three's a party (and it's ours)

by Anonymous

Summary

Josie was the one Clarke had a lot of her firsts with.

Josie was the one to introduce her to sex toys, and power dynamics, and kinks.

Which is why it wasn’t out of character when, after announcing she was moving for a job, she introduced Clarke to Bellamy, the guy she’s been fucking for the better half of a year. Nothing serious, Josie had insisted, and certainly not exclusive, but they’d had a lot of fun together, and Josie had a feeling he’d suit Clarke’s needs perfectly.

Two years later, she’s proven herself to be quite right in that regard.

What also started as just sex — in which Bellamy filled a role Clarke hadn’t even known she’d craved — has become a proper relationship, shared apartment, rescue cat and all.

It’s just, their definition of a proper relationship also includes showing the person who introduced them some serious gratitude whenever she’s in town.

Notes

merry christmas, mary!

hope you enjoy the 200x i say josie and clarke to differentiate the "her" i'm referring to
“Josie’s in town.”

Clarke’s hand pauses where it was trailing along Bellamy’s forearm absently, though she’s quick to continue the path up the run of his veins. He’s always been far too good at eliciting a desired reaction from her with barely a few words, and this time is no different; just three, and Clarke already feels a swelling of heat warming her core, flickering at her skin — though she’s careful not to let that be reflected outwardly, to the likely careful eye he’s keeping on her.

Two years with him has taught Clarke that if Bellamy’s bringing up Josie like this, there’s a reason, and that’s no doubt to get the sort of reaction from her that he can not only tease her with, but use against her.

When she doesn’t respond right away, he chuckles, his face pressing in to nuzzle at her neck. She’s sitting in the cradle of his legs on their bed, her back to his chest, which at least means she doesn’t have to worry about him catching her immediate expression, her excitement likely clear in her eyes.

“Is that so?” She asks, after the drawn beat it takes to ensure her voice stays even.

His teeth graze against her skin and a shiver runs down her spine. “I thought you’d be more enthusiastic.”

Clarke breathes out a laugh, quick satisfaction that he’s buying her cool response, but it quickly turns into a gasp when his mouth latches onto her properly, and he sucks, hard. With two whole weeks off work over the Christmas break, she knows Bellamy won’t be shy in marking her.

“I’m sure you did,” she says, meeting his teasing with her own, wiggling her ass and feeling the stirring of his cock against it.

Hands moving to her hips, he stops her movements. “Well?” He asks, voice dropped low, that perfect roughness that always makes heat pool at her cunt and desire quicken the thrum of her heart.

Clarke bites back a smile. “Invite her over.”

He runs his palms down her legs, to her knees, spreading her thighs open for him. “Oh, princess,” he chuckles, an amused, patronising edge to his voice. “You think I can’t tell you’re turned on?”

The accusation comes as his hands shift back, this time running up her inner thighs. Even in her sweats, the weight of them has anticipation swelling. “That just the thought of Josie has your pretty cunt wet and wanting to be fucked?”

His hand slips beneath the waistband of both her sweats and her panties, a finger parting the lips of her pussy to find her soaked, just like he knew she’d be. Relief surges with a pulse of pleasure as he begins teasing her, giving her clit some attention; having seen through her act so easily, she wouldn’t have been surprised if he toyed with her instead of indulging her.

“Thank you,” she says.

“Thank you, what?”

The rebuke is gentle, but Clarke’s quick to appease him anyhow. “Thank you, Daddy,” she corrects, letting her eyes flutter shut as she gives in to the early build of pleasure, the perfect knowledge that he’s going to take care of her.
The thought has barely crossed her mind before it’s proven presumptuous, as Bellamy bites at her shoulder and his hand slides free from her cunt. Clarke whines, eyes flying open in confusion, only to find him watching her with barely contained amusement.

“A bit ahead of yourself, princess,” he says, and her heart stutters in her chest, because she knows this look in his gaze too well, what it means for her. “I don’t think it would be very fair of you to get off thinking about Josie, when she’s not even here.”

“But I’m thinking about you as well, Daddy,” Clarke tries, softening her face to the sweet innocence that occasionally works on him, when he’s in the mood to be persuaded.

Unfortunately, tonight, he isn’t.

“Pouting won’t work, baby, I’ve already made up my mind,” he says, hands shifting back to her hips, prompting her to move out of the cradle of his legs. When she does, his hands go to his own pyjama pants, tugging them and his briefs down and off, his cock springing up, half hard already. “But how about this? You can ride Daddy for as long as your want tonight, on the condition that you don’t come.”

It’s a challenge he’s trying to brand as a consolation prize — giving her control of not only his pleasure, but her own, the only thing stopping her from fucking herself on him until she sees stars the threat of punishment from disobeying him, the knowledge that she would be disappointing him — and despite Clarke’s own disappointment, her desire to please, to be praised for her efforts, accepts it.

Ironically, gets off on it.

Pulling her sweats and panties down and off, Clarke climbs back onto Bellamy’s lap, taking his cock in her hand to stroke him the rest of the way up for her cunt.

She can’t wait to see Josie in person, to tell her just how good she was for Bellamy, despite how turned on the thought of her friend made her.

“Yes, Daddy.”

+  

Josie knew Bellamy first, but Clarke knew Josie first.

They grew up three doors down from each other, a year apart, their parents both affluent members of the community, which naturally meant they were friends before either of them could decide otherwise. As the older of the pair, Josie was quick to establish an authority that Clarke was happy to follow, a dynamic that continued even when they became teenagers. At fifteen, that meant Clarke was eager to learn how to kiss from Josie — already experienced in such matters — and a few years later, when she came back for Christmas break after her first term at college, sex, too — a tradition that continued over every break they managed to see each other.

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Clarke’s fucking around on her laptop on the couch, waiting to do just that, when a knock sounds on the door. Body already pulled tight with heated tension from Bellamy’s form of torture last night, her heart quickens immediately.

“Get the door, princess,” he says, low and commanding, and before Clarke even opens it, she knows what she’ll be greeted with.

Because Josie can slip into their dynamic in one of two ways, either joining Clarke as a brat Bellamy has to wrangle, or working alongside him to play with her. But Clarke knows that if she was joining her, Bellamy would be waiting until they were both in his presence to issue his first order.

Beginning without her means Josie will be helping Bellamy gang up on Clarke.

She’s leaning against the door frame when Clarke opens it, that ever-present flirtatious smile tugging at her pink lips, eyes sparked with a mischief Clarke’s intimately familiar with, and she leans in before either of them has a chance to say a word. Kisses Clarke like she always does, all tongue and bite and unadulterated enjoyment.

“Hey, sweetheart,” she says when she leans back, voice deceptively sweet, in a way Clarke knows has fooled many people of her character in the past.

“Hey, Josie,” Clarke says, already breathy, which doesn’t bode particularly well for her.

Or, actually, bodes incredibly well for her.

Lifting a hand, Josie tucks a strand of hair behind Clarke’s ear gently, before trailing her thumb over her cheek, to the curve of her lips. “Oh, sweetheart,” she says. “You look positively ready to be fucked.” Grin sharpening, she slips her hand into Clarke’s. “Let’s go see Daddy.”

He’s moved to lean against the back of the couch when they reach the living room, relaxed but still with an undeniable air of authority, and he smiles when he sees them both, gaze dropping to their joint hands.

“Hey, Josie,” Bellamy says.

“Bellamy,” Josie responds, that flirty smile back again, and she tugs Clarke along with her until they’re both standing right in front of him, careful to give Clarke the perfect view when she leans in to kiss him.

A surge of warmth runs through Clarke at the sight, pooling directly at her cunt. She loves watching them, Bellamy big and broad, golden-skinned and dark-haired, and Josie the opposite, just like Clarke, smaller, fair — such a pretty picture together. The kiss doesn’t last long, sharp and quick, just a little teaser, but Clarke takes it in hungrily, knowing the image will be the perfect helping hand when she’s alone and wants to get off.

Her intentions must be reflected plainly in her expression, because Josie laughs the moment she
looks back to Clarke.

“I think we’re going to have some fun today, Bellamy,” she says conspiratorially, and when Bellamy’s smile sharpens into something wicked, Clarke’s pussy throbs.

“She didn’t get to come last night.”

Josie tuts, shooting Bellamy a look Clarke’s sure is meant to convey less amusement than it does. “So mean.”

His gaze moves back to Clarke, the flicker of pride there remnant of last night, of how well she followed his rules. “To the bedroom, princess,” he says, building off that same desire of hers to please.

Clarke nods, doing as instructed with an obedience he’s taught her, feeling the pair follow closely behind her.

“Strip, sweetheart,” Josie says once they reach the bedroom, her voice soft and seductive, an enticing quality that works so well to spark a need for her praise, for her validation.

That need runs into the heady enjoyment Clarke already gets in undressing for people, and she slips off her top eagerly, feeling the paired weight of Bellamy and Josie’s gaze sharpen the thrum of pulsing warmth at her cunt. Next are her pants, and then her bra, and lastly her panties, leaving her completely bare for them, as they drink her in greedily.

Josie’s quick to step up to her, lifting a hand to run her finger down Clarke’s neck, to her chest, to the swell of her breasts. “I always forget just how fantastic your tits are,” she murmurs, circling her finger around one nipple, and then the other, each stiffening under her touch. Clarke flushes with the teasing sensation, under the intoxicating warmth of praise. “I bet Bellamy has all sorts of fun fucking them.”

“I do,” he agrees, watching them closely, hungrily, but with no intention of moving closer, into the electric pocket of space Josie’s created for them. It’s something he’s always been so good at, commanding attention without inserting himself physically. “But today, I have something else in mind,” he continues, and if Clarke weren’t already aware of how this fun of theirs works, she’d believe this was all coming to his mind as he speaks. But she knows he and Josie would’ve already spoken, agreed on what they wanted today, to make everything run smoothly once Clarke got involved, which means Josie’s completely on board when he commands, “On your knees, baby.”

Catching Bellamy’s darkened gaze, she does as he orders, dropping to her knees and watching as he finally steps towards her and Josie, undoing his pants only enough to pull out his cock, half hard already.

“No touching,” he instructs, moving directly in front of her. “Only your mouth.”

Keeping her hands by her side, Clarke leans in to run her tongue up the length of Bellamy’s cock, before closing her lips over the head. Gentle sucks and the teasing swirl of her tongue have him hardening the rest of the way, before she’s able to work him properly, sliding her mouth up and down his cock, keeping her eyes locked on the intensity of his darkened, steady gaze, the growing strain in them holding her attention until Josie moves back into her line of vision, and, very purposefully, brings her dress up and off.

Follows that with her bra and panties.

She’s always been slim, soft curves and small tits Clarke would love to play with, and when she
offers a knowing smile, Clarke whines with want.

“Don’t stop, sweetheart,” Josie says, coming up close to Bellamy and leaning in to bite at his jaw. “Does he taste good?”

Clarke nods as best as she’s able while keeping the quickening pace of her rhythm, pussy pooling with hot desire as she watches Josie’s hands run up Bellamy’s body. Tug his top off to reveal his broad chest and soft belly. Both of them keeping a close enough eye on Clarke that she knows it’s a test of restraint — not to pause her work on his cock to instead indulge herself in this little show of theirs, not to attempt to join in. Not even to try to get her hands on them.

A test she apparently passes, because, after a shared look between Bellamy and Josie, his slight nod, Josie comes to kneel beside Clarke.

“Spread your knees for me,” she says, her hand immediately moving to trail up her inner thigh when Clarke does, reaching her pussy in barely a second.

Because Josie’s form of teasing isn’t necessarily to play slow and building, drawing things out until her victim is writhing and panting and begging. Instead, it comes with a sharp perceptiveness she uses to work out the exact best way to torture in any given situation, finding endless amusement in the fact, a slight edge of cruelty smoothed out by her sweet voice and coy smile.

And for Clarke, right now, that means no fucking around.

Two fingers find her clit immediately, a jolt of sharp pleasure running through her.

She whines around Bellamy’s cock, and he and Josie both laugh.

“Remember my rule, princess,” he says, and Clarke has to close her eyes to grasp at the wavering threads of her focus as pleasure builds, because despite Josie being here now, it appears last night’s rule is still in play, and she’s still not allowed to come yet.

She nods again, opening her eyes directly to Bellamy’s as Josie continues to play with her cunt, sliding two fingers in to begin fucking her. It’s not the same feeling as Bellamy’s, her fingers slimmer, shorter, but she works Clarke with the same relentlessness Bellamy will when he’s building her up to a quick and hard orgasm, letting the heel of her palm rub against Clarke’s clit, her free hand play with Clarke’s tits — a combination that works her to the edge in barely a minute, and Clarke feels tears brim at her eyes with the effort to resist the swelling of pleasure at her core, the coaxing promise of release.

“Daddy’s so mean not letting you come, isn’t he?” Josie murmurs when she notices, and Bellamy chuckles in response, familiar with Josie’s antics; even when she’s in charge, her streak of brattiness has its moments. “But you’re going to do as he says, because you’re such a good girl, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

Clarke nods again, gaze locked on Bellamy’s as she continues to take his cock in her mouth with the attentiveness he demands, the pride in his eyes soothing her disappointment.

“Here,” Josie continues, easing her fingers from Clarke’s cunt just as the tension feels like it could break her. “I’ll make it a bit easier for you.”

She feels Josie’s fingers trail from her pussy, around her hips and to her ass, before, slow and teasing, they slide between her cheeks to press right at her asshole. It’s a long moment of pressure that has Clarke’s heart quickening within her chest, her hopes as to what she’ll be treated with today quickly recalibrating, before Josie slides a single finger in, just to the first knuckle, eased by
the slick arousal from Clarke’s cunt.

The sensation has Clarke’s back arching without thought, her ass wriggling with her surging desire to have Josie start teasing it properly. She doesn’t, but with the weighted look Bellamy shares with her, Clarke suspects it’s under his orders.

Because he has something better planned for her.

“Hop off, princess,” he says a moment later, and with a swelling of hope, Clarke does as told, sliding off Bellamy’s cock with a wet pop just as Josie slips her finger free from her ass. He offers each of them a hand, helping his girls up and pulling Josie directly into a quick kiss, then Clarke.

“Your mouth,” he says, a rough fondness she loves. “Now, on the bed, baby. All fours.”

She moves onto the bed eagerly, hands and knees as he’s ordered, looks back over her shoulder to watch as Bellamy tugs his pants and briefs the rest of the way off, leaving him as bare as she and Josie are, his cock thick and proud. The perfect hardness of which greets the curve of Clarke’s ass when his fingers curl around her hips and he tugs her back to him, so she’s right at the edge of the bed. Then, their eyes are both on Josie, as she joins Clarke to settle on the bed, but further up, head on the pillow and legs falling open just where Clarke’s hands are settled.

Both of them positioning themselves to give Clarke a very pretty picture of what’s likely to happen.

One that Bellamy only adds to by squeezing her ass, his fingers running down between cheeks.

“Princess,” he says roughly, and Clarke looks at him over her shoulder again, that wicked glint in his eyes making her core thrum with excitement, her cunt clench greedily. “Can Daddy fuck this pretty ass of yours?”

A thrilling wave of warmth rushes through her, anticipation and arousal running into each other to form a surge of need. Anal is always something they have fun with, whether it’s Bellamy fucking her or Clarke fucking him, but one of the few things Josie’s never joined them for. Clarke can’t wait to see how a third will change the dynamic.

Wiggling her ass, she gives him a coy smile. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Thank you, baby,” he says, eyes flashing with dark promise. “But we don’t want Josie to feel left out, do we?”

Clarke looks back to Josie, the exaggerated pout on her soft, pink lips, and shakes her head. “No, Daddy.”

“So considerate, sweetheart.”

“Yes, Daddy’s taught her the importance of that, hasn’t he?” Bellamy asks, squeezing Clarke’s ass again when she nods. “So, princess, while I fuck your ass, you’re going to eat Josie’s sweet pussy, okay?”

“Okay.”

“And to make sure you’re focussed on making her come, and not Daddy fucking you, I’m going to give you a proper incentive: if I come before you make Josie come, you don’t get to at all today.”

A shiver runs up Clarke’s spine as she sucks in a breath, eyes shifting back to Bellamy. He’s amused, but serious too, and Clarke knows it’s a threat he’ll go through with. Which, after already being teased relentlessly last night, and again just now, is a level of torture she can’t allow.
So she’ll have to be quick with Josie, because despite Bellamy’s control, Clarke knows she worked him close from her mouth.

Eager to get started, Clarke drops to her elbows, her hands moving to spread Josie’s thighs, position herself perfectly to get her mouth on Josie’s cunt, but a sharp slap to her ass stops her before she can lean in.

“Cheating, princess,” Bellamy says, a rough reprimand. “And if you try to get a head start, you’ll be getting ten more.”

Clarke looks at him over her shoulder, bites at her bottom lip. He knows how much she loves getting spanked. “Is that a threat or a promise?”

Josie laughs. “I adore you, sweetheart.”

Bellamy shakes his head. “Brats. The both of you.” Squeezing her ass again, he steps back. “I need to get you nice and ready for me, anyhow. You two can keep yourself entertained. But princess? Your mouth is not touching Josie’s pussy until I say so.”

Josie’s on her before Clarke can give Bellamy her assurance, tugging her up so they’re both up on their knees, mouth catching Clarke’s immediately. Hot sweeps of her tongue cloud Clarke’s mind with a haze of hunger, only fuelling the tension stretched tight all through her body, the heat flickering at her skin sparked by the greediness of their touch. Josie’s hands are full of Clarke’s curves, while Clarke’s thread through Josie’s hair. Whines and moans pass between their lips as their kisses turn deep and hungry. Josie’s thigh shifts between Clarke’s, and even though it’ll only fan the flames of her need, Clarke can’t help but grind against it to relieve some of the pressure at her cunt.

One that only grows when she feels the warm presence of Bellamy finding his place behind her again. She vaguely hears the click of a bottle past the building frenzy, and a moment later his fingers are back at her ass. One slides in without warning, further than Josie had managed, eased by the lube Bellamy’s always so generous with.

Clarke shudders, a rush of hot anticipation.

Like a lot of her new favourite things, having her ass played with wasn’t something Clarke knew she was into until Bellamy. Her immediate response when he first approached it was refusal, the act too taboo even with her familiarity with kinks and everything else Josie had introduced her to. But Clarke’s curiosity has always gotten the best of her, and it was only a few weeks later that she brought it up again.

Bellamy eased her into it the same way he did with every new aspect of a relationship dynamic he was far more experienced with, and Clarke quickly discovered it was something she loved.

Now, barely a few weeks go by without her asking her Daddy to fuck her ass.

He works her up to just that in a familiar way, easing her into it with one finger before adding a second, then a third. Everything slow and slick with lube as he stretches her nicely for his cock, making Clarke gasp into Josie’s mouth, whine as each pinch of pain shifts quickly to pleasure, until finally he pulls his fingers free, his hand pressing against her back to prompt her back to her elbows.

In perfect synchronisation, Josie pulls back from their heated kiss, lips worked red and puffy, gaze hooded with hungry expectation as she resettles into her earlier position on the bed, letting her legs
fall open to create the perfect cradle of space for Clarke.

Arching her back, Clarke keeps her ass up high for Bellamy, while leaning down to give her mouth to Josie.

“Wait for Daddy,” Bellamy reminds, and Clarke looks back at him over her shoulder, his gaze blown with desire, body tight with restraint.

She bites back an eager smile, wiggles her ass and watches as his expression flashes darkly. “Well, hurry up then, Daddy.”

Another slap lands on the curve of her ass without warning, heat prickling her skin. “Lip,” he says, and though he’s trying for warning, Clarke can see the amusement in his gaze. He loves her brattiness, if only for the opportunity to punish her. “You’re just lucky I won’t let Josie suffer the consequences of your impatience.”

And, fuck, she sure is, because he lines himself up a moment later, begins pressing the head of his cock into her ass.

Clarke’s breath hitches, her head falling back forward to lock her gaze onto Josie’s darkened one, as Bellamy slides into her, slow and gentle, as Clarke relaxes into the perfect intrusion, and it’s only once he’s pressed completely in that she leans in again, closes that last inch to Josie’s cunt to begin this race of Bellamy’s, to be rewarded her much-needed release.

Josie’s was the first pussy Clarke ever tasted, and she always feels a wicked sort of giddiness in these situations, years having passed, each of them growing up to be semi-legitimate adults, but this brand of fun they shared remaining.

Hands wrapped around Josie’s thighs, Clarke sweeps her tongue up the pink slit of Josie’s cunt, before lapping at the sweetness of her arousal. She wishes there was time to tease and indulge, but she’s sure there’ll be a chance for that later. For now, she needs to build Josie up quick, which means flicks of her tongue over Josie’s swollen clit, to which she’s rewarded by soft, needy whines, fingers threading through her hair to keep her close.

Not that Josie has to, as Bellamy’s thrusts shift from slow and gentle to harder, deeper, once he’s worked himself into a smooth rhythm, pushing Clarke into Josie’s cunt with each stroke, the perfect fullness of him sparking a swelling of burning pleasure at her core. Still, Clarke takes the prompt of Josie’s general need for more, adds two fingers, sliding them into the perfect warmth of her pussy and curling them to make Josie whimper. She’s always been quick to fall apart, and as Clarke begins working her fingers, sharp and relentless, now’s no different, driving Josie to pants and moans in barely a few minutes, with the focussed attention to that sweet spot in her cunt, the tease of her tongue at her clit.

She’s close, pussy beginning to flutter around Clarke’s fingers, body pulling tight with little trembles, but as Clarke feels Bellamy speed up, his hips stuttering against her ass cheeks, Clarke knows he is too.

Lips closing in on her, Clarke sucks at Josie’s clit hard and sharp, the way she knows always makes Josie fall apart, and it’s with a flood of relief and surging desire, that Clarke breaks her.

Josie comes gorgeously, with a broken moan and tightening fingers in Clarke’s hair, thighs shaking either side of her head, cunt clenching down hard and perfect as a rush of arousal meets Clarke’s fingers, and Clarke works her through it, continuing to fuck her on them until Josie’s slumped back onto the bed, eyes closed and breathing hard, skin flushed the most pretty pink.
Bellamy’s hand smoothes down her back. “So good, princess,” he says, voice rough with praise, but tight with his own build, and Clarke looks back at him over her shoulder, can’t help her little, pleased grin at the perfect combination of need and pride creasing his expression.

“Thank you, Daddy,” she says, and now that she’s in no hurry, Clarke dips her head back down to indulge in the pool of sweetness at Josie’s cunt, while helping Bellamy along by pushing back against his cock.

Her hips meet his with each thrust as she finally allows herself to appreciate the heady fullness of him in her ass, her own need pulled so hot and tight through her body each stroke coaxes her dangerously close to a release she’s never found with anal alone before — one she’s technically still not allowed to give into — working him closer and closer until his fingers dig into her ass cheeks and he goes still behind her, a deep grunt of pleasure as hot ropes of come fill up her ass.

Shuddering with the intoxicating sensation, Clarke finally has to pull back from Josie’s cunt, her mouth and chin slick with arousal, shifting forward to rest her cheek on Josie’s stomach instead. Her fingers run through Clarke’s hair, while Bellamy’s smooth over her hips as he pulls out of her, easing her into a more comfortable position on her side before moving down to join them, so they’re all slumped together on the bed, in a tangle of limbs and love.

“So good for Daddy,” Bellamy murmurs, voice rough with release, his hand running over Clarke’s back.

“So good for Josie,” Josie adds, voice sweet and breathy, fucked out from Clarke’s efforts, and Clarke feels as the warmth of their praise sinks into her skin, their adoring presence all around — she and Bellamy facing each other, but Clarke still in the cradle of Josie’s legs — Bellamy’s come dripping out of her ass, onto the bedding, the obscenity of it thrilling.

She hasn’t even come yet, her whole body still alight with the overwhelming need to, but still she feels the warm ache that stretches so perfectly throughout her, even without release.

Still, thankfully, she did earn that reward, and Bellamy’s never been cruel enough to go back on his promises.

“What do you feel like, princess?” He asks after a minute or so, threading his fingers through her hair, joining where Josie’s are still playing, tightening to a pinch of pain he knows she gets off on.

This, Clarke’s already decided, the fantasy coming to her quickly after Bellamy told her Josie was in town. Biting back an excited smile, she looks between the two of them. “I want Josie to fuck me,” she says. “And I want Daddy to take care of the rest of me.”

Bellamy’s eyes flick up to Josie, a weighted look shared. “I think we can arrange that,” he says, propping himself back up. “But let Daddy clean you up a bit first, okay?”

Clarke smiles, nods.

He’s so good to her.

He goes to the bathroom while Clarke and Josie stay wrapped up together, coming back a minute later with a damp washcloth in hand and sitting back on the edge of the bed. With a gentleness that speaks to his devotion, Bellamy runs the washcloth between her thighs and over her cunt, before moving to her backside, between her asscheeks and, carefully, to her asshole, cleaning up his come. When he’s done, he throws the cloth into their laundry basket, before moving back to the bed.

“Ready, princess?” At her eager nod, he chuckles roughly, a mix of fondness and desire. “Arms
Clarke does as she asks, shifting to her back and lifting her arms up for him. He’s got his hands on her a moment later, pulling her up and off Josie with an ease that thrills her, placing her at the top of the bed instead. Next, he’s got Josie, helping her up onto her feet, leaning in to murmur something into her ear that makes her laugh, both of them looking back to Clarke a moment later, but offering no explanation.

“No touching yourself, princess,” is all Bellamy says, going back to the bathroom as Josie picks up her bag of goodies just by the door, always prepared.

“And Daddy will know if you do,” she reminds, though the mischief in her gaze almost looks like encouragement for disobedience.

Which could be some fun, but at the moment, Clarke’s too needy to risk a drawn out punishment. Heat is stretched hungrily through her body, aching to be tended to, and the flames of her desire only grow once Bellamy returns from cleaning himself up, moves to where Josie’s standing in full view, completely bare, a harness and dildo in hand.

Without a word, he’s helping her into it, big hands on Josie’s small body, steadying her as she steps into the strap-on, tugs it up to her hips. He’s the one to tighten the straps, until it’s sitting snug against the, the dildo secure in the o-ring, black and curved at the top, probably as long as Bellamy, though not quite as thick.

Bellamy reaches for it, turning it so the dildo curve is pointing downwards, and a shiver runs down Clarke’s spine in understanding. Josie will be fucking her from behind, which means Bellamy will be stretched out alongside her — both surrounding her, working together to give her her reward.

He’s meeting Clarke in bed a moment later, after a quick, sharp kiss to Josie, huge hands warming her already flushed skin as he rolls her onto her side. “Done so well for Daddy, baby,” he says, thumb smoothing over the curve of her cheek, the warmth of pride softening the dark desire still clear in his gaze. “Now you get to let everything go, okay? Come as soon as you want.”

Clarke bites back a smile Bellamy’s teeth tug at immediately, coaxing her into a kiss that’s hot and deep, fanning the flames of need curled hot at her cunt, running all throughout her, as Josie joins them in bed. On the other side of Clarke, lap against her ass, their legs tangling together, Josie tugs at Clarke’s neck, pulling her away from Bellamy to steal her own kiss, lips softer but just as hungry. The hand on her neck trails down Clarke’s curves, a gentle, teasing touch, before wrapping around Clarke’s top thigh, drawing it up and back over Josie’s own, to open Clarke up for her, so the dildo’s pressed right at her cunt, slicked up with lube.

Not that Clarke feels like she needs it, absolutely drenched at this point, but she always appreciates Josie’s considerateness, in whatever form she chooses to show it.

Pulling back, Josie grins wickedly. “Ready to be fucked, sweetheart?” She asks.

Clarke’s heart hammers in her chest. Her eyes flick to Bellamy’s hooded gaze before she nods. “Yes,” she says, that sinful flicker catching in Josie’s eyes.

Drawing herself back to get the right angle, Josie’s hand leaves Clarke’s thigh, and Clarke watches as she wraps it around the base of the dildo instead, sucking in a sharp breath at the unexpected feeling of Bellamy’s hand joining in, parting the lips of Clarke’s pussy for Josie to position the head of the dildo right at the opening of her cunt.
And then she’s pressing in, a slow, perfect stretch that feeds the ache of tension at Clarke’s core, her eyes falling shut when Bellamy presses her back onto the bed — so her bottom half’s on its side, her shoulders flat down — and claims her mouth with his own, his fingers shifting just slightly to begin playing with her clit.

Her mind clouds immediately, the heady combination of having already been so wound up, and now being surrounded like this — her Daddy and her oldest friend focused solely on Clarke and her needs, the permission to surrender to their touch and let them take care of her.

Pleasure builds quickly with sharp pulses at her clit, the swelling, intoxicating tension as Josie finds the perfect angle to make Clarke cry out. Bellamy’s mouth trails from her lips, down her jaw and neck, joining the hand Josie runs over Clarke’s tits to take her nipples into his mouth, working them up one at a time with the flick of his tongue, the graze of his teeth. He continues further down her body, a sacrifice in closeness made up for by the feel of his mouth, kissing and licking at the soft swell of her stomach, trailing down until it’s hovering right over her cunt, thighs parted to expose it to his hungry eyes.

Fingers parting her folds, Bellamy’s darkened gaze catches Clarke’s, and she watches with burning anticipation as he blows over her bare pussy, lingering for a drawn beat, and then another, before finally pressing in close.

She’s coming as soon as his lips close over her clit, that first, sharp suck into his mouth the final push over an edge she’s been drawn to and from too many times in the past day to resist any longer. Hot, white pleasure spreads from her cunt, stretching headily throughout her body, making her back arch and every part of her shake, and Clarke cries out as she’s worked through it, Josie speeding up her thrusts, continuing to hit that sweet spot inside of her again and again, Bellamy’s mouth relentless as her laps at her, sucks at her, hand shifting up her body to keep playing with her tits.

It’s a wave of pleasure that doesn’t have a chance to ease, that works as a base for another quick build, and Clarke feels her mind begin to unravel in barely another minute, one hand reaching for Josie’s on her hip, the other curling tight into Bellamy’s hair — anchors as she chases the promise of more euphoric release with the frantic rock of her hips, the firmness in which she’s keeping Bellamy just where she needs.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she hears herself whine as the tension curling at her core has everything inside of her pulling tight again, tears prickling at her eyes, breath catching in her throat, before it snaps in another rush of swelling pleasure.

It works through her with a bliss that’s intoxicating, overwhelming, driven by Bellamy and Josie, but earned by Clarke, by her obedience to her Daddy and her commitment to her friend. A perfect combination that has her whole body trembling with release, what feels like a sob breaking through a moan as tears slide down her cheeks. Her pussy clenching down on Josie’s dildo, her back arching and her toes and fingers curling. Mind nothing but a cloud of exhausted satiation as she rides the wondrous high, letting Josie and Bellamy carry her through it, their muted voices running into each other’s with a warmth indicative of love and praise, until Josie’s finally breaks through the haze of pleasure properly.

“I think we broke her,” she’s saying softly, and Clarke’s eyes flutter open slowly, dazedly.

She’s not sure exactly how much time has passed, but Bellamy’s now holding her in his arms and lap, her cheek resting on his chest, their legs half tangled, Josie right beside them, close enough Clarke can feel she’s taken off the strap-on. Her mouth trails over Clarke’s collarbone and shoulders, whilst Bellamy’s lips press to the back of her head, hands running steadily up and down
her arms, just like he knows she needs when she’s coming down.

“‘M fine,” she murmurs, but her voice isn’t quite back to normal yet, still slurred and breathy.

Josie laughs, leaning in to kiss Clarke briefly on the mouth, soft and sweet. Her lips are worked when she pulls back, so Clarke figures she and Bellamy were making out a bit while she was lost in her haze. She wishes they’d have waited for her, if only to watch the show.

“How’re you feeling, princess?” Bellamy asks, the rumble of his voice reverberating in her chest.

She looks up at him, smiles at the absolute adoration in his gaze. Her entire body is warm with the perfect satisfaction of release, the thrum of pleasure still a gentle presence. “So good, Daddy,” she says, nuzzling into his neck, the man who always takes such good care of her. “You always make me feel so good.”

“What about me?”

Bellamy barks a laugh. “Brat.”

Looking back to Josie, Clarke can’t help but laugh too, leaning in to kiss her again. She could never get tired of kissing either of them. “Always, Josie.”

Clarke leans back against Bellamy’s chest, and Bellamy tugs Josie in with an arm around her shoulder, and they all settle back in together, the three of them coming down from what Clarke’s guessing is only the beginning of their fun — not only today, but for the time Josie’s in town. Quiet words are exchanged, laughs and quick kisses as they catch up on their lives, on their plans over the Christmas break and New Year, but inevitably conversation shifts back to this little arrangement of theirs.

“I’ve started seeing this guy,” Josie announces, and Clarke and Bellamy exchange a quick look before focusing back on her. “Gabriel. He’s into the same type of shit that I am, so we have our fun together.” She pauses briefly, in a way that reveals a flicker of vulnerability Clarke’s sure Josie didn’t intend. “You’ll like him.”

Reaching over the bed, Josie grabs Clarke’s phone from the bedside table, puts in a code Clarke’s never told her but she still somehow knows, and taps away until she’s on an Instagram profile. Shows them a photo of a tall, stupid handsome guy — dark skin, dark hair, similar to Bellamy, which, considering Clarke’s similarity to Josie, is more than a little funny.

Clarke looks back up to Bellamy, feels a swelling of excitement when she sees the undeniable interest in his gaze.

Josie must too, a flicker of relief softening her expression at their joint approval, before her grin sharpens to its usual wicked edge. “I’ll invite him over next time,” she says.

Clarke bites back her own smile, squeezing Bellamy’s hand when his lips press against her neck. “Does he know about us? In this way, I mean.”

Josie thinks about it for a moment, shrugs with a nonchalance that only she could manage when admitting she hasn’t told the new person she’s seeing that she fucks her childhood friend and her ex-something — who she introduced and are now in a relationship — together, on the regular.

“Not yet,” she says, leaning up to first give Clarke a kiss, and then Bellamy, her eyes alight with a mischief Clarke adores, hopes she never loses. “But he’ll sure find out when he meets you.”
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