

Chapter 40

He desperately wanted to get to bed, but there was work to be done before he could sleep, and his brain was still moving a mile a minute. It generally did, but his conversation earlier in the day had been rolling around in circles over and over again. Phil was one of the smartest people he'd ever met, but Andy knew *everyone* was capable of making mistakes.

There was something they were missing about all the information Phil had presented to them. Phil's plan had all the things it should, but there was so much that Phil hadn't had time to tell them. He wasn't sure what he thought he might glean from it, but he decided to let it keep running on cycles in the back of his brain for the rest of the night.

He hoped maybe it would just come to him.

Different people in his household went to bed at different times, and typically, Piper and Sheridan went to bed not too long after dinner. He glanced at his watch, seeing it was just past 10:30, and he figured they were probably crawling into bed about now, since both were early risers.

Niko was probably also heading to bed about now, so she could be up early in the morning, in case Lexi woke up before most of the house was up. Niko tended to be an early riser as well, as did Lauren and Taylor, so they were also probably also turning in for the night.

Hannah and Asha were typical college students without classes, so they'd be up past midnight gossiping, and Taylor was probably more than a little sad she couldn't join them, but as she'd told Andy at dinner, she was taking her responsibilities over at 49ers HQ very seriously.

Fi and Moira were trying to get adjusted to West Coast time, but the jet lag hadn't fully let go of them yet, so Andy guessed they were probably starting to get ready for bed as well.

Em and Sarah kept their own schedules, but since Em planned to talk to her family in the morning, she had likely turned in also, and where Em went, Sarah usually followed, so he was fairly certain they were both snuggling up in bed, bemoaning the lack of him there, but knowing that he would join them when he was ready.

Tala and Jade had formed a surprising friendship and had spent most of the day getting the pool house further converted into a workspace for the curvier woman. Jade was used to teaching, so he suspected she probably had also turned in relatively early.

Aisling, however, kept her schedule in tune with his, and so he knew she'd be up, and willing to watch a bit of television before turning in for the night. He'd found that she'd never seen *Farscape* so as of late, they'd been making a point to watch an episode or two before bed every night, and in between they'd chat a little bit about their respective days.

He was going to head down to the living room that was furthest from the bedrooms, which had sort of become the default theater room of the house, but found Ash in the kitchen, sneaking herself a pickle from the fridge, so they sat around the kitchen island to have their chat before their nightly television binge.

This particular night Andy walked Ash through what Phil had asked of him, and as he talked through it, she asked pointed questions, most of which he didn't have an answer to, but eventually, she asked one that he hadn't even thought of, and it all snapped into sense for him.

“So why not just use this Evie as the test case, instead of asking Jenny to do it?” she said to him.

“What?” Andy asked, as if it hadn't even occurred to him.

“Look, she made it here safely, right?”

“Right.”

“That means she was imprinted, and if Evie's being asked to be imprinted to Nate, that means she was already imprinted to this McCallister prick, and you can use that to analyze her blood and the effect it's having on it. Shit, you could smear a little of McCallister's precum onto her skin at first,

check that it causes a rash, then give her a little from the guy who's supposedly a *de*-imprinter, then have Nate imprint her and take her blood again. I mean, if this Evie wants to get out from under her husband, ex-husband or whatever, then she's gotta to be willing to show she believes in all of this."

"I don't tell you that you're brilliant often enough, Ash," he said, leaning into to kiss her, which started tender but definitely amped up in intensity a bit before she pulled back, a wry smile on her face.

"You don't, but it's okay," she said. "You say it lots, and lots is brilliant. Before we head to bed tonight, though, mister, I was given a request this morning, so we're going to go and fulfill it, you and I. The request was made to me, because they were worried you might take offense to it, but I want you to know, in advance, this is what *everyone* wants, they're *hoping* you'll lean into it, at least a little, and the safeword, should it be needed, is limoncello. Okay?"

She was pulling him to his feet, that playful expression widening on her face, as he waggled his eyebrows. "You girls certainly do love testing me," he told her.

"This one's not me at all, love," she said, sliding her arm around his waist. "It's more of just a thing to show you what you can be capable of when it's asked of you, and this particular play partner wants even more than you gave her last time."

"Uh oh," he said. "That sounds like I'm not living up to my end of the bargain."

"Stop. No," she said, squeezing his hip. "You did great, but the girls in question just want you to know you can and should go further."

She led him down towards the room they'd been planning to go to anyway, the basement living room, but instead of heading for the television, Andy saw that over near where he'd usually sit, one woman was standing and another was kneeling, the room barely lit, as if the atmosphere of it was important to the ambiance of the moment.

Andy's nighttime eyesight wasn't great, but as they got closer, he could make out who the two people were. The woman standing was Nicolette, but she had ditched her typical French maid's outfit for something that looked a lot more dominatrix. She wore a leather corset that was tied tight to force her tits into nearly a shelf of flesh, propped up and pushed out but still marginally covered. She also had black leather shorts, fishnet stockings and long leather high-heeled boots that came up to her mid-thigh. The heels were at least a few inches, because it made Nicolette look huge, her blonde hair done up in a tight bun atop her head.

In her hand was the end of a long leash.

At the end of the leash, on her knees, was Whitney, completely nude except for the collar around her neck, her hair done up in jetblack pigtails, her pale white flesh almost the shade of moonlight in the summer. Her arms were folded together in front of her to make her smaller breasts press together, the rosy pinkness of her nipples like strawberries, her wrists resting on top of one another, as if she expected them to be bound at some point, or maybe they already were in her mind. He could see the black curls of her pubic V peeking from between her thighs.

Ash took his hand and gave it a soft squeeze. "You did well with Whitney the first time, babes," she whispered to him. "But you need to know you can go further, you *should* go further, at least every so often, and that she doesn't just want you to do that, she's going to *get off on it*. I know that part of you is in there," she said, kissing his cheek. "We just need to wake the bastard up."

Andy wasn't entirely surprised by all of this, if he was being honest with himself. Early on, he thought he'd given Nicolette exactly what she wanted, and then around when all the girls had presented their friends for consideration for the house, Nicolette had told him to go even harder at her. So he had. He'd been nervous out of his mind when he'd done it, almost certain that she was going to scream for him to stop, that he was being too rough, that she didn't want it.

Instead, she had *thanked* him at the end of it, and told him that she was very glad he was learning that not all of his partners enjoyed the same kind of sex, and that that wasn't a *bad* thing.

His first time with Whitney had been something of an eyeopener as well, as she wanted him to go at her *hard*. He thought he'd done enough to satiate her desires, but apparently she wanted to take

him even further. He wasn't even entirely sure what that entailed.

"Heya Master," Nicolette purred at him. "I think it's time you give your little porcelain slut a *real* go, don't you? She's been itching for round two, and it's about time you step up your game. Haven't you, slut?" She gave Whitney a nudge with her foot, and the brunette nodded.

"Yes Master. Our first time was very nice, but you're capable of being stronger, harsher, more forceful," she said, not lifting her eyes. "And this slut wants to see what you're truly capable of."

"I'm worried your friend's been hyping me up too much, Whitney," Andy said, stepping closer, Aisling walking along with him, as Nicolette toyed with the end of the leash idly. "I'm not entirely sure I'm capable of what you think I am."

"She told your slut that you bent her over a table in the hallway and pounded her slippery cunt until your cock was slick enough to jam up her ass, and then pounded her until she came so hard her knees were shaking and she couldn't sit properly for a few days."

"Well, I—"

"She told your slut that grabbed a fistful of her hair and shoved her face up against the wall and pinned her there while you had your way with her, drilling her like she was just an object for you to take your pleasure from."

Ash giggled. "It certainly sounded like that from down the hallway," she said to him.

"Don't you start," he replied.

"She even told me you shoved her panties in her mouth to keep her from making too much noise, even though you like it when a slut uses filthy words, because you wanted to demonstrate how much control you had over her."

"That wasn't—"

"That was fucking *hot* was what it was, Master," Nicolette said, licking her lips. "I almost expected you to put your hands around my throat for a bit, and that would've just made me cum even harder. At first, he didn't even take them off, slut, he just tugged them aside, like they were an impediment that bothered him."

"Your slut finds all of that very attractive, Master, and if she might be so bold," she said, turning her icy blue eyes upwards to look at him, "she very much wants to meet that man."

"You can do this, Andy," Aisling whispered into his ear. "And both Nicolette and I will be right here, making sure you don't chicken out and/or go too far, whichever you're more afraid of."

He inhaled a deep breath, and Whitney suddenly turned her eyes back downwards, as if she were a child caught looking at something she wasn't supposed to. "Before I start this, I want to confirm something. Aisling told me your safeword is limoncello. Is that correct, Whitney?"

"It is, Master."

"And you will use it if I cross a line?"

"This slut does not think you're capable of that, Master."

He stepped closely and reached forward, his fingertips pinching one of her nipples hard between his thumb and forefinger, seeing her wince even as she moaned a little bit. "No one knows what a man is capable of, Whitney, especially when he's pressed too much or too hard."

"Yes Master," Whitney said. "Your slut apologizes Master."

"Now answer my fucking question," he growled. He wasn't setting out to hurt her, but at this point, it had been made abundantly clear to him that he had a part to play, and if that was what Whitney wanted from him, it was what he intended to deliver.

"If Master his slut beyond what she is capable of withstanding, Master, she will say the word and ask for relief," she said quietly, licking her tongue out over her bright red lips. "But until then, she implores you to have at her without mercy or reservation."

"What limits do you have, Whitney?" he said, unbuckling his belt, grabbing the metal buckle, a simple square with a single stem in it, pulling on it to force the leather to come slowly slithering through his belt loops.

“For you, Master? None at all. Your slut will do whatever it is you ask of her.”

He snapped the end of his belt out and then bent it in half, holding it on the ends as he pushed the belt together, forming a giant circle between two lines of leather, then yanking them apart to make a loud crack as he snapped one against the other. “You seem awfully confident of that.”

He wasn't sure who moaned the loudest at that motion, Whitney, Nicolette or Aisling.

“She is at her best when she is fulfilling her purpose, Master,” Nicolette said to him, a hint of amusement in her voice “Pleasure and pain are kissing cousins in our world.”

“Did I ask your fucking opinion?” he said sharply to Nicolette, and he felt like he must have done so very convincingly, because he could see her breath catch a moment, although he knew it was excitement he saw behind her eyes, not fear.

“No Master. Sorry Master.”

He looked down at Whitney, towering over her, as she remained perfectly still. “When Nicolette came to me and asked me to bring you into my home, Whitney, she told me of your previous partner, and how the relationship you and he had was one of total dominance and submission. That you did nothing without his permission. That you enjoyed being commanded, being told exactly what you did and did have his consent to do, and that you found freedom in surrendering your own initiative.”

“Yes Master,” Whitney said.

“I can fulfill that role for you, but it will take some adaptation on your part, because as much as you may want to surrender complete and total control to someone else... I don't *want* complete and total control over someone else. Not *all* the time, anyway.” He traced a fingertip along her cheek, and he could feel her leaning in towards his touch, as if she took comfort from the very contact of his skin against hers. “I'm probably capable of giving you what you want. I can push and pull you into place, slap your ass while I'm thrusting my cock into one of your holes with the kind of roughness from the more disgruntled pornography I've seen. I think I'm likely perceptive enough to know when strikes have crossed from pleasurable pain into pure pain, at least most of time. I think I can live up to my end of the bargain on this, but there are a handful of rules that are non-negotiable, you understand?”

“Tell your slut of your rules, Master, and she will follow them,” Whitney said, pressing a kiss to his fingertip.

“They aren't much, but they're important to me. The first is that you will need to be in charge of your own voice, and that if you aren't using it, I will start to doubt myself, and think I am doing something unwelcome. Nicolette told me you're unaccustomed to speaking without being ordered to speak, but this is a rule I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist upon. You will speak whenever you think is appropriate or even might be welcomed. If you think I am at all doubting my actions, and you want more instead of less, you will need to provide the carrot, understood.”

Whitney nodded. “She does, Master. Might you provide guidance as to how she should speak?”

“The filthier the better,” Nicolette said with a giggle, looking at Andy as if she was afraid he might scold her, but when she saw the smile on his face, she decided to elaborate. “I told you, Master *loves* dirty talk, so if you talk, whore, you should be talking dirty. Nothing clinical, only perverse. You do not have breasts, you have tits. You do not have a vagina, you have a pussy or a twat or a cunt. And although I know it goes against everything you've been taught for the last few years, you're going to have to be a little proactive here, slut.”

Whitney frowned a little, sighing slightly. “That... makes this slut nervous, ma'am,” she said, turning to look up to Nicolette. “How will she know when it is right to remain in her place and when it is right to act unbidden?”

Andy reached down and turned Whitney's head to look at him. “You'll act on instinct, much like you're entrusting me to do. And I do not expect perfection. You will make mistakes, and, frankly, I think you'll probably enjoy being punished for them, so maybe I expect some of the mistakes will be intentional and some will be accidental, but very little in this life is truly unforgivable, Whitney, and I think we'll both do well to remember that.”

“Yes Master,” she said, looking up at him with adoring eyes. “What other rules do you have for your slut?”

“When you want to see this particular stripe of me, Whitney, you will need to initiate it, you will need to ask for it, and not just subtly, but actually vocalize and express your desire for the closed fist instead of the open hand,” he said. “By you regularly reminding me that you enjoy this, it will reinforce in my mind what you expect out of our arrangement.”

“Did... did this slut not express it well enough before, Master?”

“With communication, Whitney, more is always better,” he said confidently. Ash had been right; he *was* capable of this, as long as he knew it was being requested from him. “Nicolette told me that your old Master, Bill, was too heavy handed with the pain for her tastes, and that while you could accept pain as part of the scene, it wasn't something you wanted. But I'm starting to suspect that isn't entirely true either, is it? I saw that shiver run down your spine at the crack of my belt. You like pain, but Bill overdid it, I'm guessing?”

“It's... it seems improper to speak ill of the dead, Master.”

“Whitney, as unfortunate as it is, the man is dead, and now you and I are working to establish the new normal. If I do not know where to find the peaks and valleys of your sexuality, I will be unable to provide adequate comfort, and that will bring shame upon me. Now do you want me shamed?”

She looked up suddenly, shaking her head in abhorrence. “No, Master! That is the last thing your slut wants!”

“Then speak to me about what your tastes are when it comes to pain and pleasure.”

The kneeling woman bit her lip just for a moment, as if she was fighting against some long standing tradition, but Andy held his ground, his eyes looking into hers unflinchingly. “Ah... yes, Master, this... your slut does like *some* pain, but her old Master could, from time to time, take it too far for her liking. When the nerves are singing, it is glorious, but when they wail, your slut finds it difficult to think clearly, and is not able to fulfill her purpose to her own satisfaction.”

“Then I'm going to give you a second safety word, Whitney, a sort of yellow flag, so that you not only have a 'stop' code, but an 'ease off' code, so you can tell me that you're nearing the point where the pain is starting to redline and you would prefer it be eased off. Since your stop code is 'limoncello,' why don't we say your ease off code also be a form of liquor. Let's say 'galliano.' Agreed?”

“Your slut understands and agrees, Master.”

He shook his head, clicking his tongue three times disapprovingly. “The word, Whitney. I want to hear you say it.”

She nodded. “Should the pain Master inflicts—”

“Or his partners,” he added. “The word should be applicable to Nicolette here, or anyone else I choose to lay down with.”

Whitney grinned a little bit. “Yes Master. Should the pain Master or any of his partners inflict cross from pleasurable pain to damaging pain, your slut will say 'galliano' as a call for easement of the pain, so that all parties remain enjoying their experience.”

“Good,” he said. “And the initiation?”

“As nervous as it may make her, Master, when your slut wants the closet fist instead of the open hand, she will implore you to tap into your most domineering streak and let that side of you run rampant all over her pliant and willing body.” She seemed uncomfortable looking directly at him for too long, but was doing her best to remain looking up at him. “Any other rules she needs to know, Master?”

“Only one final one, and I know it may cause something of a ruffle in your expectations of me, but I must insist upon it.”

“Speak, Master, and it shall be done.”

“Once each season, you and I will have at least one sexual encounter like two regular people, soft and gentle, with kindness and warmth. We will make out like kids, snuggle up against each other

and share a genuine night where we will be naked and open and honest and transparent with one another, no matter how frightened and vulnerable with both might feel. A confessional night, where neither of us will get angry or cross, and no subject will be considered taboo. I know you trust in me exceptionally, Whitney, but once every three months or so, I'll need reassurances that it's still what you want, and that you're happy and satisfied with what you're getting out of our arrangement. Can you manage that?"

Whitney giggled a little, holding a hand up to her mouth as if she was embarrassed by it. "Of course, Master. Just because she's a filthy cumrag most of the time doesn't mean she doesn't enjoy a good snuggle every now and again. Once a season is well within your purview to ask of her, and she will look forward to those encounters just as much as she does the raw and carnal ones."

"Speaking of which," Nicolette said, "how do you want her?"

"Remember, love," Ash whispered into his ear. "Go *hard*."

"I'm perfectly capable of taking what I want, Nicolette," he said, laying the bass thick in his voice as he fished out his cock and grabbed Whitney's pigtails to pull her face down onto his dick, pushing her face onto it until he could feel the tip of his cock pressed against her throat. She was doing her best to use her tongue to swab his shaft, but the depth with which he'd forced himself was making it difficult to breathe, and even Nicolette seemed a little surprised he held her face down as long as he did before finally pulling her head back, a very desperate gasp of air rushing into her lungs.

"Fuck," Whitney said quietly, almost in awe of the change he'd done. "That's it, Master, face fuck your little whore. Use her holes for your pleasure."

"God, you lucky bitch," Nicolette sighed. "He is going to use you within an inch of your life. I remember when *I* first woke the beast up inside of him."

"And *I* remember the first time he... *we* used you, Nicolette," Ash said, licking her lips. "You had a very talented tongue. Does your friend?"

Nicolette shivered a little bit then nodded. "She's quite an excellent pussy licker, miss."

Andy clicked his tongue again with a slight smirk. "I think you should probably call her Mistress, don't you?"

He could see Nicolette's knees wobble just a little bit before she nodded. "Yes Master. I think Mistress Aisling definitely deserves as much respect as you bequeath upon her," Nicolette said.

"And that goes for Niko and Emily as well," Andy said. "If they have orders for you, or for you Whitney, then you should consider them as though they came from my lips. Understood?"

"Yes Master," both women said.

"Your slut still wants more, Master," Whitney said quietly. "Is... is that proper of her to ask?"

"Good," he said, stroking her face with his fingertip once more. "You're learning. Asking isn't just proper, it's a good thing." His hands yanked down on her pigtails once more, pulling her face back onto his cock, pressing it against the back of her mouth until he could see her eyes start to water up, then drew back as she let slobber drip from her lips, a wild-eyed smile spread across her face.

"More, Master," she pleaded. "Use her until you have nothing left to give. She wants, no, she *needs* to be fucked until she cannot get off her knees, until she cannot move from the floor."

"Mmmm.... my slut wanted to see the iron fist instead of the soft touch, so let me see..." Andy said, stepping away from her for a moment. He grabbed Aisling and kissed her for a moment, catching her off-guard, but she quickly leaned into it, even as he was moving her around. He brought her over to a couch and then pushed her backwards, forcing her to sit on it. "Bottoms off."

"Andy, you don't—" Ash started to say, until he looked back at her again, doing his best to give her a commanding stare, which stopped the sentence in its tracks. Then she reached down, sliding her sweat pants and panties off, before sitting back down, looking up at him, one of her hands starting to rub against her own pussy. "Like this, Master?"

He could've sworn he saw her shiver in delight when she said that last word to him.

"Good girl," he said to her. He reached behind him and grabbed one of Whitney's pigtails

pulling her over, as she immediately moved as guided. “Now, you're going to use your mouth to tend to her, while I'm having a go at the other end. And if you aren't pleasuring her, I'm going to—”

He was midsentence when Whitney lowered her face and immediately began licking and suckling at Aisling's pussy, flicking her tongue out against it in between moments of pursing her lips together, as Andy saw Ash gasp just a little bit, the most adorable squeak escaping her mouth before she leaned her head back.

“Fuck, she must *really* want you to drill her, babe,” Ash purred, “because she is working me good.”

“What am I to do, Master?” Nicolette asked.

Andy grabbed a footstool, pulling it over before lifting Whitney up and onto it, so she was on her hands and knees atop of it, bent down to keep her lips pressed against Ash's snatch. He grinned, looking over at Nicolette. “Well, since your friend's mouth is full, you're going to have to teach her what dirty talk is supposed to sound like, and you're going to have to do it in between kissing me, so that I feel like the center of attention I'm supposed to.”

Nicolette nodded, stepping over towards him while he moved to position himself behind the footstool. “Yes Master, of course Master.” She tilted her head up and then pressed her lips against his, almost nervously. “We... we don't kiss often, Master, but I'll do my best.”

“Hey,” he said, trailing a fingertip along the underside of her chin. “If I'm not allowed to be nervous, neither are you,” he told her with a sly wink.

She giggled a little and then nodded. “Understood, Master. Now don't you think you've kept your good little whore waiting long enough?”

“Making her wait is part of the fun of it,” he laughed. His hand raised and then slapped down on the pale white cheek of her upturned ass, and he could hear her moaning against Ash's pussy, which in turn set Ash off moaning as well. “But I suppose you're right...”

He stepped in closer, as he moved to line the head of his cock up against Whitney's snatch, finding it extremely damp, swollen and practically gaping open as if to invite him in further. He didn't take his entry slow, but instead thrust like a battering ram, stuffing every inch of his thick dick inside of her on the first go, until his hips were flush against her ass, and she moaned feverishly into Ash's crotch.

“God, you're too good to your fucking whore, Master,” Nicolette whispered to him, her hands stroking along both his chest and the back of his head, as she kissed his cheek and ear. “You should give that slut a goal, though, something she should strive to achieve, to show off what she's capable of.”

His hand slapped Whitney's ass again, another loud crack of flesh on flesh. “Tell you what, Whitney. Let's play a little game, shall we? Who cums first?”

“She doesn't stand a chance against you, Master,” Nicolette giggled. “It hardly seems fair.”

“Oh, I'm not in this game, Nic,” he replied, licking his lips. “If you cum first, Whitney, then this is all you're going to get for this evening, but, should you be able to make Aisling cum before you do, well then...” His fingertip teased against her exposed asshole, toying with it a little. “Then I'll have Nicolette grab me some lube and I'll make sure you can't sit down comfortably for days. Does that—”

Aisling hissed in a sharp breath of air, and her thighs widened much like her eyes, as a carnal moan burbled deliriously from her lips. “Think you'd better get a move on, love,” she said to him, breathily, “because she's not fucking waiting. *Jaysus*, she's fookin' good a' tha'.”

'Oh *hell*,' Andy thought to himself. 'Aisling's accent only gets dialed up like that when she can't think straight. Guess we're off to the races.'

He suspected he was going to lose (and thus probably win) this little game, but he wasn't going to make it easy for her, so he started to piston pound Whitney's pussy with a fierce and seismic tempo, drilling forward into her as his left hand on her hip yanked her back into each forward slam. His other hand continued to swat and spank at her ass, trying to use as much of the palm of his hand as he could.

“That's it, Master,” Nicolette said, one of her hands slithering down to move so that she could

rub her fingertips against Whitney's clit. "Make that fucktoy of yours work for it. She so desperately wants to you own *all* her fucking holes like a good little whore, but you shouldn't make it easy on her. You love that, don't you, slut? Getting rammed like a good little bitch? Master knows how to *fuck* you, doesn't he? You think you can succeed in the task he laid out for you?"

He could feel Nicolette's fingertips grinding and rubbing against Whitney's clit, doing her best to try and make sure it was an actual competition, but Aisling made it clear this was about to be over.

"Shit, love, I... I... I..." she said, her breath frantic and almost desperate. "Fuck, I'm fookin' *cumming!*" Aisling's hands grabbed onto her own tits and squeezed them as he saw her face scrunch up so tightly he thought she might implode. And then suddenly, he saw Whitney's head lean to one side, her fingers rubbing against Ash's cunt as the redhead began to spray, a blast of clear liquid gushing from her like a drinking fountain suddenly turned on, the arc high enough to blast some of it over Whitney's shoulder and onto her back before Ash slumped back onto the couch, three blasted groans firing off in quick, exhausted succession, delight and euphoria slathered over her face. "Fucking hell," she whined. "That's only the second time I've ever done that... my fucking toes tingle..."

"Well then," Andy started, "I guess that I—"

Nicolette already had a tube of lube in her hand, popping the top off it to drizzle it down the cleft of Whitney's pale ass, bringing her fingertips from the girl's pussy up to smear that clear liquid into her flesh, making sure to spread it around. "One step ahead of you, Master." She also dripped some down onto his cock and smearing it on the base of his shaft, using her fingers to jerk him a little when his prick wasn't lodged inside of Whitney's pussy. "She's quite the little buttslut, Master," Nicolette whispered into his ear. "But you can't take it easy on her. She wants to fucking *feel* it."

"Then I'd better live up to my end of the bargain," he chuckled, sliding the length of his cock out of her pussy before he felt Nicolette lift him up, getting him angled and aligned properly before her other hand pushed on the back of his waist, and he greased his cock into Whitney's tight little asshole as the pale girl erupted in the most whorish moan he'd ever heard, one so full of wanton desire than he almost wondered if she'd orgasmed just from him sliding inside of her back door.

"Fffffffuck Master," Whitney whimpered. "Your little fuckdoll's wanted this so much since she arrived, to be completely owned and filled by you, to be complete again, to be *owned* again. Take your pleasure from your whore's tight ass, Master, until you have marked all of your territory. Complete her, Master. Complete your needy little slut!"

He'd gotten this lesson multiple time so he felt now was the proper time to use it. He slid the fingers of his left hand along the back of Whitney's neck, feeling the collar on her skin before his fingertips penetrated into her hair, as close to the base of her hair as he could. Once his fingers were good and deep, he bunched them up into a tight fistful of her mane and gave her head a solid yank, feeling her knees buckle a little at the sudden forceful gesture.

"That's it, Master," Nicolette dripped into his ear. "Fucking let her *have it*."

With one hand in her hair and the other on her hip, he was cranking into her with a savage intensity he'd not even been sure was in him before that moment, his cock coring into her ass like he was trying to run her through on his shaft, his hand in her hair making her back curl, her face pointing directly at Ash's, as she continued to bubble with moans and whimpers.

Ash surprised him by reaching forward and slapping Whitney's cheek. He couldn't tell how hard it was, but he suspected she'd only done it with enough force to get her attention, because she didn't even give them the ease off word. "Your mouth's not busy now, slut, so why's it so quiet?" she said to her.

"Sorry Mistress. Please, Master, fuck your whore. Fuck her ass. Fuck it. Fuck it. Fuck it good and hard and fucking deep. She fucking loves it. She loves being your good little fuckhole. She loves being your little buttslut. It feels *soooo* fucking good, Master, feeling you stretch her open. Fuck, she fucking *loves* it, Master. Hammer that ass. Pound it. *Break* it. She can take it harder, Master. She *wants* it harder. Rape her ass, Master," Whitney said, while he started to really go to town on her, faster and

coarser, making her reddened cheeks slap into his hips each time he impaled her.

“Maybe thank her for your orgasm, Ash,” he said, his own breath starting to quicken.

“Mmm... you'd like that, wouldn't you?” Aisling teased. “But okay.” She slid forward, moving to sit on the edge of the couch before leaning forward to press her lips against Whitney's, her tongue immediately being greeted by the other girl's as Whitney continued to groan and squeal even as Andy railed her ass raw.

“Pump that cum up her ass so she's shitting it for days, Master,” Nicolette said, her tongue dragging against the shell of his ear. “I bet it makes her cum so hard she fucking passes out.” Her fingertips had moved down to massage his balls. “I can feel these nuts yearning to let loose, so do it, Master... flood that little slut's tight ass with your spunk and let it make her cum. She's only holding off because you haven't cum yet. C'mon, Master. Do it! Cream her ass!”

Between the spectacle of Ash and Whitney kissing, Nicolette's fingers on his balls, her words in his ear and Whitney's tight rectum trying to suffocate his cock, he was amazed he'd lasted as long as he had, but even the iron fist must eventually relax, and his body simply made an executive decision. He felt his eyes shut and his balls drew up as he cock expunged a heavy load of sticky jism into Whitney's ass. As soon as the first spurt escaped into her, she clamped down tight as a waterproof drum, keeping him from moving as she attempted to squeeze and milk even more from him while her body was consumed in the flame of the orgasm like a whitehot supernova.

His own stance was unsteady, and he felt Nicolette help keep him from tipping over, even as he felt his cock immediately soften, and once Whitney's asshole released its vicegrip of him, it immediately expelled his shaft. As soon as he'd slipped out, he felt Nicolette's arm sliding between his body and Whitney's. He glanced down to see that Nicolette had a silver plug with a bejeweled end, which she eased into Whitney's asshole until it was stoppered up, keeping his cum bottled up inside of her ass.

Ash nudged Andy to release his grip in Whitney's hair, and slowly grabbed her by the shoulders, moving to help lay her down on top of the footstool, as it seemed the pale girl had passed out in the shock of her orgasm, the sensations powerful enough to short circuit her for a bit.

Nicolette nuzzled against his neck for a moment. “You see, Master? You're capable of so much more than you give yourself credit for. She fucking *loved* that,” she whispered, pausing for a long moment. “She loves *you*. We *both* do.”

He turned his head and kissed Nicolette softly, stroking her face for a moment. “And I love you both as well, Nic. You'll get her up to bed?”

Nicolette nodded. “She and I... we share a bed most nights, so what's one more?” she giggled, moving to scoop up the frail pale unconscious girl into her arms. “Night Master. Mistress.” She headed towards the doorway and off to their rooms.

Andy moved over to sit down next to Aisling, sliding an arm around her neck, pulling her in for a very tender and gentle kiss. “You think I did okay?”

“Ah sure look it,” she said. “Whitney was happy, Nicolette was happy, *I'm* grand...”

“As long as you're happy,” he said.

“I thought you said you loved all the girls equally, love,” Ash teased.

“Mmmm.. maybe, but you're first among equals, Ash. I love you.”

“You sap. I love y' too.” She glanced at her Apple Watch with sigh. “Damn, it's late. We should probably get to bed.”

“We could,” he teased, “or we could watch one more episode and *then* get to bed.”

“One episode, one *shower* and *then* bed time.”

“You're on.”