

Chapter 21

When Phil showed up, he looked crestfallen. Andy's first impression was that his friend had bad news for him, but he wasn't sure how bad of news, because Phil looked more bleak than Andy could ever remember seeing him. It was either Phil winding him up for some epic prank, or the kind of horrible news like he couldn't possibly even imagine.

“Jesus Phil, you look like shit,” Aisling said to him. Andy was glad that it wasn't just him who was rattled by his friend's appearance.

“Yeah, thanks for that,” he grumbled. Phil had bags under his eyes, like he hadn't had a good night's sleep in a week. He gave Charlotte a soft smile, his weary face growing kind for a moment.

“Heya, Doc. I hear you're going to be happier with me, so I hope you don't end up regretting that.”

“Thank you for agreeing to take me in, Mr. Pak,” Charlotte said to him as he walked up to the porch. “Andy's a sweetheart, but I'm simply not attracted to white men. You, on the other hand,” she said, moving to wrap her arms around him. “I'm going to take you home and gobble you up whole.”

Phil laughed a little bit at that, leaning down to kiss Charlotte, only for a moment, and clearly not for as long as she would have wanted. “I need to talk to Andy for a little bit first. I'll be back in just a little bit.”

Now Andy was beginning to get very worried. It wasn't a prank. It was damning bad news of the worst sort. He was starting to wonder if one of their mutual friends had died and he just hadn't heard about it yet. “What's going on, Phil?” he asked him.

“Let's go for a walk,” Phil said to Andy as Charlotte pulled away from him, starting to load her things into the car.

“Yeah, okay.”

The two men started walking along the side of the house, heading towards the back, when Phil suddenly said “You got a private place we can talk for a bit? Some place where nobody will find us?”

“Sure,” Andy said, as he led Phil into the house.

One of the places that Andy had discovered and kept to himself about the house was that there was a private study with a small balcony. The study was concealed behind a bookcase that popped out to reveal a secret passageway. He hadn't told any of the girls about it yet, simply because it was something he'd discovered on his own, and found it a nice little getaway. He'd only used it once or twice, and never for more than a few minutes, but for the time being it was still his private space. He'd tell the girls about it soon enough, although he was tempted to let them just discover the space like he had.

The study had a couch, two chairs and a desk, and the balcony was concealed from the ground level, so that if you didn't know it was there, it would be completely overlooked. On the desk when he'd found it was a simple bottle of incredibly expensive whiskey, two crystal glasses and a note that read “good luck” on it. He still wasn't sure who'd left him the bottle or the note. He didn't recognize the handwriting, and he asked Nicolette about it, and she hadn't known either, although she had known about the presence of the room. She'd been the first to arrive at the house, a day before Katie and Jenny, and three days before Andy had showed up. She'd agreed to keep the room secret for the time being, just to give him a little hideaway.

“We going to need a drink for this?” Andy asked him.

“Yeah, and don't be skimping on the pour.”

Andy poured a large glass of the whiskey for Phil, and a smaller glass for himself, holding out the small one to Phil, but his friend reached over and took the lesser glass instead. “You're going to need the bigger one.”

“I don't drink that much, Phil.”

“Trust me on this.”

“Okay. Phil, now you're scaring me. What the hell is going on?”

“So let me give you the good news first, so you know that there's something to hold onto,” Phil said with a sigh. “They've developed another vaccine, one that can be transported cheaply and is going into mass production, unlike the one you and I have been getting for some time delivered second hand from our partners.” Phil shrugged a little. “It's progress, I guess. We'll be getting shots of that vaccine too, and as long as the population goes and gets vaccinated, the quarantine will start to slowly get lifted in about three or four months time. At this point, Congress is so desperate to keep people alive that they're going to do anything they can think of, what's left of Congress, anyway.”

“That's great news, Phil! So why are you so glum?”

“They're going to announce that vaccine next week, and people should start getting shots in about a month, but with that news, they're going to also release the death tolls, the **actual** death tolls ... and it's very, very bad.”

“Like, how bad, Phil?”

Phil lifted the glass and drank all of the whiskey. He waited for what felt like an hour before he spoke again. “Three million women dead. **Eighty** million men dead.”

Andy poured Phil another glass worth, because he didn't even know what to say to that. He could feel his jaw wanting to drop to the floor. “That's... that's over half the men in America dead. How the hell have they been keeping all this quiet?”

“Lots of suppression at the hospitals, of the media. Anything they can do to prevent a panic. Shit, I know I'd panic. I **am** panicking. Fuck, I panic each and every day. I mean, fuck, we're having to do mass cremations just to prevent the whole fucking system from collapsing. Too many people refused the first vaccine and those people each became a Typhoid Mary, infecting thousands of others. Hell, like a third of Congress is dead, although let's be honest, we won't miss most of the fuckers who died there from their own fucking stupidity. Teach them to say the whole goddamn thing will just **disappear** one day. Fucking morons.”

Phil was clearly getting angry about the whole thing, not that Andy could blame him. Phil had had a front row seat to all of the political backseating that had gone on for months now, hearing all the mistakes people had been making in the reactions to the virus, and Andy suspected it had been eating away at him. For months now Phil's temper had grown shorter and shorter, and wasn't allowed to talk about it. Hell, Andy was certain Phil wasn't supposed to be telling him any of this, but his friend had clearly boiled over and just couldn't bottle it in any more.

Before Andy could say anything, Phil continued. “Why couldn't they just do their fucking jobs, just fucking tell people to stay the fuck at home, and we could've weathered this whole thing with only a couple of thousand people dead instead of **this SHIT!**”

Andy was half afraid Phil was going to throw the glass to the ground.

“Is it ... is it this bad around the world?”

Phil shook his head. “Most places took this threat fucking seriously!” he shouted loud enough that he was sure people in the house could hear him, although he doubted they could make out what he'd said. “They hunkered down, bubbled up and took the advice of their fucking doctors! Doctors know more about medicine than braindead politicians! So in the parts of the world not run by fucking morons, we're looking at most countries losing only about five to ten percent of their male population, although there are a few outliers. India has numbers like ours, UK's got about half our losses per capita, maybe more, and China, well, nobody fucking knows what's going on in China, but the working theory is they're about as fucked as we are, if not even more so. Nobody will fucking tell us anything, though. The phone keeps ringing and ringing at their embassy but nobody's answering, so that's fucking scary as shit...”

Andy took a deep pull off his whiskey. “Goddamn, who's going to recognize this fucking country once we're on the other side of this? Hell, how does this fucking planet go on from this?”

“None of this is public information yet, so don't go talking about it to anyone outside of your household. You're still going to probably get a few more girls added to your household before all of this is done, if for no other reason than to start bringing our population numbers back up. A lot of the surviving males in this country are currently under sixteen. The children, it seems, could handle the virus better than us old farts. The country's going to go through a whole 'Give Birth To A New Generation To Save This One!' campaign soon. It's post WWII on crack. Polyamory's going to be the lay of the land with the announcement late next week, encouraging men to be married to multiple women and to be getting them pregnant as soon as possible. They've already got the rewritten laws ready to be passed as soon as the announcement hits. Our generation, the generation before us and the generation after us are all mostly wiped out. Pretty much anyone we went to high school or college with is probably dead.”

“No wonder it's been impossible to get a hold of people for the last few months,” Andy muttered. “There's nobody fucking out there.”

“Yeah, all of which brings me to the real reason I'm telling you all of this, Andy,” Phil sighed. “Conner and Samantha are okay, your mom's fine, but Matty died this morning. I'm so sorry man.”

Andy didn't know what to say to that, so he took a long draw from his glass of whiskey. “Do you know anything more?”

“Shit, Andy, I shouldn't even be telling you this much. I know it was quick and he didn't suffer. He was barely in the hospital 48 hours before he passed,” Phil said. “They had him on a ventilator for a bit, but his body just couldn't take it. I know you've often told me you guys weren't all that close, but he was still your brother.”

Andy wanted to cry, scream and collapse all at the same time, but the varying emotions kept conflicting with one another and he found he couldn't process any of them. “He was nine years older than me, and he went off to college out of state when he was 16. Smartest son of a bitch I ever knew, but that meant I was seven when he left, so we never really bonded like proper brothers.” Andy slumped back in his chair. “He was a good man, though. Always called on Christmas, or my birthday, and always trying to find new things I might like. He always told me he was so proud of chasing my dreams and becoming a writer. He was always a little pissed at himself for staying to the safe route, selling real estate and not chasing his dream of working for NASA and going into space, but his family was so goddamn important to him. Christ, Conner's only eleven and now he doesn't have a fucking father any more? God*damn* this fucking virus. Do you know how he caught it?”

“One of his neighbors was trying to get their storm doors shuttered before a lightning storm and he went out to help them. Apparently caught it from them.”

Andy sighed, rubbing at his eyes, knowing they could burst into waterworks at any moment, but the shock was still too great. “Typical fucking Matty. Always willing to help out, never quite thinking it through before he did. I assume Sam knows? And my mom?”

“They've both been told. Your mom's in intensive care herself, but it looks like she's going to come through it relatively okay. She's on a breather, but she's showing steady signs of improvement. That's why I'm here telling you instead of her telling you over the phone. Sam's a total mess, and said even talking to you would set her off crying all over again. She and Conner will come out okay on the other side.”

Andy nodded. He couldn't find much more in terms of words. “Well, I guess I'm glad the news came from you, then.”

The two sat in silence for a couple of minutes.

“You going to be alright?”

“We weren't close, but he was still my fucking brother, Phil.” Andy threw up his hands. “No, I'm not fucking alright. I'm fucked in the head!” He drew in a deep breath, held it as long as he could, then slowly let it out. “It's a fuckload to take in.”

“I'll come by in a couple of days and make sure you're coping as best you can. We can play

poker if you want.”

Andy laughed a touch bitterly at that. “Let's take a few weeks off from poker, alright?”

Phil echoed his laugh, immediately understanding why. “I mean, you're never going to get a prize like that ever again. You're banging Emily Stevens, which I would love to break your legs over, but I can't say I fault you for.”

“Did you know she and Sarah Washington are already a couple? Like, they were together long before they got here?”

“What?!” Phil chuckled, thankful to take Andy's mind off of the pain for even a split second.

“No! And you landed them both!”

“Well, Emily made sure I landed Sarah and then was delighted to see she came along for the ride. I'm sure she'll tell you the story at some point, but she had more of a hand manipulating things than I think any of us knew, even Niko, who had her fingers in stirring that pot as well.”

“At least you're going to have plentiful beautiful bodies to drown your misery in.”

“I suppose. Eventually,” Andy frowned. “Right now, I just want to break down crying, and yet I can't feel the tears coming.”

“You're in shock, man,” Phil said, giving Andy a hug. “You're just in shock. There's no one set way to grieve. It'll sneak up on you, or it'll hit you in waves, or it'll just come at you a little bit at a time again and again and again. Nobody can tell you that you're grieving wrong. Just keep putting one foot in front of the other, and you'll get through it, day by day. And tell the girls. Tell them what's going on, what you're going through. Don't hide any of it from them, or try and underplay it.” Phil patted him on the back. “You'll get through it, even if we have to carry you through parts of it. That's what friends are for.”

Andy patted Phil's back in return. “Thanks man. I'm going to sit and have a think for a bit, if that's okay? You know the way back?”

“You kidding? Finding your way out of here's got to be easier than finding your way in. You want me to send any of the girls up?”

“Nah, I'll be down soon enough and talk to them then.”

“Got it. Sorry to have been the bearer of bad news.”

Andy shrugged. “Better you than some stranger.”

Phil headed back down the stairs and then opened the bookcase door, closing the door behind him, leaving Andy alone with his thoughts.

For a good ten minutes, Andy had himself a good cry. He wasn't ashamed of it, he wasn't embarrassed by it, but he needed to let it all out before he could regain his composure. He spent a couple of minutes on the balcony, and he could see Phil's car driving off. He expected Phil had stopped and told the girls the news, and was glad they didn't come racing to try and find him. The sun was starting to set over the tree line, and Andy regretted most of all that he'd never be able to talk to his brother again. He couldn't remember the last time they'd talked, or what they'd talked about. It had probably been about Conner, Matty's son, Andy's nephew. Ash had talked to him a few times via Facetime, and Niko and Lauren had both talked to him just the once, but not for all that long. They'd all looked forward to seeing each other on the other side of the pandemic, something that was never going to happen now.

After another ten minutes or so, Andy slipped back down the hallway and opened the bookcase, stepping out, closing it behind him. He wasn't sure he wanted to see anyone, but he also knew that hiding and sulking wasn't good for him, so he wandered down towards the dining room area, since it was getting close to dinner time.

As soon as he set foot in the room, Aisling and Niko immediately rushed him, both of them wrapping their arms around him, hugging him tightly, refusing to let him go. “We're here for you, babes,” Ash said to him, kissing his cheek. “And we're never letting you go, okay?”

“I mean, none of you even got to meet him in person,” Andy sighed. “One of the only people

who knew me growing up, and he's just... he's just fucking *gone*." He was trying hard not to cry, but both Niko and Aisling started crying, which set him off as well.

He was a bit of a zombie throughout dinner. It was lovely, Jenny had made chicken fettucine alfredo with prosciutto, one of his favorite things ever. But even with the marvelous food, Andy was sleepwalking, shellshocked from the news.

Lauren and Taylor came in later, and obviously either Ash or Niko had called them earlier and told them, because neither of them talked much, other than to check on where Andy's head was at, a question he couldn't really answer. They even made an exception and let Taylor eat sitting at the table, although Lauren still hadn't let her put clothes on.

Asha, Emily and Sarah were all still very deep into the imprinting process, and it looked like Piper hadn't finished either, even as they were getting ready for bed, which surprised Andy. His general estimate these days was that the imprinting process took somewhere between 12 and 18 hours, but Piper had been deprived of completing the inoculation/imprinting process longer than anyone was supposed to be, so maybe she needed longer for everything to take hold in her system.

When it came time for bed, Niko made sure Andy stripped bare, not letting him grab pajamas, and then Ash pushed him in between Emily and Sarah. Niko then moved to roll Emily partially onto his chest on one side, while Ash pushed Sarah on the other. Then both girls climbed into the bed and also wrapped their arms around him, followed by Lauren and Taylor, until Andy was basically being smothered in girlflesh, all of them hold onto him tight, until everyone fell asleep until morning.

Chapter 22

In the morning when he awoke, Andy had expected that the girls would've scattered some around the bed, but instead, found all of them had moved in much closer instead. Sarah's face was against one side of his neck and Emily's face was against the other. One of his hands was folded into Niko's and the other was folded into Aisling's. Amusingly enough, Lauren and Taylor had actually slept toe-to-head with him, and were hugging his legs and each other.

The biggest problem was that he desperately needed to take a piss.

He started by drawing his legs in, gingerly slipping them out between Lauren and Taylor's arms without waking either of them. Two down, four to go.

Andy slowly drew his hand out from Niko's, skating his arm slowly back towards him, working to roll the two women back, which he found he was able to do without too much trouble. He was about to do the same to Emily and Aisling, but saw that Aisling was awake and gave him a little wink, letting go of his hand and pulling Emily back and away from him enough for him to slip out, standing up, placing his foot on the headboard, using it as a sort of precipice, stepping up just long enough to pivot out and reach the edge of the bed, hopping out of it quietly.

Aisling moved to lay Emily against Sarah, then moved to follow him into the bathroom, where he was already sitting on the toilet. They'd long ago gotten comfortable enough to talk to one another while they peed, although she still closed the door behind her, mostly to keep their conversation from waking the others.

"Feeling any better?" she asked him.

"Still mostly in shock," he sighed. "I mean, it's not just my brother. Basically any of my guy friends from high school or college is likely dead. That's a hell of a thing to lay on a person, and not be able to tell anyone."

"Sure, but that's too big a thing to think about, so your brain's focusing on Matty, love," Ash said to him. "And that's okay. He sounded like a great guy, even if you two weren't that close."

"He was. I was really looking forward to introducing everyone to him. I don't really have much family left at this point, other than this one, I guess. At least my friend Xander is staying safe back in Cleveland."

“You talked to him Monday on FaceTime, remember?” Ash reminded him. “He was giving you shit about watching 'The Ipress File' again.”

“God, I have to call him and tell him about all of that mess out there,” Andy laughed, standing up, flushing the toilet. “He's probably going to fall down laughing.”

Aisling grabbed the back of his neck, forcing him to bend down enough for her to kiss him. “Good. Mourn your big brother, but don't lose sight of the good things in your life either. Everyone's taken the day off work today, so everyone will be around if you want to talk or fuck or cuddle or whatever. You should do some of all of that.”

“You want to hop in the shower with me? There's something else I wanted to talk about with you.”

“Awright, love,” she said, reaching in to turn on the warm water. “What's on your mind?”

Andy stepped in and did a little adjustment to the water temperature, turning it down just a little bit. For some reason, most of the girls loved it searing hot, while Andy didn't want it quite so scalding. “So, there are more changes coming with the announcements next week that I don't know if Phil told you about.”

Ash stepped in to let her fiery mane pass under the water, getting it good and soaked. “Just about the mass US casualties and that your brother was one of them. I immediately called home to make sure all me family was fine, but all my kin's staying boarded up, so they're safe.”

He moved to wrap his arms around her, holding her in a firm hug. “They're going to change some of the fundamental laws here in the states, and encourage things that would've been heresy just a few months ago. And Phil was encouraging me to think about the future, about what life's going to look like going forward.”

Ash looked over freckled her shoulder at him with a wry smile. “Sounds like some heavy shit.”

Andy laughed a little. “I suppose so. The whole polyamory thing is going to be codified in laws, so pods will be actual families and such. Anyway, uh, well... damn, you know I never thought I'd be doing this in my life, but Aisling Blake, will you marry me?”

She immediately spun around in his arms and kissed him harder than she ever had before, her body pressing against his like she was afraid if she let go of him, all of this would disappear in a dream. That kiss lasted for a long moment before she finally pulled back, smiling up at him.

“So, is that a maybe or...?”

She reached around and swatted him on his ass. “Of course I'll marry you, you utter git!” she giggled. “But I do have two conditions that are completely non-negotiable.”

Andy smirked, tilting his head a little. “If one of them involves you getting to peg me with a strap on, this marriage is over before it's even started.”

“No, you big dummy!” she said through laughter and tears. “One is that you have to ask both Lauren and Niko today, like today today. If we're going to be an actual family, it's not right that I get to be your wife alone.”

“Of course,” Andy said. “I was going to talk to them over the next few days, but I can make it today. What's the other?”

“You have to promise me you won't feel bad if Lauren says no.”

Andy arched an eyebrow. “You think she'll say no if I ask her to marry me?”

Aisling sighed a little. “I think you need to talk to her first. I think she wants to marry Taylor. She loves you, don't get me wrong, but it's a different level of love than what she feels for Taylor. If you bring it up to her, I think she's just going to want to remain your concubine or fuck buddy or whatever, and then her and Taylor get married. But when it comes to soul-to-soul connection, I think she feels a little guilty that she's not as close to you as Niko and I are, and that's not her fault, not your fault, not anybody's fault. I don't want you to guilt her into this next level.”

He nodded. “It's okay, there have been signs of that over the last few days. I know she said that she's moving her and Taylor into another bedroom since she gets up so early, but I also feel like it's to

give them a bit of space on their own. I'm not mad. I'm genuinely not. I get that. And I suspected that something like this might happen when I saw how angry Lauren got at Taylor's arrival. You have to really care about someone for them to get that far under your skin."

Ash squeezed him a little more. "On the plus side, Niko's totally going to say yes. She said she's been suspecting that men were going to have multiple wives sometime soon, so as soon as she finds out that it's happening, she'll fall over herself to accept."

He leaned down and kissed her again. "We'll wait for the ceremony until we're on the other side of all of this, but we may want to do all the legal stuff as soon as we're able to."

"Mmm," she said. "And then wait for all of us to have one giant ceremony, you and your multitude of wives."

"Two's not that many."

Aisling giggled again, rolling her eyes. "You're an idiot, you know that, right, love?"

"What do you mean?"

"Sarah and Emily are absolutely going to demand to marry you as well, and that's just for starters. Who knows how Piper, Asha, Hannah and whoever's next is going to feel?"

Andy shook his head. "You're awfully confident that Sarah and Emily will want to marry me."

"Of course I am, you daft git," Ash smirked. "I saw how Sarah looked at you yesterday, and, shit, we all *heard* Emily say as much last night. So you've got at least four wives already in the wings. And I'm never going to say this again, but I'll always know I'm the first," she giggled, kissing him once more.

Fifteen minutes later, they were getting out of the shower, and Andy peeked his head back into the bedroom, seeing nobody else had woken up yet, so he quietly grabbed some boxers, some jeans and a t-shirt, got dressed, and slipped out into the house. Behind him, he could hear the sound of the hair dryer turning on, even though the bathroom door, and he suspected the other girls would slowly be getting up.

The first thing Andy did was walk down the hall and peek his head into Piper's room. She was awake and dressed, having clearly slept for a long time, dressed in a t-shirt and shorts, reading the letter he'd left in her room.

"I didn't want you just to awaken in a strange home without some idea of what was going on," Andy said, leaning against the doorframe. "You were so out of it that—"

She rushed him suddenly, clutching at him in a firm hug. She was crying a little, but the way she was holding onto him said they weren't tears of sadness. "Thank you for rescuing me from that bastard," she whispered. "I woke up a couple of hours ago and have mostly just been reading and rereading this letter you left me."

In the letter he'd left in her room, Andy had explained who he was, and how she'd come to be in his home. He'd detailed her experiences with Covington, in case she couldn't remember them, and how he would've like to just taken her away from him and gotten her to choose a man of her liking, but that she had been in such a lust rage that he hadn't had that option. He'd also explained how his arrangement with the staff of the house worked, and that if she simply wanted to have that distant level of engagement with him, he would completely understand.

"I'm sorry we had to meet this way, but here we are," Andy said.

She turned his head and kissed him, soft, tender, vulnerable, but for a long moment before pulling back. "It's... it's all a lot to take in," she mumbled. "I don't have to make a decision now, do I?"

Andy smiled warmly at her and shook her head. "You've got plenty of time to figure out what you want to do here, and how you want to engage with me and the rest of the household. How are you feeling? People aren't supposed to wait that long to get imprinted, so we were a little worried there might be unforeseen complications."

"Not that I noticed?" Piper said, still mostly whispering. "Although there's one thing..."

"If there's a problem, definitely let me know and I can call my friend at the base. We can have

some of the doctors check you out.”

“It's not a problem so much as just a weird thing...” she said. “I could... I could smell you? Coming down the hall? Like, I knew it was you, because the smell made me feel warm and tingly inside. Like, a little buzzed, in a good way. But it kinda makes it hard to think clearly? Maybe it'll pass. But I feel a definite connection to you, like I'm safe around you? I don't even know you, but I feel safe. How weird is that?”

Andy shrugged a bit. “It might just be some part of the imprinting process that's functioning on a deeper level because of what you went through. I don't know. One of the doctors who's responsible for developing the process is now the partner of a friend of mine, so we'll have her check you out.”

“Is it okay if we wait a few days before we fuck again?” she asked. “I know I have to do it regularly, but I want a few days to clear my head, if that's cool.”

Andy pulled back and kissed her forehead. “You have at least a week before you'll feel any real need for my cum, and if you're still not ready by then, you can just blow me, or have one of the girls jerk me off into your mouth. Whatever's easiest for you.”

“Oh, I'm ready to fuck you right now,” she laughed. “Maybe it's just the process, but I was ready to fuck you the second I smelled you walking down the hallway, but I want a few more days so I'm not in so much of a daze the first time we fuck. Well, the first time that we fuck that I remember.” She had an easy grace about her, a sort of stoic confidence that he had to admit he found attractive. “Your letter makes me sound like I was quite a handful the night you rescued me.”

“Yeah, you can ask Niko about it, but you basically just pinned me down, climbed on top of me and rode me like I was an oversized sex toy.”

She giggled fiercely at that, blushing a dark red. “Well, I'm sorry about that, I guess, but, not gonna lie, it also sounds fucking hot. I'll talk to Niko about it.” She looked at the room then looked back at him. “So is this my room for good then?”

“If you want it to be, or you can move into the master bedroom as well, if you want. And you don't have to do just one or the other. You can have this as your personal room, but sleep in the main bedroom any time you want.”

She nodded. “Okay, I'll sleep here for the next few days while I'm sorting my head out. I need to call my friends and family and explain what's happened and where I'm at. Is that okay?”

Andy gave her another short hug then pulled back. “Absolutely. Do whatever you need to. The letter included a list of everyone who's in the house right now and a short description of them. If you need help finding something, feel free to ask Nicolette. If you're hungry, just tell Jenny what you want and she'll whip something up for you.”

“Thank you again, Andy. I have a feeling I'm going to be saying that a lot in my life moving forward.”

“Call your family. We can talk more later.”

Andy headed out of the room and stepped back into the hallway, heading downstairs, where he found Lauren having a breakfast omlette that Jenny had put together for her. Over the next few minutes, while Jenny made him a breakfast burrito, Andy talked to Lauren about her and Taylor. Andy mentioned that he had asked Aisling to marry him. Lauren agreed that she wanted to marry Taylor eventually, but was glad that Andy had asked her nonetheless, and reiterated that while she still loved him, she wasn't in love with him the way she was with Taylor, and she appreciated his being understanding about that.

After that, Andy went to go write for a while. It helped clear his head, and his two cats seemed to have made his office their regular sleeping spot. Whenever he was there, they moved to sleep closer to him, by his feet, on his legs or nestled into the excess room between him and his chair.

A couple of hours later, he saved the file and got up, heading towards the kitchen to get lunch when he ran into Niko, who pulled him aside, saying she wanted to check up on him. They headed into one of the lounges and as soon as they were in the lounge, Niko dropped down to one knee.

“Andy Rook, will you marry me?” she said, holding up a small ring box. Inside the box was a simple titanium band with a folded cabling pattern on it.

Andy's jaw was on the floor, then he started laughing. “Of course I'll marry you, Niko, as long as you're okay sharing me with Ash, and maybe more.” He hadn't even thought to get rings for Ash and Niko, but it was definitely a thing he needed to do soon.

“Oh, sharing you's not a problem,” she said, kissing him as she slipped the ring onto his finger. “I know Emily and Sarah are definitely going to insist on it. I thought I'd just ask you quick and take the pressure off. I take it Lauren's hitching up with Taylor instead?”

“Yeah, I think we all saw that one coming. It's fine.”

“Is it fine or is it **fine**?” she asked him.

“It's completely fine,” Andy laughed. “Genuinely. To be honest, it means one less anniversary present I have to worry about.”

“I'm torn between wanting my own wedding day and wanting to share it with all the other girls,” she teased.

“Oh please, god, let me just have **one** giant ceremony, so that I only have one anniversary to remember,” he pleaded, which made her laugh.

“Alright, but only because it means I get to watch all of your two starlet fuckpets' friends look on in jealousy when we're all marrying you.”

“Wow, are **you** optimistic,” he muttered. “I haven't asked either of them yet, so there's no guarantee—”

“Andy. **ANDY.** They're both gonna say yes. Shit, Sarah might cum just from you asking her, based on how she's been any time I've talked to her about you. I had to avoid telling her I was involved with you, but she was rereading a copy of 'The Trouble With Were-Bears' when she arrived at the base.”

“Why is it the crappiest book in the series sold the most fucking copies?” Andy groaned. “But let me tell you, Emily is one clever lady.”

Over the next few minutes, Andy explained to her what Emily had done, how she had manipulated all sorts of people to ensure that Sarah would be paired up with Andy in the end, and how she was incredibly thankful to be with her as well.

“See?” Niko said. “Emily even said you should marry her, so she's going to definitely say yes. So that's two more. A five person wedding sounds wild, but a lot of fun. You given any thought about talking it over with Piper or Asha?”

Andy shook his head. “Piper's awake but I don't want to overwhelm her, so we'll let her get comfortable with the house in her own time, and Asha's too young to be ready to make that kind of decision.”

Niko tsked him. “You're gonna have to get over that, Andy. She's part of your family now, so the only question becomes how and at what level.”

“Fine, I won't rule it out, but we're certainly not bringing it up to her for at least a few weeks until after she's settled. I'll talk to Em and Sarah about it over the next few days, since they've both made it extremely clear how they're feeling about it.”

“And don't forget, you've got Hannah showing up tomorrow.”

“And we'll see whatever other surprise Watkins has planned with her arrival.”

The rest of the day was quiet. It had begun raining around lunchtime, and the rain kept falling into the evening, when Andy finally held a group dinner, the entire family having a big meal, using the largest ballroom they had, the banquet dinner table having enough seats for sixteen. With the three on staff, they were at twelve already, so Andy made the decision in his head not to grow the family by more than three more, one of which was already reserved for Hannah.

At dinner, Andy told the gathering that he'd proposed to Ash and Niko, which Niko corrected saying that she had done the asking. Regardless of who asked who, Andy told them, the three of them

were going to get married eventually, at which point Emily and Sarah had chimed in, asking Andy to marry them as well, to which he immediately agreed. Lauren also told the gathering that she and Taylor had agreed to marry each other, but that didn't mean they were leaving the family. Neither Piper or Asha chimed in, both looking content to wait and see how things moved forward before jumping in feet first.

The dinner turned into a sort of get-to-know-each-other party, and the girls intermingled a bunch, talking to one another, trying to spend time with everyone, although all of them made a point to come back and check on Andy regularly.

He felt weird, being at the center of a party exclusively populated by beautiful women he'd all fooled around with, and they were all getting along. He even saw Niko lean in and kiss Emily, both of them smiling and blushing afterwards.

They all talked shit with one another well into the evening and eventually when Andy decided it was time to head up to bed, the girls were still talking and said they would be up to join him in bed eventually. Andy must've looked a little sad at that, because as he turned to head upstairs, Niko and Ash both darted over to walk up with him, and the three climbed into bed and fell asleep together.

Chapter 23

The next morning, Andy woke up to a bed far less filled, although certainly just as appealing. Niko had needed to go to the base for the day, so she'd gotten up early, and Aisling had decided to have a nice early day as well, planning to FaceTime her family back in Ireland. That left him sandwiched between Emily and Sarah, who had immediately closed ranks and tightened in on Andy as soon as there was space available.

Both of them were awake around the same time that he was, and he awoke to Emily nibbling on one of his ears, Sarah nibbling on the other, each of them smoothing a hand across his hairy chest. "Good morning, Andrew," Emily whispered.

Andy shook his head. "Nobody calls me Andrew unless they're mad at me."

"We're a little cock mad," Sarah giggled. "Does that count?"

"I have to meet Hannah today, and she may want to join the family, so I don't know if I really should."

"I'm not sure you could distract us even if you wanted to, Mr. Rook."

He grinned a little bit. "I could distract one of you pretty easily."

"I somehow doubt that," Emily said, "but you're welcome to try."

Andy sat up, and slid out of the bed, a smug look on his face. "Sarah. In the basement living room, the big one with all the couches, there's a box off to the side with the letters ARC on the top. That's got the advance reader copies of 'The Doppleganger's Dilemma,' the next Druid Gunslinger book that's going to finally come out in December. If you want, you can—"

He didn't even get to finish the sentence, as Sarah was already darting out of the room in her silk negligee, sprinting towards the stairs, giggling ferociously.

Andy turned to look at Emily, who rolled her eyes at him with a matching amused smile.

"Touché, Mr. Rook," she said to him, "touché."

"How fast does she read?"

"She'll be done with it before dinner, I'm sure, but she may forget to eat lunch."

"Good lord, what have I done?" he laughed.

"Made her very very happy," she said, before looking over at the doorway, seeing Nicolette standing there. "Looks like someone wants to talk to you."

Andy waved, grabbing a pair of boxer shorts, tugging them on as well as a t-shirt, before walking over to talk with Nicolette, who was, as always, rocking her maid's outfit. "Hey Nicolette, what's up?"

"Might I speak with you for a couple of minutes, Master?" she said, her hands folded together

nervously.

“Hey, I told you, you don't have to call me that,” he said, placing a hand on her shoulder.

“But I **like** calling you that, Master.”

He shrugged. “Fair enough. Let's walk and talk. I'll see you downstairs in a bit, Em?”

“Naturally,” Emily said, hopping out of bed, heading towards the bathroom.

Andy and Nicolette started walking down the lavish hallway, although Andy did notice she was staying a step or two behind him. It was her decision, and he knew he was going to have to get used to it, but it still felt weird to him. “What's on your mind?”

“Well Master, the rest of the staff and I were talking, and we would like, with your permission, to remain a bit more distant with the family,” she sighed. “I know you're trying to make Jenny, Katie and I feel like family, but we very much want to keep our emotional distance from the family, sir, and being invited to dinner felt like a step too far. Katie and Jenny didn't know how to broach the subject with you, and suggested I talk to you, so you understand that we do not mean any malice or discontentment by it, simply that we want to keep that level of detachment.”

“I understand why Jenny and Katie want that,” Andy said, “but you do as well, Nicolette?”

She looked up at him and smiled shyly. “Look, Master. I know you're still adapting to all of this, but this is what I want. I don't want you to think of me as a partner. I get off on being submissive and subservient. That turns me on in ways I cannot even begin to explain. In fact, the next time you want to gift me with your seed, you should just bend me over, flip up my skirt, tug my panties aside and fuck me without so much as a word. I would find that incredibly stimulating. In fact, I've envied the treatment that Taylor has gotten more than a little. I hoped the fact that I prefer calling you Master would've conveyed some of that to you, but it hasn't, so I'm going against my nature and trying to be more direct so you know that treating me as a piece of meat isn't just acceptable, it's **wanted**, even desired. In my free time, I'll take care of my personal life, and my own mental needs, but it's very important to me that you understand this isn't something forced upon me; it's of my own choosing. Whenever you are feeling like you want to let your dominant streak out, you should think of me first, if none of your wives are in the mood. You cannot be too rough or forward with me. Because that is what I want. Is... is that okay?”

He stopped and gave Nicolette a firm hug. “Of course it is. I don't think I realized quite how much it was bothering you, being asked to straddle that line between family and functionary, but now that I know, I can make sure I reserve my most forceful side for you and Taylor.”

She let out a deeply held sigh of relief. “Oh thank you, Master. I was so worried it would upset you. Because while I love when you fuck me, I'm much happier sleeping alone in my own bed.”

“No worries, Nicolette. Now I know.”

“Yes Master. Thank you, Master.”

“You know, I didn't see Sheridan at all the last couple of days. She wasn't at lunch or dinner yesterday. To be honest, in the chaos of the last few days, I sort of lost track of her, and I feel bad. I need to talk to her and let her see about getting imprinted.”

“Oh, I don't think you need to worry about her, Master,” Nicolette said. “I saw her Tuesday evening and told her about your loss, and she said she didn't want to intrude.”

“Sure, but she still should've joined us for dinner last night, at the very least.”

“Well, yesterday around lunchtime, she was complaining to me about starting to feel, ahem, the **need**, starting to gnaw away at her, so I gave her something to tide her over.”

Andy suddenly felt the pit drop out of the bottom of his stomach. “What do you mean?”

“Well, the rest of the staff and I have kept a bit of your semen bottled up, so we can use it to take the edge off in weeks where you're particularly busy, so I gave Sheridan a bit so she could sip.”

“**FUCK!**” Andy shouted. “Which room is she in?”

“She's the last room down on the left,” Nicolette said, nervousness growing thick in her voice again. “Should... should I not have done that?”

“She hasn't been imprinted yet, so basically you primed the process but didn't give her enough for the imprinting to start.” Andy had heard from Phil a number of times, over and over again, how important it was to imprint someone quickly after letting them get primed, but Phil hadn't been specific about what would happen if he didn't. Andy had never thought he'd need to find out. “Christ, she's probably out of her fucking mind by now with need. It's going to be Piper all over again.”

Piper poked her head out of her room as Andy and Nicolette were walking by, heading towards Sheridan's room. “Did I hear my name?” The brunette was wearing a cutoff t-shirt and a pair of loose shorts, clearly still in her morning workout gear.

Andy stopped and turned back to look at her. “Look, I get that I have no right to ask you this, but I may have a woman in some distress and could probably use a hand, if you're okay with that.”

“What kind of distress?”

“The kind you were in when I first met you a few days ago.”

Piper nodded solemnly. “You need someone to help you hold down a fuck delirious woman for her own good, got it. Let's go.”

“Don't hurt her,” Andy said. “She's not going to be thinking clearly.”

“Is it really all that bad, Master?” Nicolette said, as they reached Sheridan's room, the door closed shut.

Andy opened it, and Sheridan lay in the center of the bed, completely naked, the bed sheets shredded, ripped to tatters, as the blonde's body writhed and squirmed, whimpering loudly. “Makeitstop makeitstop makeitstop makeitstop,” she kept repeating over and over.

He slowly walked across the room, trying not to make any sudden movements, Piper flanking him to one side, Nicolette to the other. “Easy, Sheridan, I'm here now.”

Sheridan's head whipped suddenly at the sound of his voice, and he could see her lips were dry and cracked, as if she'd been licking them for days. “Andy. ANDY. You have to fucking fix this, dude,” she groaned. “It's like a horrible itch all over my fucking skin and I can't sleep and I can't think and I can't even walk and if fucking hurts so fucking much...”

The room reeked with the scent of her arousal. Piper gasped as they got close enough to see that Sheridan had scratched herself up pretty good, tiny red gashes on her skin along her arms, thighs and belly. Andy was almost nervous to touch her, but Sheridan reached for his hip as soon as he was within arm's length, pulling him closer to her. Her skin was warm to the touch. “Fix this, Andy. Fucking do whatever it takes. Fix this or fucking kill me already.”

“Whoa!” Andy said loudly. “Nobody's killing anybody.”

“I haven't slept in a day, Andy,” she moaned. “And I can't get myself off. It's like I can't get myself to cum, and that's not fucking fair. Am I broken?”

“You're not broken,” Andy said, slowly peeling his shirt over his head. “When you got a sip of my cum from Nicolette's flask, it primed you for imprinting. That's the first taste of male cum you've had since you got the vaccine. The priming, that's supposed to be done literally *right* before you get imprinted, but she didn't know that, so you've been primed and waiting for your imprinting to begin for much longer than you're supposed to.”

“Well fucking fix it, dude! Fix it! Fix it fucking now!”

“I'm going to, Sheridan,” he said, slowly sliding his boxers down, leaving him bare. His cock wasn't hard, but he was going to have to make sure it got there quick, because the longer Sheridan went without, the more aggressive she might become. “I just don't want to hurt you.”

“Nothing you could fucking do could be any fucking worse than this, dude!” she hissed angrily. “It's taking every bit of willpower I have not to scratch my own fucking skin off!” When he stood up after taking his boxers off, her eyes finally got sight of his cock, and she locked onto it like a predator after its prey. “Gimme that dick right fucking now.”

She reached up and grabbed onto his cock, and thankfully Piper lunged forward to make sure Sheridan wasn't squeezing too hard. “Don't hurt him,” Piper chided, “or he won't get hard and fuck

you.”

“Here, I’ll make it very easy for you, Andy,” Sheridan said, scooting herself on the torn sheets, moving to the edge of the bed. She lifted her right leg and pulled it back, folding her ankle behind her head, before grabbing her left leg, lifting it as well, folding it as well behind her head, her small pierced tits framed between them. Her body rocked a little bit, trying to thrust her hips upward. “Just shove right into that tight little cunt until you give me what my body so desperately needs.”

Andy was beginning to harden up, but then felt a hand slowly stroking his cock, looking over his shoulder to realize it was Piper, her calloused fingers sliding up and down it, the athlete doing her best to help get him into a state to help Sheridan. “Was I this bad?” Piper whispered into his ear.

“Worse. You hadn’t been primed, and you’d been given the vaccine much earlier, so it had a different effect on you. You weren’t even verbal,” Andy told her. “You couldn’t form sentences, and you were a lot more aggressive.”

“I’d be more aggressive if everything didn’t hurt so fucking much,” Sheridan grumbled. “I wanted to be in menopause before I started having fucking hot flashes. C’mon, don’t you just wanna plow me already?”

Piper’s hand moved down to caress his balls, her other hand smoothing along his hairy chest. “You can’t possibly leave her like this, Andy,” she said to him. “Be her white knight. Save her from this demon that’s consuming her.”

“Pick a hole and shove it in, you fucker,” Sheridan growled at him. “I don’t even care which fucking one, as long as this heat fucking stops. I’m fucking dying here, dude.”

“Nicolette, hold her hand will you?” Andy said, as Piper started guiding his cock closer to Sheridan’s utterly drenched snatch. “When someone’s primed for just a couple of minutes, this makes them cum so hard, they nearly pass out. I’m scared of what it might do to her.”

“Ohmygod!” Sheridan shouted, her face contorted in a tortured visage of strained need, her teeth bared at him. “Stoptalkingandstartfucking!”

Nicolette moved up onto her knees on the bed, sliding behind Sheridan, grabbing the wounded girl’s hands with her own, both of them holding onto Sheridan’s thighs, as Andy lined up the head of his cock and thrust forward.

As soon as the first inch or so was inside of Sheridan’s cunt, he was genuinely afraid she might crush his cock with her pussy walls, clamping onto him so hard he couldn’t move, holding him in place, her body seized up, her eyes rolled back into her skull so that all Andy and Piper could see was whites, her tongue hanging out of her mouth, drooling on herself for a few seconds. After what felt like an eternity, just as Andy had realized she’d stopped breathing, Sheridan inhaled a sudden gasp of air and her snatch relaxed. Andy reflexively started to try and pull back, but Piper behind him pushed him forward instead, forcing him even deeper inside of her, as an unholy gurgle started burbling on Sheridan’s lips, some guttural, desperate noise rising out of her, turning from a terrifying sound to a mirthful one, going from almost zombie like groan into uncontrollable giggling fit. She was wet like a swamp, soaked and heated, a tropical musk dripping onto his balls and down his thighs.

Sheridan’s blue eyes finally rolled back down and she pulled her tongue back into her mouth, drawing a gaze to focus on Andy’s face before she started nodding maniacally, her smile an insane delirious grin. “Well? The fuck you waiting for, dude? An invitation? Here’s one. Ball me harder, you sex god. Destroy my fucking cunt. Plow my pussy so hard I write a fucking book about it. That eased some of the tension off, but I’m a greedy bitch, and I know you’re not done yet, because I’m not passed out doing that mumbling thing Nicolette told me about, and I fucking want that, oh god I want that so fucking bad right now, I fucking need it so fucking much. You can’t fucking leave me unfinished you asshole, you magnificent bastard, you thick dicked lothario. You’ve gotta fucking rail me already. DO IT! FUCK ME!”

Andy was worried about the effects of what had been done to her, but at this point, he was more worried the longer she went without getting imprinted, so he knew he needed to crack on, and pushed

his hips forward until his cock was buried deep inside of her, another carnal moan filling the air in sharp relief.

“That's it! Give it to me!” she shouted, trying to arch her back her hips up a little bit against him, as he drew back and then thrust forward again, and each time he did, her whole body trembled, like she was having an orgasm each and every time he slipped back inside of her cunt.

“She's gotta have it, Andy,” Piper whispered into his ear. “Do it. Let me see what it looks like when you claim somebody.”

There was a husky wanton tone to Piper's voice that he hadn't expected, and that was more than enough to push him over the line, as he shoved his cock deep into pussy, that load blasting from him inside of her twat sending her spiraling into a hurricane of orgasms in rapid succession, one after another after another after *another* before they all sort of blended together and she finally slumped back, her legs sliding from behind her head and flopping forward, her arms splayed wide, her body as limp as could be on her bed, her resting against Nicolette's thighs.

The blonde maid moved to slip back and laid Sheridan's head down onto a pillow, moving to pull a sheet up and over her very sweaty naked body. “I'll be right back, Master,” she said, heading towards the bathroom. “I'm just going to get some bandages and rubbing alcohol for all her scratches.”

Sheridan's face had a dopey look on her face, as she mumbled 'imprinting' over and over again. Andy was so caught up in making sure she was alright that he hadn't even noticed as Piper had moved around him and knelt down, moving to lick his cock clean.

“You don't have to—”

“Oh, I know I don't,” Piper said, “but I want to. Not to release, but just a little bit to clean you off. Just a taster's choice.” She grinned and gave his cock a thorough tongue bath more than a blowjob, and was finishing up when Nicolette came back into the room, although she continued while Andy and Nicolette spoke.

“Once again, Master,” she said, as she pulled the sheet down and began to swab Sheridan's scratched arms and legs, “I am so very sorry that I caused this.” The poor girl looked like she was about ready to cry. “I didn't know. I swear I didn't know...”

“Hey hey hey, it's okay, Nicolette,” Andy told her, placing his hand on her shoulder. “I should've said something, and so it's just as much on me as it is you. We live, we learn, we move forward. And I'm sorry I made you, Jenny and Katie feel uncomfortable bringing you to the dinner table with us. I'll respect those boundaries better moving forward, and while I know you dislike having to be forward with your wants and needs, I am ordering you to tell me when you have a need that isn't being fulfilled, so I can address the problem. You *will* tell me. You will not hesitate or debate. It will be done. Even if it's something as simple as 'I haven't gotten any attention lately, and could use some.' That will be enough for me to understand there's something to be redressed and I will handle it at my earliest convenience. Understood?”

Nicolette smiled a little shyly. “Yes Master. Thank you Master.” She licked her lips a little bit, looking up at him as she wrapped a bandage around Sheridan's arm. “And so you know? Ordering me around like that? That's dead fucking sexy.” She looked back down and affixed the adhesive to the bandage, making sure it was snug and tight. “One limb down, three to go. I will handle getting her wounds tended to and put her to bed, Master. I'm skilled in first aid.”

Andy leaned down and pressed a kiss to Nicolette's forehead. He could feel her shiver at the gesture. “Thank you, Nicolette. And I won't forget what you said about just flipping up your skirt and having a go at you at some point.”

Piper finally released his cock from her mouth and stood up, smiling broadly at him. “Same goes for me. After dinner last night, I definitely want to be part of this family. Maybe not as a wife, but maybe, we'll see, I think.”

Andy pulled his boxers back on, then his t-shirt. “Well, it's entirely up to you, obviously. Take your time, get to know everyone, me included, and we'll play it by ear moving forward.” The two

walked out of the room, leaving Nicolette to tend to Sheridan.

“Everyone's so warm and friendly, and you're not at all like that prick Covington.”

“I did try and tell you that in the letter.”

“And that's another thing! An honest to god letter, explaining everything for me before I even came out to talk to people. Who does that sort of thing?”

“A writer, clearly,” he chuckled.

“It was a very good letter. But I think it was Niko and Ash who convinced me that everything would work out for the best,” she said, hooking her arm into his. “They're still a bit worried about you, but I told them that grief is a monster you kill with a million tiny cuts, not one big one.”

Andy nodded. “It gets the better of us all sometimes. But you're getting along with the ladies alright?”

She swatted his arm with her calloused fingers. “They're lovely, and Niko was nice enough to fill in all the details that your letter left out. I'd apologize for my first impression, but clearly that was that bastard's fault and through no fault of my own. If I had my way, I'd have been at the Olympics right now, but they're obviously being delayed until next year.”

“Then you should definitely not stop training,” Andy told her. “Just because you're here right now doesn't mean you aren't going to get that chance next year. Talk to Jenny, let her know the kinds of dietary specifics you have for your meals, and then get back into the swing of things. Lauren's a trainer for the 49ers, so she can probably help you out a bit here and there.”

Piper smiled at him, waving a hand. “I'll talk to her, but we've got the team's trainer on Zoom speed dial at this point. I just hope there's enough space around New Eden for me to work out. God, are they really calling it that?”

Andy shrugged. “Rich pricks have pompous tastes.”

“Speaking of which, I heard from Ash last night that you've got another girl showing up today.”

He rolled his eyes a little bit. “I swear, if I could find a way to monetize gossip, I'd be the richest man ever. Yes, there's another woman coming by today. One of the poker players, Nate Watkins, was supposed to bring someone over earlier in the week, but his son had already imprinted her while he was off playing poker. I told him it was fine, but he insisted his son needed to be punished for it, so apparently the son will be bringing his newest girl over for me today. Whole thing is a colossal fuck up if you ask me, but whatever. She'll probably show up, not be interested in me, and I'll redirect her back to the center.”

Piper giggled, shaking her head. “You really don't know how people work, do you Andy? Alright then, I'm off. I need to go get changed and get a run in. You're right – I've been going too easy on myself during the pandemic, so I need to get back out there, and a run around New Eden will give me a chance to scope out the town.”

“There you go. Just remember to hydrate, and have fun.”

She kissed him on the cheek and headed back towards her room, as Andy headed downstairs, going into the kitchen. He'd worked up quite an appetite this morning.

“Can I get you something, sir?” Jenny said, cleaning up the dishes from some of the girls' earlier breakfasts.

“Yeah, can I get one of those weird French ham and cheese sandwiches you made the other day, Jenny?”

She nodded with a smile, pushing those large oval glasses back up onto her nose. “One croque-monsieur coming right up.” Her oak colored hair flipped as she spun around and moved towards the fridge. “Did you speak with Nicolette this morning, sir?”

“I did, and I'm sorry that I made you all feel uncomfortable, Jenny. It won't happen again.”

“We like feeling like part of the family, sir,” she said, as she started to make the sandwich, “but that simply felt like it was going too far. Just keep us a little at arm's length, and everyone will be perfectly content. We don't mind the girls talking with us all the time, but you're the Master of the

House, and, well, we prefer it remain that way.”

“Heard, understood and acknowledged, as my friend used to say. Oh, do me a favor and make sure Sarah eats some lunch today? You'll probably find her in the downstairs central living room, face glued to a book.”

“Finally told her she can read your next work, did you, sir?”

“Apparently nobody told her it was in the house until I mentioned it this morning.”

“Very good sir. I'm sure she's having the time of her life, and she never felt like that before.”

Andy gave her the side eye, and Jenny began laughing. “You leave the masterpiece that is 'Dirty Dancing' out of this, Jenny.”

“Yes sir. Sorry sir,” she said with a smile that made it clear she wasn't sorry in the least.

After lunch, Andy retreated to his study and worked adding more to the next Druid Gunslinger novel, although if he was entirely honest with himself, he was doing more editing than actual writing. The editing process was important, however, and he needed to trim some of the excess fat he'd been introducing to the story for a while. His editor had, on more than one occasion, accused him of “flavor bloat,” where he would write pages and pages and pages of descriptives with nothing actually *happening*, and Andy was determined not to get such feedback on this manuscript.

Early in the afternoon, Emily poked her head into his office, and the cats immediately hopped up to greet her. “So sorry to disturb you,” she said, her British accent ensuring she could do no such thing, “but there's a Benny Watkins at the gate saying he's got an appointment to meet you today. Nicolette's just buzzed the gate open, so perhaps we should go out front and meet him?”

He sighed, closing his laptop, nodding. “Yep, let's go see what this whole mess is about.”

As they walked upstairs, Emily peppered him with questions. “Do you have any idea what it is Mr. Watkins has planned?”

“His father, Nathaniel, gave me a little bit of an idea, but not all that much, so I have a feeling I'm going to be just as surprised as you are.”

“He seemed like a rather nice man, for the short time I spoke with him. Not at all how Sarah described Mr. Vikovic.”

“She didn't like Gregor?”

“It wasn't that she disliked him,” Emily said as they reached the front door. “She just said he didn't talk very much, where as Nathaniel seemed quite pleasant and conversational.”

They opened the front door just in time to see the Watkins family limo pulling up in front of the house. Andy felt a little bit nervous, but Emily reached up and took his hand, squeezing it reassuringly. “It'll be fine, love,” she said to him. “Let the man keep his pride.”

After the limo parked, the driver, a large Israeli man who looked like he could kill Andy with an olive fork, moved to open the back door. Nathaniel Watkins stepped out first, a wide smile on his face. “Ah, Andrew, so glad to see you and Miss Stevens are getting along well. I had hopes that you two would take to each other.”

“He's an excellent man, Nathaniel,” Emily said to him. “I never had any doubts about that.”

“Yes well, let me first introduce my son, Benjamin. Benny, get out here.”

Benny stepped out of the car, and Andy could immediately sense why Nathaniel wanted to knock him down a few pegs. The younger Watkins was dressed in several designer fashion labels, all expensive, but none of them matched even in the slightest. Benny's hair was cut short, and he looked like he trying to grow facial hair, but the man was too young to make a proper go of it, and it all just looked wrong. “Hello Mr. Rook,” the young man said, staring right at Andy with resentment.

Nathaniel's face made it clear that he knew this whole experience was going to be a struggle for the younger man, but also reinforced the idea that this was punishment for his son. “Are you going to apologize to him?”

“I'm sorry I took your woman, Mr. Rook,” Benny said, but his tone conveyed anything but regret or remorse, almost as if he was trying to goad Andy by repeating that he'd taken something from

him.

“Hannah dear, would you mind stepping out now?”

The last person to emerge from the car was a teenage Asian girl, dressed in an almost embarrassingly large overcoat, her dark hair in a ponytail with blonde stripes in it, an orange scrunchy holding it in place. She was shorter than both Nathaniel and Benny, around the same height as Emily, and her face had a smug grin on it. “Oh my god, it really is Emily Fucking Stevens. Shoots. I'm totally gonna be a sister-wife with Emily Fucking Stevens. This is so fucking rad,” the girl said.

“Now Hannah,” Nathaniel said, “I know you weren't particularly keen on pairing up with Benny, so let me ask you, would Mr. Rook be more to your liking?”

Hannah looked Andy up and down, then nodded. “Definitely. He's fit, he's cute, and if he can make Emily Fucking Stevens happy, I don't see how I could possibly be let down,” she giggled.

“Then why don't you go join Mr. Rook, my dear?” Nathaniel said, while handing Hannah an envelope. “I'll take my coat back, however.”

Hannah slowly opened the coat, and Andy suddenly understood that while the coat might have been partially for his benefit, it was mostly to rub it even further in Benny's face. Underneath the coat, she was wearing a white, orange and black cheerleader outfit that said 'WILDCATS' on the front of it. One thing that captured the eye immediately was that Hannah was very well endowed. Her tits were large, almost straining against the uniform and whatever sports bra she had on underneath. She was very much bustier than most high school cheerleaders were, but it absolutely worked for her, her legs in long black stockings beneath the surprisingly long skirt. Andy remembered cheerleader skirts being more daring in his day, but this one hung down to her knees, the stockings disappearing up within. She had a rounded face, but still seemed quite athletic, despite her incredibly well-endowed chest area, and a large silver cross hung on a chain, resting on her collarbone.

“You see this, Benny? These gigantic titties of mine I've caught you drooling over so many fucking times, you asshole? This toned ass you tried to get me to shake at you? These athletic thighs you were trying to sneak looks at? You're never gonna get any of it,” she said as she handed the coat to Benny, making sure the boy got a good look at her in the outfit, before she skipped over to Andy, grinning the whole way. As soon as she reached him, she threw her arms around his waist and pressed her massive breasts against his side, like two pillows crowding against him. “I'm *Andy's* tiggo biddy cheerleader slut now, you fuckin' perv,” she said, sticking her tongue out at Benny, whose face was bunched up in frustration. Based on that look, Benny had clearly seen Hannah in this outfit many times, and fantasized about her again and again. Andy remembered that Nathaniel had said the boy had made multiple passes at her, and that she had rejected each and every one. “I'm gonna fuck his brains out until he can't even stand upright. But you? You ain't never gonna get nunathis. I hope you fuck off and die angry.” The girl was clearly still upset about the boy's responses when she'd continually rejected him.

“Now, Benjamin,” Nathaniel said, “you're going to take out that envelope I gave you earlier, and you are going to read it aloud.”

Benny reached into the breast pocket of his designer jacket and pulled out an envelope, opening it, starting to read, but not aloud, trying to scan through it as much as he could, his eyes growing wider and wider.

“It says what happens if you don't read it aloud, Benjamin,” Nathaniel stressed.

The younger man cleared his throat and started to read, hatred seething in his voice. “Firstly, as part of the punishment for my actions, I, Benjamin Watkins, am losing a portion of my inheritance that my father had planned for me. Active immediately, my father is hereby giving 40% ownership of Inner Light Investments to one Andrew Rook. When my father passes away, I will also receive 40% ownership of Inner Light Investments, and my father's wives will each receive 1% ownership. Secondly, as further part of my punishment, any and all educations that Hannah Nakamura wishes to receive for the rest of her life will be paid for, in full, by me, Benjamin Watkins. Thirdly, half of my

two hundred million dollar trust fund is being transferred in ownership to one Andrew Rook, which he will have full access to immediately, in the form of cash, stocks and bonds. Finally, any retaliatory actions by me, my partners or my friends, against Andrew Rook, Hannah Nakamura or anyone else in Mr. Rook's circle of family and/or friends, will result in my immediate forfeiture of the rest of my trust fund to Mr. Rook, as well as all Inner Light Investments stock set to pass to me upon my father's death. Failure to read this letter aloud will be considered a retaliatory action. With this, I have paid my price in full for my transgression except for one final thing.” He looked over at his dad. “That's where it ends. What's the final thing, Dad?”

Nathaniel Watkins then slapped his son across the face as hard as he possibly could, knocking the boy to the ground. “There is one rule you will learn comes first and foremost in life, boy,” he said, pointing a finger at the young man who had started to cry on the ground. “You do **not** fuck with the **money**, and until you have earned some on your own, **I** am the fucking money in this house. By stealing what didn't belong to you, you have cut off one of your own legs and will have to learn how fucking precarious your situation is.”

“But Dad!”

“Don't you say another fucking word, you sniveling little shit. You should be **thankful** that Andrew was so understanding about this. His insistence that this didn't need to be made a big deal over is the reason you're still even **in** this fucking family. You aren't losing that money to him; you're paying it **to** him for being kind and courteous enough to **let** you keep the other fucking half of it. If he hadn't been so generous, I would've thrown your ass out of my house, my family and all of New Eden for your treachery, taking a woman who wasn't yours at any point at all. She was delivered to me, and I had promised her to Andrew, and instead, you stole from both myself and him, making me dishonor my promise to him.”

“Dad, it was only some **bitch**!”

Nathaniel Watkins slapped the boy again, just as hard, if not harder. “For the next month, that *'bitch'* is going to be your Mistress, you goddamned brat. Everything that woman, Deborah, says to do, you're going to do, and if you don't, you are fucking **done** in this family. I have clearly failed to raise you properly, and that's on me, but if there's one thing I've learned over the years, it's that you certainly do enjoy the lifestyle that you currently have, so if you want to keep even a little chance of keeping it, you are going to let her order you around like a goddamn pet. You're **her** bitch now, and if that means you have to wear a gimp suit and a ball gag for a month, so fucking be it.”

“It's not fair!” the young man wailed, tears running down his bruised face.

“Fair? **FAIR*?!**” Nathaniel bellowed so loudly Andrew was afraid the man would strike his son yet again. “When I was your age, I was working three jobs to save up enough money to pay for housing while I got my education. You've never done a day's worth of hard work in your life. You've enjoyed the fruits of **my** labors, and you've spit in my eye every step of the way, so now you're going to learn what it's like to pay the cost. Get in the **fucking** car, before I change my mind and cut you out entirely.” The boy glared up at him, but then crawled into the back of the limo, his sense of self-preservation having won out over his pride.

Nathaniel sighed, and walked over towards Andy, while the man's driver took two suitcases out of the trunk of the limo, clearly Hannah's things, bringing them up to the front door of the house. “I'm sorry you had to witness all that, Andrew, but now you know what kind of trouble my boy has been to me over the years.”

“Hey, better this than you or I having to go all John Wick on him.”

The bearded man laughed. “You know, at this point if you told me you were secretly a master assassin in the Before Times, I might just believe you.”

Andy laughed. “I wasn't, but don't fuck with my cats.”

“Ah, but that's just what a master assassin would say to throw me off the track,” Nathaniel laughed, tapping at his temple with one fingertip. “All of the details about the transfer is in the

envelope I gave to Miss Nakamura here, and you simply need to have your finance manager contact mine.”

Andy frowned in amusement. “I don't even **have** a finance manager, Nathaniel.”

“Then mine now also works for you. His name is Zack Burchelli. I'll call him on the limo ride back and tell him to expect your call. He takes his fee out of your investments, so it's in his best interests for him to do well by you, and I'll make sure you get the same deal I have.”

“Are you sure about this?” Andy sighed, feeling a little guilty of depriving the boy of so much of his inheritance. “I mean, we only met this week and you're just **giving** me a hundred million dollars.”

Watkins rolled his eyes, grinning. “It's **only** money. I'll make loads more. Besides, if it helps me reshape that worthless son of mine into a decent human being, it'll all be worth it.”

“Deb'll do that,” Hannah said to them. “She's baller, and putting her in charge will teach him some humility. The money'll be the carrot to her stick, but mos def she's gonna beat him **stupid** with that stick for the next month.”

Nathaniel smirked and gave Hannah's head a pat. “I told you that you'd like this one, Andrew. She's got spirit. Getting dressed up in her old Woodside High School cheerleading outfit was her idea, by the way, to really stick it Benny. As I said before, she should technically be a freshman at Stanford right now, but the university is closed until the pandemic passes. I have no doubt she'll be a cheerleader there as well. And you're fine with the last thing, dear girl?”

Hannah nodded. “It'll be dope. I'm sure Andy won't mind, and if he does, well, I'll change his mind,” she giggled.

Andy turned to look at her, and the Asian girl just beamed up at him with a toothy grin, almost daring him to ask, but he decided not to. “You really didn't have to go to such lengths on my account, Nathaniel.”

“Again, let me stress this, it wasn't on your account, Andrew, only to your benefit,” Nathaniel said, shaking his hand. “And I think I put in enough warnings that it shouldn't come back on your and yours, but if it does, well, you'll suddenly be even more wealthy, and my son will have lost everything. Oh! And before I go, I spoke to my friend over at Working Title, and they're eager to get things moving forward on a Druid Gunslinger movie, especially if you might have Sarah Washington and Emily Stevens attached for parts. They're talking possible franchise, you know, especially since you're alive and still writing more of them, because that means they won't run out of source material any time soon. That's a value-add as they say.”

“Sarah would swallow her own fist to get that role,” Emily said with a smile, “so thank you again, Nathaniel.”

“No problem at all, my dear,” he said, shaking her hand as well. “I'm mostly just glad to have settled this with only my son's pride being wounded. I hope we can part as friends, Andrew,” Nathaniel said, moving to shake Andy's hand one more time. “It's refreshing to see someone so salt-of-the-earth here, and we're all the better for it. Emily and Hannah are very lucky ladies.”

“Friends it is,” Andy said. “We can make it a point to have lunch or dinner once every couple of weeks.”

“I'd enjoy that very much. Now, time to take Benny back to Deborah, and see what she has in store for him. I'm hoping it's a chastity belt of some kind, but it is, as I said, her decision.”

“Make sure you have her take pictures, so if you need to, you'll have evidence to use against him later. Should be a reminder not to cross you further.”

Watkins smirked, tapping his temple again. “You're always thinking, Andrew. I love it. Ciao!”

With that, Watkins slid back into his limo and the driver closed the door behind him before getting back into the long vehicle, slowly driving it off the property.

“You know, you generally don't see limos that much these days,” Emily said to him.

“That's because they're chintzy AF,” Hannah said. “So you DTF **right now**, or what?”

“Look, Hannah, just because you're here doesn't mean you have to stay here if you don't want to,” Andy started, but then yelped a little bit as Hannah's small fingertips closed around his groin through the jeans and boxers, squeezing his cock.

“M'kay, lemme break it down for you, Andy,” she purred. “I am horny like you would not fucking believe, so maybe I'm not making myself clear enough. I kinda turn into a little cock crazed bimbo when I'm too fucking horny for my own good. You got three choices right now. A) You can fuck me right here and now on the porch. B) You can take me inside the house and fuck me right there in the entryway. Or 3) you can take me into the house, up to your bedroom and fuck me there.”

“Being randy also apparently messes with your indexing system, Hannah,” Emily giggled.

“Oh, there's also option D) all of the above, but the rumor is that doing any one of the first three will knock me on my ass so I can't do the rest.” She blew a stray bang of blonde hair out of her face dismissively. “Sounds like total bullshit to me, though.”

“I can't help myself, Andrew,” Emily said, sliding her right hand down the front of his pants, having to work with Hannah just a little bit, so that she could get her fingertip across the head of his cock, getting a bit of that glistening precum onto her finger as she lifted it out. The small British girl then moved around, sliding her body in behind Hannah's, the two close to the same height, although Hannah was a little bit shorter, Emily's hips pressing up against the cheerleader's, pinning the girl's body between Andy's and her own. “Wrap your arms around him in a great big bear hug and I'll prove to you that you aren't ready for this.”

Hannah again dismissively blew air out of her mouth, shooting Emily a skeptical look over her shoulder before she dutifully wrapped her arms around Andy's midsection, holding onto him as best she could, before Emily pushed her fingertip into Hannah's mouth, making the cheerleader get her first taste of Andy, priming her.

If it hadn't been for Emily's arms pinning Hannah against Andy, the cheerleader would've immediately collapsed to the ground in violent orgasm, but as Emily had her trapped, Andy instead got to feel Hannah's whole body experience a personal earthquake, her face scrunched up tightly, an extremely high pitched squeal shredding through the air, and he could feel the girl's thick nipples suddenly harden, pressed right against his side, even through the layers of fabric.

After several seconds, the Asian girl started to breath again and looked up at him, her brown eyes watering with tears but a broad smile on her face. “Holy fuckballs it's fucking true,” she whimpered. “I thought I knew what orgasms were like, but I've never felt anything like that in my life. I think I just touched God.” She licked her lips, lifting one hand up to rub the back of her hand against her eyes, wiping away the water from them. “And I want more. Fuck it, I gotta have more, like right fucking now.” Her other hand had moved back to his cock again, rubbing against it.

“No,” Andy said. “We're going to take all your stuff inside, and up to the bedrooms, and we're going to give you a bedroom of your own for the time being, and while we're walking you up and getting you settled in, you can tell us a little bit more about yourself. Then, after a little bit, we'll take you into the main bedroom and get you imprinted.”

“But I—”

“Your other choice is that I can make you wait until after dinner,” Andy said, trying to be as authoritative as he could. “Which would you prefer?”

“Sooner, sir,” she grumbled.

“Excellent, let's take your stuff in and you can tell me and Emily all about you.”

“Whaddaya wanna know?” she said, grabbing one of her suitcases while Andy grabbed the other. Andy had taken the larger one, so he didn't feel bad about letting Hannah carry one herself. Even rolling it along, the larger suitcase was more like a steamer trunk than a practical travel suitcase.

“You lived in California your whole life?” Andy said, as they walked into the house.

She shook her head. “Moved here about five years ago from Hawaii after my dad's company closed down and we had to move. Dad's second generation Japanese American, and mom's pure blood

Hawaiian, but I think she was still glad to get off the island. She said she always knew everyone everywhere she went, and wanted to go someplace we could blend in more. We moved to Woodside when I was 13. Dad's a UX engineer for Playtronics and mom teaches third grade.”

They headed up the stairs, starting to walk down the hallway along the collection of bedrooms. Andy had to stop and check, finding the first completely unoccupied one, leading Hannah into it. “And what are you going to Stanford for?”

“Premed,” she sighed. “I’m still debating if I want to get into pediatrics or be a neonatal specialist, but I’ll totally have time to figure all that out, considering it’s, like, totally a billion years in school, so good on me for having that choad pay for it all.”

“Nathaniel said you were his tutor, and that he tried hitting on you several times.”

“Fuckin’ perv didn’t like being told no, and he even got handsy one time, so I decked him, and he went crying to daddy over it,” she grumbled, moving to put her smaller bag next to the dresser in the room. “But daddy told him that girls get to say no, and he never tried getting grabby again, but he kept on talking shit.”

Andy rolled the trunk over as well, placing it between the bed and the dresser. “Nathaniel said you made a go at him as well.”

Hannah giggled a little bit, rolling her eyes. “I mean, kinda, sorta, sure, I guess. He was separated from his wife at the time, and I knew it would piss Benny off so much, I think I just wanted to see if I could get away with it, but his daddy said no, and he eventually *un*separated from his wife, so I guess it all worked out. I was mostly just being a brat.”

“And you know you can’t fuck other men any more now, yes?” Emily asked her.

“I mean, I guess,” Hannah shrugged. “I thought that was just bullshit too, but if that first thing they told us at the base is true, then I guess all of it is, which means if I sleep with another dude, I’ll die, right?”

“That’s our understanding, but we’ve certainly never tested it,” Andy said.

“But the rest of the stuff? About needing to fuck? About it giving you the best orgasms of your life? And that it’ll keep you safe from the virus? All that’s true?”

Emily grinned. “I can speak from personal experience that whether it’s biochemistry or natural talent, Andrew has made me cum harder than I even thought was possible.”

“How many women am I gonna have to share him with?”

“There are nine other women in the family currently, four of whom intend to marry him, two of whom have decided simply to remain sexual partners, and three of whom are new enough to still be as of yet uncertain of what they want for their futures,” Emily said to her. “There are also three women on staff, who are sexual partners of Andy’s as well, but prefer to keep that relationship more professional, enjoying a level of distant removal from the family.”

“What’s *that* mean?” Hannah asked, her face scrunched up in confusion.

“It means I like it when the Master orders me around,” Nicolette said, poking her head into the room, “and that the cook and the gardener are lovers, but understand they have physiological needs they have to have tended to in order to stay alive. Hell, the gardener’s a lesbian, but Andy’s cum still makes her cream herself, so she’s willing to drink it. Hey, I’m Nicolette, the house maid.” She held out her hand to shake Hannah’s.

Hannah took it and shook it, before shooting Andy a suspicious look. “You make the French maid actually wear a French maid’s outfit?”

Nicolette giggled, which made the Asian girl’s head spin to look at her. “He’s told me multiple times I don’t have to wear it, but I like it too much to stop, just like I like calling him Master, when he told me I don’t have to do that either. But I just love the way he still blushes a little when I say it, so I know he likes it, don’t you Master?” she said, giving a little curtsy in his direction.

Andy was sure he was blushing a little, so he only smiled slightly. “No comment.”

“Told you,” Nicolette said, poking Hannah in the side. “Just be yourself in what you want, tell

him that and he'll probably give it to you, barring a few exceptions.”

“Oh yeah?” Hannah said, perking up a little more. “What's on the no-fly list?”

“He's a bit squeamish about being forceful or inflicting, but he'll do it up to a point, although he's never gonna hurt you,” Nicolette said. “Uh, what else did Niko tell me?”

“So I see Niko's the one with the big mouth,” Andy chuckled.

“Well, her and Ash told me a lot, so I can't remember which one said which. Oh! No inflicting pain on him, but I think Ash was just joking when she said she wanted to try and put nipple clamps on him,” the maid said, giggling again.

“She suggested it to me, and I politely declined.”

“The strap ons in the house are just for the girls to use on girls, not on the Master, although I don't think anyone's asked him that directly.”

“Niko did when she had a few drinks in her, but I shut that down right quick.”

Hannah nodded. “So big daddy's ass is exit only, but is he willing to have a go at ours?”

Nicolette smiled broadly and gave an over-exaggerated nod. “Oh yeah. In fact, I'm a little disappointed he hasn't had a go at mine yet, especially after we all heard Niko's first time not too long ago. *And* Taylor's.”

“Enjoyed it, did they?” Emily asked.

“Taylor was pretty loud, but holy shit, Niko was loud enough the neighbors might have heard her, and they're at least a mile away. I asked her about it the next day and she said it the greatest sexual experience she'd ever had in her life. Said it made her cum even harder than she did when she was imprinting, if I could believe that.” Nicolette licked her lips, looking at Andy. “So, needless to say, I'm hoping the Master'll take a crack at my ass sooner or later. I'm sure he's noticed me bending over a lot more as of late.”

Andy had turned a darker shade of red. “Well, you should've said something, Nicolette.”

“But it's so much fun watching you blush, Master,” she said, batting her thick eyelashes at him.

“Well, you've got an open invitation to *my* ass, Daddy,” Hannah purred.

“Mine and Sarah's as well,” Emily said, “although you will need to go slow with us. We're, ah, both unaccustomed to it, but anything good enough for Niko is good enough for us.”

“Nobody's had my ass either, Daddy, so you've got a whole world of eager virgin assholes to explore,” she giggled.

“Well, I didn't say mine was untouched,” Nicolette said, “but it's still ripe for the Master's taking.”

“That's... good to know?” Andy laughed.

“Oh, and Andy's not into bestiality or watersports, thank god,” Nicolette said with a dramatic laugh, “because I'd have to be the one cleaning that shit up.”

Everyone laughed a little bit at that.

“Everything else is fair game, though?” Hannah asked.

“Well, if there's something else, I'm sure he'll tell you before you get too far down the path,” Nicolette said. “If nothing else, the Master is remarkably straight forward.”

“How many more women are you going to add here?” Hannah said, pushing the trunk up against the side of the bed.

“Well, the banquet hall table holds sixteen people, so last night, I figured I was going to add just two more, but Nicolette has informed me that she, Katie and Jenny don't wish to be at our table any more, because it removes the level of distance they want, so I suppose it'll probably be five more, and I'll just have to tend to the needs of two to three women every day.” Andy laughed a little. “I mean, there's worse ways to pass the time.”

“How are you going to pick them?”

“I haven't really *picked* anyone,” Andy said with a sheepish smile. “I took a test, like three months ago, and based on that, they've just been sending me people. Although Emily told me that if I

wanted to, I could apparently just ask for someone, and there's a good chance they might send them to me.”

Hannah looked down at her hands and then looked up, a conflicted expression on her face.

“Can... may I make a request?”

Andy's head tilted to one side. “I mean, you can certainly ask. The worst thing I can do is say no, so might as well ask.”

“Can I ask you to request someone specific for the house? Would... is that forward of me?”

“It sort of depends on who you're wanting me to request, Hannah,” Andy said. “I feel a little odd requesting anyone, honestly, so if you have someone specifically you want me to bring into the house, I'm going to need a reason for it.”

“Can I think about it for a little bit?”

“Sure,” Andy said. “I expect the soonest we would see anyone else show up would be next week, and it's probably just going to be one, maybe two people. After next Friday, though, who the hell knows what's going to go on.”

“What happens next Friday?”

“The news breaks, but let's talk about that later. It'll do your head right now. I would've talked to you about it before, but Emily went ahead and primed you already, so I imagine that lust is bubbling up pretty fierce right about now.”

“Sorry not sorry?” Emily said to him, a pixieish grin on her darling face. “So he can make a go at you here, Hannah, if you want to wake up alone tomorrow morning, or we can take you to the main bedroom, if you're okay waking up surrounded by other people.”

“Where are *you* sleeping, Emily?”

“Oh, I'm always going to be sleeping with Andy. Always always always.” The British actress had a tendency to say things three times in a row if she wanted to drive home a point particularly emphatically. “I'm going to take one of the bedrooms and turn it into a study, but I want to be sharing a bed with Andy unless circumstance demands I be away from him for a while, on a film shoot or something.”

“Are there going to be more Dagger Academy movies? I don't like how they ended with you losing Eduardo, the love of Dahlia Hairtrigger's life, and her having to do her last year at the Academy alone?”

“Well, poppet, I'm afraid there are no more novels to adapt, so unless E. F. Winston decides she wants to write more of them, it's quite unlikely. I'm hoping to be part of the cast for the films based on Andy's books, though.”

“Oh yeah!” Hannah said, looking at him. “Mr. Watkins said you were a writer, but I've never heard of the Druid Gunslinger books.”

“They're aimed at a slightly older audience, I think, but I'm sure Sarah will love to tell you all about them.”

“Who's Sarah?”

“Another of Andy's soon to be wives. Sarah Washington. Maybe you've seen her in movies?”

“Wait. WAIT. 'Ballerina Badasses' Sarah Washington? *THAT* Sarah Washington is gonna be my sister-wife?”

“Well, she's certainly here,” Emily said with a laugh. “She's downstairs reading Andy's most recent book right now, which I very much doubt we can pry her away from.”

“I've got so much to learn and discover here, but yeah, let's go to the main bedroom. I feel like it's getting hard to think, so let's go before I can't keep my head clear.”

“Sure,” Andy said, “off to the main bedroom.”

“Nicolette, can you come with us?” Hannah said. “We're going to need a hand briefly.”

“We are?” Andy said.

Hannah flashed him another broad as miles grin, nodding. “You'll see soon enough! Don't rush

your surprise.” She grabbed Emily's hand, and then pulled her along, as the four of them started to walk down the hallway.

The girls walked several steps behind him, and Hannah whispered into Emily's ear first, making the British woman giggle, before whispering into Nicolette's ear, the maid taking a turn giggling. “Oh you're wicked, girl,” Nicolette said. “I fucking love it. You've definitely got a wildcat here, Master.”

“It says so right here on my tits!” Hannah laughed.

As soon as they got into the room, Hannah handed her cellphone to Nicolette. Emily leaned in and whispered into Hannah's ear, which made Hannah gasp and blush. “Oh god, yes! You do you, girl! I fucking love that!”

Emily's face broke into a wide grin like she'd just eaten a canary. “Well, it's your show, girl, so do what you want to.” She then moved over to whisper into Nicolette's ear, and the maid immediately started giggling all over again.

Hannah reached up and grabbed the back of Andy's neck and pulled him down so she could kiss him, and it was sloppy, her tongue almost wanting to lick every inch of his mouth, before she pulled back. “So I can do anything I want? It's okay if I drive?”

Andy laughed, shrugging his shoulders, spreading his hands. “Within reason, of course.”

“Oh, it's all reasonable, and enjoyable,” Hannah said, before she grabbed Andy's shirt and pulled him around the room, finally settling on the big armchair, pushing him to sit down. She slowly slid one knee up on one side then her other knee up the other, straddling him. “I'm sure I'd be a shitty stripper, but I've never met a boy who didn't want to do this.” She tugged up the cheerleading top, as well as the bra, and let those massive tits spill free, a tidal wave of tan flesh with large aerolas and thick stiff brown nipples. Hannah had at least double Ds, but Andy wouldn't have been at all surprised if they were even larger, and was nearly overwhelmed when she leaned forward and mashed them right up against his face, bringing her arms forward so he felt like his head was being engulfed by them. “Mmmmm. That's it, daddy. Get a face full of those big ol' titties of mine. Some day soon Imma let you fuck'em. Boys have been asking me for a titfuck for years now, and I've always said no, but for you? Goddamn, I'm wet just at the thought of it.” Her fingertips smoothed across his shaved head, and when he tried to pull back, she only pulled his face forward even more, holding him there until he thought he was going to suffocate.

Eventually, though, she let him pull his face back, wrapping his lips around one of her nipples, suckling hard on it, teasing it with his teeth, which made her give a dramatic shiver, her fingernails raking against the back of his head.

“But I gotta be yours first, Daddy,” she said, slowly lifting one knee up, drawing it in under her before rolling in a twist, landing her ass in his lap with a heavy whomp, feeling his cock straining against the jeans. “So don't you move and let your newest fucktoy do her thing.” She scooted back into him so she could reach her hands down and unbutton his jeans. “All the boys at school said I was a wicked cocktease, but that's just because I didn't fancy most of them. The guys I hooked up with, though?” She leaned her head back and whispered into his ear. “I was the biggest fucking whore for them imaginable,” she moaned. “Blowjobs, handjobs, missionary, doggy, cowgirl, in a car, in a bar, on a boat, near some goats. I made sure my boyfriends never went home with blue balls. A couple of them even begged me to stop, saying they were afraid they were shooting dust,” she giggled. “Not one of them made me cum like just the very taste of you did though, Daddy.”

Andy reached a hand up, sliding it to cup one of her tits, trying to do his best to contribute, but Hannah had him pinned in place pretty good.

“Now let's see what your slut's got to work with. It felt kinda big. Is it kinda big?” she giggled, then finally fished his cock out from his unzipped jeans and boxers, not pushing them down, just making them tuck underneath his cock and balls. “Holy fuckballs!” she gasped. “You thick-dicked monster, Daddy! That is one big, beautiful, *fat* fucking prick! Oh god, I hope it tears my slutty little teenage pussy right the fuck up!” As soon as she had it free, she lifted her hips up to draw her skirt up,

moving it higher and higher until Andy could feel his cock being rubbed along the one of her stockings. "I know I should wait and take it slow, but fuck it!"

Her hand pulled his cock back just enough as she slammed down, forcing her tight young snatch to swallow up his dick. She was easily the tightest pussy he'd ever felt, her body quivering and squirming atop of him, and he was almost worried that he'd hurt her until that giddy laugh bubbled out from her throat. "Oh my fucking god that is some good fucking *dick*!" she shouted. "Where has this goddamn cock been all my life?"

Hannah reached up and pulled the scrunchy from her hair, tossing it aside to let her mane hang loose, shaking her head to make her hair fall in her face for a moment, as she took one hand and pushed her skirt down her legs a little, her other arm folding across her chest. Andy heard a click sound, and tried to peek around Hannah, but she leaned over and made sure he couldn't get a good view. "Uh uh, you stay right fucking there, and you let me ride this giant fucking hog of yours until you give me what I want, and don't you doubt for a fucking second that I want it, oh hot shit do I want that fucking cum."

Andy was trying to figure out where to put his hands, but Hannah was already moving, tugging the skirt back up again, lifting both of her hands back to rub along his head, when Andy heard another clicking sound. As soon as Andy's hands touched her hips, she suddenly reached down and grabbed his wrists, pulling his hands up to cup those mammoth breasts of hers, followed by another click and then another moan.

"I really should be bouncing on this schlong of yours, daddy, but I just love how it feels stretching my teenage cunt open, prying that pussy until I can't help but fit like a good little sleeve, only as big as you're making me," Hannah groaned. "Don't you want me, baby? Don't you wanna force fuck your newest whore until she's weeping your cum? 'Cause that's what she fucking wants. I know you can feel how fucking wet I am around that giant dick," she giggled. "Maybe just a little bounce."

Hannah lifted her hips up, sliding her twat up his cock. Andy wasn't sure how far up she was going to lift, but after a few inches, she snickered and thrust down again, which only made her moan all the harder. "Fuckfuckfuck that's fucking good..."

"You know, Andrew," Emily said, her voice moving closer, "when Hannah told me her plan for this moment, I offered her a little suggestion, one which she found incredibly erotic. Would you like me to tell you what it is?"

"I think you should, don't you?" he said, Hannah making sure he couldn't peek and see what was happening.

"Oh, I think you rather might enjoy a surprise instead," she laughed, getting even closer before Andy heard yet another click. He knew he'd heard that sound before, but couldn't place it.

"You really should see her like this, Andy," Emily purred. "All wanton and wound up on your lap, eager to get your spunk inside of her but too wired to be able to move. And you, being so noble, not rushing her, when really, I think the little slut's as desperate for you to fuck her as you are." There was a rustling sound, and Andy felt his legs being pushed apart a little by Emily's soft hands. "Which is where I come in."

There was another click, then another. Then Andy could feel the skirt fluttering, as one of Emily's hands shifted, the tip of her thumb rubbing along what little of his cock was exposed, before moving to strum Hannah's clit tenderly, the Asian cheerleader wriggling even more in his lap. "Fuck, she's frigging me, Daddy. She's rubbing my little cunny while you're ripping it open, and it all feels so fucking good."

"It's a good starter, innit?" Emily said, "but I can do better. Hannah, be a good little fuckpuppet and start grinding on him, would you love?"

"I don't know, Emily," Hannah whimpered, almost a touch of fear in her voice. "I'm scared I'm gonna start having chain orgasms or something."

"Of course you are, darling," Emily replied, "but that's no reason to be frightened. They're wonderful."

The movements were tentative at first, but slowly Hannah's hips began lifting up then pushing down again, starting to ride his cock, although clearly pacing herself to not go completely out of control.

“Now,” Emily said, as Andy thought he felt her moving to her knees, “let me see if I can expedite this along a little more.”

Andy damn near jumped when he felt Emily's tongue near the base of his cock, the British woman giving a delightful shiver against him, one hand still using a thumb on Hannah's clit, the other keeping Andy's thighs pressed wide apart enough that she could slip in, her head beneath the skirt, as her voice was a little muffled. “Ah yes, I know how we can kickstart this. Hannah, dear, are you ready for my husband-to-be to blow your fucking mind by blowing his load?”

“Oh god, I want it so goddamn bad, Emily, Andy...” Click. “I need to feel that hot jizz inside of my snug snatch, I'm so fucking desperate for it.”

“But you know what'll happen when he does, don't you?”

Hannah nodded, but didn't say anything, while Emily's tongue was flicking along the point where Andy's flesh met Hannah's.

“I can't hear you, darling!” Emily said in a sing-song voice.

“I'll start imprinting.”

“And what does *that* mean, you silly girl?”

“That I'll be bonded to him, connected to him...”

Hannah nodded again, her hair thrashing about, before she realized that Emily still couldn't hear her nodding. “I want it, I want it, I want it so fucking bad...” Click.

“Well, you tell him what you want him to make you, and I'll make sure he does, but if you don't say it, he won't do it, and frankly, I won't blame him one bit.”

“Please, Andy, Daddy, Master, whatever the fuck you want me to call you, please give me that cum, please fill up my pussy and let it mark my very soul.”

Andy could feel Emily's tongue moving downward, starting to lash over his balls, flicking along them, that weird clicking sound filling the air again, as Hannah continued begging.

“I've never wanted anything like this in my entire fucking life, needed something so fucking badly, to feel you jizzing me up, putting a big ol' creampie in my tight teenage twat, doing what it does, what I want it to do to me so fucking much. I wanna be *your* slut, Andy, yours and nobody else's. I wanna feel that nut branding me as your whore for life, your wanton and willing cheerleader fucktoy who will take every drop of cum you give her. I need it. Oh fuck do I fucking need it... You gotta give it to me, Andy, before I lose my fucking mind.”

At that point, Andy felt Emily's lips wrapping around his balls, sucking his nuts into her mouth, washing them with her tongue, rolling them around, almost coaxing them to give up their secrets, as Hannah started spasming again on his lap.

“Please, Daddy, pleasepleaseplease make me your girl, your slut, your whore, your toy, your fuckhole, your plaything or wife or whatever the fuck you wane me as, just make me fucking *yours* with that goddamn cum already! Cum in me! Show me how fucking owned I am! Oh my god, I'm fucking cumming! Cum with me! Cum! Fucking cum already!”

Between Emily's tongue, Hannah's grinding movements and her quivering cunt, Andy's resistance was futile and he felt his balls try to draw up, only to be kept in place by Emily's lips, even while his cock began spewing hot cum inside of Hannah's pussy, sending the girl redoubling with spasms, her already tight snatch locking his dick inside of her until those spurts had stopped and her body sloughed almost lifeless against him in the chair.

Emily began giggling profusely beneath the skirt, and he felt her mouth pull off his balls, giving the base of his dick a little lick before she pushed the cheerleader up and off his cock, forcing her to slide a bit more against Andy's chest. Once she had his cock out of the cheerleader, she moved to lick it clean, and Andy was certain he could feel Emily trembling just a little bit, having rediscovered for

certain that every bit of his cum would send her into orgasms.

After a minute or so of a tongue bath on his cock, Emily slipped out from under the skirt and moved to help Andy lift her up, carrying Hannah's unconscious form to the giant bed, laying her down. Emily had given his knob an excellent spin shine, so Andy tucked his cock away, and pulled up his boxers and his jeans, zipping and buttoning them up, before he noticed that Emily was standing next to Nicolette, who was still in the room.

The two of them were looking at Hannah's cellphone.

“No, that's definitely the one. Send him that one,” the British woman said to the maid.

“That's what I figured, but I wanted to be sure,” Nicolette said. “And the rest of them?”

“Why send them to Andy's phone, and all the girls' phones as well,” Emily said, leaning in to kiss Nicolette, letting the maid get a taste of a few remaining droplets of Andy's cum, forcing the French girl to vibrate a little, a short but nonetheless powerful orgasm rippling through her at even that small amount.

“Am I going to regret asking what this is all about?” Andy said, as he walked over to join them.

Emily took the phone from Nicolette's hand, selected a photo and turned the phone to show Andy. It was a picture of Hannah on his lap, although her face was covered by her hair. Her cheerleading top was pulled up, but her arm folded across her tits hid her nipples from sight, and while portions of Andy's form were visible, it didn't clearly identify him either. But also just importantly, Hannah's skirt was clearly over the head and shoulders of Emily, who wasn't totally visible in the photo either, but made the image all that more erotic.

“When you told Nathaniel that you weren't going to let Benny watch, Hannah asked us to send him a picture that showed the whole thing without giving him any of the good bits, or showing anybody's face,” Emily giggled. “He'll know it's her, and you, and me, but he can't prove it to anyone.”

“So you took a picture,” Andy said to Nicolette, who had a comfortable smirk on her face.

“Oh, I took *loads* of pictures, Master, and in most of them, you can see her tits, her face... I like this one in particular,” she said, taking the phone back from Emily, scrolling over to show one that was a close up Emily's face, her tongue extended to lick his cock, Hannah's pussy visible and framed in the shot. “But these are just for the family.”

“God, I don't mean to be vain, but I look fucking hot there,” Emily laughed. “Like proper porn star hot. Don't you think?”

“I think you girls are going to be the death of me,” Andy groaned, still smiling when he did.

“The finest death in all the land if we are, though! But don't die too soon,” Emily teased. “We all need our fixes. Now let's go tell Sarah about the movie deal before any of the other girls get home. I'm sure they're going to have loads of questions about all the photos I just blew up their phones with.”

(Feedback or encouragement only stokes the fires of the writing engine. I always love to hear thoughts about the most recent stuff I'm putting into the world. – corruptingpower@aol.com)