

## Chapter Thirteen

December 17<sup>th</sup>, 2020

The next morning, he was up earlier than most of the women were, something that caught him off-guard, but he found that Melody and Lexi were both up, although none of his fiancées were. He hopped through a quick shower then moved from the bedroom into the little foyer where Melody and Lexi were enjoying coffee, both having showered and gotten dressed before he'd risen.

"You're not usually up this early," Lexi said to him. "Everything okay?"

"Still a little rattled, maybe, from the whole shooting thing, but I'm alright."

"Thanks for giving me a second chance, Andy," Melody said before giving a tiny bitter laugh, looking down at her hands. "Dammit. Forgot to send the text. Thought you wouldn't be up for a bit. This is going to take some getting used to."

He moved over to stand behind her, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Hey, don't worry about it. If you think *that's* going to take some getting used to, I hate to tell you this..." He leaned down and made a big production of his mock whisper. "In *addition* to me, you *might* have to fuck other women."

Melody burst out giggling, trying to put on her most caught off guard face. "No! Who would expect such a thing?"

Andy waggled his eyebrows. "I hear the head of the household's a real asshole when women let him be, but maybe that's just talk." He leaned down to kiss Melody on the cheek, but she suddenly turned her head and pressed her lips against his, her hand rubbing against the back of his neck with more affection than he might've expected.

"Even without the compulsion, I am *very* lucky that you and Piper gave me a second chance, Andy, and I'm very, *very* glad that you did," Melody whispered to him when the kiss broke. "You may not see it, but you're a hell of a catch, and if the day ever comes, I will *gladly* take a bullet for you."

He smiled, feeling his face turn a little red as he blushed. "Well, thanks, I guess. I genuinely hope you don't ever have to, but it's good to see you're making up for your time spent causing trouble with Covington."

She shuddered, closing her eyes. "You know, I did black bag shit with the military, and I'm *still* not sure if I'm more grossed out by what I did as a Ranger or by what I did for *that* asshole. At least the shit I did as a Ranger, I was doing that in the service of our country."

"Well, I highly doubt I'm likely to ask you to kill anybody on my behalf, Mel," Andy joked.

"If you do, you best mean it, boss, because I'm gonna do it, no questions asked."

She was grinning like she might've been joking, but the tone in her voice told him she very much was not. It was a little strange, knowing he had that kind of power in his life, and he wasn't entirely sure that he cared for it.

"How you want to handle security today, Lexi?" he asked her. "I mean, the reservation is so goddamn tiny, I think whoever's waiting by the plane is going to be bored out of their damn mind, the place is so damn tiny. I was looking at it on a map, and I'm not entirely sure how we're going to get around, unless it's mostly just walking."

"Niko's mom is coming to pick people up from the airport and drive you all around. Might be a little crowded, but it won't be for all that long. And you're right, I can't imagine we have all that much to worry about in terms of security. Anything feels out of place, we're going to see it miles and miles away. But I'll hang with the plane, and we'll let Melody have a test run in the point position, making sure your safety is priority number one in the literal most lax environment we have."

"You sure, Lex?" Melody asked. "I don't want to jump the queue or do anything before you think I'm ready."

"This should be easy rider, so we'll just let you run the table," Lexi replied. "Don't worry about it, other than worrying about the standard thing, which is keeping Andy safe."

"Obviously."

Niko was the next to be up and it might've been the first morning since he'd met her that he

remembered seeing her truly trepidatious. He smiled and patted his lap, so she came over and slid down to sit on top of him on the couch, leaning in so he could give her a tender kiss. “You’re nervous about me meeting your mom,” Andy said. “It’s all over your face. I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

“That’s *one* of us, then,” she sighed. “No, I’m sure you’re right, it’ll be fine. I just... after seeing where you grew up, it’s a little weird knowing you’re going to see the sort of poor squalor I grew up in. They don’t call it the Badlands for nothing, and it really is the middle of absolute nowhere. Hell, the casino where most of the folks work is still half an hour drive away from the center of Rosebud, if you can call it that. It’s right on the border, to give all the Nebraskans who want to gamble another option than going across the river into Council Bluffs, Iowa.”

“Hey, as much as you’re worrying about it, we’re going there to meet your mom in person. If you don’t want us to hang around long, or not to wander around the reservation too much, we won’t. Whenever you want us to get back on the plane and fly away, we will.”

She smiled shyly at him. “You have *no* idea how much it means to my mom that you’re coming out to see *her*. She already liked you, but the fact that you’re making a point to stop and show her respect by coming to her home?” Niko shook her head. “Major brownie points, Mister Rook.”

“You only get one chance to make a first impression,” he laughed. “Besides, I want to see where someone as remarkable as you *comes from*.”

Niko rolled her eyes, but she was also still blushing a little at the compliment. “Oh, no nookie on the plane ride there, though, okay? My mom’s sense of smell is *uncanny*, so if you, Sarah and Moira could wait until we’re flying into Denver, I’d much appreciate it.”

“I’ll tell them, and I think it shouldn’t be too big of a deal.”

“Well, even if it is, put your goddamn foot down. Tell them, ‘Woman! I’m the man around these parts and I say when we is and isn’t gonna fuck!’ And if they won’t listen, spank their asses!” Niko said, giggling feverishly the entire time she said it.

“Yeah, that *totally* sounds like the kind of thing I’d say.”

“I’m just saying that maybe once in a while, you should try and put on the stomping boots and see if you can’t kick some ass among the fiancées.”

“And that totally sounds like the kind of thing I’d *do*. Oh no. Wait. Strike that. Reverse it.”

“Spoilsport,” Niko said, sticking her tongue out at him. “Should we start getting everyone up?”

“Probably,” he said. “It’s only an hour and change to fly there, so as long as we’re around to meet your mom for lunch, we should be good to go.”

Niko leaned in and kissed him once more. “Thanks again for making me stop and see home again, even if I spend the rest of the day bitching about it. It means a lot to me, even if it is a whole lot of nothing to look at. It’s still where I came from.”

“Hey, you didn’t give me shit about Ohio,” he teased.

“You *came* from *Ohio*. No more shit need be *given*, babe. That’s punishment enough.” She giggled as she headed from the foyer back into the bedroom and started clapping her hands in the air loudly. “Up! Up! C’mon you dopey bitches, everybody UP! Your man snuck out of your bed and none of you even noticed! What kind of good-for-nothing whores are you? It’s time to get up already!”

There was a collective grumbling as all the women started to roll out of bed, eager enough to wake up that they were using the shower in pairs, willing to split the hot water if they could get under it and get washed down quickly. Andy did notice, to his amusement, that he saw Moira tossing one of the bland white hotel towels into her bag before they left, but he didn’t say anything, nor did Sarah, the only one of the girls who saw her do it.

Within an hour or so, they were checking out of the hotel and heading to the airport. Andy had to admit, having his own jet was extremely nice – no long security lines, no waiting to drop off or pick up bags – but he also wondered just how utterly abandoned the inside of the airport must be right now. Sure, there were flights coming and going, but it still felt almost desolate for how few people they saw.

As soon as the flight took off, Sarah and Moira started to approach Andy, but Niko had

threatened them playfully with a glass of water and the two redheads had giggled and backed down, instead just sitting next to him on the bench while he was typing away at the next Druid Gunslinger novel, which was still in just the very earliest stages, having only finished up “The Fatal Solstice” six weeks or so ago, but the publisher was leaning on him to up his output if at all possible, so he was leaning into writing nearly every spare moment he had. Sarah had also turned into a remarkably good sounding board for him to bounce ideas off, and to even offer suggestions for possible twists and turns he could send Blake down for his next adventure. He was in his rough outlining section and had put down plenty of narrative guideposts and road signs so that when he started working towards fleshing out his skeleton, he knew where things were going to go, and he could plow through them much faster. It was a helpful tool, and he’d probably spend the next two or three weeks just sort of laying down the foundations before he got to actual writing.

Of course, just when he’d gotten into the groove of things, Lexi’s voice came over the intercom that they were nearing in on Rosebud airport. Andy leaned over and looked out the window, pointing down at a small town below. “That it?”

“Nope,” Niko said. “That’s Mission. It’s bigger than Rosebud itself. Hell, Rosebud’s not even a real incorporated town. I spent a lot of time hanging out either in Mission or Saint Francis once I got old enough to drive, just because there’s fuck all to do in Rosebud proper.”

“There truly isn’t a whole out here, is there?” Fiona said, looking out another window.

“Nope,” Niko agreed. “Nothing times nothing, carry the nothing, to the power of nothing is still a whole lot of nothing. Mom’s going to meet us at the airport. She said we’re the first non-local flight they’ve had other than the Air Force vaccination brigade in two years.”

It turned out that while the term “airport” was *technically* correct, it was certainly being generous. There was no tower, no hangars to store planes in, just a single runway with the equivalent of a tiny airplane parking lot off to one side and a building marked Guardian Flight – Rosebud Base off to another. Andy had to look up the company, but it turned out they specialized in delivering emergency medical services to remote and rural locations, and their building *did* have a hangar with their own plane stored inside of it, as well as a helicopter on top.

Once they landed, Lexi taxied the plane over to the little concrete plane parking area and moved into a spot cordoned off with pavement markings, a large faded 1 written in the center of it. And then she powered down the plane, moving out of the cockpit and back into the cabin. “Well, we’re here, although I don’t see anyone here to meet us here.”

“Give her a couple of minutes,” Niko said. “We weren’t sure when we were going to get in, so I told Mom just to head over to the airport when she heard the plane coming in. She’ll be here in a couple of minutes.”

They started to get off the plane and onto the tarmac of the parking lot, looking around them. “So, this is what the center of America looks like,” Emily said. “I’ve always known there were rural parts of the country like this, but I’d simply never seen them.”

“Yeah, when I moved out to California, I drove through lots of areas like this. It’s a great big country, but there’s ton of empty land where nobody lives and nobody’s really doing anything with it,” Andy said. “I mean, I’m sure somebody owns the land, but it’s all just sitting there.”

“There’s plenty of this kind of vacant land east of here too,” Fiona said. “I thought it would only be the Midwest, but there’s lots of rural spots on the East Coast also, so don’t think you’re so special, Mister Rook, for having driven through loads of nowhere.”

“Here comes Mom,” Niko said, pointing over towards a dust cloud traveling down an unpaved road towards the airport. “We probably should’ve paved concrete out here, but the airport’s so rarely used, I guess nobody much saw the point in it.”

When the dust started to clear, Andy couldn’t help but laugh, seeing a giant yellow school bus pulling up alongside the plane parking lot. Along the side of it was written “Rosebud Reservation Elementary” and Andy remembered that Niko had told him his mother was a teacher. Since schools

hadn't started back up yet, he supposed the school bus was probably the best option for transportation they had available.

After bringing the bus to a stop, Niko's mom hopped off the bus and made her way over to the group of them, a warm smile on her face. She looked a lot like her daughter, short and slender, barely five foot tall if she was lucky. She was half-Lakota and half-Japanese (Niko's father had been half-Lakota and half-Mexican), dressed in a brown leather jacket with fringe on it, a t-shirt that read "Teachers Make The Best Lovers," and a pair of well-worn and faded blue jeans, as well as black leather boots that nearly came up to her knees. Her black hair was hanging long and loose down her back, and she wore a pair of giant reflective aviator style sunglasses. "Hínhañni láchčij, little one," Niko's mother said to her, opening her arms as her daughter ran to give her a massive hug.

"Háu, mama," Niko said, clinging to her tightly. "Lemme introduce you—"

"Háu Andy," Niko's mom said to him as she pulled away from her daughter. "I'm Spotted Wing Redwolf. Welcome to Rosebud." She reached over to offer him a handshake, but instead he moved over and gave her a hug, which she laughed and leaned into. "You're taller than I expected."

"You're *exactly* as I expected," he said with a broad grin. "I love the school bus."

"Ay ya, you've got such a large entourage, I couldn't think of any other way to haul all you and your collection of owned ass around," she said with a smirk. Her sense of humor was immediately reminiscent of her daughters. "C'mon, let's get on the bus, and we can do all the introductions once we get to the house."

It wasn't a long drive, as they took a small off-road past a Dialysis Clinic followed by a large Health Care Facility. It gave the impression that maybe the area wasn't quite as thin on the ground as it could've been, but once they hit Highway 1, they were back in the middle of nowhere, buildings looking like they were at least half a mile apart, most of them much, much further. Eventually, they turned onto West White Street and eventually pulled in front of a small house, parking the school bus on the street against the curb.

Andy was about to get off the bus first, but Melody leaped in front of him, pushing him back, as she stepped off the bus first and looked around for a moment before she gestured for him to come out. "Are we worried about a tree throwing an acorn at me?" he said in a slightly annoyed tone.

"Don't be silly," Melody said as they all walked over towards the house, ignoring his annoyance. "These trees don't *have* acorns."

The house wasn't even half as large as Andy's mom's house, but it wasn't because they didn't have the room, as the neighbors were still at least a few minutes' walk away. The house wasn't run down, but certainly didn't look new, with a sort of heavy weathered look to it, the exterior paint cracked and flaked away in large swaths.

Inside of the house, the furniture was sparse and simple, a picture of the man Andy assumed was Niko's late father up on the wall, as well as plenty of pictures of Niko throughout the years, from her as a child all the way to pictures of her in uniform.

"You haven't moved in with Chatan yet, mama?" Niko said.

She waved a hand through the air. "I know what I need to do to keep the serum going, Niko, so he and I have a weekly date, and that is enough. I did pay attention to all the information that you sent me, so I understand how serious it is, but I brought you into this world in this house, and I will not be pulled from it by some silly disease."

"I just want you to be safe, mama. That's all."

Spotted Wing tilted her chin up and towards Andy. "You. Manchild. You're keeping an eye on my daughter, yes? I see you've got a lot of ass around, so you best be making sure not to neglect my little girl."

"Wouldn't dare dream of it, Mrs. Redwolf," Andy said. He was starting to feel at home with all the grilling from parents he was getting. "Your daughter proposed to *me*, and that's an honor I'm never going to forget as long as I live."

Spotted Wing nodded approvingly. “That sounds like my Niko, always making sure she established her stake in whatever she was a part of. I’m a little surprised she’s not already with child.”

Niko grinned awkwardly. “Funny you should mention that, mama...”

Spotting Wing gasped and then burst into a big smile, rushing over to hug her daughter. “It *must* be early. You’re not even showing.”

“Somewhere between two and three months along, mama, which is why we haven’t really told anyone yet,” Niko said pulling back a little. “But I figured you should know since we’re here. Not just me, but me and Ash as well.”

Spotted Wing moved over to give a hug to Ash, kissing the woman on the cheek. “You’ll both be fine mothers. You’ve been a good partner in crime to my daughter, firewoman. When she first came to stay with you and Andy, she was worried that you might not accept her for who she is, but since then she’s told me you’ve become her best friend.” She looked over at Andy. “And you her true love. So I am happy for all of you. You didn’t bring the blonde giantess with you?”

Ash chuckled, shaking her head. “Lauren’s part of the family, but doesn’t want to be married to Andy, so we’ve chosen to respect that decision. This trip’s only for fiancées and bodyguards.”

“That makes sense,” Spotted Wing said. “Besides, if you have too many children showing up all at once, how will you ever manage? One Niko was more than enough for me, and I had a whole reservation to help with raising her, after her father died.”

“And you did a great job, Mom.”

“It sounds like I may have to try and give you a sibling soon, if possible, my little one.”

“I know, Mom. And I get it.”

Spotted Wing frowned a bit, as if she was still mulling over the notion of it. She couldn’t be older than her mid-forties at the oldest, clearly having had Niko when she was young. “I can’t say I’m fond of the idea at my age, but I guess it’s something I must endure for the good of the nation. But I’m old enough that it’ll be a challenge.”

“Mom, I understand,” Niko said, reaching over to take her mother’s hand. “And if it happens, it happens, and if it doesn’t, it doesn’t.”

“They’re talking about quite the financial incentives to help people bear the burden of having to refill several lost generations. Have you settled on how many children you’re going to have as a family? I imagine with so many wives, it’s going to be up there.”

“At least enough to front our own soccer team, I think, but I wouldn’t be surprised if we get two or three times that,” Piper said. “Some of us are taking our time before starting the race to become mothers. I want to do one more Olympics, and I know both Sarah and Em are probably going to start filming movies next spring, but that’s just a delay for all of us.”

Spotted Wing smiled over at Emily. “I remember when I had students with your picture on their tablets’ lock screen, from those movies. You were quite the hero to a lot of those little girls.”

Emily offered a polite bow. “Thank you, but I was just an actress trying her best to play her part in a remarkable story.”

Suddenly, Niko’s mom took in a big inhalation of breath, closed her eyes, and then very slowly let it out again. “Sorry, it’s just difficult thinking about how many people I’ve taught over the last several years who are all dead. I’m an elementary school teacher, so it’s not that hard to just think of entire years of students as gone.”

Niko moved over and wrapped her arms around her mother, and both women shared a good cry for a couple of minutes, Andy and the rest moving to join the giant hug, each of them hoping to leech off a little bit of the sadness and darkness, to carry the weight in Niko’s mother’s place.

Before they left the house, Andy insisted on seeing Niko’s room. Spotted Wing was happy to show them, but she’d mostly converted the room back to a neutral state, all the furniture there, but none of the embarrassing posters Andy was certain had to have lined the walls only half a decade or so ago.

After that, Spotted Wing gathered them all back up and onto the bus to give them a driving tour

of the reservation, which truly was as sparse and unpopulated as it had seemed from the air. In fact, she drove them down to Saint Francis, which only had a population of a couple hundred, and then back again. She offered to drive them up to Mission, South Dakota, only fifteen minutes away, which she assured them had almost twice the number of people, but admitted that it really wasn't worth the trip, even if she did have to drive up there regularly.

"Everything on the reservation's so scattered out," she said, driving them back to the airport. "That's why we have the buses, to bring everyone in from all the little, tiny farms and homesteads that are out there, miles away from everyone. It's not much to show, but it's home."

"If you ever wanted to move out to California, mom, and bring Chatan and his other partners, we certainly wouldn't mind the help in raising all the kids."

Spotted Wing smiled. "I'll think about it, Niko, but to be that far from our sacred lands? Ay ya, I don't know how happy I'd be."

"Give it some thought when you're out for the wedding and we'll talk about it again then, okay? Love you."

"Love you too." They all gave their goodbyes and were starting to walk over towards the plane when Spotted Wing gestured at Andy. "White boy. A moment, before you go?" Andy started to move back towards her, and Niko was about to go with him, but Melody put her hand on Niko's shoulder and then went to join Andy. Spotted Wing looked over at Melody, arching an eyebrow. "When you said this one wasn't a fiancée but a bodyguard, I must confess I thought you were joking."

"If I die, there's a good chance that all of those women over there do as well, Mrs. Redwolf," Andy said quietly. "Respectfully, I owe it to them to take my safety deadly seriously, not just for my own sake, but more importantly, for theirs."

"You say it like that, it makes sense," she said, nodding quietly. "The Lakota didn't really have a marriage ceremony before encountering Christianity, but they also weren't opposed to a man having multiple wives, if entire family got along. But I'd like to have some of our heritage represented at the wedding if you don't mind, and I would rather you not tell Niko about this in advance. Now, for the important question – what size shoe are you?"

"11, why?"

"I will make you a pair of moccasins to wear on your wedding day, so while you should pretend to get dress shoes, you will not wear those, but will instead wear the moccasins I will bring you when I come out for the wedding, yes?"

"Of course, Mrs. Redwolf."

"You can call me Uncisi, which is Lakota for mother-in-law, but I won't hold you to the old traditions of not being allowed to talk to me or speak directly to me," she said gruffly. "Some traditions can stay in the past for all I care. And I will call you Wicaha, which is son-in-law, but only every now and again, to keep you on your toes."

"Thank you, Uncisi," he said smiling.

"You strike me as a noble heart, Wicaha, although perhaps you may need to look a moment longer before you constantly go leaping into fires to prove your bravery."

"I'm not trying to prove anything to anyone, Uncisi," he sighed. "I'm just trying to be a good man with a relatively uncomplicated moral compass."

"Mmm. That you are and that you have, but if you die young on my daughter, I will never forgive you, and will set the spirits of my ancestors to the task of haunting your spirit for the rest of eternity. You hear me?"

"Yes, Uncisi."

"Good. Now give your Uncisi a kiss and off with you. I'll see you next month for the wedding."

Andy gave Spotted Wing a hug, kissed her cheek and smiled at her one more time, mouthing the words 'thank you' before turning back, walking towards the plane where most of the ladies had boarded, but Niko was still waiting at the bottom of the steps.

“What did mom want?”

“Just the usual ‘break my daughter’s heart and I’ll obliterate your soul’ kind of thing,” he chuckled. “Nothing to worry about. C’mon, let’s go.”

They loaded up into the plane, taxied down to the end of the runway, turned around and then took off into the skies. As they passed the midsection, Andy could see Spotted Wing standing atop the center of the school bus, waving farewell to them, which he made sure Niko saw.

About twenty minutes into the flight, he saw Sarah and Moira peering over at him before they bum rushed him and pushed him back towards the rear section of the plane. He’d known this was coming, but he was a little surprised by how giddy the two of them looked as they approached him, both of them having already stripped down to nothing, as Sarah grinned at him. “You ready to get rough and randy, Andy?”

“You were talking rather a big game earlier, Mo,” Andy said with a chuckle. “You think you can hold up to it?”

“Oh, Andy, believe me, we intend to give you a *good time*,” Moira said, licking her lips. She grabbed Sarah and pushed the much taller woman up onto the couch on her knees. “Sarah’s always talking a big game, about how she always wants to be yer dirtiest slut, but we both know she’s got a long way to go for that, doesn’t she?”

Sarah looked back over her shoulder with a wry smirk. “I’ve certainly got the dirtiest fucking mouth of the house.”

“Do ye though?” Moira asked. She lifted her hand up and then brought it down in a hard spank on Sarah’s upturned ass. “I think it’s time we put ye to the test.”

“That actually fucking stung a little bit,” Sarah giggled. “I think I liked it.”

“We’re gonnae put that to the test, ‘cause I think you’ll look prettiest getting railed on your hands and knees like Andy’s good little bitch,” Moira said, her fingertips moving down to rub two fingers across Sarah’s exposed snatch, the taller redhead whimpering and leaning back a bit into the smaller one’s touch.

Andy closed up his laptop and then rose up to his feet, unbuttoning his jeans. There was something about Moira’s attitude that made him want to keep as much of his clothing on as possible, and Moira had a sly little look in her eye as she pushed Sarah’s head down against the top of the couch seat, and Sarah’s thighs open a little wider. “Fuck, I need you to fuck me so fucking hard, Andy, that I want you to fucking break me, so that people at the fucking book signing ask if I hurt my leg or some shit like that.”

Moira brought one of her fingers up to her lips, making a little shushing motion towards Andy, as she moved over and grabbed her purse from beside the bench where she’d left it when she’d gotten on the plane. From it, she pulled out a tube of clear lubricant, and began to drizzle it on Andy’s cock, wrapping her fingers around it, making sure to get it good and slick. Andy arched an eyebrow, but Moira leaned up and kissed him tenderly before whispering in his ear. “You watch how this is gonnae make her cum...”

“Don’t make me fucking *wait*, Andy,” Sarah whined. “Your good little slut needs you to *fuck her*. So fucking badly.” She was even waggling her hips back and forth, trying to lure him in, and he could see that her pussy was dripping, glistening with so much clear excitement as to be starting to dribble down the inside of her thighs, threatening to fall off onto the couch.

“Towel,” Andy said to Moira, who immediately grinned, reaching back into her bag, pulling out a towel that it looked like she’d likely stolen from the last hotel they’d stayed at, moving to lay it beneath Sarah, lifting one of Sarah’s knees to wedge it in, putting it back down, and then repeating on the other side. “You sure you want me to make you walk funny, Sarah?”

“*Yeessssssss Andy*,” the taller redhead purred. “Whatever you want to fucking do to me, I fucking want it too. I want to fucking feel how much you own my fucking body, own my fucking soul. I wanna feel you complete my fucking life.” Andy shrugged with a smile to Moira, who then moved to

smear some of the lubricant on her own fingers before taking her fingers to Sarah's exposed asshole, smearing the cool gel there. "Oh. *OH!* Oh, fuck *yeah*. Nobody else's done this year in the skies, so you better fucking *believe* I am one hundred fucking percent *that bitch*. C'mon, Andy, have at my fucking ass. You know it's fucking yours. You fucking *know* I fucking *adore* it. Do it. Fuck my ass. I can't fucking wait any longer." She even reached a hand back to pull those asscheeks apart a little wider invitingly, her hips wiggling.

"Look at what you've wrought, Andy," Moira whispered into his ear. "She's the most gorgeous filthy slut I've ever laid eyes on. And while you're fuckin' her in the ass, I'm gonna be making out with her the whole fucking time. Now make good on your end. Fucking ruin her day. Make it clear who owns that delicious ass of hers. I'm gonna go keep the other end busy." The tiny Scottish woman moved over to sit down on the couch next to Sarah and then did her best to slide underneath her, bringing her lips to lock with Sarah's, one of Sarah's hands moving to hold the back of the couch, the other playing with the silver barbell through Moira's nipple.

Andy knew his part to play and moved over to hotdog his cock between Sarah's butt cheeks, smearing even more of that lubricant over her pink pucker before he lined the head of his shaft up and slowly thrust forward, planning on taking it slow, but instead, Sarah just shoved her ass back onto his cock like she wanted to engulf the whole fucking thing on the first pass, a complicated moan erupting until Andy realized it was both Sarah *and* Moira moaning together, and he saw that Sarah's hand had moved from Moira's tits down to between her thighs, rubbing against the Scottish woman's slit.

Early on in their relationship, he'd learned that Sarah and Emily often had a rivalry about being the first to do things, and that had extended to their relationship with Andy, with Sarah taking great pride about being the first of the two of them to try anal with Andy (or, in fact, at all). And now she was joining the Mile High Club by going through the back door.

He was doing his best to keep his pace in check and not to rush, but there was no mistaking that for as much as Sarah *loved* anal now, she was still *very* tight, and the constricting snugness wasn't going to let him last all that long. So, when duration was going to be a problem, he'd learned to compensate by countering with intensity. Because of that, he grabbed onto Sarah's hip with one hand and reached forward to slide his fingers around her neck, giving it a little squeeze, which he felt surge as a shiver down her spine.

Andy kept plowing his hips forward, using her hips and her throat to keep her in motion, but he also felt Moira's fingertips moving to smooth over his hand on Sarah's hip, as if connecting the three of them, and just as he started to cum, he thrust down hard, which was when Sarah truly surprised him. Her thighs slide wide to each side, practically doing the splits against the towel and the couch, as her body tensed up and she let out the most intense, fierce monster of an orgasm into Moira's mouth, her ass swallowing his jism, the two of them locked in a feedback loop that seemed to never end until finally, seconds or minutes later, Andy's surge stopped, his hand slipped from her throat and he grabbed the back of the couch himself, his own legs feeling a little unsteady.

"That's why I stole the towel from the hotel room," Moira whispered to Sarah, who began to giggle hysterically in the aftermath of her overwhelming orgasm.