

B-Level
by Pan
Chapter 6

The next month or so passed pretty uneventfully. I spent most of the semester really concentrating on my studies - one of the less obvious advantages of B-level was how great it was for focus. I was so happy that I'd ended up here, and not in some random dorm. If I'd been in a normal room, I would probably have ended up having to jerk off in the shared bathrooms or something.

Here, that wasn't an issue. Any time I wanted to get off, I could. By my own hand if I'd wanted to, I guess - neither Libby nor Kat would have batted an eye.

But since they were pretty much always around, it was just as easy (and way more fun) to use them instead.

As exams got closer, I even found myself cutting down on the number of threesomes we were having. Something I don't think my six-months-earlier self ever, ever would have believed.

I could tell that Libby was disappointed, of course, as was Kat. But they were just so much more time-consuming, compared to telling Kat to quickly strip off and then cumming inside her, or having Libby suck me off while I re-read chapter fifty-five for the sixth time.

I don't know if the girls were just smarter than I was, or if they were less stressed out about their grades, but they seemed to have way more spare time than me. Kat was pretty much always around, and she never brogught any books with her.

And neither of them ever resisted when I ordered them to stop what they were doing and get me off. Although even if they *had* been studying, I don't think they would have objected.

It was B-level.

After mid-terms, I was able to relax again. The girls were happy - I think partially because I'd been such a stresshead, but mostly because...well, with my assignments out of the way, I was able to start enjoying them as a duo again. The first day after exams, I had Kat eat Libby out. She came long and loud, again and again.

More than a few nights in a row, we slept on the same bed, naked limbs entangled. If I ever woke up hard in the middle of the night, I'd just start fucking whichever hole I could reach. Neither of the girls ever objected, of course. Sometimes Libby slept right through it - even if she was the one I was getting off inside.

And then, just a few weeks later, I found myself a girlfriend.

Everyone was a little surprised. Even me, honestly.

I guess it shouldn't have been a total shock. Having Kat and Libby sexually available pretty much twenty-four seven had done a few things. It had made me pretty comfortable around women in a way that I'd never really been back home. Like I said, B-level aside, we were all friends. B-level was just the icing on the cake.

As well as that, it had given me a certain level of sexual confidence. I'd made each of the girls cum - and they were lesbians! I'm not saying I was a stud or anything like that, but with a girl who was actually attracted to my gender...at the very least, I was pretty sure I could find my way around, y'know?

But most of all, it meant that I wasn't desperate.

On the rare occasion I went to a party, I could *see* guys (and sometimes even girls) who had that raw desperation. That *need* to get laid, like if they didn't pull at this party, they'd never ever have sex again.

I'd never noticed myself giving off that vibe, but looking back...yeesh. No wonder I'd

never had much luck with the ladies before. That desperation just sort of oozes out of your every pore; it's obvious to everyone within an eight-mile radius.

Again, I'm not trying to paint myself as some kind of James Bond figure. But my comfort and confidence combined with a lack of desperation, and so when I met Ingrid, we just sort of... clicked.

She was blonde, a little bit taller than me, and had this really cute round face. Not, like, fat, just round. Her tits were like halfway between the size of Libby and Kat's, and she was a little more athletic than either of them...so she was *way* more athletic than me.

If it wasn't for B-level, I would probably have clumsily tried to close the deal right then and there. Gone in for an awkward kiss, probably been rejected. I mean, sure, maybe she would have found it cute, but it would have been that sort of sympathetic "oh yeah he's such a goof" attraction, y'know?

As it was, I just got her number, and when I called her a few days later, we ended up making out for a bit in her dorm.

And then, yeah. After that...I had a girlfriend.

Libby sounded genuinely excited when I told her. Kat, too. If they were disappointed that I was going to be spending less time in the dorm, they did a great job of hiding it. Like, I'm sure that at least part of them was bummed that they were going to have less naked time with each other, but honestly that was more fault more than it was mine. The only thing stopping them from doing it when I wasn't around was Kat's religious beliefs.

And it wasn't like things dried up completely. I'd still sometimes have Libby suck me off before a date with Ingrid, or fuck the two of them on a night when I didn't have plans with the girlfriend.

But yeah, basic supply and demand meant that I definitely spent less time with them. I mean, even outside of sex - Ingrid was way more active than I was, so I found myself going on a bunch more walks around campus with her, and watching her play volleyball and stuff.

As well as that, she introduced me to her whole friend group. We didn't, like, *super* click (they all drank waaaay more than I did), but it wasn't like I hated them. So whenever they went out to see a movie or go have dinner somewhere, I was more than happy to go along and do the boyfriend thing.

Sex with Ingrid was interesting. I mean, it was great - I want to make that clear right upfront. She was different to both Libby and Kat in a few different ways. She wasn't perpetually soaked like Kat (although I doubt I'll ever find anyone who was), but when I got her excited, she definitely gave my roommate's girlfriend a run for her money.

That was probably the best part of it - getting her excited. Ingrid was *actually straight* - she didn't just do whatever I said because it was B-level, or into it because it was the only way she could have sex with someone else, she was into me for me, and she was into sex for sex itself.

And god damn did she love cock.

I guess I'd always thought it was a one way thing. Like, guys like boobs. Fact. I hadn't realized that it worked the other way too (I mean, I knew some *girls* liked boobs - Libby made her preferences in that department *very* clear), but Ingrid was just as into cock as I was into boobs.

Before I met her, I would literally have said that was impossible.

When she was going down on me, she'd often move her mouth down and take my balls into her mouth. Not just for me - although she knew how much I liked it - but because, y'know. *She liked balls.*

Balls! I didn't think *anyone* liked balls.

And even when we weren't having sex, if we were just laying in her bed and cuddling or whatever, she'd reach down and play with my penis. Even if it wasn't hard. She just liked... holding it, I guess.

Again, much like me and boobs.

Oh, and being with Ingrid confirmed what I'd suspected: when with a straight girl, I was pretty reliably able to make her cum. So, that was pretty damn great to discover and explore.

The worst part - and again, it wasn't like this ruined it or anything - was that Ingrid insisted we use a condom. She was on birth control, but she wanted to be as safe as possible, do everything she could to avoid STIs etc. Not the worst thing in the world, but I'd gotten so used to having sex without it - I didn't hugely resent the few extra moments of grabbing a condom and putting it on, but I was always aware of it. And the one night we wanted to fuck and realized we were out...yeah, that was bit of a bummer.

Ingrid's roommate wasn't around much, so we mostly hung out at her place. Libby and Kat would have been fine with me fucking my girlfriend in our room, but I figured she'd find it pretty weird if they just sat there and watched or whatever, and that would have opened up a whole line of questioning that I didn't want to answer. So I just avoided it by hanging out at hers.

But one afternoon, the four of us were at my dorm. Libby and Kat and I had introduced Ingrid to the world of card games; she wasn't quite as into it as we were (she would probably have preferred we went outside and played tennis as a foursome or something) but she knew I was into it, so she was always down for a game.

There was a knock at the door, and I was surprised to see Mike standing there.

"Just checking in," he said, like he did it all the time. I don't think I'd seen him in a few months now, but I nodded along anyway. "Who's this?"

I introduced him to Ingrid - I didn't think I'd ever get sick of describing her to people as 'my girlfriend' - and he shot me a grin.

"I bet the three of you have been enjoying *her*," he said, and I raised my eyebrows.

Oh, shit. Of course.

B-level extended to partners.

How the hell had I forgotten that?

"What does *that* mean?" Ingrid asked, indignant, but her agitation faded as Mike explained B-level.

"Oh!" she said, turning to me and blushing. "I'm so sorry - I had no idea."

"It's fine," I said, waving it off. "Seriously."

"No," she said insistently. "I want to make it up to you."

I turned to thank Mike for clearing everything up, but he'd already left, diplomatically closing the door behind him.

Not that it would really matter if anyone saw. They'd understand.

It was B-level.

"C'mon," Libby said with a grin. "She wants to make it up to you..."

All three of the women in the room had the same mischievous look in their eyes, and I couldn't help but grin.

"Well..." I said, with a mock sigh. "If you insist. Libby, Kat...why don't you help my girlfriend get naked?"

Before coming to college, I think I'd sort of expected that every girl I met on campus would be bisexual. I don't know where it came from, but it hadn't been my college experience at all.

Sure, a few of Kat and Libby's LGBT friends were bi (that's the B, after all), but to my surprise I'd actually met more bisexual guys here than I had women.

Ingrid and I had discussed it. She'd experimented a little with girls, but - in an exact mirror of Kat's situation - quickly determined that they didn't do anything for her.

She liked cock. It was as simple as that.

Again, definitely not something I was going to complain about.

And so there was something really hot about watching the three girls in front of me get naked, knowing that none of them would have done this normally. I mean, maybe Ingrid would have been up for a threesome (it wasn't something we'd ever discussed), but she would have been doing it entirely for me. As a favor, y'know?

I guess this was entirely for me, too, but in a very different way. Ingrid looked at me hungrily as Kat unbuttoned her top, and Libby started untying her shoes. They were shooting glances at me too, making sure that I was into it.

I was very, very into it.

It wasn't long before Ingrid was completely naked. She was breathing heavily, and her blush had spread down her neck to her collarbone. I'd seen my girlfriend naked before, dozens of times - in the height of passion, she'd even get red like this - but there was something about knowing I was about to take her in front of my roommate, that I was going to share her with two other women.

"Take her to the bed," I said, a rasp in my voice. Ingrid had never seen this side of me - whenever we hooked up, I was...not 'passive' exactly, but certainly not this commanding. I guess because it was intimidating - I didn't want to look like an idiot, ordering her to do something and then having her say no, or object, or laugh at me.

I knew that wasn't a risk here.

Not on B-level.

"Libby, I want you to go down on her."

Ingrid's eyes widened as Libby immediately obeyed my command, sinking to her knees and moving her mouth to my girlfriend's exposed wetness. Unlike the two lesbians in the room, Ingrid shaved her pubic area regularly. I could tell she hadn't shaved for a few days - she probably hadn't expected anything to happen tonight, since we were hanging out with Libby and Kat - so some light stubble was visible on and directly above her pussy.

She made a strange noise when Libby's tongue began exploring her stubble. It wasn't a groan of pure passion, but it wasn't, like...revulsion or anything like that. I don't think she knew what to think, honestly.

As my roommate went down on my girlfriend, I pulled my cock out. It was hard, as you'd expect - the sight of Ingrid's naked, writhing body was more than enough to make me hard by itself, but add to that the sight of my fully-clothed lesbian roommate between her legs, licking and sucking at my girlfriend's wetness...

"Kat," I murmured. "Take your clothes off."

When Ingrid and Kat had first met, I'd had this weird moment of worry, like...what if Ingrid noticed how attractive Kat was?

What if my girlfriend somehow realized how attracted I was to another woman?

Even in normal circumstances, I knew it *shouldn't* have mattered. Ingrid wasn't an idiot - I was sure she knew that she wasn't the single most attractive woman in the world. And she'd never shown signs of like, jealousy or possessiveness. She must have known that there would be other women I thought were hot.

And as far as ‘competition’ goes, my roommate’s *lesbian girlfriend* was probably pretty low on the threat level.

But now that Ingrid knew the full situation, I knew it wouldn’t be a problem. I could have Kat strip naked, I could fuck her in front of my girlfriend. I didn’t have to hide my attraction to Kat’s curves in the slightest.

It was B-level.

Kat got completely naked, and my cock throbbed at the sight of her brown body.

“Suck me off,” I murmured, and - rather than the jealousy I’d feared - Ingrid moaned in passion at the sound of my order.

Was she turned on by this? Was she aroused at the sight of me getting head from another woman? Or was it just B-level?

I smiled as I realized it didn’t matter either way.

“Ingrid,” I said, looking down at her, laying on my bed, Libby’s talented tongue hard at work between her legs. “I want you to cum.”

Her eyes widened. She bit her lip and started moving her hips from side-to-side slightly, something I’d noticed she did while she was masturbating. (The night we realized we didn’t have a condom, we decided to make lemonade out of lemons, and do something new - jerk off in front of each other. It had been really hot, although she hadn’t loved it when I’d cum on her tits.)

Something else, I realized with a grin, that wouldn’t be a problem here.

I’d never ordered any of the girls to cum before. I was confident that they would, if told, but...I dunno. There was something about it. It had been a nice bonus when I’d seen them cum, like when Libby’s hand was between Kat’s legs as my cock sawed in and out of her dripping pussy.

But Ingrid? I’d made Ingrid cum dozens and dozens of times.

Yeah, I dunno. It was different, somehow.

I think Libby was excited by what was coming...or *who* was coming, more accurately. She redoubled her efforts, moving one hand between my girlfriend’s legs and enthusiastically guiding her to orgasm.

Like I said, I’ve seen Ingrid’s orgasm face a bunch of times. But I’ll tell you, watching her cum while Kat’s warm, wet mouth slobbered all over my cock...

It was something else.

I probably could have blown my load then and there, but if nothing else, B-level had taught me patience. It’s the paradox of plenty, I guess - if you only have a little bit of food or money or whatever, you’re desperate to consume it as quickly as possible.

But if you have an infinite supply, what’s the rush?

“Okay Ingrid,” I said breathily. “Time to return the favor.”

My girlfriend gets a little spacy after she cums (I truly loved knowing stuff like that), so it took a few moments for my order to register. When it did, her eyes went wide, and she nodded.

To my delight, Libby didn’t strip off. She was wearing this black pleated skirt, so she just moved besides Ingrid on the bed, and lowered her panties. Ingrid hesitated for a moment - just a moment - before sinking to her knees, and moving her head between my roommate’s legs.

Like I said, Ingrid had told me she’d made out with girls a few times, but I knew it had never gone any further than that. Of course, my roommate and her girlfriend had been pretty inexperienced as well when we’d started, so I was pretty confident she’d quickly work out what to do.

Kat, meanwhile, had been diligently sucking on my cock, but I could tell she was starting to

get distracted by what was happening besides us. I decided to throw her a bone - no pun intended - and let her watch. Grabbing her hair, I dragged her mouth away from my cock. I brought her up beside me on the bed as I quickly stripped the rest of my clothes off.

She moaned with pleasure (and I honestly couldn't tell if it was real or fake) as I slowly slid my cock inside her wetness. Maybe because of the sensation (like I said, she's cum before while I've been inside her - even lesbians must like the feeling of something inside them, right? Otherwise why would strap-ons exist?) or maybe because of the sight before us, of her girlfriend going down on mine.

I could tell that Ingrid was now the distracted one - whenever she came up for air, she'd turn to look at her boyfriend, kneeling behind a naked Hispanic lesbian on all fours, my cock slowly sliding in and out of her very, very wet pussy.

It felt amazing. All of it. The physical sensations, of course - it had been about a week since I'd fucked Kat, and I can honestly say that there was nothing like it. She was so soft, so womanly. So friggin' *hot*.

But more than that - the room smelled of sex. The mixed scents of Kat, Ingrid, and Libby's juices, our combined sweat. It was the smell of B-level, and I loved it.

And above all, the fact that this was all for me. That the girls were doing it all for my pleasure.

"I'm gonna cum," I warned with a grunt. I didn't normally warn Kat, but I thought Ingrid might have wanted to know. Part of me expected that she would pull her head back and watch, observe the sight of her boyfriend's cum splashing into his roommate's girlfriend...but to my surprise, her head stayed glued to Libby's crotch, and she continued licking and sucking and playing with the brown-haired girl's clit.

I groaned loudly as my cock spasmed and twitched inside Kat, delighted when I noticed that Libby was cumming as well. It seemed my girlfriend was a fast learner.

Kat gasped as I pulled out of her - I could see that her matted pubic hair was coated in a mix of our juices.

"Come here," I ordered Ingrid, guiding her head to my cock as she obeyed. "Clean this off."

Like I said, my girlfriend looooooves cock. I wish I could say it was specifically my cock, but I really think she's just into cocks in general. Which is pretty much just as hot, to be honest.

So even though my dick was softening, even though it was covered in the juices of another woman, even though she was in my dorm, naked in front of two other women, she didn't hold back. She licked and sucked my cock - and balls - until they were cleaned of everything but her own saliva.

"That was fun," I said to her when she was done, and she nodded enthusiastically, sliding up beside me for a cuddle, her hand still holding my cock.

Libby was alone on my bed, so I sent Kat to go keep her company. I'd told Ingrid a little about their situation - that they were lesbians, of course, but more than that. Kat's religious upbringing, and the way it prevented them from doing what they both wanted to do.

I hadn't mentioned our sexual sessions, or the way it sort of circumvented the rules. But now that Ingrid knew about B-level, I figured there was no reason not to show her.

"You two should make out," I said. Libby's eyes lit up, while Kat's went dark with lust - despite being one of the most orgasmic people I'd ever met, she was the only one of us who hadn't yet cum.

Ingrid's hand never left my cock as we watched the two girls kiss. The contrast between them had never been more evident - Kat was naked, curvy, olive-skinned. Libby was fully

clothed, completely pale, and quite thin in comparison.

It wasn't long before I was hard again, watching the lesbians on my bed, their hands exploring each other's bodies, the soft sounds of passion emerging from their mouths.

"I'm going to fuck you," I whispered into Ingrid's ear, and she nodded without tearing her gaze away from the girls at all.

Part of me wondered if maybe Ingrid wasn't quite as straight as she thought, but I really just think anyone would find it hard to turn away from the erotic display in front of us.

Ingrid stiffened oh-so-slightly as my cock moved to her entrance without a condom, but she didn't say anything. The normal rule about condoms didn't apply here. Not on B-level. She was still wet from earlier orgasm, or maybe just from the aura of sex filling the room. Despite having just cum a few minutes earlier, I was stiff as a board - partially because of the knowledge that I was going to fuck my girlfriend bareback, partially because of the sights and sounds of the two girls in front of us.

Ingrid groaned my name as I entered her from behind, and I was pleased to see that drew the attention of the two girls on the other bed. They had understandably gotten lost in what they were doing, but as I slowly entered my girlfriend's bare pussy, their passion became much more presentational.

They were no longer making out exclusively for each other. Now, they were doing it for an audience.

For me. For me and my girlfriend, as we fucked on the bed opposite them.

"Libby," I gasped, driving my erection into my girlfriend's wet opening. "Use your fingers to get Kat off."

"Okay," Libby replied, her eyes darting back and forth between Kat's naked body and what Ingrid and I were doing on her bed.

I smiled, and moved my hand to Ingrid's left tit. I'd long since learned that for some reason, her left nipple was, like, ten times more sensitive than her right. As I rolled it around my fingers, I could feel her shudder in pleasure at the sensation.

Libby obediently moved her hand between Kat's legs, and her girlfriend immediately began to shake with arousal. It wasn't long before she was gasping her girlfriend's name, her viscous fluids gushing onto my bed as she came.

"Do you want me to cum inside you?" I whispered into Ingrid's ear, and was met with a fervent nod in response.

"Please," she gasped. "I...I want it."

My girlfriend's taboo plea combined with the sight of Kat's chest heaving with arousal was enough to trigger my own orgasm...which, in turn, made Ingrid cum, her pussy walls clenching around my throbbing cock.

After our mutual orgasm, we collapsed onto Libby's bed, breathing heavily, enjoying the feeling of our sweaty bodies pressed against each other in the spooning position.

Ingrid and I were staring at the couple on my bed, who were lovingly staring at each other. The four of us lay there in a comfortable silence for several minutes, until I stirred.

"Wow," I said with a grin. "That was pretty great."

The three women murmured their agreement.

"Now," I said with a laugh. "Where were we?"

For the next few hours, we continued to hang out as we had before Mike's visit. Well, with much more skin exposed. The girls put their panties back on, and Libby - perhaps feeling overdressed - stripped down to her bra and panties. I stayed naked, and I'm sure that my

roommate and her girlfriend noticed that Ingrid's hand never left my cock, except for when she was manipulating the cards or eating - we ordered Chinese. When Kat blushing answered the door topless, the delivery guy's face was priceless.

As the evening wound down, I felt myself getting hard once more. Three times in a day was unusual, though not unheard of, and so I sat on my bed and ordered the three girls onto Libby's, slowly stroking myself as I watched them put on a show for me. Ingrid was the center of attention...maybe because she was new, or because - in lieu of other instructions - Kat and Libby were able to use her as a buffer, to avoid interfering with Kat's religious convictions.

I could have fucked any or all of them, but after about ten minutes of playing with myself, I lined the them up and came onto all three of them, then had them lick it off each other.

As I watched, a thought struck me, and when the girls' faces (and tits) were shiny and clean, I voiced it.

"Libby," I said, and my housemate turned to me obediently. "You know...this is B-level."

"Uh, yeah," she said, sounding as though I had just told her the sky was blue.

"And Kat's your girlfriend."

"Uh huh..." she said, her eyes narrowed with confusion.

"So...you don't need me to be around in order to use her."

"What?"

Libby still looked confused, but I noticed Kat's eyebrows raise. She'd obviously pieced together what I was getting at.

"I'm saying even when I'm not around, you don't need to...y'know, stop at making out. It's B-level."

The widening of my roommate's eyes told me that she'd worked out what I was getting at.

"Oh..." she said softly, and a grin slowly spread over her face. "Oh..."

I reached out one arm, and Ingrid - recognizing the sign - joined me on my bed. The four of us chatted for a few more minutes (though both Libby and Kat seemed *quite* distracted) before deciding to call it a night, and killing the lights.

It had been a long day, and I drifted to sleep almost immediately, my arms wrapped around my girlfriend, her hand wrapped around my exhausted cock.

About halfway through the night, I was awoken by the sound of female pleasure - blearily sitting up, it took me a minute to work out what it was.

Libby, it seemed, hadn't taken long to start enjoying the benefits of having a dorm on B-level.

I lay down, a broad smile on my face. Getting this room had been the single best thing that ever happened to me, and I was glad that Libby was beginning to get as much out of it as I had.

I wondered how long it would take her to start involving Ingrid as well, even when I wasn't around...