The Middle
by Psy456

Summary

The girls have some downtime, so fluff and smut ensue. Alternatively titled: "Can Beca Come Out and Play" or "That Time Stacie Got Bored".

Notes

A Nowish Stechlobree fluff and smut oneshot. Cause why not. And the Beta demanded I write her smut. Gotta keep the Beta happy.

See the end of the work for more notes

~C~

Friday, September 1st, 2017
Chloe settled back against a pillow and grabbed her magazine from the bedside table. She’d just gotten out of the shower and planned to read a bit before she had to think about dinner. Beca had worked from home that day and was still in her studio, though she’d promised Chloe she’d be done soon.

When her phone chimed twice in a row, she picked it up and smiled.

**Stacie:**
*Oh baby! Why don’t you just meet me in the middllllle*

**Chloe:**
*Are you drunk?*

**Stacie:**
*Maaaaaybe. Bree had to go back to work for a few hours and I got bored so I made something fruity.*

**Stacie:**
Speaking of fruity – can Beca come out and play?

Chloe laughed out loud.

“What’s so funny?”

She looked up and saw Beca walk into the room.

“Stacie’s singing *The Middle* to me again. Bree had to go back to work and Stacie got bored. Wants to know if you can come out and play.” She grinned when Beca mock rolled her eyes as she went to their dresser.

“Doesn’t she know that song is about… like… a fight and compromise, not *come out and play in the pool between our houses*?” Beca rummaged through the drawers and set out some shorts and a t-shirt.

Chloe shrugged. “I know I’m not the only one who thinks it’s adorable when she drunk serenades us with it.” She waited and while Beca remained silent, Chloe could see her smiling in one of the mirrors. “In fact, the last time that happened, I’m pretty sure you were the one who stood naked in our back door until she noticed you. At noon. On a Saturday.”

Beca turned around. “Hey, Bree dared me to.” She grinned wider. “She wanted to see how long it’d take Stacie to see me.”

Chloe laughed. “I remember.” It had been less than a second. Aubrey had literally timed it. ‘.751 seconds. That’s my girl.’ Stacie had been by the pool and homed in on Beca like a shark, pushing her back into the kitchen almost before Chloe had even realized Beca had opened the door.

Beca wiggled her eyebrows. “That was a good day.” She hip bumped the drawer close. “A really good day.”

Chloe nodded, grinning. It had been a *great* day and the four of them had barely made it upstairs before things had gotten serious. Well, as serious as they could be with Stacie and Beca giggling like
teenagers; until Aubrey had gotten her hands on them, at least. Things had gotten a little (lot) more breathy then.

“She’s been drinking today too…” Chloe trailed off as watched as Beca stripped down for her shower and threw her clothes in the hamper. “What was I saying? I got distracted.” She bit her lip, ever appreciative of Beca’s naked form.

Beca grinned over her shoulder as she walked into the bathroom. “Have her come over; I’ll be out shortly.”

Chloe looked back down. “Right. Stacie. Texting.”

Chloe:
So pull me closer
Why don’t you pull me close?
Why don’t you come on overrrrrrr

Chloe:
B just got in the shower and I’m just reading in bed, so come on up.

Chloe didn’t get an answer and after only a few seconds she had a silent bet with herself as she threw her phone to the side and held up her magazine again, though she looked over the top instead of reading it.

Either Stacie was just heading over from her house and wasn’t going to bother with answering, or… A shadow in the hall told her it was option two: Stacie had originally texted from the back door, if she wasn’t already in the kitchen. Chloe had a second bet with herself – would Stacie be clothed or not – but she knew there really was only one answer.

Chloe started to sing. “I need you on my skin, just come over, pull me in…”

Chloe broke off and drew in a deep breath when Stacie appeared in the doorway. Expected or not, the sight of a completely naked Stacie Conrad was something that she didn’t think she would ever get used to. Or get enough of. Hell, she wasn’t even really used to a naked Beca after all these years. Throw a naked Staubrey on top of all that… ‘Maybe not the best way to phrase it.’ Chloe grinned up at Stacie, desire already coiling through her. ‘Or the perfect way, I suppose.’ She bit her lip as Stacie stalked into the room, her eyes intent on Chloe’s, a small smile playing across her mouth.

Reaching the bed, Stacie slowly eased onto it on all fours and, not for the first time, Chloe thought she was like a giant jungle cat. All smooth muscle, liquid movements and focused solely on her prey. Chloe felt her body start to tingle in anticipation as Stacie paused just before she reached Chloe’s outstretched legs.

Chloe swallowed as she watched Stacie lower her face down until it was just above one of Chloe’s shins. Her tongue came out and delicately touched skin as Stacie continued her slow pace up Chloe’s body, her tongue lightly moving from shin to knee to thigh until stopped by Chloe’s shorts. She looked up, mischief bright in her green eyes, before tugging once at the bottom of Chloe’s shorts with her teeth. Chloe’s breath hitched in her throat as her legs automatically parted to allow Stacie’s shifting body between them.

Then she simply pressed her nose into Chloe’s thigh and moved upward, dragging the hem of
Chloe’s shirt as, just like a cat, she pushed her head down and against the bottom of the magazine Chloe had forgotten she was holding. When Chloe was too stunned to move, overwhelmed a bit by all that skin, Stacie sat up and plucked the magazine from her hand, smiling as she tossed it gently to the side. She immediately resumed pushing Chloe’s shirt up with her nose, allowing her tongue free access to trace across Chloe’s stomach. She shivered under Stacie’s touch, her fingers tangling in honey brown tresses without conscious thought.

They’d all fallen so easily into this new realm that Chloe almost couldn’t remember what it was like before. Where she didn’t have the memory of what Stacie’s skin felt like against her own. How it tasted. Where she didn’t have even the thought in her head to reach out to either Stacie or Aubrey and pull them into a kiss. She much preferred this world where suddenly Naked Stacie and Sex Voice Aubrey often appeared like magic and Chloe didn’t have to keep her hands to herself.

With one last nip of teeth above Chloe’s belly button, Stacie pulled back slightly but before Chloe could even whimper at the loss, Stacie had lowered herself to slide the entire length of their bodies against each other until their hips rested comfortably together and her mouth covered Chloe’s.

Chloe also thought she’d never get tired of how Stacie would simply sink into whoever she was kissing. It never felt like she was pinning them down, merely trying to get as much of *her* touching as much of *them* as possible. Especially if she was naked. Chloe wrapped her legs around Stacie, pulling her close and deepening a kiss that had already pulled the breath from her.

Chloe worked her arms under Stacie’s until she was able to grip Stacie’s sides, holding on tightly as Stacie began to slowly thrust against her. Chloe pressed upward, helpless to do anything but respond to the deliberately building rhythm. She heard herself whimper and was shocked at the need in it as she’d gone from zero to ‘fuck me’ in less than a minute.

Her hands skimmed up until she could rake her nails back down the length of Stacie’s spine, her fingertips finally flattening to smooth against the dip that led to the swell of her ass. Which, since it was there, Chloe palmed as much as she could from that angle and pulled her closer.

With a groan, Stacie pulled her lips away but before Chloe could chase her down or beg that she return to what she’d been doing, Stacie’s head dipped and she dragged the flat of her tongue firmly up the column of Chloe’s throat. It was Chloe’s turn to let out a moan that turned to a sharp hiss as Stacie’s teeth found her pulse point and gripped before her lips locked against Chloe’s skin and she began to suck.

“Jesus, Stacie.” Chloe breathed out, once again reminded of why Beca loved the feeling of this so much. She felt Stacie practically purr against her skin, hearing in it her love and the need to claim.

Stacie finally pulled back and licked delicately at the mark she’d left. “What do you need, love?” Humor laced her voice as she looked up into Chloe’s eyes, but her own were still fire and desire that scorched Chloe’s skin. She was still very much the predator intent on her prey and Chloe loved every thrilling second of it.

“Inside me,” Chloe answered breathlessly, already aching between her legs. “I need you inside me.”

“That can be arranged.” Stacie claimed her lips again but far too quickly before she pulled back. “But first I need to go get our girl out of the shower.” She kissed Chloe again, her tongue plunging hard and fast and Chloe felt the memory echo of it in her core. Stacie sat up, resting on Chloe’s thighs; her grin cocky and confident as she took in Chloe’s panting body. “We’ll be back, I promise.”

Chloe felt her heart flutter at Stacie’s grin. Part of her initial attraction to Beca had been that cocky
smirk she’d given when they first met – especially when Aubrey had called her a bitch. Something about all that cool confidence made Chloe’s pulse beat faster and now she had two of them who had it in spades. Aubrey did too, though hers was a more controlled power and poise—less cocky and more a sheer force of nature— that had drawn Chloe to her from the beginning.

She held up a hand. “Help me up.” Stacie took it and tugged lightly, helping Chloe sit up. “Thanks.”

“No prob-” It was Stacie’s turn to hiss out a breath as Chloe immediately took her left nipple in her mouth and rolled her tongue around it. Stacie’s hands tangled in Chloe’s hair, holding her there as her hips pressed downward. “Chlo…”

Chloe sucked lightly, almost teasingly, before flicking the hardening tip with her tongue. When she was satisfied with the sounds Stacie was making above her, she let the breast slip free and turned to the other one. Her attention on that taut peak was much shorter, though no less ardent. Instead she lowered her mouth until she could pull in some of the skin on the underside and suck, creating a matching mark that had Stacie writhing against her.

Reluctantly she pulled back and looked up into emerald heat. “Then I guess you better go before I tip you onto your back and give instead of take.” It was all Chloe could do to keep herself still and not push forward until she could lower herself to run her tongue through Stacie’s center. Chloe’s body memory was strong there too; she knew how Stacie felt against her tongue, how she tasted.

Stacie’s thighs tensed around Chloe’s hips as she hesitated for the briefest second and Chloe could see the effort it took to roll off her and push herself to the edge of the bed. She did it quickly as if she didn’t trust either of them to really stop and it made Chloe crave more.

As Stacie walked to the bathroom, Chloe couldn’t help but watch the sway of her hips and think how lucky she was that she could look at that amazing ass whenever she wanted. When Stacie looked over her shoulder, Chloe didn’t even care that she’d been caught or that she’d been in the process of licking her lips at the time.

Stacie grinned at her. “Aca-perv.”

Chloe only lifted a shoulder. “Guilty.”

Stacie’s eyes flicked over her. “As cute as you look, you’re wearing far too many clothes.” With a decidedly more salacious slowness than Chloe had done, Stacie ran her tongue over her bottom lip and disappeared into the other room.

Chloe let out a breath she hadn’t realized she was holding and fell back onto her bed. “Holy shit.” She and Beca had been thrilled when Staubrey had shown them just how much of their passion they’d been… not holding back, exactly, but they were apparently more reserved until things had settled. She knew it hadn’t been intentional or that they were afraid of scaring she and Beca off, but she could understand saving part of yourself in case the worst happened. To lay everything out and then have it blow up…

Chloe shook her head, unwilling to even entertain the thought of not having them in her life. To lose them now would be as devastating as losing Beca. She’d meant what she said to Beca the night they’d talked about being more while standing in their kitchen. Chloe had given her heart to both of them long before July and she was in too deep to even consider that there had been a possibility of something else. Where before she might have worried about that, worried about her heart getting hurt, she had no fear anymore. She wasn’t alone in this – Beca felt everything as deeply as Chloe herself and it was returned twofold by their other half. She half frowned. ‘*Or was that halves. Quarters?*’
She knew in the beginning that Beca had also kept part of herself hidden, to a lesser extent, because she was an extremely dirty minded and inventive woman. Aubrey and Stacie had joined Chloe in teasing Beca about being so prudish that she couldn’t say “sex” in normal conversation, but in the moment, she was as vocal and detailed in what she wanted to do or have done to her as the rest of them.

Now none of them held anything back and it was like being constantly bathed in a low flame that could spin into a firestorm at a mere glance. She’d never met anyone else who could convey a mental undressing in the span of a heartbeat and now she was surrounded by three gorgeous women who did it as naturally as breathing.

Chloe laughed as a shrill but short scream came from the bathroom, followed by an extremely loud “Jesus fucking Christ, Stacie! You scared the hell out of me!”

She couldn’t hear Stacie’s response but as Chloe made a decision and reached for her phone, she heard Beca moan. “Guess Stacie’s making it up to her.”

She pulled up Aubrey’s messages and typed out a quick text.

Chloe:
Are you somewhere you can talk on your Bluetooth? If so, give me a call. Don’t panic, everything is fine. I just have a question for you.

She didn’t have to wait long before her phone was ringing.

“What’s up?” Chloe could hear people talking in the background and figured Aubrey must still be at work.

“Stacie got a little drunk and is currently in the shower with Beca. She was supposed to just get her out, but, well, Steca apparently got distracted. Again.” Chloe rolled to the end of the bed and stood up. “I was wondering if you’d like to listen.”

Aubrey’s sharp inhale was all the answer Chloe needed, but she chuckled at Aubrey’s careful, “Yes please.” She knew that only she, Beca and Stacie would hear the desire woven through those two simple words. There was the sound of a bell and the voices in the background faded away to be replaced by street noise. Then she laughed. “Did you just say Steca?”

Chloe grinned. “Yeah, it seems easier. Like Jessley.”

Aubrey laughed again. “You’ve got names for us all, don’t you?”

“Not yet, but I can start thinking of them.” Chloe heard another moan and bit her lip. “But maybe later. Because...” Chloe walked into the bathroom and stopped in the doorway, her own breath trapped in her throat.

Beca was leaning in the back corner opposite the spray, which had been aimed down and toward the wall, and Stacie was kneeling between her legs with Beca’s left thigh up and over her shoulder. Beca moaned again and the sound echoed in the bathroom. Chloe bit her lip as Aubrey let out a quiet gasp in her ear when Chloe began to relay in detail what she was seeing. It dawned on her this was the first time they’d engaged in any sort of activity without all four being present, or at least only a short backyard walk away after a quick text. She wasn’t sure if it was making it more exciting or worse to
describe it, but since Aubrey didn’t ask her to stop, Chloe figured she’d just continue. But for now…

She fell silent as Beca’s moans grew louder, Stacie’s right hand moving from where it rested on top of Beca’s thigh to slide between her legs. When Beca cried out, Chloe couldn’t hold back her own moan. “They’re so fucking gorgeous, Bree. Stacie’s inside her now, Beca’s head is back and her eyes are closed, her hands in Stacie’s hair.” Stacie had pulled her hair up into a messy bun and Beca’s fingers had sunk into it as she held on and pulled her closer.

Chloe could hear Aubrey’s quick breath in her ear and hoped she wasn’t anywhere where her coworkers could see her. While Aubrey wouldn’t care in the moment, she’d definitely care later if it came up in casual conversation or some sort of public lewdness reprimand.

Chloe fell silent again, lost in watching the two of them moving against one another until suddenly Aubrey yelled “Damnit!” in her ear.

Chloe’s attention snapped back to the phone. “Are you okay? What happened?”

Aubrey growled as Chloe heard the beep of the car alarm. “I just spent three minutes trying to get into my car. Except it wasn’t my fucking car, it was a damn Fiat two rows over!” There was the slamming of a car door and the sound of the seatbelt being pulled.

Chloe laughed with relief and amusement. “Aubrey, you hate Fiats.”

“I know! That’s what makes it more annoying!” Aubrey started the car. “I’m on my way.”

“Please be careful.” Chloe looked back toward the shower. “Should… should we hang up? So you’re not distracted?”

“No!” Aubrey yelled.

“Alright, calm down there, horny pants.” Chloe teased, knowing full well she was a hypocrite. “Speaking of, I’m putting you on speaker for a bit. Stacie said I had too many clothes on earlier and I need to fix that.” She chuckled quietly as Aubrey let out another moan, knowing her best friend was picturing her naked. “I’d say we’ll be waiting for you, but I have no idea what’s going to happen when they get out of there.”

“You’re the worst.” Aubrey whined.

“You mean we’re the best.” Chloe said as she put the phone on speaker and set it down. She quickly stripped out of the clothes she just put on, folding the shorts and shirt on the counter but already knowing she was going to need a different pair of underwear when she got dressed again. ‘Whenever that is,’ she thought with a shiver.

Not wanting to distract a driving Aubrey with the details – though the moaning that was intensifying in the shower should give plenty of them – Chloe left the phone on speaker and leaned against the counter beside it. She got lost watching them again, filled with desire, love, need and overall a sense of home that pulled every single string in her heart. She was so lost in it that she didn’t even hear anyone come in but suddenly there was a naked body pressed against her back and arms looped around her waist.

“Oh thank god, I didn’t miss it completely.” Aubrey whispered in her ear before her teeth nipped at Chloe’s neck.

“How… how did you…” Chloe started to ask but Aubrey’s hands slid up and cupped her breasts; she decided it didn’t really matter and it wouldn’t have surprised her in the least to learn Aubrey had
willed herself into spontaneous teleportation. “God you feel good.” She let her head lean back to rest on Aubrey’s shoulder and just enjoyed the attention and the view. Aubrey’s hands drifted up and down her stomach, nails scratching gently along her ribs, one slender finger dipping between Chloe’s legs, making her realize just how wet she’d become since Stacie appeared like a naked Goddess in the bedroom doorway.

Beca’s head dropped down and her eyes half opened once, then more fully, though Chloe could see she fought to keep them open. “Oh shit…” She broke off with a cry as Stacie pushed against her. “Bucky… the girls are watching. We’ve been caught.”

Stacie lifted her head and looked over her shoulder, smiling even as she licked her lips and Chloe felt Aubrey’s teeth sink into her skin. She understood all too well, her own body clenched at the memory and the promise she’d been given.

“Becs,” Stacie turned back around. “Do you think you could… maybe brace yourself somehow… so I can…” Stacie trailed off as she shifted her left arm until it was under Beca’s right leg.

“Holy shit.” Chloe didn’t know who said it, her or Aubrey, but they both gasped as Stacie lifted Beca’s other leg over her shoulder until Beca’s weight rested on her upper arms, her forearms braced against the wall to hold Beca in the air.

Beca’s eyes opened wide as she stared down in shock. “Holy fuck.” Stacie leaned forward again and obviously gave an experimental lick because Beca’s whole body jerked in reaction. She shifted slightly until she was apparently satisfied with her access and angle and buried herself between Beca’s braced legs. Beca’s eyes closed once more, her hands still buried in Stacie’s hair. “There, oh god, there…”

Chloe let her hands drift back and ran her nails across Aubrey’s thighs. Aubrey pressed closer, her hands still over Chloe’s breasts but now her fingers toyed with nipples that were so hard they ached. They were helpless to do anything more than watch; the two women in the shower would have held their focus anyway, but seeing Stacie actually holding Beca in the air was breathtaking.

“Fuck!” Beca’s toes curled as her cries grew louder and Chloe knew that she was close. So did Stacie, because – somehow – she managed to turn her hands until they were able to cup the sides of Beca’s breasts. “Stace… oh god…” Beca let out a sharp cry. “Faster, please…” Stacie must have and Chloe felt her own muscles tensing in anticipation as Beca panted and writhed until Stacie’s name echoed from the walls and Beca’s body went rigid.

Aubrey’s body was rocking against her and Chloe pressed back, the sensation of Aubrey’s own hard nipples against her back adding another layer to the fire slowly burning through her. “I could watch that all day.” Aubrey whimpered in agreement as Beca’s body slowly relaxed, though Stacie still nuzzled against her.

Stacie gently helped guide Beca’s legs from her shoulders and stood, helping to keep her upright when it became obvious that Beca’s legs weren’t quite ready to support her. When Beca finally found her balance, Stacie leaned around the spray and turned the water off. Reluctantly Chloe pulled herself away from Aubrey and handed her the towel that Beca had laid out. “One for you.” She turned to the cabinet and got another one. “One for me.”

Stacie opened the door and gently urged Beca out first and Chloe stepped forward to loop the towel around her. Beca’s eyes were still a little glazed and her body trembled against Chloe’s like a newborn colt. Chloe gently began to towel her dry as Stacie stepped into Aubrey’s arms and pulled her into a deep kiss. Aubrey moaned deep in her throat, the hunger in it sending lightning up Chloe’s spine, and pulled Stacie even closer. Chloe, intimately familiar with that particular moan, knew it was
because she could still taste Beca on Stacie’s lips; Aubrey hadn’t wanted to admit it at first, but once
the other three had gone down on each other, then kissed her and the sound was the same, she
admitted that it was a personal kink she’d recently developed. It was also the last time any of them
had felt awkward about admitting something they liked or desired. There may be some light teasing,
but never judgement or shame.

Beca let out a sudden sigh, as if she was just then finally able to draw in a deeper breath than the
shallow panting she’d been doing. Chloe smiled at her even as she began to dry Beca’s hair. “You
okay, love?” Beca nodded, her eyes still dazed. “Not able to talk yet?” Beca shook her head and
Chloe chuckled softly. “That happens.” Beca stood patiently, still possibly not in control of her
limbs, and let Chloe dry her off and run a comb through her hair. Beca’s face was still adorably slack
and Chloe kissed her gently, feeling Beca slowly come back to herself as her lips firmed and her
hands curved around Chloe’s ribs.

Beside them, once Aubrey had let Stacie come up for air, the other two were repeating much the
same ritual though Stacie had managed to keep her hair mostly dry. As they stepped into the
bedroom, Stacie turned and pulled Beca back into her arms, kissing her as thoroughly as she had
Chloe and Aubrey.

“Thanks for letting me crash your shower, 8 seconds.” She ran her hands down Beca’s back and
squeezed her ass.

Beca let out a laugh, her eyes finally clearing. “I’m pretty sure I should be thanking you for the
shower invasion.” She pursed her lips. “Which seems to be a theme for the women in my life,
apparently.” She looked over at Chloe and the warmth of her smile bathed Chloe from head to toe.
“Since it’s what led us here, I’m not complaining at all.”

“Mm.” Aubrey chewed her lip briefly. “While I may have been shocked all those years ago, I have
to say that I’m grateful Chloe briefly lost all sense of propriety.”

As Chloe turned to climb onto the bed, she heard Stacie ask, “How’re your legs, B?” She settled
diagonally on the bed and watched Stacie pat Beca’s leg.

“What?” Beca looked up and blinked.

“Your legs. They working okay?” Stacie’s smile turned the slightest bit smug. “Or do you need more
time?”

Beca’s eyes narrowed and Chloe bit back a grin. It wasn’t even like Beca could argue, Chloe had felt
her trembling. “I may still need a moment.” When Stacie laughed, Beca poked her in the side. “It’s
your fault, sweeping a woman off her feet like that.”

“Your toes actually curled.” Chloe pointed out helpfully. “Like, literally curled.” She grinned when
Beca looked at her, eyes glazing slightly at the memory.

“I think my everything curled,” Aubrey sighed as she sat on the edge of the bed. “That was beautiful
and hot.” Chloe stretched her arm out and ran her fingers down Aubrey’s arm who turned and
looked at her. “You’re beautiful and hot too.” She pushed herself over next to Chloe.

Chloe smiled and pulled Aubrey down by a lock of hair. “I feel the same way about you, love.
C’mere.” Aubrey pressed against her side and deepened the kiss immediately. Chloe rolled to her
back, more than willing to let Aubrey take the lead as she leaned over and licked down into Chloe’s
mouth. Aubrey’s left hand ran down her side before returning to cup her breast, causing Chloe to
gasp into her mouth and arch her back.
A second weight hit the bed and Chloe pulled away to see Stacie crawling towards her. It was déjà vu all over again – except Stacie’s expression was more predatory, definitely more smug, and without any clothes as a barrier, she didn’t even bother with starting at the shin. Chloe’s breath stopped in her throat as Stacie’s head dipped and she gave a very firm, very slow lick up through her center.

“Oh my god.” Her eyes slamming shut, Chloe’s back arched further off the bed and she cried out as Aubrey’s fingers pulled at first one nipple then the other. “Oh my god.”

“I always keep my promises.” Stacie pulled away long enough to purr.

Chloe looked down the length of her body, finding Stacie stretched out on The Expanse and her mouth already back on Chloe’s suddenly even wetter core. She cried out again, unable to look away as Beca slid up onto the bed and onto Stacie’s back. As Chloe fought to keep her eyes open, Beca’s hands slid along the inside of Chloe’s thighs and pushed them apart, giving Stacie more room.

“Stacie… please…” Chloe couldn’t stop the roll of her body, already desperate for their touch.

“It’s okay, Chlo,” Aubrey whispered into her ear, her fingers still alternating between rolling and tugging. “We got you.”

Chloe let herself go, knowing she was safe because her three were always there to lift her up and catch her when she fell. She’d once thought that she was an instrument that only Beca could play – but the past two months had shown her what it was to be part of a symphony.

With a slight lift of Chloe’s hips with her strong but gentle hands, Stacie’s tongue traced her center, teasing along the edges before plunging in over and over. Beca’s hands tightened on her thighs before her left slid over and her fingers began to circle Chloe’s clit – never firm, never the friction that would push her closer to the edge - merely enough to keep her on edge, begging and desperate.

Those brief moments where she could force her eyes open showed Beca alternating between watching Chloe with enough heat to scorch and watching Stacie tongue fuck Chloe until she was ready to scream.

“You always sounded so good, Chlo.” Then there was Aubrey, whispering in her ear when she wasn’t leaving open mouthed kisses along any portion of Chloe’s skin she could reach. “I’d listen to you at night, with whoever had caught your attention, and wonder what it would be like to be the one making you make those delicious sharp gasps.” Her timing was perfect as Stacie’s tongue curled inside Chloe and she gasped, her whole body jerking as she tried to push herself closer to both of them at once.

“Why…?” Chloe tried to speak, tried to pull enough of herself together to ask Aubrey why she’d never given any indication, made any move, but all her focus was split between the myriad of sensations they were creating with fingers and tongue and she broke off with a cry. “FUCK!” Stacie’s chuckle rumbled against her – inside her – and Chloe thought she’d die from how sinfully self-satisfied it sounded. She could practically see the smirk that would’ve accompanied it if Stacie’s mouth wasn’t otherwise occupied.

“It wasn’t my place or time.” Aubrey said, her fingers still torturously circling, tugging and pulling at breasts sensitized to her touch. “Not that I knew we’d end up here –” Aubrey pulled Chloe’s earlobe into her mouth and bit down gently before letting it slip free. “But I was more than happy being your best friend and wasn’t going to risk that if you didn’t feel the same way.”

“Oh Bree,” Chloe breathed out. Blindly she reached up and pulled Aubrey to her lips, needing to
kiss away the sadness she felt at the thought of Aubrey alone in her room – knowing that Aubrey was both right and wrong. It wouldn’t have ruined their friendship and in fact Chloe was slowly becoming convinced she’d had deeply buried feelings for Aubrey since the beginning. And right because Chloe wouldn’t go back to change anything and risk never having the three of them like this in her life.

“You know I have to ask this,” Beca’s husky voice sent a shiver down Chloe’s back and she wasn’t surprised to feel a mirroring tremor where Aubrey was pressed against her. “How many times did you touch yourself listening to Chloe?”

If Chloe had any breath left to her – though Stacie had slowed her pace as she listened – she’d have laughed. It wasn’t until they’d entered into this relationship with Staubrey that Chloe realized just how voyeuristic Beca really was. While Beca loved to take part, she was equally as content and happy to watch and listen – half the time Chloe was convinced Beca could, and had, come from that alone. A small orgasm, perhaps, but it only made her more sensitive when one of them finally got their hands on her.

“Every time.” Aubrey confessed after the smallest hesitation. “Chloe had *Titanium* and I had Chloe as my secret lady jam.” Chloe’s mind went blank at the thought of Aubrey stroking herself in time with her cries, wondered how many times they’d come simultaneously already and she never even knew it. Somewhere, at some point, she was going to pin Aubrey down to have a discussion about this new information, preferably naked, but for now… Beca let out whimper, her fingers stilling for several heartbeats as Stacie moaned low in her throat, once more vibrating through Chloe’s center and pushing her that much closer to the edge.

“Stacie,” Chloe begged. “Please… oh god, please.” She hadn’t finished speaking before Stacie had lowered her hips and slid two fingers inside her. “Fu–” She broke off with a cry as Stacie’s lips wrapped around her clit and she sucked, sending Chloe’s body into overdrive. Almost simultaneously Beca’s lips landed on the inside of Chloe’s right thigh and Aubrey’s latched on Chloe’s throat, both of their mouths pulling just as hard and Chloe felt herself explode into a thousand pieces, each colored a different shade of blue and green as three souls wove around her and put her back together.

When she could open her eyes again, Beca had cuddled into her right side and was planting kisses all along Chloe’s cheek and brow. Aubrey was nuzzling Chloe’s neck and Stacie was kneeling between her legs, stroking lightly where Chloe’s thighs met her hips. Chloe licked her lips, knowing from the way Stacie’s eyes roved over her that she had something else in mind.

A feeling that was confirmed when Stacie reached out and gripped Beca’s ankle and tugged. “C’mon, B. Can’t keep the ladies waiting.” She pushed herself backward with her right hand, keeping her left on Beca as she went.

Chloe felt her stomach tighten in anticipation and turned her attention to Aubrey until the other two came back to bed.

~B~

Beca looked down at Stacie’s hand on her ankle, and back up as she was pulled gently to the edge of the bed. “Jesus, did you eat your Wheaties today or what?” She shivered slightly at the body memory of being lifted into the air passed over her. “Cause it’s really working for me right now.”
Stacie laughed as Beca slid off the bed and stood next to her. “You like to be womanhandled, that’s good to know for the future.” Before Beca could even think of an argument – though apparently Stacie wasn’t wrong, it just wasn’t something Beca had realized until tonight – Stacie leaned down and whispered in Beca’s ear. “I hope your legs are better, because Aubrey looks… hungry …”

Beca didn’t miss the way Aubrey’s eyes had darkened or the way she was looking at the two of them from her spot at Chloe’s side. Her legs were still a bit sketchy, but that was Stacie’s own fault. That entire encounter in the shower – Beca closed her eyes as another tremor washed over her and her thighs tightened involuntarily. “Oh, no. I’m good.”

Beca followed Stacie off the bed and let herself be guided over to the dresser where she opened the bottom drawer and gave the usual snicker at her IOU for Chloe’s birthday sitting on top. “How many times have we redeemed this now, Chlo?”

“Not enough,” came the cheeky reply. “We’ll have to fix that soon.”

“Just say when, babe.” Stacie knelt down and grabbed the original harness/underwear that Beca had bought back in college. “This one for you, I think.” Beca grinned and stepped into them only to catch her breath as Stacie slid them up her legs and cupped her still sensitive center when they were in place.

Stacie rose slowly to her feet and turned Beca back toward the bed. “How can they just keep looking hotter every time they do that?”

Chloe had pulled Aubrey down into another kiss and Beca felt her mouth go dry as she was presented with the rear view of an Aubrey on her elbows and knees, her half lowered body slightly angled to Chloe’s left, as if she’d been about to push up off the bed. “Oh god.” Beca breathed out as she walked toward them, helpless to do anything else. She crawled up behind Aubrey and ran a hand up her spine. “Stacie’s right, you guys are...” She trailed off, her hands still roaming across the expanse of Aubrey’s back, watching the muscles twitch in her wake. “Beautiful.”

Stacie was suddenly pressed against her from behind, her left hand pulling the underwear from Beca’s body while the right one slid the toy into the hole in front and locked it in place. She leaned against Beca and ran her hand down the outside of Aubrey’s right thigh. “Baby.”

Aubrey’s head snapped up to look over her shoulder as she pushed up. Instantly and almost faster than Beca could follow, she’d widened her legs, allowing Beca’s knees to fit easier between them. It never failed to amuse Beca that she and Aubrey were alike in this way and had the same reaction to the other wearing one of their strap-ons ever since that first time – Now please, more, harder, faster. Beca could never decide if Aubrey was begging when she said it, or able to remember her manners even in the middle of intense sex. Not that it really mattered, the end result of both was the same as when she dropped the please entirely and just demanded.

Looking over Beca’s shoulder, Stacie’s hands settled on Aubrey’s hips as Beca reached down to guide the shaft inside but with a shifting of her body, Chloe stretched her arm out between Aubrey’s and gripped it first. Beca whimpered softly and looked up, but Chloe was hidden behind the curtain of Aubrey’s hair. She slipped her fingers around Chloe’s and squeezed lightly in a silent ‘I love you’ and let go to slide her hands under Stacie’s.

It was always like this and Beca felt her heart soak it up like a sponge. The simple touches between herself and Chloe, an unneeded but constant reassurance; Beca ensuring her connection to Stacie by the touch of their hands; all of them focused on Aubrey – it was never about who was with who or
secret desires. It was always about the connection between the four of them and the love they shared: unreserved, unhesitating and everything. They had been four individual parts that made up one complete person for so long, even before they’d gotten into bed.

Both brunettes watched as Chloe’s fingers moved between toy and Aubrey, transferring the evidence of Aubrey’s arousal to the shaft. Panting, Aubrey closed her eyes and she let her head drop to Chloe’s shoulder, though Beca could still feel her tremble and twitch beneath them and easily pictured Chloe’s fingers sliding through her center.

Just when Beca thought she couldn’t wait anymore, Chloe slid it into position and Stacie pulled Aubrey’s hips toward them even as she pressed Beca forward. Aubrey groaned as the head eased in and Beca and Stacie paused, giving her time to adjust. Beca pulled back slightly and pressed forward, sliding another inch or so inside and Stacie whimpered as Aubrey let out a soft cry.

“I love watching you together.” Stacie said softly. “I love being part of it...helping you make love.”

“It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” Chloe agreed, though Beca still couldn’t see her behind blonde locks. “Any combination of you… us.” Beca felt fingertips just barely graze her thigh then slide between her hands and Stacie’s. “Make her feel good, loves. Just like you made me.”

Aubrey let out a half sob and dropped back down to kiss Chloe. “Stop making me cry during sex.” She sniffed slightly. “It’s...”

“Beautiful.” Beca said again as she interrupted, tightening her grip and feeling Stacie do the same. “We’ve got you.” It was something that they never got tired of saying, never tired of hearing. It went back to the constant reassurance and connection – the reminder that they’d always be there, no matter what happened.

Beca continued to push deeper in short thrusts that she knew would drive Aubrey insane. Every inch was slow, sometimes Stacie pulling Aubrey back toward them, sometimes pushing Beca forward; each time Aubrey let out a soft cry and tried to push back, but their combined grip on her hips kept her under their control. Beca knew that Chloe must be continuing to let her fingers stroke and wander as Aubrey’s cries were sometimes sharper that their intentionally torturous movements would account for.

Finally her hips were flush against Aubrey and Beca couldn’t help but grind, loving every single gasp and keen that fell from Aubrey’s lips. Stacie slid her hands from Aubrey’s to Beca’s hips, squeezing lightly before letting go with her left to move Beca’s hair out of the way. She placed a soft kiss against Beca’s throat and nipped lightly before moving away. Beca shivered, always affected by sharp sting of their teeth against her skin, and tightened her grip on Aubrey’s hips.

She pulled back smoothly, leaving just the tip inside, and pushed back in; though her movements were strong and deep, they were slow and designed to see how long it would take for one of them to break, regardless of which position they happened to be in at the time. It was a war between Beca’s desire to bring Aubrey to a screaming climax and her, possibly somewhat twisted, need to have Aubrey begging her, “Fuck me already!”

College Beca would have never believed that in a few years the idea of Aubrey ordering her around – IN BED no less – was something that she’d not only give in to (eventually) but something she found she kind of liked. A lot. Then again, Beca had once pointed out if Aubrey had used her Sex Voice in practice things might’ve been different. Stacie had pulled Beca onto her lap and told her, “8 Seconds, if she’d used that voice on you before you were ready, I think you’d have run away screaming instead of dealing with all the repressed lust between you two.”
Beca turned and Aubrey’s head lifted as Stacie slid onto the bed, wearing another harness; Stacie’s eyes were intent on Chloe but her hand ghosted down Beca’s arm and pressed briefly against Aubrey’s back. By sheer force of will Beca kept her hips moving though her attention was split between them and Aubrey. Stacie crawled forward until she could lift Chloe’s legs and slide her spread knees under them, remaining upright and sitting back on her heels. Chloe’s left leg fell naturally along Stacie’s side, but Stacie kept a grip on her right, raising it up to rest Chloe’s heel against her shoulder. Even as she placed open mouthed kisses along Chloe’s calf, Stacie’s right hand was between their legs, coating and guiding and Beca had the perfect view as Stacie slid forward and into her.

A quadruple moan echoed around the room as Stacie filled Chloe on the first thrust, her left hand loosely wrapped around Chloe’s raised thigh. Her whole body rolled as she pulled back and thrust again, slow and languid. Aubrey had flipped her hair and Beca could see Chloe as she bit her lip, the hand that had been between Aubrey’s legs sliding to wrap around Aubrey’s left arm and up until she gripped her shoulder as an anchor. Aubrey’s head dropped, her moans growing somewhat muffled as, Beca assumed, she kissed Chloe hungrily.

Beca dropped her hips a bit, thrusting upward at a different angle and Aubrey’s sharp cry slid through her veins like quicksilver. She couldn’t help the jerk of her hips, burying herself fully in Aubrey with a grunt just to hear it again. Beca tightened her fingers, her hands sliding forward just a bit to grip where thigh met hip and ground upward.

Of course, the problem with any type of contest in bed between the two of them was that half of the time it was rendered completely moot by the two women who shared the bed with them. Watching Stacie and Chloe together almost always threw any plans Beca had of making Aubrey wait completely out the window. Most of the time as Stacie sped up Beca would unconsciously follow because having Chloe and Aubrey screaming out their release together was one of the hottest things she had ever seen. Though, on reflection, any combination of her three girls coming at the same time was something Beca would never tire of. On those occasions the four of them reached the peak at the same time… Beca whimpered at the memory, grinding herself against the insert on her side of the strap-on. That was heaven, as far as Beca was concerned.

Of course, then there were times like now when they would never be able to declare who won – a detail that Aubrey would say was important because she was a Posen and Posen’s always win. Beca wasn’t sure who broke first but suddenly Aubrey was yelling her name and Beca’s hands had slid up to Aubrey’s shoulders as her hips quickened, sharp and fast. It wouldn’t have surprised her in the least if it was simultaneous; she was more than half convinced she was already as connected to Staubrey as she was with Chloe, knowing what they needed before they even spoke.

Aubrey’s head dropped to Chloe’s shoulder, her left arm stretching across Chloe’s chest to clutch at her side as she cried out. Beca loved to see Aubrey like this, any of them really - body beginning to bead with sweat, muscles in sharp relief as she pushed back against Beca’s hips. Beca lowered her chest to Aubrey’s back, the soft skin almost too much against her hard and sensitive nipples, but it just made Beca press harder against her, arms wrapped around Aubrey’s chest and her hips speeding up until the room was filled with the sound of skin against skin.

A sound that was doubled as Stacie tightened her grip on the tops of Chloe’s thighs, the right still extended upward and the left resting across Stacie’s own, her hips almost a blur as Chloe writhed, gorgeous and straining, beneath them all. Chloe’s voice blended with Aubrey’s as they both cried out, panting, begging and pleading for more, harder, faster, right there, please god just don’t fucking stop.

As individuals blurred, they became one entity made of four moaning, desperate parts, the names of
the other three dropping from their lips with increased need and desire.

Beca leaned back, pulling Aubrey upright with her as her hands slipped around Aubrey’s front, immediately covering and kneading her breasts. Half kneeling, Aubrey rocked against her, her back bowing as she pushed her chest into Beca’s hands.

“Beca, I…” Aubrey broke off with a moan as Beca’s fingers rolled over her nipples.

Beca slid her left hand down to Aubrey’s center, her hips speeding up. “I love you.” She meant all of them; knew they understood that, here in this room she and Chloe had declared was just as much Staubrey’s as it was theirs. Her fingers brushed Aubrey’s clit, swirling once, twice, Aubrey’s body jumping with each touch until finally Beca applied pressure and rotated her middle finger. Aubrey’s cry filled the room as she came, shuddering as Beca kept up her thrusts and the pressure, trying to keep Aubrey up for as long as possible.

Chloe’s voice suddenly rang out, her body rolling against Stacie’s hips and the thumb firmly planted between her legs. Beca felt herself shudder, Chloe’s cries mixing with Aubrey’s causing a second, smaller orgasm to rock her and she pressed deep within Aubrey, rubbing against the insert and half wishing Stacie had picked the harness that had the second shaft for the wearer.

Aubrey slowly lowered herself back down, resting her head on Chloe’s chest, both of them trying to catch their breath. Beca’s hands stroked Aubrey’s back and sides, hips still pressing as she stretched forward to run her hand down Chloe’s arm before reaching out to rest her fingertips against Stacie’s knee. Stacie’s hips still moved, slower now, her own hands running over Chloe’s stomach and smoothing Aubrey’s hair back from her face. She leaned down, letting Chloe’s right leg finally drop to wrap around her waist and kissed Aubrey’s forehead, then leaned up to kiss Chloe on the lips.

“You’re all so… incredible.” Stacie sat up and leaned over to kiss Beca. “I swear every day just gets better.”

“I would agree, except my brain has dribbled out my ears.” Chloe said before she whimpered as Aubrey’s mouth closed over her nipple. “And I don’t think I’m getting it back any time soon.” She cradled Aubrey to her, eyes closed in bliss.

Reluctantly Beca eased back, pulling free from Aubrey and hearing the disappointed whimper as she did. “I’ll be back.” She ran her hand down the curve of Aubrey’s ass. “Just need to clean up a bit.” Stacie did the same and they watched with amusement as Chloe and Aubrey immediately wiggled together with contented sighs, their hands wandering even as their lips met. Beca slid off the bed and tugged Stacie’s hand. “Faster we clean these off the faster we can rejoin them.”

Stacie let herself be led into the bathroom where Beca turned and slid the harness from her hips, kneeling to let Stacie step out of it. Even as her hands freed the shaft so it could be washed, she leaned forward and licked through Stacie’s center, loving the way her hips twitched forward at the lightest touch.

“Don’t you start that in here...” Stacie laughed as she reached down and tugged Beca up by her shoulders.

“Sorry.” Beca said with complete insincerity. Stacie merely reached back and pinched her on the ass as she slid Beca’s underwear down her legs. “Just couldn’t help myself.”

“Mmhmm.” Stacie ran her hand up Beca’s inner thigh and smiled as Beca whimpered. “Oops.” She set both sets of underwear in the tub to be dealt with – or maybe used again – later.
Standing side by side, they cleaned the strap-on the other had used and Beca was struck again by how normal this all seemed. They’d literally just been making love to each other’s wife with the toys in their hands and none of it ever felt weird. They were all committed to this new four person relationship; even their use of the title ‘wife’ was more of an inside joke between them at this point. Not even the first time they’d crawled into bed had it ever been awkward.

It should have been, she knew that, had read enough stories on the internet, that couples just didn’t jump feet first into the deep end of polyamory without a bit of awkwardness… but they had. At least, as far as she knew the others hadn’t felt any twinge of strangeness, not once they were all on the same page and knew they were thinking the same thing. Beca knew even Aubrey’s reluctance had been because she wasn’t sure she was allowed, not because she didn’t want to. But once Beca had helped her past that, all hesitation had been gone and the four of them had just… loved. Without hesitation or reservation. From the first second Beca had reached out for Aubrey, while Chloe and Stacie watched them from the bed, it had never been about sex. It was about how those three women completed her in ways she didn’t understand until the last barrier was gone. And in ways she was still discovering.

Even now, standing naked beside Stacie and spreading a hand towel on the counter so their strap-ons could dry, she felt nothing but home and comfort. And, okay maybe still incredibly turned on and in need of having one of those used on her before too long, but they had time and she had someone else she had to take care of first.

She waited for Stacie to walk back into the bedroom first, enjoying the view as she followed behind. Stacie crawled back onto the bed, sliding behind Chloe and nuzzling into her shoulder. Chloe and Aubrey were still attached at the face, but Aubrey’s left hand slid from Chloe’s neck to the back of Stacie’s head and pulled her forward into what Beca knew was a messy, but hot as hell, three way kiss.

Licking her lips, Beca slid onto the bed and, when the three of them finally broke for air, pushed on Stacie’s hip.

“What’s up, B?” Stacie looked over at her and let herself be guided onto her back. Chloe turned in the circle of Aubrey’s arms, their eyes avid and eager.

“Taking care of you.” Beca said as she stretched herself out between Stacie’s legs, her right hand going under and around Stacie’s thigh.

“You don’t hav-” Stacie’s voice broke off with a gasp as Beca didn’t even hesitate and slid her middle finger into Stacie’s core. Beca couldn’t help the moan when she felt how wet Stacie was and she pushed herself closer.

“I want to.” Beca said, unsurprised by the rasp in her voice. She began a slow thrust, curling as she withdrew. “I need to.” She added a second finger and Stacie pushed back against her, legs widening to give Beca room.

Even as Beca leaned forward, her mouth already anticipating how Stacie would feel against her tongue, Chloe had stretched herself along Stacie’s side. Stacie cried out as Chloe’s mouth descended on her left nipple, Chloe’s hand reaching across to roll the right one between her fingers. Aubrey had pushed herself tight to Chloe’s back, her own left hand caressing Stacie’s stomach before pressing against her lower abdomen.

All of them were flushed and absolutely beautiful and Beca felt like her heart would split with how much she felt for them. Somehow, each second of every day, she fell deeper in love.
Beca circled Stacie’s clit with her tongue, feeling each twitch beneath her as Stacie’s muscles squeezed her fingers. She briefly wondered if she should’ve brought one of the vibrators with them, but decided to save it for later – she couldn’t have stopped now if she tried. She looked up the line of Stacie’s body, past the hands and Chloe’s gently moving lips and met Stacie’s eyes, hooded and hungry. Stacie always made sure everyone was taken care of and now it was their turn to take care of her.

Beca wrapped her lips around Stacie’s clit and sucked firmly, using the grip she had on Stacie’s leg to try and hold her in place when her hips lifted from the bed. She kept her eyes on Stacie’s face, even when Stacie’s eyes closed, loving the way she bit her lip before her mouth went slack, panting for breath.

Beca added a third finger, searching for and finding that ridged spot inside. She rubbed lightly, keeping up the suction and Stacie’s eyes shot open again. “Jesus!” She closed her eyes briefly as she pushed against Beca. “God don’t stop…” Her body rolled and Beca increased the pressure of her fingers and sacrificed a bit of suction to run the tip of her tongue over Stacie’s clit. “Bec… a…” Stacie’s breath hitched and Beca knew she was close.

She began to flick her tongue rapidly, not stopping as Stacie’s body began to writhe, following every movement of her hips to keep her mouth exactly where it was. Beca began to thrust her hand in short strokes, keeping her middle finger rubbing back and forth in a way that had Stacie going stiff as her climax crashed through her.

Beca felt a hand, then two, run through her hair, cupping the back of her head and keeping her where she was, something she was more than happy to comply with. She kept her fingers circling, but used her mouth to nuzzle and lick from entrance to clit, though she avoided that bundle of nerves for the time being.

Turning her head, she licked Stacie’s thigh before gently biting down. After soothing the sting with her tongue, she began to suck lightly, increasing the pace of her thrust, feeling Stacie’s hips begin their roll again as Beca marked her claim on the woman arching under her. When she thought she had a lasting mark, she let Stacie’s thigh slip from her lips and kissed the darkening skin.

While she’d been busy, one of the hands had slipped from her head and was lazily stroking along Stacie’s folds, helping build her up. A quick glance upward revealed it was Aubrey, her eyes catching Beca’s with their fire. Splitting her attention between Aubrey’s avid gaze and Stacie’s face as she worked against them, Beca licked around Aubrey’s fingers as they circled Stacie’s clit. With the both of them working in tandem, it wasn’t long before Stacie came undone beneath them, collapsing to lay limp against the bed.

“You okay?” Chloe teased as she finally lifted her head, leaving Stacie’s nipple with a final kiss.

“Ngph.”

Aubrey laughed. “I think we broke her.”

Beca crawled up until her head was even with Chloe who lifted her lips for a kiss. “It’s only fair; you guys break me all the fucking time.” She shifted so that Stacie’s right leg fit between her own – unwilling to give up the feeling of Stacie under her but not wanting Stacie’s legs to get sore because Beca was lying between them.

“It is one of our favorite things.” Stacie said weakly.

“Mm.” Chloe hummed in agreement and pulled Beca’s hand to her chest, cuddling it even as she
wiggled back into Aubrey’s embrace.

“Mine too.” Beca sighed as she rested her head on Stacie’s upper chest.

“Aca-perv.” Stacie ran her hand down Beca’s back. “And I love you for every single dirty thought you ever have.”

“You should, considering you’re one third of the reason I have them.” Beca felt Aubrey’s hand rest on her back and let her eyes close in contentment.

They cuddled in silence, hands lightly stroking wherever they felt like it, and Beca was reminded of her earlier thoughts. Even that first night, when Aubrey had shocked Beca into a full five minutes of staring at her, it wasn’t from being awkward; it was because Beca had been so turned on at the thought of Aubrey using the strap-on that it had short circuited her brain. It hadn’t been anything she’d thought of prior, but once it had been said, her mind had broken itself trying to picture it.

Prior to that moment, Beca and Chloe had used it once in a while, but afterward… Aubrey had taken to it like a duck to water and changed how all of them had viewed that particular accessory. They still thoroughly, and often, enjoyed each other without it but none of them would deny that they all really loved bringing them into bed. Or against the bed. Or in the shower… Beca shivered slightly and felt Stacie pull her closer.

“You okay, babe?”

“Yeah.” Beca burrowed into Stacie’s side. “I’m great.” She opened her eyes and met Chloe’s, seeing the same happiness she was feeling reflected back at her. They’d have been perfectly happy if this path hadn’t been taken, but both of them couldn’t deny that the other two made them better. Made them whole.

Her mind, already nostalgic, thought of their first time back in college. Beca had been so nervous prior, but once she’d made up her mind—okay, so when she realized that she loved Chloe and there was no reason to hold back anymore—all her nerves had faded away. The alcohol buzz she’d been feeling had faded by then and—

Beca’s mind suddenly jumped tangents and she spoke without thinking. “We’re all friends here, right?”

Stacie began to laugh. “I’m pretty sure I can still feel you inside me and we were just essentially balls deep in each other’s wife.” Even as Chloe laughed, Aubrey gasped in shock.

“Stacie!” Aubrey chided and Beca grinned when she saw that Aubrey’s face was a perfect mix of scandalized outrage and horrified amusement.

Stacie shrugged. “Sorry not sorry? Also, it’s not like I’m wrong.”

Aubrey began to laugh. “I love you.” She pushed against Chloe, who obligingly moved her head out of the way so they could kiss. When they finally broke apart, she looked at Beca. “I think that covers your question.”

Beca nodded. “Okay… so. I was thinking of how none of this feels awkward between us - and hasn’t. Ever.”

“That’s because you love us. And we love you.” Stacie kissed Beca’s forehead then Chloe’s. “Duh.”

“Right, but we didn’t know that at the time. It should have been weird.” She freed her hand from
Chloe and held it up when Aubrey would have spoken. “Except even though we didn’t know... I think our hearts knew.”

“You are so fucking mushy sometimes.” Stacie stroked her fingertips down Beca’s back. “I love it.”

“Shh, that’s not the point.” Beca didn’t want to lose her thought before she got to her question. “And it made me think of our first time.” She cupped Chloe’s cheek. “And how once I decided to stop being a coward and take a leap of faith...”

“It wasn’t awkward at all.” Chloe finished, turning her head to place a kiss in Beca’s palm. “Not from the second you stepped into that shower. Nerves, sure but never awkward.”

“Exactly.” Beca smiled at her.

“What does this have to do with you making sure you can ask a question of us because we’re all friends?” Aubrey asked curiously.

“Okay – so. I know we’ve talked about our ‘first times’ long before we fell into bed together, and even more after because we’re all aca-pervs.” Stacie raised her hand in agreement, causing Aubrey to snort. “So we know all about the Lodge after Worlds, but… There’s one question I realized I never asked and haven’t thought about in a long time.”

“I can’t imagine anything we haven’t discussed yet, but...” Aubrey watched her narrowly. “What’s your question?”

Beca pushed up a little so she could look between them. “Did you guys hook up that drunken karaoke night too?”

“That’s the big question you’ve been holding on to?” Stacie began to laugh. “Beca, you’ve literally asked me what you taste like on Aubrey’s lips when I kiss her after she goes down on you.”

“You also just asked me if I ever touched myself while listening to Chloe have sex down the hall.” Aubrey pointed out, though there was a faint flush to her cheeks.

Beca squirmed, sure she was instantly blushing all the way down her chest. “That’s the kind of stuff you ask in the moment and there’s nothing off limits then because... because of how turned on I am and how badly I want you three. Plus the four of us are involved at the time and sometimes other things, like prior couple things, are sacred.” She forced herself to stop speaking, sure she had another five minutes of babble in her.

“She’s got you there, guys.” Chloe said as Aubrey buried her face in Chloe’s neck with a giggle.

“No, she had us earlier.” Stacie pointed out and Beca poked her in the stomach.

“You guys don’t have to answer, if you don’t want to, I get it... I just...”

“Yes.” Aubrey interrupted Beca before she could ramble any further.

“You did?” Beca began to grin. “I knew I should’ve bet Chloe!”

“You had a bet?” Aubrey asked carefully.

Beca immediately stopped laughing and reached for Aubrey’s hand. “I swear we didn’t talk about it a lot.” She began to have flashbacks to that horrible moment after the semi-finals. “Just like, maybe two or three times my entire freshman year.”
“Hey.” Aubrey squeezed her fingers. “It’s okay.” She pulled Beca’s hand up and kissed her knuckles. “I know you didn’t.” She smiled and Beca felt her shoulders lose tension she didn’t know she had. “I was just curious what the details of your bet were.”

“I don’t think we ever got as far as making wagers. Beca was too eager to shovel French toast down her face.” Chloe winked at her.

“You called her Bree.” Beca looked down at Stacie. “When you came to get us that morning. I think it was the first time I heard you do that. So I wondered.” She looked up again. “You guys gave nothing away at breakfast though. I’m impressed.” She pursed her lips as that night came back to her. “Was it because Stacie told you what she was thinking of while she slept in your bed?”

Aubrey laughed. “No. Stacie was actually extremely sweet.”

“Babe.” Stacie sighed. “You’re going to ruin my reputation.”

“You’re telling me you didn’t masturbate in her bed?” Beca grinned.

“No.” Stacie said immediately. “That would’ve been just… not right.” Then she grinned slyly. “But I thought about it a lot so I went into the shower and did it there.”

Chloe laughed. “And I heard nothing?” She shook her head. “I think I’ll be retroactively sad about that.”

Aubrey rested her chin on Chloe’s arm. “Stacie actually offered to sleep in her roommates bed – or the floor if she came home unexpectedly – and I was still just drunk enough to tell her that was silly.” She sighed, though looked affectionately at Stacie. “And that was my downfall because I couldn’t keep my hands off her, even after I was sober.”

“I have the same problem,” Beca muttered ruefully. “But… You mean to tell me you had all this…” She waved her finger up and down Stacie’s body. “And then you went cold turkey? For three years?” She made sure to keep her tone light – she knew how Aubrey felt about pushing Stacie away. “You are either the strongest woman I know or the most stubborn.” She pretended to think about it for a few seconds. “Or both.”

“We both needed to age a bit more,” Stacie offered easily.

“Like fine wine?” Beca asked, tracing Aubrey’s lips with her thumb. “Seems accurate.” Stacie turned to face Chloe and Beca snuggled up behind her, already nuzzling into her neck before something struck her. “Chlo?” She looked over Stacie’s shoulder.

“Hm?” Chloe looked up from where she’d been about to kiss Stacie.

“You don’t seem very surprised by this revelation,” Beca noted.

Chloe bit her lip. “Uh…”

Beca pushed up on her elbow, laughing. “Oh my god, you totally knew all this time! And you didn’t tell me!”

Chloe at least looked sheepish. “I’m sorry, I didn’t think it was my story to tell – especially when things were just getting settled between us all.” She looked up, pleadingly. “And I didn’t know until after the ICCAs!”

“What?” Beca frowned. “What brought it up there?”
“I was the first one to wake up that day.” Chloe looked over her shoulder at Aubrey. “These two were.”

“Totally snuggling!” Beca snapped her fingers as the memory popped into her head. “I’d forgotten about that – plus I’d half convinced myself I’d dreamed getting up and all Aubrey’s ‘boundary pillows’ were on the floor.”

“It was cute – I woke Aubrey up, she was extremely reluctant to leave her Stacie-cocoon – until she realized where she was and who she was holding onto.” Chloe settled down between them. “I understand; I like this cocoon too.” Stacie poked her in the stomach and Chloe grinned. “But I was the good friend and didn’t say anything until we got back to Barden and I made Aubrey tell me everything.”

“She waited until the rest of you were back at the dorm and pounced on me.” Aubrey lamented. “We were lying on my bed, still kind of in shock at the trophy sitting on my desk, and she gave me a hug.”

“And refused to let go until she’d told me everything.” Chloe said in satisfaction. “Well, not everything – I let her keep the actual details of ‘the sex’, as Beca would call it,” Chloe grinned at her when Beca let out a wounded gasp. “Don’t even try; you say it all the time.” She kissed Stacie gently. “And that’s how I knew you were definitely worth Aubrey’s heart. Because you weren’t even hinting that you had something to kiss and tell about.”

“Nothing happened in the hotel, by the way.” Stacie offered and Beca felt the underlying deflection. “I was minding my own business, finally having fallen asleep after getting the image of you two fooling around out of my mind, and the next thing I know Aubrey had attached herself to my side in her sleep.” She reached up and brushed Aubrey’s cheek with her fingers. “I was petrified for a good five minutes, afraid to move and not sure if it was because I thought Aubrey would sleep grope me – she didn’t – or because I was afraid she’d move away.” She smiled softly. “Eventually though, I finally fell asleep.”

“And we didn’t talk about it for another three years.” Aubrey said, almost sadly.

“No, but that night gave me hope that there was something more to us, even if I didn’t know that’s what I wanted.” Stacie sighed. “I should have just sleep groped you.”

“Nah, you’re as much a gentleman as Beca.” Chloe leaned forward and kissed her cheek. “You guys worked out just the way you were supposed to.”

“I didn’t even know that Aubrey had told you until just before we proposed to each other,” Stacie said and turned to look up at Beca. “She never brought it up in all the times she tried to push us together.”

“I didn’t even know that Aubrey had told you until just before we proposed to each other,” Stacie said and turned to look up at Beca. “She never brought it up in all the times she tried to push us together.”

“Still wasn’t my place,” Chloe shrugged. “It just meant I was more frustrated when you guys were so obstinate. The very fact that neither of you discussed it was like neon signs spelling out ‘WE LIKE EACH OTHER.’ If it was bad one of you would’ve cracked much sooner.” She ran her finger down Stacie’s nose. “You always did protect Aubrey’s heart from the start.”

Stacie lifted one shoulder. “I knew from that night under the mistletoe something was different about her. The night she stayed over just confirmed it. She… you… made me feel something different than anyone else had before.” She cupped Aubrey’s cheek and Beca saw Aubrey’s lips tremble slightly. “You meant something to me. Before that night, I was just so certain I would never fall in love, I missed what was staring me in the face. With those big, gorgeous green eyes. So I kept it to myself and tried to put it out of my mind. Failed miserably.”
“Now who’s so fucking mushy?” Beca teased, running her nose along Stacie’s shoulder.

“I blame you.” Stacie reached back and patted Beca’s hip. “You’re contagious.”

“You say the sweetest things,” Beca linked their fingers together. “It’s almost like you love me—” Her phone suddenly rang from the other room.

“Ah shit. That’s the bosses tone. I’ve been expecting him to call all day.” She reluctantly slid to the edge of the bed. “I’ll be back.”

“Hurry, my ass is already cold.” Stacie called after her.

~A~

Aubrey laughed as Beca shot a middle finger over her shoulder just before she disappeared out the door. Beca’s voice came back a second later, full of confused laughter. “What the… Again?” The phone rang again. “Hold your tits, I’m coming!”

She felt herself drawn down into Stacie’s kiss, Chloe’s lips sliding against her throat from between them. Aubrey whimpered and shifted against Chloe’s ass, loving how well they fit together. She ran her hand down Chloe’s arm and over to Stacie’s hip, getting lost in the feel of them against her skin.

She didn’t know how long they spent that way until Beca came back, but suddenly there was a fourth body in the bed and her question pulled Aubrey back to the present.

“Whose bra is hanging from the newel post and whose is hanging from the chandelier and why are there two sets of clothes leading up the stairs?”

Aubrey bit her lip, remembering her frantic stripping the second she hit the stairs. “Um…”

“Actually,” Beca said when Aubrey trailed off. “I know Stacie’s bra is the one on the top newel post. Which means Aubrey is the one throwing her clothes in the air this time.”

She sniffed and lifted her chin. “It’s your own fault for getting me all worked up to the point where I couldn’t wait until I got in the room.”

“My fault?” Beca threw up her hands. “I think I was in the shower being ravished by Stacie.”

“Mmhm.” Aubrey licked her lips in the way she knew drove Beca crazy. “Chloe called me to let me listen in.”

“Dirty bird.” Stacie bit Chloe’s lower lip. “I love it.”

Chloe shrugged. “I figured she could use a little break at work. I didn’t expect her to just… suddenly be here.” She turned to look over her shoulder at Aubrey. “But I will never be opposed to Naked Aubrey magically appearing. I’d already had suddenly Naked Stacie show up in the doorway, so this was like a double treat day.”

“And this isn’t the first time you’ve had my clothes left on your stairs, so I don’t know why you’re surprised.” Stacie rolled over to look at Beca, one eyebrow arched in challenge.
“True.” Beca nodded.

“What’d the boss want?” Chloe asked her.

“Oh!” Beca bounced in place. “Okay. So, as you know, Emily recorded the song we’re using to showcase her writing ability to the boss.” They nodded, waiting with various degrees of impatience. “And you know that while she thinks I was just producing it for him, I actually treated it like a new single I wanted to release on the radio.” Aubrey made an impatient sound in her throat and Beca winced. “Sorry. I know you guys all told me you loved it but the boss finally listened to it this week. He told me he’d call me today with his thoughts.”

“Beca that’s awesome!” Stacie rolled to her back and held up her hand for a high five.

“Thanks!” Beca slapped their palms together. “He told me it was GREAT and that Emily’s got the internship!”

“That’s aca-mazing!” It was Aubrey’s turn to bounce. “When are you going to tell her?”

“Soon – I honestly thought he’d take longer and I’d be able to tell her on her birthday in Vegas, but there’s no way I can hold onto this for another two months.” Beca was practically vibrating in her excitement. “I’m so proud of her – I think he wants to put it on the radio next year – after some tweaks and stuff, but I really think Legacy could make it as a singer if she wanted.”

Chloe nodded. “She’s come such a long way from the ‘let’s not be dicks about it’ girl we met years ago. Seriously, can we take any credit for it?” She looked up when Beca remained silent and Aubrey noticed Beca was biting her lip. “What aren’t you saying?”

For the first time Beca was hesitant. “I don’t… I don’t really want to talk about it right now –” She held up her hand when Chloe started to speak. “Because this is something that we’re going to need to think about, all of us.” She looked at all of them one at a time and Aubrey couldn’t remember the last time Beca had looked so serious; though, in hindsight, it was probably the day they all committed to each other. “Before all… this…” she waved at all of them. “And the naked – I was going to ask Chloe if she thought Emily could move in with us. Since she’s basically got her own room here anyway.”

“That’s a great idea!” Chloe said immediately then paused as she realized what Beca was saying. “Oh.”

“Right.” Stacie was nodding. “All the naked that happens in the houses could present a problem.”

“It would definitely change the dynamics,” Aubrey mused. She still thought Emily knew there was more between the four of them than just friendship. “But we managed fine when she was here for those two weeks over the summer.”

“Sure, except the dozen or so times she almost walked in on one of us kissing someone who wasn’t our ‘official’ spouse because we couldn’t keep our hands to ourselves.” Chloe grinned.

It had definitely been amusing at how many times they’d gotten carried away and almost caught. Not that they were ashamed, not in the least. But it was new and theirs and they wanted to keep it that way for at least a while longer.

“And it’s not just Chloe and I anymore, who get to have a say in this. It’s you guys too.” Beca chewed on her lip. “So just… we’ll just think about it for a while and then sit down and lay everything on the table.”
“You can’t say that, Beca.” Stacie said immediately.


“Because now I’m picturing you laying Chloe out on Bree’s table in her office.” Stacie said with a hint of a purr in her tone. “Or any of us with any of us. The possibilities are endless.”

“Well now I am too.” Aubrey said as she forced herself to push the thoughts away. “I think it’s still mostly your decision, because it’s your house – yes I know, we all have two homes – it means a lot that you’d consider our feelings in this. We’ll definitely give it some thought.” Aubrey grinned. “But seriously, she’s going to lose her mind when you tell her about the job.”

“Right?” Beca beamed and bounced in place again. “I’ll wait until we’re all able to be there for the next Skype date so we can take bets on if she faints.”

Aubrey reached over and slapped Beca’s knee. “Behave.”

“No, Beca’s right. There’s every chance Emily will get lightheaded and pass out.” Stacie said slowly. “I think you need to make sure that Katherine is there too. She’s going to lose her shit almost as much as Emily will.”

“Ooh!” Beca’s eyes went wide. “Good point! It’ll be awesome – but definitely for another day. But for now…” She turned around and plucked something off the bed behind her and placed it in her lap. “What’s this? It was sitting on the hall table.”

Aubrey winced at the sight of the plain brown bag. “Oops.” She’d forgotten she had that in her haste to get upstairs and undressed. ‘At least I didn’t throw that too.’

Beca looked down and back up. “I didn’t look in it.”

“Such restraint.” Aubrey smiled at her, knowing Beca was dying of curiosity. “You can, though.”

Beca immediately reached in and pulled out three small boxes and Aubrey heard Chloe’s breath catch.

“Bree?” She turned to look up at her. “Is that where you were?”

Aubrey nodded, and Stacie looked back at her. “I thought you were at work?”

“Well… I had intended to, but I decided to make a detour.” Aubrey chuckled slightly. “And then I just never went.”

“That’s how you got here so fast!” Chloe said, snapping her fingers. “I wondered how you got from the parking lot to here in less than half an hour.”

“Parking lot?” Beca asked, still looking down at the boxes in her hand. She finally looked up. “I guess I missed more than I thought.”

Chloe explained quickly. “When Stacie went to get you out of the shower, I texted Bree to see if she could talk on her headset. Because I thought she was at work and didn’t want to take the chance of anyone in the office overhearing you two moaning in the shower.”

“Their loss.” Stacie shrugged.

“Right, but while I was half describing what you guys were doing – stop looking so shocked Beca, you’d have wanted me to if things were reversed.”
Beca nodded. “Point taken. Continue.”

“I heard her go outside, but got distracted until she started cursing.” Chloe broke off and Aubrey knew there was no chance she wasn’t going to tell the rest of it when she started laughing. “Aubrey had been trying to get into a car that wasn’t hers. For three minutes.” She lowered her voice and whispered. “It was a Fiat.”

Stacie started to laugh and Aubrey tickled her side, making her laugh harder.

“You hate Fiats!” Beca crowed. “I think I’m flattered that you were so distracted you didn’t realize how ugly the car you were trying to get into was.”

Aubrey sighed. “You’re not going to let this go, are you?”

“Nope.” Beca grinned in delight. “It’s teasing gold, Bree.”

“Be good or I won’t tell you what’s in the boxes.” Aubrey teased back, having no intention of following through but Beca stopped laughing immediately.

“I’m sorry.” She held them out. “I’ll be good.” Then she smirked. “For now.”

“Incorrigible.” Aubrey shook her head and sat up behind Chloe. “Thanks.” She took the boxes and set them beside her. “I kinda wanted to do this individually, but…” She broke off as Beca made to slide off the bed.

“We can leave you two alone.” Beca said immediately.

“Beca,” Aubrey laughed. “This is your bed.”

Chloe shook her head. “No, this is our bed and you know it. We don’t mind.”

Aubrey felt herself melt a little. It wasn’t the first time they’d said it and knowing they meant it with everything they were always meant the world to her. It proved that her impulsive shopping spree was exactly what she’d needed to do.

“No,” she said softly. “You guys can stay.”

“I’ve got an idea.” Beca scrambled up to the top of the bed and pulled back the covers. “We’ll just be in here till you’re ready for us to come out.” She slid under them and peeked back out at Chloe. “C’mon.” She ducked back down, giggling and Aubrey smiled as her heart swelled in her chest.

Chloe gave Aubrey one more considering glance and smiled, wide and breathtaking in its beauty. “I’ll be with her.” She slid out from between Aubrey and Stacie to follow Beca under the covers.

Stacie sat up and faced Aubrey, sitting cross legged, though she turned to look at the two giggling lumps that gradually became one as the giggles stopped and the sounds of kissing could be heard. “They… are… adorable.” She looked back at Aubrey. “Seriously, how can I love them even more just because they’re making out under their covers to give us privacy?”

Aubrey shook her head. “If you figure it out, please let me know.” She turned and mirrored Stacie so their knees touched. “Hi.”

“I love you.” Stacie said simply and Aubrey suddenly felt like crying at the pure love she felt emanating from her.

“Tu es le soleil dans mon ciel. Je t’aime.” She had to whisper it, afraid her voice would crack from
the emotions that had suddenly risen up inside her in the space between heartbeats.

“Hey,” Stacie took her hands and squeezed them. “I’m here. It’s okay.”

Aubrey cleared her throat, half embarrassed. “This isn’t the way things were supposed to go.”

“I do tend to throw a wrench in the grand Posen plans.” Stacie said lightly. “It’s my overwhelming charm. Just ask your mom.”

“While I don’t think that’s exactly what she’d say, you do have that in spades.” Aubrey drew a centering breath. “I got a bonus a few weeks ago for bringing that contract in without too much haggling from their agent.”

“That new hip hop guy… what was his name?”

Aubrey felt her lip curl. “Pimp-Lo.”

“Oh god, that’s right.” Stacie groaned. “Why hasn’t anyone talked him out of that?”

“I’ve no idea, but I feel for Beca because she’s the one who has to work with him.” Aubrey shook her head. “Honestly, I have no idea how that’s going to go.”

“I’ll make the popcorn,” Stacie said then squeezed Aubrey’s hands again. “But that’s awesome, babe. Congrats on the score and the bonus!”

“Thanks.” Aubrey ran her thumbs over the back of Stacie’s hands. “I decided to do something I never really do and splurge a little. I special ordered some jewelry.” She bit her lip. “For the three of you.”

“Just us?” Stacie looked down at the boxes sitting on the bed. “So you left today to go pick them up?”

“Yes. I was going to go into the office to do some paperwork, so when I told you I had to go to work I wasn’t a complete liar.” Aubrey shrugged, feeling sheepish. It was important to her that Stacie didn’t think Aubrey would ever start lying to her, and she felt this was skirting a line she’d drawn herself.

“Bree.” Stacie tugged her forward and whispered against her lips. “I know you’d never.” She leaned that last bit of distance and covered Aubrey’s mouth with hers, a warm and constant pressure that soothed muscles she hadn’t even realized had tensed. When she pulled back, she wiggled in place. “What did you get me?”

Aubrey laughed at the eager look on her face and picked up the largest of the three boxes. “For you, my love.” She watched as Stacie gently took it from her hand and opened the lid.

“Oh, Aubrey.” Stacie said, her finger stroking along the bright metal. “It’s gorgeous.” She gently lifted the bracelet out and let the small sun charm hang freely from it. “Is that…” Stacie lifted the charm on her fingertip.

“You, my sun.” Aubrey took the bracelet from her and slipped it around her right wrist. “I wanted you to have something with you that would… remind you of that. That you’re the center of my universe.” She thought the platinum looked perfect against skin tanned from all the time spent around the pool. “And that I love you more than anything else in my life.” Stacie finally looked up at her and Aubrey was shocked to see the trail of two tears tracking down her face.
“You’re my only.” Stacie said, her voice hoarse as she rose up on her knees, pulling Aubrey with her. “I love you with every molecule of my being and nothing will ever change that.” She wrapped her arms around Aubrey, pulling her in tight. “I fall more in love with you every day and thank whatever in the universe that wove our threads together.” She kissed Aubrey, instantly slipping her tongue inside and deepening it until Aubrey had to pull away to gasp for air.

Aubrey rested her forehead against Stacie’s. “I’m glad you like it.” She reached up and wiped away the tracks on her cheeks. “Once I thought of it, I knew I had to do it.”

“I love it, Bree.” Stacie kissed her again, softer this time. “I love you.” They traded lazy kisses until reluctantly Stacie pulled back. “I could sit here all day and do this with you, but do you want to give them theirs today or…” She looked back at the still moving lump under the covers that they’d both forgotten about.

“Aubrey let out a somewhat watery laugh. “I probably should, since they gave us privacy and all.”

“I think they forgot about us, honestly.” Stacie grinned. “Should I get them both or just send one out to you?”

“Chloe?” Aubrey said slowly. “How do you plan to…” She broke off when Stacie gave her one last deep kiss.

“I’ll go make out with Beca and send Chloe out.” Stacie turned and tapped the blanket over them, saying, “Knock knock.”

“Come on in, the waters fine.” Beca said after a minute and the audible sound of two tongues pulling away from each other.

“How about I trade you me, for Chloe?” Stacie said cheerfully. “Bree needs her.”

“Well, if Bree needs her…” Beca pushed the covers back and two pairs of blue eyes blinked at them. “I suppose that’s a fair trade.” She pushed Chloe’s hair away from her face and pulled her chin up from where she’d fastened her lips to Beca’s throat when she’d taken her mouth away. “Honey… wife swap!”

Aubrey could almost feel the eye roll Chloe must have given because Beca stuck her tongue out while Chloe slid out from under the covers. She watched affectionately as she pulled Stacie down into a kiss and then, with a pat on her ass, she sent her under the covers with Beca. Where the giggling resumed; it sounded like they were having a tickle fight underneath the covers and the thought made Aubrey grin.

“Seriously, it’s like they’re teenagers.” Chloe shook her head and settled down in front of Aubrey. “Hey.” She leaned forward and kissed Aubrey soundly on the lips. “Miss me?”

“Always.” Aubrey resumed her cross legged pose. “Did you hear any of that?” She looked back at the struggling lump which had suddenly gone still with an indrawn gasp and smiled again.

Chloe shook her head. “Nope, Beca’s really good at distracting people when she wants to be.”

“I’ll say,” Aubrey rolled her eyes before she explained the contract and the bonus. “So I ordered something for each of you as a…” She winced at how cliché it was. “As a token of my affection? That sounds queerballs.” Chloe grinned widely at her appropriation of Beca’s word; it was the same grin she got when Aubrey insulted her brothers by calling them dicklicks. “But I really wanted you to always have something that reminded you that I love you.”
“Aubrey.” Chloe put one hand over her heart and the other on Aubrey’s. “As long as these are beating, I will always have something that reminds me of that.” She slid her hand up to the back of Aubrey’s neck and pulled her forward even as she rocked up on her own knees. Their lips met in one of the softest kisses they had ever shared and Aubrey’s heart gave a painful double thump. In that one sentence, in this one kiss, Aubrey felt everything they had ever been to each other wash over her:

Suffering under Alice’s regime, almost like they were in a war for three years.

Sharing each other’s deepest secrets and fears in the middle of the night.

Chloe sticking by her through that last year when by all rights she should have left Captain Posen behind.

Aubrey could feel the love in that kiss, sense the depth of it and was shocked all over again at how it matched her own. Knew that it was mirrored in the two women in bed beside them.

‘How in the hell did I get so lucky?’

“Well,” Fighting back a new threat of tears, because Chloe’s words were extremely close to making Aubrey ugly cry, she picked up the box marked with a small ‘C’.” I definitely agree with that, but I got this anyway.”

Taking it, Chloe sat back and opened it with the same care that Stacie had. “Oh, Bree.” She picked up the necklace and let it hang from her fingers. The platinum star pendant caught the light as it twisted slowly in the air. “Will you put it on?” She held it out with fingers that trembled.

Aubrey took it and Chloe immediately spun around, moving her hair out of the way so Aubrey could drape it around her neck. It took several tries to get the clasp – her own fingers shook – but once it was secure, Chloe turned back around to face her. The chain was long enough that the pendant rested just below the hollow of her throat, looking like it had always been there.

“You’ve always been my guiding star, trying to keep me from losing my way.” Aubrey remembered the talk she’d had with Stacie as they tried to figure out this new dynamic between the four of them. “I know I’ve kind of talked about it, but I wanted you to have something tangible too.” She touched just beneath the pendant and let her hand drop to Chloe’s knee, just needing that extra bit of closeness.

Beca had given her the idea, with the pitch pipe for her birthday. Even though she said she hadn’t realized it at the time, it was entirely Beca’s way of saying that she loved Aubrey when she hadn’t found the words yet.

Chloe had literally stared Aubrey’s personal demon in the face and wrestled it to the ground to try and get through and save her from herself. Aubrey was better at explaining her emotions than she used to be, but this still felt too huge to encompass. She cherished Chloe’s fierce loyalty as much as she cherished her giant heart and this was the only way Aubrey knew how to express that right now.

“I love it.” Chloe covered it with her hand. “I will never take it off.” She twisted her lips. “Except maybe to shower.” Grinning, she quickly climbed onto Aubrey’s lap and straddled her. “Thank you, Bree. It’s gorgeous, just like you.”

Whatever answer Aubrey was going to give was lost as Chloe kissed her with every bit of passion that Aubrey knew rested in her heart. When they finally came up for air, all Aubrey could say was “You’re welcome.” But Chloe just smiled at her, fully aware of the things left unsaid: Thank you for
always being by my side; thank you for not giving up on me; thank you for kicking my ass when I needed it.

Thank you for loving me.

“I know, love.” Chloe kissed away her tears before they could even fall from her eyes. “No waterworks, you know Beca will panic and think she did something wrong.”

“You’re right.” Aubrey ran her hand through Chloe’s hair. “I love you.” She touched the star against Chloe’s chest.

“Love you too, Bree.” Chloe kissed her one last time. “I’ll get Beca.”

Aubrey watched as the process repeated itself and Beca scrambled out from under the covers, her face flushed. She pulled the covers up over Stacie and Chloe, patted their hips before sitting cross legged in front of Aubrey.

“So you got me a present?” Beca said without preamble.

“I did.” Aubrey picked up the box. “And as much as I would like to tease you about whether or not you deserve it…” She held it out. “This means too much to wait.” She was nervous; while she knew that Stacie and Chloe would understand what she was trying to say with these gifts, this level of relationship with Beca was new. It was no less precious and important, which is why Aubrey had gotten the gift, but she wanted to make sure Beca understood that. There was still room to make a mistake and Aubrey couldn’t stand the thought of hurting Beca ever again.

Beca picked up and opened the lid eagerly before she froze. “Aubrey?” She looked up, her eyes wide in shocked pleasure. “This is too much.”

“No it’s not.” Aubrey let her own happiness rise as Beca slowly lifted the ring from the box. The platinum band was etched with the different phases of the moon. It was another outcome from her talk with Stacie. “In college, you reminded me that I can change without losing who I am. Giving up control of the Bellas was not a failure – especially because I had already lost myself in Captain Posen. It took both you and Chloe to help me find my way back.”

The moon in the sky, despite its variations, was constant. Like Beca had been constant ever since they’d resolved their issues before the ICCAs. Constantly caring for Chloe and Stacie, or even Aubrey when she’d been in town to visit. Still always challenging Aubrey, yes, but in a way that made Aubrey better – re-examine her rules, be more and braver. After Worlds, Aubrey had made the fastest decision of her life without hesitation or regret. She’d agreed to move in with Stacie and across the country with Beca and Chloe. Beca’s presence in her life was comforting and safe, just like Stacie and Chloe. She needed this sometimes exasperating woman to keep her balanced and focused, or to laugh and let go.

Beca was tracing the platinum band with her fingertip. “I don’t even know what to say.” She looked up, her eyes soft. “I know you’ve said it before but to get a gift like this brings it home.”

“You don’t have to say anything, Beca.” Aubrey took the box and set it with the other empty ones. “You tell me every day what I mean to you. I just want you to have something from me, in return.” She needed Beca as much as the others and she needed Beca to know it. She took a breath. “You’re as precious to me as Chloe and as necessary as Stacie.”

Blinking back tears, Beca slid the ring onto her left thumb, which was where Aubrey had hoped she’d wear it. She’d stolen one of Beca’s other rings when she’d gone in to special order everything.
“Thank you, Aubrey.” She had to clear her throat as her voice cracked. She turned her hand, eyes following the ring. “This must have cost so much… too much.”

“I’m pretty sure all three of these gifts combined didn’t cost as much as my birthday present.” Aubrey raised one eyebrow as Beca looked at her sheepishly. “Right, so I got a bonus for finalizing the contract with your new artist and decided to spend it on my girls.”

Beca made a face. “Can we not talk about him? I’m not looking forward to that after the first of the year.” She suddenly tugged Aubrey into her lap. “I’d rather make out with you as a thank you for this amazing gift.”

Aubrey simply tangled her fingers in Beca’s hair and pulled her down, letting Beca take control of the kiss the second their lips touched. Knowing that Beca was deeply touched by the sentiment resting around her thumb and knowing she was better at showing her feelings than she was speaking them. Beca kissed her tenderly, both hands cupping Aubrey’s cheeks as she moved to place soft kisses all around her face before dropping back to her lips. The kiss deepened, growing more needful until Beca pulled back, leaving Aubrey trying to chase after her, not ready to stop yet.

“Let’s join them under the covers? I feel the need to celebrate.”

“Deal!” Aubrey said, sliding off Beca’s lap and up to the head of the bed. She slid down under the covers and found herself wrapped in Stacie’s arms as soon as the other two realized they were no longer alone. Beca slid in on the other side and pulled Chloe close.

“I, for one,” Beca began as they all tangled together in a pile. “Suggest that we all thoroughly thank Aubrey for her incredibly thoughtful – almost made me cry – gifts.” Beca pulled her lower lip through her teeth and Aubrey felt herself shiver in response. “For the rest of the night.”

“Seconded.” Stacie said immediately.

“Oh yeah.” Chloe purred as she slid against Stacie’s side. “Great idea, Becs.”

Aubrey closed her eyes as three pairs of hands reached for her and pulled her into the middle where she was covered in kisses and stroking fingers that didn’t stop until exhaustion claimed them all.

~S~

Saturday, September 23rd

A few weeks later Stacie opened the front door to a quiet house as she sorted her mail. It was the Saturday after Beca’s birthday and they planned to go out with Jessica and Ashley later that night. Stacie had gone into work to check on some tests she was running and had expected to find the other three ready to go to lunch.

“Hello?” Stacie frowned at the envelope in her hand and tore it open. “This has got to be bullshit,” she muttered to herself as she looked up. “Anyone home?”

She saw Beca’s hand rise from in front of the sofa and assumed that, for some reason, she was sitting on the floor with her laptop instead of on the couch. As Stacie stepped around the side, she saw Beca on the floor, laptop sitting on the coffee table, as expected. Beca had already refocused on her work
though she did give Stacie a distracted smile when she first came into view. She also saw why Beca was sitting on the floor.

Aubrey and Chloe were stretched out behind her, making out like a couple of horny teenagers.

Chloe was on her back, her shirt unbuttoned and Aubrey’s hand had pushed up under one of the cups of her bra and it looked like her fingers were busy kneading and rolling. Their legs were tangled as they moved against each other, completely oblivious to her arrival and Stacie didn’t know if she wanted to burst out laughing or rip off all her clothes.

‘Both.’ She decided as she toed off her shoes. She couldn’t help but chuckle as Aubrey leaned to the side and tilted Beca’s head back; Beca, for her part, immediately turned her head and upper body so Aubrey could kiss her before breaking off and latching onto Beca’s throat. Stacie could see several marks already darkening her neck in various places and wondered just how long they’d been at this.

Tossing the mail down on the table, Stacie slid her jeans off her hips, the soft thud bringing three pairs of eyes around to her where they fastened in various degrees of hunger. She paused and finally asked, “I know it’s noon thirsty and all, but what if Jessley had been the ones to walk in the door?”

Aubrey shrugged from her position on top of Chloe. “I knew they were working today.”

“But if they were off early, then Bree is just giving me a massage.” Chloe offered, running her hand down Aubrey’s side.

Beca turned and looked at them. “From the front? With her tongue? While lying on you?”

“I’m a really dedicated friend,” Aubrey answered sincerely and without hesitation. “I believe in doing a job right and meticulously.”

“I really do love that about you,” Chloe sighed happily as Aubrey’s hand still moved under her bra.

Stacie laughed and pulled her shirt over her head.

“What’s bullshit?” Beca asked suddenly.

Confused, Stacie looked up before she remembered her earlier comment. “Oh. The DMV sent Aubrey a speeding ticket.” Stacie stopped undressing when Aubrey looked up at her. “They said you were doing 55 in a 30 zone.”

“What?!” Outraged, she pulled her hand from under Chloe’s bra and held it out until Beca gave her the ticket lying on top of the rest of the mail. Stacie watched her skim it quickly then pause, her eyes going distant as she thought. “Oh.” She began to laugh. “Yeah we’re going to have to pay this.”

Stacie sat down on the table, wincing as the cool wood touched her skin. “You never speed, Aubrey. I refuse to believe you’re calm right now.”

“That was three weeks ago.” Aubrey said, her lips pursed.

“And?” Beca turned around, looking as confused as Stacie felt.

“That’s the day that Chloe called me while you guys were in the shower.” Aubrey said as she lay down between Chloe and the back of the couch. “I blew past one of those speed vans and didn’t realize it until after it took the picture.” She handed the ticket back to Beca who read through it.

“That’s why you got home so fast!” Chloe started to laugh. “I’d honestly decided you just teleported
yourself home.”

Stacie grinned. “Then Beca has to pay for half of it.”

Beca looked at her as she set the ticket down on the table. “Will you accept service in trade?”

“Yes.” Aubrey said immediately and only batted her eyes in a close imitation of Chloe when Stacie looked at her.

“Oh – wait.” Beca turned until she was on her knees facing the couch. “You said it took a picture? Were you in your car? Are we going to have a cop show up at the door because you accidentally got into a Fiat one day?”

Aubrey groaned and buried her face in Beca’s shoulder. “I will murder you, you know this.”

“You can’t live without me.” Beca sang at her.

Stacie carefully bit back her laugh. Ever since that day, any time they were out and about, Beca would point out every single Fiat and say, “Look Aubrey, it’s your car” and cackle like she’d just said the funniest thing in the world.

“Guys?” They all looked up at her. “As the bruise on Chloe’s ass two weeks ago will prove, these couches aren’t big enough for all four of us. Before I get completely naked, what say we pile upstairs into our tiny king sized bed and continue this discussion somewhere more comfortable?” She immediately contradicted herself by taking off her bra and dropping it with the rest of her clothes.

Stacie turned and walked toward the stairs, a lot more sway in her hips than necessary and stopped at the bottom step. She put her hands on her hips and slid her underwear down, bending all the way over as she removed one leg and then the other, feeling three pairs of eyes watching her.

She turned and tossed her underwear at the pile, completely unsurprised that it landed neatly on her bra. “Nowish?”

Aubrey tried to push herself off the couch but ran into Beca, both of them falling to the floor in a tangle of limbs and curses. Chloe, somehow, avoided them both and was heading for the stairs, already stripping.

“You, Conrad, are terrible. You know what that does to them.”

Taking a step backward up the stairs, Stacie grinned. “Yeah, but it’s so much fun when they make me pay for it.” She turned and ran up the stairs, hearing Chloe follow her and, further back, two more pairs of feet began to give chase.

End Notes

I live for feedback and I try to reply to all comments, though sometimes it takes a while. If you don’t want a reply, for any reason (sometimes I feel shy when I’m reading and not up to starting a conversation, for example), feel free to sign your comment with “whisper” and I will appreciate it but not respond! Unless I’m giddy at getting comments and forget - but please do not feel you have to continue!
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