

Chapter 37

The conversation had gone far into the evening, with members of the household coming in and out several times, joining for a while before leaving the trio to their own devices once more, mostly anyway, a couple of Andy's partners choosing to remain longer. Sarah and Aisling in particular were intent on getting as many stories about Andy's youth as they could, and he felt a little like they hoped either Xander or Fiona would tell them embarrassing tales from their college years.

While Fi had been mostly coy about the years they'd spent at university, Xander, by contrast, had been eager to tell at least a handful of hilarious and ridiculous stories about the troubles they'd found themselves in during their misspent youth.

Despite how flustered he got a couple of times, it was a wonderful night of reminiscing, and a chance for the girls to see Andy in a different light. A piece of advice Andy had never let go of was that as you got older, it was almost important to keep people around you who knew you when you were young and fearless.

At least a few times, he'd managed to deflect the conversation off himself and onto other people, a detour letting both Sarah and Emily talk about their experiences making movies, and Xander talking about the process of being relocated from Ohio out to California.

Xander's trip had been surprisingly surreal, and he told the group about it in explicit detail.

He'd been loaded into an isolation chamber on a cargo plane along with twenty other men, each in their own little plastic bubble tent, although each of the tent also had curtains that could be dropped for privacy. Xander told them he'd found that odd but understood why eventually.

The plane had been mostly full of men when it picked Xander up in Ohio. The little isolation chamber was like a emergency field hospital's clean room, with a mattress on the floor as well as a few days of rations, both food and water, and a little sealable chemical toilet. Nearly everything was ziptied to weights to keep it steady. There was also a little headset that connected to a series of voice chat channels all the men could use to talk to one another.

The main channel had been too hectic for Xander to stay in for more than a handful of minutes, but he'd eventually peeled off a couple of the men in the plane into a separate channel, and was able to both give them some information and get some on his own.

All of the men on the plane had been gathered from cities in the central and eastern United States, and were being ferried out to partners, generally military but some in other branches of the government, and they weren't being let out of their isolation chambers until they'd been paired up with at least one woman, thus, the beds and the privacy curtains.

At least a couple of the pods had not only men in them, but also a woman in the middle of the imprinting process. The government didn't want to risk the life of any man, so this was an emergency plan decided to keep as many people as they could safe.

The two men Xander spent the afternoon talking with were Klaus, a 26-year-old Master Sergeant from Georgia that Xander felt like was probably in special ops of some kind, and Bill, a 34-year-old schoolteacher from Tennessee who was being paired up with a prominent Silicon Valley businesswoman he'd dated back in high school.

Klaus clearly knew far more than he wanted to share with Xander and Bill, but he'd done his best to give the two men some information to make their journey a little less panic stricken. There were two women in the isolation chamber with Klaus, a twenty-year-old blonde named Olivia and a twenty-two-year-old Korean American named Naya, or so Klaus told them, as both women were still in the middle of the imprinting process.

The man was part of the security forces for the flying hospital that was transporting men and women around the country. He knew what he could and couldn't tell Xander and Bill, and just having a

conversation with Klaus had made Xander feel more safe in their travels.

He had a calm and casual demeanor to him while discussing how everything had been carefully planned, even if it all felt pretty slapdash. He couldn't answer all of their questions, for security reasons, but he told the two men that the airplane had basically been in motion nonstop for the last three weeks, doing its best to ferry people around the nation.

Xander had asked him if it was truly necessary, only to be told how high the casualty rate was for men around the nation. Klaus had seen the stacks of bodies, and the man sounded rattled when he described the hundreds of empty apartments he'd seen in his native Queens, as the corpses had filled up dump trucks, and they'd had to conceal the bodies as they were taking them out in the dead of night.

Klaus told them he'd been in a biohazard suit for most of the last week, but now that he had two partners, he would be able to go out and provide an escort for everyone going to and from the plane, although he planned to return to his isolation room with his two partners in between each stop they made.

From Ohio they flew down to Nebraska, stopping at Offut Air Force Base, where they picked up a handful of soldiers and dropped off a handful of women. Bill had asked Klaus how long they'd been running these routes. Klaus said they'd been running for a few weeks now, and they were only one of five planes that were crisscrossing the nation. Olivia and Naya had both been brought into the inoculation center in Denver earlier and then swapped planes to meet up with him in New York, where they'd met up after he'd returned bringing in another stable of surviving men.

All privacy had basically gone out the window. Klaus told him that most of the men had the option to wait until they were in a house or an apartment or *something*, but Klaus had been told by his commanding officer that they couldn't spare him that much time, so he needed to just get on with his business on the plane so he could get back to work as soon as he was done.

By the time they'd touched down at McCarran Airport in Las Vegas, Bill had been just about ready to break out into full fledged panic, between the constant shift in air pressure, the take offs and landings done without proper seatbelts and his inability to go anywhere that wasn't his little sealed off compartment, but a quick talking to from Xander had gotten the man to cool down at least a little bit.

They were barely on the ground in Nevada an hour, taking people off and bringing new people on, as well as refueling the plane, before taking off again, landing at Oakland airport a few hours later under the cover of night.

Their cellphones had been taken from them when they'd arrived at the plane, so Xander had been forced to guess at the time, but he would've placed their arrival in Oakland at something around 2 a.m. or so, although the lock in had made it impossible to use traffic as a gauge.

In Oakland, everyone had been taken from their individual compartments and loaded onto a large troop transport truck, with no caution given to cross contamination or infection, as they were all told they would be getting paired up within a few hours, so even if they caught DuoHalo now, it wouldn't matter. Xander had been concerned by that but he had decided to go along with it, because Klaus seemed to consider the whole thing fine, and he was the one loading people onto the trucks.

The trucks had ferried them from Oakland up to a staging area next to the lab near Mount Diablo, just adjacent to New Eden, and once there, they'd been introduced to their new partners and from there, sorted into where they were going to go.

The building they were using as a staging area felt like a converted aircraft hangar, with a high curved metal ceiling and big fluorescent lights hanging high above them. Although there were some tented parts of the space, similar to what had been inside the cargo hold of the airplane that had brought him here, most of the space was open, with long painted striped lines on the ground, leading people through the processing.

Men weren't being given *any* injections, something Xander had thought was odd, until all the men were given a five-minute lecture on "Your New Reality," something that the men were told to take deadly seriously.

The lecture included basic things like how they would be receiving their vaccinations (sexually transmitted from their new partners), how their partners would need sexual satisfaction about once a week or so, how their semen would be toxic to any woman they weren't paired with, and how if they ever felt like they were coming down with the symptoms of DuoHalo they should have sex with one of their partners immediately, which would resolve them.

At the point when the men had been told that their semen would be toxic to any woman they weren't paired with, a handful of the men had quietly jeered and rolled their eyes, but the next slide in the presentation showed a wound on a woman's arm that had silenced all that nonsense quickly.

The end of the lecture included a video message from President Pelosi, urging the men to consider fatherhood like a new version of the WWII draft – every man needed to do his service to help save the country. Extensive tax breaks and financial aid would be provided to families with multiple children, it was stressed. The country needed to be rebuilt.

As soon as the lecture was done, they'd been marched single file to a series of processing windows, over a dozen clerks taking people's names and social security numbers before assigning them a holding area to head over to, where they would meet their partners. A sticker was placed on their chest before they were sent on their way.

It had all felt very assembly line, as if there wasn't time for kindness or courtesies, and people were simply being pushed through the grinder as quickly as possible. Klaus had joked around with them on the ride over that while it might seem rough, it was being done for optimal performance in getting people in and through the system and into their new lives, wherever they may be.

Xander had heard several different locations mentioned – the San Jose highrises, the Stanford campus, the Berkeley campus, the SF towers, the Altamont sprawl, the Tracy ghosttown – but when it came time for him to be told where to go, he was told he wouldn't need to go far, as he was being assigned to Dos Eden, the first expansion zone to New Eden.

He'd been given four partners on site, with one more to be waiting for him at the location. They'd been waiting for him in the holding area assigned to him, each having arrived sometime over the previous day, so they'd all had a chance to get to know one another. Letting the women have some time to bond in advance of the man's arrival seemed smart to Xander, as they could size each other up without having to worry about keeping their new mate's attention.

The women had also been given their injections in the holding area, and so Xander assumed the spaces had also doubled as observation areas, making sure none of the women had suffered any adverse reactions to their injections the day before.

Captain Betsy Ross had turned out to be a complete knockout, a blonde pint-size pocket rocket dynamo who was training men nearly twice her size in hand-to-hand close quarters combat, and they had clicked immediately, almost as if they were custom made for each other. She'd kissed him hard enough to nearly knock him off his feet before he'd even been able to say hello.

The second woman had been Serena Ortiz, a Latina woman in her late twenties who was a U.S. Marshall, and had built a career out of tracking down fugitives. Tall and statuesque, she had a certain grace to how she'd moved, he'd noticed immediately. She'd spent the past few hours talking with Betsy before Xander's arrival, and the two already had a friendly relationship, having bonded over the fact that they could both kick Xander's ass if needed.

The third was a slender blonde woman in her late 30s who had looked hauntingly familiar before her introduction, but Xander had struggled to place her, even after she identified herself as Alicia Geller. When she'd told Xander that he would likely know the role she'd played in her youth, Rascal Rachel. That had made it all come together immediately. Alicia was a child actress who had been the star of a popular kids show until she'd grown out of it and the show had been canceled. Instead of continuing acting, she had retired from show business and gone into education, teaching history to high school students. She seemed a little shy, but had assured him that once they'd had time to get to know one another, she would come out of her shell.

The final one on site had been Brooke, and she'd detailed the story to him how her friend Piper was paired up with Andy, and that they had recommended Brooke pair up with Xander, so she had. She'd been wearing a Shelby GT Cobra necklace when they met, and Xander had known it was going to work out just fine.

A second sticker was placed on his chest and the girls were told to stay with him, as everyone was sorted into lines and sent towards trucks. Most of the trucks were large troop transports, but Xander had been surprised to see that the vehicle he and his partners were set to was much smaller, and they were the only group loaded up onto it. He'd felt a little bad, since really they could've just been loaded up into an Escalade, him, his four new partners and the MP driving them over to their new home.

On the way over, the MP delivered the final set of instructions to Xander, as to why his fifth partner hadn't been waiting for him at the base and was, instead, at the new home. Her name was KC Kadrey, and she was a 20-year old Vietnamese-American student over at Stanford, studying mechanical engineering. She'd needed to get her injections a couple of days prior, and there had been some concerns that she might simply just grab the first man she saw and go after him, so she'd been taken to their new home and allowed to settle in. But, the MP warned him, it meant that she might be a bit intense when they arrived. She'd also brought her golden retriever with her, and keeping the large dog at the staging area had seemed problematic.

Xander, like all the men who'd been on the airplane, had been forced to travel light, a single wheeled suitcase all he'd been allowed to bring with him. All of his things that had been picked up in Ohio would show up at some point within the next few weeks as the truck conveying them drove cross country, but until then, he would have to make due with the things he had. Xander had been forced to argue with the people picking him up that the one car he'd been restoring, a black 1970 Barracuda, would be part of the things taken to his new home, and while the discussion had gotten a little heated, eventually the people picking him up had relented and loaded it into the truck with the rest of his stuff.

Each of the women had a similar amount of things with them, and when they arrived at their new home, they all felt woefully unprepared.

Dos Eden was technically part of New Eden, but it was an expansion to the original enclave, and the dwellings there were much more of nice houses than they were the sorts of mansions and manors that made up New Eden itself. The MP driving them over had said she lived in Dos Eden, and she was incredibly thankful, as it meant having a family was a distinct possibility, while the people in many of the other locations were going to be doing lots of relocating and readjusting over the next few years. Those in the tower condo buildings were generally being given an entire floor to themselves, and as needed walls would be knocked down and units combined as families expanded. The views were nice, the MP told them, but it just didn't feel like a home.

When they pulled up to the house just around dawn, Xander was a little surprised by it. They had told him not to expect a grandiose mansion, but the home was far nicer than any place he'd ever lived in before, a two story building with five bedrooms and four bathrooms, so not enough that each person had their own bedroom, but they would make it work, all of them agreed. It was mostly glass walls, and Xander found himself thankful for the ring of trees, and the high fences, that would provide him with at least a little privacy from his neighbors, who were only a short walk away on either side. It had a three car garage, and Xander was told there were new Teslas charging inside for them. (Xander immediately planned to turn one of the three garage spaces into his own little workshop where he'd continue restoring the Barracuda.) The driveway was long enough that they would be able to comfortably fit at least four more cars out front if needed. The place had its own pool with hot tub, however, something Xander was astonished to find. He'd never lived in a place with a pool before, and now his *home* had one.

They'd barely gotten in the door before KC had rushed Xander, practically mauling him with love in the entry way to the home. She'd been coherent enough to talk with him, the two of them

moving into the master bedroom before he'd had sex with her and she'd fallen into her imprinting process.

The other girls had moved into the bedroom somewhere in the middle of their tryst and Betsy had immediately insisted on going second, having stripped down while watching Xander and KC. Alicia had gone third, leaving him with only Serena and Brooke conscious.

The three of them had taken a shower together, and somewhere in the middle of the shower, Serena had decided she couldn't wait any further, and had gone through part of the process in the shower and the rest bent over the bathroom countertop.

As much as he wanted to, he told Brooke that he was going to need a while before he could imprint her, his entire body more than a little exhausted, as the chemicals from the four women had been flowing through his bloodstream, giving him immunity from DuoHalo and doing some rather significant changes to his body. Brooke had laughed and just suggested they go over to visit Andy and Piper, which brought them up to now.

"Fuckin' hell," Andy laughed. "No fucking wonder you look exhausted, Xan. How much have you *slept* in the last two days?"

"Oh, we took a nap after we settled into the house, and I slept a bit on the plane while it was hauling our asses through the skies," his best friend said with a chuckle. "So yeah not as much as I should but more than I do some days. Was your experience similar, Fi?"

Fiona's journey had been very similar, with her and Moira catching an earlier flight out of Washington a few days ago, although their plane had made only one additional stop before landing in Oakland, their plane having gone straight from Washington D.C. to Los Angeles, where many of the men in the chambers had been unloaded and several women had been loaded on board.

Because Fi and Moira had been traveling together, they'd had each other to talk with and neither had felt especially lonely during the voyage. Fi even admitted they had spent much of the time talking about Andy, speculating how much he might or might not have changed over the years.

As the hour grew late, Brooke returned to the main room with Piper, suggesting she and Xander head home, reminding the two old friends that they now lived less than fifteen minutes apart, and could see each other as often as they wanted to, but Andy and Xander still hugged for a long minute, thankful to have reconnected on the other side of the disaster, before they walked the two to the door and sent them home.

Several of the girls had peeled off and gone to bed over the course of the evening, and at the end of the night, the only people still awake were Andy, Piper and Sarah. Aisling had been the very last to go to bed before reminding Sarah not to stay up too late, otherwise she would be too tired to talk to Maya when she arrived tomorrow, but Sarah had laughed it off and dismissed it.

After closing the door behind Xander, he walked back down stairs, intending to clean up the remaining empty beer bottles and glasses left behind in the living room, only to find that Nicolette had beaten him to it, having cleaned it all up and then disappearing into her room for the night, so he couldn't even say thank you to her.

"I swear, we've got a ninja for a French maid around this house," he muttered to himself with amusement. Huginn, his black cat, stood up from his perch on the back of one of the couches, stretched by arching his back, then moved to sit back down exactly where he was. "I feel ya, bud," he agreed with the cat. "We should probably see about getting to bed, don't you think, ladies?"

Piper shook her head, pushing Andy back to sit down on the couch. "Not for a bit. You can sleep when you're dead," she said with a grin. "Don't you agree, Sarah?"

"Oh totally," the tall redhead said, moving to slide in to one side of Andy on the couch. "You lose one-third of your life sleeping, well, I mean I guess you don't really *lose* it since you *have* to sleep otherwise you'll go insane, but it's, like, a *lot* a lot of time to be spending doing just one thing."

"Besides, I have to say thank you for making sure you brought my best friend to be nearby so I didn't feel so lonely all the time," Piper said, peeling her shirt up and over her head, tossing it aside,

leaving her in a sports bra and tight fitted blue jeans, her toned stomach bared to the cool night air. “We've been kinda dancing around each other for the last few weeks, Andy, and I don't want you to think I'm not grateful, because I'm *very* thankful for all the things you've done for me since we've met.”

“Piper, you don't have—” he started before she lifted her hand up to cover his mouth,

“Andy, enough,” she giggled. “You can just say 'you're welcome' when you're being thanked for something you know. You don't have to try and play down the work that went into it.”

He smirked a little bit, as she pulled her hand back. “I just don't want you to feel like you owe me anything.”

“Oh, but Andy, I *do* owe you,” she said, bending down to press a kiss to his lips, just a soft and quick one. “You got me away from that asshole Covington. When I couldn't think straight, you did everything you could to bring me back to being *me* again, and that's not something anyone would do.” She inhaled the scent of him, and he could swear he saw her pupils dilate a little in response. “You remember how I told you I could smell you from far away? I still can, but the raw musk of you is even more intense up close, and I fucking *love* how you smell, you sexy bastard. It makes me feel warm and safe and goeey and sticky and protected all at once. And I know that at least some of that is just the chemicals flowing through my brain bonding me to you, but you know what?” She leaned in and nibbled on his earlobe a little bit. “I've decided that I don't fucking *care* why I feel how I feel. I feel how I feel and that's all that fucking matters. You've kept me safe. You've given me space when I wanted it, and been happy to talk with me when I needed that. You helped me get my friend here and kept her safe, and as soon as you thought it was time, you pushed my ass to get back to work and reminded me not to give up on my dreams. So don't you *dare* fucking tell me I don't *have* to repay you, because even if *you* don't think that I do, *I* do, and I want to.”

“You're the only one of the girls who says she can smell me anywhere in the house, Piper,” he told her. “I hope that's not a sign that anything's wrong because Covington held off so long on letting you get imprinted after the injections.”

“Oh, there's nothing *wrong* with me, Andy,” she purred, unbuttoning her jeans before pushing them down to her ankles, not having bothered to put shoes on earlier, stepping out of them and her panties, leaving her in just the sports bra. She had such an athletic body that it had a tendency to make Andy feel a little ashamed of how out of shape he was. “I'm just different, that's all. Being able to smell you when you're in the house? I consider that a benefit, not a side effect. I get a little anxious when you leave and I can't smell you, not so much that it bothers me, but just enough that I notice the feeling of longing I have that you aren't on hand. And I've reread that letter you left me over a dozen times, because each time, I think I fall for you a little more.” She grinned, grabbing her sports bra, pulling it up over her head, tossing it aside. “So yeah, I was scared of saying that, but I'm definitely falling for you, Andrew Rook. Falling in love with you. That's why I was so deep in thought the other morning. You didn't do anything to make me upset or angry. I just was worried about how to tell you.”

“Why would you be worried?” he said with a kind smile.

“You've got *so* many beautiful women here, Andy,” she said, gesturing back to the house. “I mean, shit, you've got Sarah Fucking Washington with her arm around you right now! I know I'm fit, but I'm not beautiful like she and Em are.”

At that, he raised a single finger, pointing at her. “How *dare* you,” he said, his tone evening a little bit. “You are fucking *stunning*, I mean beautiful like you cannot even *imagine* and I do not want to hear you saying you're not beautiful ever again, okay? Because whatever dumb ass boyfriend or athlete you met who said you weren't pretty was the biggest fucking *moron* you ever met, and you shouldn't give whatever that prick said another thought ever again. Tell her I'm right, Sarah,” he said with a soft laugh, shaking his head.

“Yep yep yep,” Sarah said with a giggle. “Stop being fucking stupid because you're not just pretty, you're fucking *hot*, and every girl in this house who likes girls thinks so. Shit, I heard Katie telling Jenny that if she wanted to give her a hall pass for her birthday, she'd want to use it on *you* over

all the other girls in the house.”

Piper giggled, shaking her head, her dark hair covering her eyes for a minute. “You're fucking lying, Sarah.”

“Cross my fucking heart, swear to fucking God, may she strike me the fuck down if I'm lying. Katie thinks you're the hottest bitch in the house, so you need to shut the fuck up about saying you aren't fucking pretty because that's the stupidest fucking thing anyone's said today, and people talk, like, the worst amount of shit in this house when they think people aren't listening,” Sarah said, rolling her eyes, as if she found the whole thing hilariously sad.

“Well, that's something I wouldn't have believed if you hadn't told me,” Piper replied with a smile. “And I was talking about us dancing around each other, Andy, and I want to apologize for that. I know we've had a handful of encounters, but I've been... guarded, and I'm sorry for how guarded I've been emotionally. I think maybe I was a little hurt that you didn't want to bring Brooke into this house, even though I know you said you thought she'd be a better match with Xander. I thought maybe that was a polite way of you trying to duck out of meeting her...” She looked down at her feet. “I feel a bit guilty about that right now, having spent a bunch of the evening talking with her. I have known that girl almost half a decade, and not once during any of that time have I ever seen her *that* goddamn happy. I think she fell in love at first sight with Xander, and they spent most of the day before they came over just talking, and she could not *shut up* about him the entire time I was hanging out with her.” Piper giggled a little, shaking her head. “How the fuck did you know, Andy Rook, that they would be so fucking *perfect* for each other?”

He shrugged a little. “I'm a good judge of character, I guess. I knew they'd mesh well, but you never can tell how well until they actually get together. I certainly knew she wouldn't be happy with me, but I also knew that her being close to you would make both you *and* her happy. So I took a gamble and set up an introduction. Life's about knowing how to gamble when the odds are even slightly in your favor.”

She moved up to slide into his lap. “The last few weeks, I kept waiting for the penny to drop, Andy. I know you did the right thing in saving me from Covington, but I kept waiting to find what deep dark secret you had squirreled away. Nobody's perfect, and I figured if I could get out ahead of whatever was coming down the pipeline at me, I'd be able to prepare for the disappointment. I talked to every girl in the house. I talked to Phil Marcos. I kept digging and digging, trying to see what you didn't want me to find. And... there isn't *anything*, is there? You really are just a good, nice man without anything to hide.”

“Oh, I'm sure there are things in there I wouldn't want getting out, if you dig around far enough, but I've done as much as I can to live my life with as few regrets as possible. If you want to know about those things, Piper, all you ever had to do is ask me,” he sighed. “You're family and I'm always an open book for family.”

“Then tell me. Tell me the one thing you're most ashamed of.”

“Well, shit Piper... you already met her. Her name is Erin Donegal. I was lonely, I was frustrated and I thought nobody was ever going to love me, so I settled and I accepted somebody who treated me like *shit*. I knew I should get out almost immediately after she and I started dating, but it took me a long time, far longer than it should've, to actually get free from her. I'm ashamed that I stayed with her for as long as I did, I'm ashamed of how I let her treat me and how I let her treat my friends. But I decided never to make that mistake again.”

Piper leaned in and kissed him tenderly. “And you think that's a flaw in *you* and not in her. You're an idiot, Andy.”

He shrugged a little bit. “What about you, Piper? What're you most ashamed of?”

“Doubting you,” she said, smoothing her hand against the back of his head. “How about it, Sarah? You want to give him a tussle with me?”

“I thought you weren't into girls, Piper,” Sarah said.

“Oh I'm not, but that doesn't mean we can't do him together,” Piper said with a wry smile. “Every girl is like a tiny bit bi, so I'm not gonna fuck you, Sarah, but I kinda like the idea of fucking Andy *with* you... Unless you're scared...”

Sarah narrowed her eyes, a sly grin on her face, as Piper lifted Andy's shirt up and over his head, tossing it aside. “Are you calling me chicken?”

“Oh no no no no n–yes,” Piper replied. “Bock bock bock!”

“This shit is *on*, Andy,” Sarah said with a giggle. She grabbed Piper's head and pulled her down to kiss her fiercely right in front of Andy's eyes, the athlete giving a slight yelp up surprise before moaning into it, as their tongues tangled up, and Piper's hands were feverishly struggling to get Andy's jeans undone.

Sarah hopped off the couch, slipping away from the two of them, stripping her shirt, sweatpants and panties off, clearly not having bothered with a bra today, as Piper also slid from his lap, grabbing onto his jeans and boxers by the waist, yanking them down with such force he thought she was going to pull him off the couch, until Sarah lifted one of her feet to push against his chest, holding him in place against the back of the couch. “Nuh uh, you stay right there, Mister,” she said with a grin. “You're not allowed to move from that spot.”

Andy laughed a little bit. “Yes ma'am.”

Piper tossed his clothes into a pile on the floor with complete disregard before crawling back up onto Andy's lap, as Sarah moved onto her knees alongside of him, her fingertips reaching up to brush Piper's dark hair from her face.

“So why me, huh?” Sarah asked her. “Why'd'ja choose me to play with you and Andy?”

Piper bit her bottom lip, as if she was a tad nervous, before she shyly looked up at Sarah. “Cause I'm kinda turned on with how you talk, Sarah, and I was kinda hoping you could talk to me that way while I was trying to make our man happy?” Despite all the massive confidence he'd seen Piper bearing almost the entire time he'd known her, she seemed almost nervous that Sarah would consider turning her down, as if her voiced desire was a step too far beyond the pale.

Sarah licked her lips as her eyes widened. “I will totally fucking do that as long as you agree to just one fucking condition. If you don't, well, I can just go upstairs and leave you two to it.”

Andy was about to ask, but Piper beat him to it. “What condition is that?”

“You can't, like, get fucking mad at me for anything I say, or anything I call you. 'Cause if I'm gonna fucking do this, then I'm gonna fucking *do* this, and I can't be all in my fucking head about you thinking I'm being mean or rude or shit. So you can't be all pissed off that I call you dirty things if you're fucking asking me to talk fucking dirty to you,” Sarah giggled. “That cool, bitch?”

“Not only do I promise not to get mad, Sares,” Piper said to her. “I promise to *like it*.”

Sarah nodded. “Good, then why the fuck aren't you on top of that dick already?”

Piper pursed her lips into a smile. “I was waiting for you to tell me I could, Andy.”

Sarah's hand swatted over and spanked Piper's ass with a loud smack. “He shouldn't have to tell you, you daft bitch. You wanted to fuck him, he totally didn't say 'not now' or some shit, so that means fucking time is on!”

In the middle of Sarah's sentence, Piper reached down to grab his cock and get it aligned so she could slide right down onto it, straddling him to get his dick as deep inside of her as she could, her other hand resting on his shoulder.

“That's a good girl,” Sarah purred. “Don't you feel so much better without an empty cunt, you athletic slut you?”

Piper nodded, leaning over to kiss Sarah again, although Sarah pushed her back after a few seconds, clearly intent on keeping her mouth free so she could talk to her. “I've had like a dozen partners, and not one of them made me feel like Andy does,” Piper said, looking at Sarah's face.

Sarah slapped Piper's ass again, this time even harder. “So why are you fucking telling me, bitch? Am I the one whose dick is jammed up your stupid snatch?”

Piper moaned as Sarah's fingernails dragged against that reddening flesh, shaking her head, turning to look at Andy. "You feel so fucking good inside of me, Andy," she said to him. "Thank you for taking me in." On 'in,' she bounced down hard in his lap. "Thank you for saving my friend." On 'friend,' she did it again.

"It's a shame you're on fucking birth control," Sarah teased, "because these are fucking breeding hips, and you'd look super fucking cute with a baby bump, but I guess you need to go and win your gold medal before we can talk about getting you bred like a proper bitch."

Piper's tongue swiped out over her own lips, as she nodded. "I'll do it eventually," she said eagerly. "I'll happily bear your child, Andy, but I gotta do the Olympics first, to prove to myself that I can really do it."

"You don't—" Andy started but Piper kissed him once more, jamming her tongue into his mouth sloppily, making sure to silence him.

"Mmmm... I think she *likes* the idea of you fucking breeding her, Andy," Sarah said with a laugh. "The idea of you pumping her fucking cunt so full of fuck cream that it's practically oozing out of her, so messy and sloppy, like a good little whore. You like that image don't you, Pipes?"

The athletic brunette nodded quickly. "I do I do I fucking do so fucking much," she panted, as Sarah reached one of her hands in to pinch one of Piper's tan nipples firmly, giving it a twist, which made the girl groan huskily.

"And yet, you're still fucking holding back," Sarah scolded. "You gotta fucking give in like a good girl, otherwise you won't get what you fucking what, what I know you think you fucking deserve, but you don't deserve it until you've ditched all those fucking fears and embraced who the fuck you are from now on." She gave Piper's ass another hard smack before sliding her hand around the athlete's waist, moving her thumb down to rub against Piper's clit, as Andy felt her start to tighten up even more around his shaft. "But I bet, I just fucking bet, that if you just let it out, let it all fucking out, you'd feel fucking better, and you'd get what a good bitch deserves."

"Fuck, Sarah, you're so fucking good with those fingers," Piper whimpered.

"Damn fucking straight I am," Sarah said. "But I'm gonna stop if you don't cut loose."

"I'm... I'm fucking scared," Piper whispered quietly.

"We all were, Pipes, but you learn to fucking let go and trust, not just in Andy but in the family, in all the fucking rest of us, that we've got your fucking back, that we're gonna fucking take care of you, so either you're fucking in or you're out... what's it gonna be, bitch?"

"I'm in..." she cried, her voice shredded and frantic, clearly about to have an immense orgasm. "I'm in I'm in I'm so fucking in..."

"Not fucking yet you aren't," Sarah said harshly. "Gotta let that last fucking guard down, gotta let that last fucking truth out. You'll feel better, bitch, but you gotta *fucking say it*..."

"Andy Rook, I fucking love you!" Piper shouted before she kissed him hard, and she started to have a monstrous orgasm, her whole body violently trembling, and the spasms of her pussy around his dick forced his own release, as he started spewing arcing loads of steaming jism inside of her, the two of them locked together on top and bottom, the intensity of the orgasm cratering them out.

As soon as it had passed, Piper buried her face into Andy's neck, laughing a little bit even as he could feel her eyes watering, tears of joy slipping from her face. "I thought I'd never say that to another person as long as I fucking lived," she whispered against his skin, "but I do... I fucking love you, Andy Rook."

"And I love you too, Piper Brown," he said, stroking her hair with one hand, his other intertwined with Sarah's.

They stayed like that for a minute or so before Piper started to giggle, turning to look over at Sarah. "I don't know how you do it," she said to the tall redhead, "sitting there watching and not demanding to get involved."

"Oh I'm happy enough to wait my fucking turn," Sarah giggled. "But pretty quick Imma need

you to get off of him so I can fucking get off.”

Piper's giggle burst from her as she nodded then leaned over to kiss Sarah. “Thank you for that,” she told her. “I hate having to ask for help.”

“That's what family's for,” Sarah answered. “But get a little, give a little, so Imma also need you to help me out here.”

The brunette climbed from his lap, and his cock was absolutely *soaked* with their juices, and while he was starting to soften, that feral look in Sarah's eyes told him he wasn't done yet, and made him begin to stiffen up again.

“Whatever you need, Sares,” Piper said, “I got you, boo.”

“I'll just need a helping hand,” Sarah said, getting up off the couch. Andy tried to get up as well, but Sarah shoved him back down once more. “Who told you you could fucking get up?” she giggled. “I need you to stay there and let me run the fucking show this time, 'cause I'm a little fucking nervous, and I want to have the fucking control to do this how I think fucking feels right. I hope that's fucking okay with you, because if it isn't, well, I don't fucking care, now, do I?”

Andy wasn't entirely sure what Sarah had in mind, as she turned away from him and moved to straddle his legs, but very quickly, it dawned on him what she was doing. “I can't fucking believe Emily did this shit before I did,” Sarah said, reaching one hand back to grab his cock. Her position had her legs spread wide, as she moved to rub the tip of his dick along her pussy before dragging it downward, nestling it against the rosebud of her asshole. “Had to be fucking first to something, I guess.” He could feel the tall woman getting his cock aligned right and then slowly started sitting down on it, his shaft pulsing in excitement as he felt her body, tight and a little unprepared, try and resist his cock's entrance before she finally seemed to lose patience with her own hole, as she pushed down to get the head of his cock inside of her ass. Her head leaned back, her eyes looking up at the ceiling, as a guttural, almost paleolithic, moan of pain and pleasure boiled out of her. “Fffffffuck that's fucking big that's big holy fucking shitballs that's a big fat fucking dick and it's fucking going up my fucking ass oh my fucking GOD what the fuck am I doing?”

“We can stop if—”

She looked back over her shoulder at him with a wildness in her eyes that he'd never seen before, a deranged grin on her face. “Stop? Are you out of your fucking mind? This is the greatest fucking feeling I've ever fucking felt in my fucking life! Why the *fuck* would I want you to fucking stop?! I want fucking *all of it!*” she said to him as she pushed herself down onto his cock until he was buried as deeply as he could get inside of her backdoor, the tall girl's skin covered with a layer of goosebumps that made the fine red hairs of her arms stand on end, her body vibrating in orgasm as she did. “Jesus Fucking Christ, I feel like such an utter fucking whore and I fucking *love it!* You've got that big fucking dick jammed right up my fucking virgin asshole and it made me fucking cum just going the fuck in, so now you gotta fuck me or I gotta fuck you but somebody's gotta fuck somebody right the fuck now!”

Piper had sort of been standing off to the side a little bit, and one of Sarah's hands shot up and grabbed one of the brunette's wrists, yanking her close. “Er, what... what am I supposed to be doing here, Sarah?”

“You can fucking rub or you can fucking lick, but you gotta fucking work that fucking clit of mine while he's fucking my ass, so get fucking to it!” she barked, and the commanding tone to her voice made it clear the actress was not asking for input on the matter.

The tanned athlete took one of her hands timidly down to rub against Sarah's pussy before moving to stroke her clit, as Sarah began to bounce up and down in his lap, one hand on the arm of the couch, the other on Andy's hip.

In this position, Sarah had completely control of the tempo and the force with which she slid her ass down onto his cock, something he'd expected her to use to keep it slow and tender, but instead, Sarah was practically trying to break the couch, slamming her ass down into his lap as hard as she could

each time, while Piper was caressing her clit.

“Fuck that's so fucking good oh my god why didn't I ever get fucked in the ass before I love this so fucking much but it's all your ass, Andy, Daddy, it's only ever your fucking ass, you're the only one to ever fuck me this way, and I fucking love that and I keep GOD! I keep fucking cumming over and over again, so please Daddy, please please please cum in my fucking virgin ass and let me fucking feel it, let me feel you own the last fucking bit of me no man's ever had, because I don't need any other fucking man but you because I fucking love the ever loving shit out of you you big dicked motherfucker you hear me I fucking love you Andy so fucking cum, cum right the fuck up my ass! Fuck! Fuck! Mmmmpphhh!”

She leaned her head back at the end onto his shoulder, craning her neck so that she could jam her lips against his, as he felt Piper's other hand cradling his balls, squeezing them gently, and the sensations were all too much, as his body let loose another orgasm, flooding Sarah's rectum with a gusher of an orgasm as their tongues clung to each other before they both slumped back, his back against the couch, her back against his chest, both of them nearly too exhausted to move.

Huginn, who had remained completely undisturbed by all of this, finally had had enough, and the black cat got up and hopped down the couch, moving to a different unoccupied couch, hopping back up, curling into a ball and settling down once more, a perturbed look on his face.

Then Sarah began to feverishly giggle, waves of curved red hair over her face before she pushed them out. “Em was fucking right. That was totally fucking amazeballs. Thanks Pipes.”

Piper winked a little bit as she pushed a fingertip inside of Sarah's cunt, causing the actress to gasp a little bit in surprise before Piper slid the finger back out, lifting it up to her lips, licking it in front of the two of them. “We're *definitely* gonna need a shower before we get into bed,” she said, and they all laughed at that.