had a chance to win the game for a while there. Looks like I gambled all and lost."

Courtney nestled up alongside me, our naked bodies pressed together. "You did fine – but she fought dirty. And who knows, maybe she'll feel like sharing."

“We’ll see. I’ll try to win the next contest that comes along.” She kissed me.

Oh, Courtney. You won this contest. I needed to see if you’d really train her, or if you’d sabotage her to stay ahead. You were every bit as selfless and wonderful as I knew you’d be, I thought. “I think you got good odds. And don’t lose that outfit.”

We kissed on one another for a while, then engaged in a rare bout of vanilla, missionary sex. Tonight, I just wanted to look at her face while we made one another feel good.

She fell asleep before me, and it took a good deal of restraint not to wake her back up and tell her she was still my number one, even in a silly game, that she hadn’t let me down in the least. It took even more restraint not to go into the living room and have my slave girl ride me reverse cowgirl while I banged her perfect ass like a set of bongos.

All the while, I tried not to resent Courtney for putting this conflict in me. I know she meant tonight as an apology, but it was hard not to feel like she was just distracting me.

But this was what I needed from them. Courtney, to let me be for a while. She and I loved one another, after all, and we still would when all was said and done. I very much hoped so.

As for Erika, I needed her to simply serve and obey.

After all, there were things she knew, and answers I could get nowhere else.