

B-Level
by Pan
Chapter 3

“Hey,” I said awkwardly. Libby and her friend - girlfriend? Lover? - pulled apart, and stared at me red-faced.

“Oh god,” Libby said. “I’m so sorry. I thought that...”

“It’s fine,” I interrupted. “Just, uh...needed to get a book.”

“Right,” she blushed. “Yeah. Of course.”

“Hi,” the other girl said, a smirk on her face. She looked older than Libby, probably about Mike’s age. “I’m Kat.”

I shook her hand and introduced myself, and soon all three of us were smiling. Kat was clearly more amused than embarrassed by the situation, and that diffused the tension completely, y’know?

“Anyway,” I said. “I’m gonna, uh, go to the library.”

“Have fun,” Kat sang out, turning back to Libby. “Now...where were we?”

A part of me wanted to hang outside the room and listen, you know? Lesbians. Like, real life *lesbians*. But I didn’t want to be disrespectful or creepy, so I did as I’d said I would, and made my way to the library.

When I got back to the dorm room that night, Libby was alone.

“Sorry about that,” she said, her face turning red when she saw me. “I must have, um, lost track of the time. I guess. Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” I said, trying to wave it off like the image of her lips pressed against another girl’s hadn’t been stuck firmly in my head all afternoon.

“Cool,” she said, avoiding eye-contact. “Thanks for being cool about it.”

“No problem,” I responded, her awkwardness starting to make me feel awkward. Where was Kat when you needed her?

We sat in silence for a minute, until Libby broke it with a surprising request.

“Anyway,” she said, still not looking me in the eye. “Do you wanna...”

Her offer surprised me for two reasons. Firstly, Libby had never, ever made the first move. I’d figured that was a part of the B-Level system, y’know - you’re active, they’re passive.

Secondly, the discovery that my roommate was a lesbian had made me wonder if we were even going to go back to that.

“Do you want to?” I blurted out in response.

“Whatever you want,” she shrugged, then turned to look me in the eye for the first time that evening. “It’s B-Level.”

I fucked Libby twice that night. I’d never had any real experience with lesbians outside of porn, and seeing her lips pressed against another girl’s lips...god, it had got me really worked up.

Like I said, I don’t think Libby’s ever cum from me fucking her, but that first time... well, I had to wonder. She was certainly more vocal than she’d ever been.

Maybe my roommate was into more than just girls.

Or maybe she was thinking of Kat while I fucked her. I’ve no idea why *that* turned me on, but it did.

“Thanks,” I said after the second time, as a wave of fatigue overcame me. Like I said, when we fuck, I tend to be the more active participant, and it can be a little tiring.

Not that I’m complaining, of course.

“Any time,” she said, and I knew for a fact that she meant it.

###

After that day, Kat became a fixture around our room. I'd like to say that they made out in front of me all the time, but it was nothing like that - I started to knock whenever I entered the room, so it wasn't even like I ever accidentally walked in on them or anything like that.

They'd give each other a peck on the lips hello or goodbye, but I didn't get to watch them wrap their arms around each other and really go to town (as much as I would've loved that).

Pretty much any time Kat left the room, I'd immediately use Libby. Partially because it turned me on like hell to imagine what they got up to when I wasn't around, of course, but mostly just because...Libby really seemed to enjoy the sex a lot more when it was straight after her girlfriend left.

Not every time, but on average - definitely way more.

I started pushing things a little further, too. I still didn't go anywhere near her ass (though I often thought about it), but I pulled her in for a kiss one time, and she seemed to have no problem with it.

I mean, why would she? It was B-Level.

So yeah, making out became a regular part of our 'foreplay', not that I really needed much. Making out with Libby was fun - she'd join in, not just lay there like a dead fish. And of course kissing her reminded me of her kissing Kat, which meant that we pretty quickly moved to me fucking her, or watching her head bob up and down as she blew me.

Kat continued to be cool and chatty, and she actually helped break the ice between me and Libby, weirdly enough. We still weren't, like, 'pals', but we definitely talked way more than we ever had before Kat came on the scene.

One night, after I fucked her (and I *swear* she came), I couldn't help myself, and asked some questions.

"No," Libby admitted, red-faced. "I haven't told her."

"Why?"

"She's not on B-Level," she said with a sigh. "I don't know if she'd think it was weird, or what."

I nodded. I still hadn't talked about the situation with anyone else, so I definitely understood her hesitation.

"If things with you two get more serious, do you...do you think we should stop?"

I didn't even realize I was holding my breath until I let it out in relief at Libby's answer.

"Of course not," she said, as though shocked that I'd even ask. "No, it's...it's B-Level. It's not like that at all."

"Yeah," I said. With the hardest question out of the way, the next one seemed relatively easy. "So are you, like...bisexual?"

"No," she said, again seeming confused by the question. "No, just gay. I mean, you know. A lesbian."

"Oh," I said. "So then why..."

"It's B-Level," she said, looking at me as though I was an idiot. "My sexuality has nothing to do with it."

###

The next time I saw Mike, I was playing cards with Libby and Kat. Kat was super into card games - not stuff like Rummy or whatever, weird games, stuff that I'd never heard of. The one we were playing involved passing pieces of sushi left and right. It was pretty fun, though I'd not yet managed to win.

"Hey," he said, holding his hand out. "I'm Mike."

"Kat."

Mike looked at me, impressed. "You stud," he purred. "Where'd you meet this one?"

“Libby’s girlfriend,” Kat said pointedly, and Mike’s eyes widened as the penny dropped. “Ohhhh,” he said, his grin widening as he turned back to me. “You lucky duck.”

All three of us looked at him confused.

“How so?”

“B-Level,” he said, jerking his thumb up to point to the ‘B556’ sign on the dormitory door. “It extends to partners as well.”

Libby’s eyes widened as she realized what Mike was saying, but Kat’s look of confusion never dropped.

“What’re you talking about, bucko?”

Libby’s face grew redder and redder as Mike explained B-Level to her girlfriend. By the time he was done, she could easily have been mistaken for a freshly-picked tomato.

“Oh damn. I had no idea!” Kat said, looking at me apologetically.

“Me neither,” I said, waving it off. More than anything, I was just glad that I hadn’t mentioned B-Level to anyone outside the dorm - Kat was in her final year; if *she* didn’t know about it, everyone else would have thought I was stark raving mad.

Thank god Mike had been there to explain it.

“I’m so sorry,” she said, and Libby nodded.

“Seriously,” I said. “It’s no problem.”

“Well,” Mike said with a waggle of his eyebrows. “I guess I’ll just leave you three to it.”

“Thanks Mike,” the two girls chorused, and he grinned as he left, closing the door behind him.

Unsurprisingly, Kat got straight to the point, but without being at all awkward about it.

“So what do you want to do first?”

“Let’s finish the game,” I stammered, not used to be putting on the spot. I had always figured Libby’s passive attitude towards B-Level was just part of it, you know, but it seemed to be more of a personality thing.

“Sure thing,” Kat said.

“And don’t feel like you need to let him win,” Libby said quickly. “It’s not like that at all.”

“Of course not,” Kat laughed. “I get it. It’s B-Level.”

###

This may surprise you, but I didn’t do anything that day. Or the next, or the next.

I couldn’t even tell you *why*, either. Like, Kat was attractive. And more than just ‘the first time I saw her, she was making out with another girl’ - she was genuinely a very attractive woman. She had olive-colored skin, big brown eyes, and the kind of curves that you only ever see on Latina women.

But I’d spent the last few weeks trying to be super respectful of her relationship with Libby, trying not to sexualize her. And so while I was still very, very attracted to her, it took me a few days to get it all to line up in my brain, y’know?

Fortunately, Libby was super cool about it. Like, she could have been jealous, or weird, or annoyed that I was going to share her girlfriend.

Instead, to my surprise, she sort of helped me work through it.

“I bet you can’t wait until Kat joins me in this,” she said playfully the next time she sucked me off. That was all she said, but that was all it took - with a moan, I closed my eyes, and I could practically see it - the two girls kneeling in front of me, sharing my cock.

Normally I just let Libby swallow my cum, but that time I made her take her top off when I was getting close, and I finished on her chest.

“Kat’s tits are twice the size of mine,” she whispered with a smile, as my cum slid down onto her long nipples.

Within a few minutes, I was hard again. I came three more times that night; a new record.

I was pretty much spent the next day, and I think Libby was as well. I'd spent more than an hour pounding her, and while I knew she would never complain - it was B-Level, after all - I'm sure she appreciated the relief.

The next day, I knew Kat was coming over, and...god, it sounds so sad, but I avoided the room until after curfew. Even when I came in, I half-expected her to be there, waiting for me, asking if there was anything she could do for me.

Instead, I hid out in the library, trying to study, unable to think of anything but the two women in my dorm, knowing that I could do anything I wanted to with them. To them.

Anything.

When Kat came around on the fourth day, I knew that it was time.

"Hey," she said, smiling when she saw me.

"Hey," I said in response.

"Do you wanna..."

"No," I said, holding up a hand. "Like, I do, but...I don't want things to be weird, you know?"

"How could things be weird?" she asked, looking perplexed. "It's B-Level. It's like, the most natural thing in the world."

"I know," I said, "but...we're friends, right?"

"Yeah," she said, her smile returning. "Of course."

"Cool. So let's make sure that doesn't go away, of course! B-Level or not, we're friends first."

"Okay," she nodded. "Well, lemme know if there's anything you want."

"Of course I will," I said, rolling my eyes. "It's B-Level."