

KAIZER WOLF

Innocent Devil's
★ *Harem 6*

Innocent Devil's Harem 6
Innocent Devil's Harem Book 6
KAIZER WOLF

OceanofPDF.com

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Notice

This story contains adult content that may not be suitable for all audiences, including explicit sexual relations, as well as unconventional social dynamics (including a harem).

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(1) Chapter 76: Bonding

I laid on the living room couch with the blue-haired Natalie sleeping peacefully on my chest, completely passed out and unconscious, feeling like I could finally relax and truly rest, even though a part of me seemed to be aware of my surroundings at all times.

More than that, a part of me felt far away, my thoughts on the sexy succubus I'd spent so much time with the previous evening, even though most of my unconscious attention was simply on the noises surrounding the house.

Honestly, for a time, it almost felt like I was *with* Miriam, despite the fact that I was undoubtedly lying in my own home, with the goth magazine model resting contently on my chest.

But as I continued to rest, I also slowly began to find my thoughts wandering slightly, as if in the place of dreams, slowly recollecting both the good and the bad that had happened in the last few days, noting how bizarre it was that such wild extremes had happened in such a short period of time.

After all, it had only been last night that a literal werewolf horde attacked Miriam's mansion. It had only been last night that I fought side-by-side with a powerful vampire, only to seal him away, while allowing his blonde charge to be free of such a fate.

More than that, we'd discovered that the blonde vamp had a curse placed on her that resulted in bleeding when she drank blood, which would normally be a death sentence, only for me to offer my own blood in hopes it might save her.

It *did* save her.

And then, I completed my promise with the blue-haired Rockstar chick, who was cursed to suffer an agonizing transformation once a month that turned her into a literal nightmare of a monster. I gave Natalie some of my blood, injected directly into her bloodstream, and it both broke her werewolf curse and made her somewhat like me.

After all that, I was exhausted.

Miriam felt like it was important for everyone to maintain appearances, especially since I might have a looming threat on my life --

indicated by the mystery stone and the fact that a creature like me even existed -- so both Serenity and Gabriella went to work while I was still waiting for Natalie to finish changing in response to my blood.

However, after everything that happened, I didn't want to spend all day at Miriam's mansion.

The short succubus and I had sort of jumped right into a very serious relationship, and combined with how addicting she could be, I knew it would be wise to get a break from her. Never mind the fact that I needed to rest.

Thus, Mrs. Rebecca then drove me and Natalie home, and here I now rested on the couch, the busty redheaded MILF contently watching over us as we slept.

However, when there was a knock on the front door, I heard Mrs. Rebecca get up and check out the window, only to rush over when a key was inserted into the top lock.

She quickly unlocked both the doorknob and deadbolt, causing the person on the other side to withdraw the key.

Mrs. Rebecca then opened the door.

"Oh," a mature woman said in surprise. "Hello. You aren't Gabriella's mother, are you? I saw the black car, but didn't realize you were over."

"Yep, that's me," Rebecca replied warmly. "And you must be Michelle and Avery."

A small part of me was surprised that Avery had stayed home from school after all, but it wasn't enough to rouse me from my deep relaxing slumber.

"Oh, umm. Yes." Michelle paused. "Sorry to intrude."

Mrs. Rebecca scoffed at that. "If you have a key to the house, then clearly you're more welcome than I am. Please come in." She lowered her voice. "Although try to keep it down. Kai is asleep on the couch."

"Of course," Michelle agreed, stepping through the door, followed by another set of footsteps.

Mrs. Rebecca continued, her voice still low. "Really, I should be the one apologizing. I didn't mean to just stand there like that. I was just surprised you're both so beautiful. I'm used to being the prettiest woman in the room, so it took me off guard."

Michelle laughed at that, only for a youthful voice to shush her, prompting Michelle to apologize.

“Sorry honey.”

“It’s fine,” Avery whispered. “I just don’t want you to wake him up. He’s really tired.” Her tone was matter-of-fact, as if she had personal knowledge about how exhausted I was.

“Of course, sweetie.”

“Here,” Mrs. Rebecca chimed in. “Maybe we can talk in the kitchen.” She began walking, only to continue as a single set of footsteps followed her. “It’s my understanding that Kai made you both different, and that you’re pretty much aware of everything going on, correct?”

Michelle’s voice was quiet as she took a seat in the other room. “Oh, umm, yeah. Kind of crazy this werewolf thing turned into such a huge deal. I’m glad everyone is safe, but Avery and I were up almost all night with worry. We just woke up an hour ago.”

“I didn’t even know about it,” Mrs. Rebecca admitted. “Not until after it was over.”

“Oh, well we were over here yesterday, and met Natalie then. And really, had Serenity not kind of kept us in the loop, then we might not have known either.”

Mrs. Rebecca responded, but my subconscious focused on the comforting presence moving into the living room and stopping just as she came into sight of me and Natalie sleeping together on the couch. Avery was quiet for what felt like a long time, before turning back around and moving into the kitchen.

Michelle and Rebecca’s conversation had moved to other topics, but Michelle spoke up when Avery entered the room.

“Everything alright, honey?” she asked sincerely.

Avery took a seat at the table before responding. “Yeah, I’m fine. I just wish Kai and I didn’t have to wait. I think he’s had sex with everyone except for me at this point.”

“Oh honey,” Michelle replied. “I’m sorry.”

“No, I don’t mind. And I’m really happy it’s working out well between you and him. I just wish I didn’t have to wait is all.”

Rebecca chimed in. “Why do you have to wait?” she asked in confusion.

Michelle spoke up. "She's worried about transforming at school. They have several classes together, and she's concerned that the memories of them being together will be too much."

Surprisingly, Mrs. Rebecca's tone sounded skeptical. "Is that the only reason?" she wondered, sounding like she was asking Avery.

Michelle shifted in her chair, as if she was angling more toward Avery as well.

The younger blonde finally spoke up. "It's...it's not the *only* reason."

Michelle sounded concerned. "Is it something you don't want me to know?"

"No, of course not," Avery replied reassuringly. "It's just that..." Her voice trailed off.

Rebecca spoke up again. "You want to wait for penetration? Or for other stuff too, like oral or even just kissing?"

There was a long silence, the younger blonde not responding, her heart rate elevated.

"Was that too much?" Mrs. Rebecca asked in concern.

"N-No," Avery stammered, only to take a deep breath. "I know we need to talk about this kind of stuff. And I still want to be involved. The other night was amazing."

"What happened the other night?" Rebecca wondered.

Michelle spoke up. "Serenity and I took turns seducing our cute young man in the recliner, while we all pretended to watch a couple of movies."

"Oh, that's creative," Rebecca mused. "And really hot."

Michelle made an amused noise. "It was extremely hot, especially since he didn't expect it the first time, and the second time he thought it would be Gabriella sitting in his lap, so we surprised him again." She then sighed in contentment, sounding like she was reliving the memory. "I've never felt so alive in my entire life. And apparently he loved it so much that he wants to do it every night. He asked Serenity if we could all dress sexy, so he doesn't know who is going to be sitting in his lap for the movie."

Avery spoke up. "And I really want to be there for that," she emphasized.

"Of course honey," Michelle agreed.

The younger blonde sighed. "Yeah, but it's not much of a guess if he knows it'll be two out of three every night."

“Well, I don’t want to impose,” Rebecca interjected. “But I’d really like to participate in that too.”

“Oh,” Michelle replied. “Yes, of course.” She paused. “I mean, it’s not really my place to say yes, but I can’t imagine anyone not loving that idea.”

“Wonderful,” Mrs. Rebecca replied warmly. “And yes, I think that both Serenity and Gabriella will be thrilled about the idea too.” She paused. “Is that alright with you, cutie?”

“Yes,” Avery squeaked.

Rebecca laughed softly. “You’re really fond of him, aren’t you?”

“Very fond,” Avery agreed.

“So then, can I ask again why you want to wait? There’s no judgment here.”

Avery gulped audibly. “Well, there’s sort of two reasons, not counting being around him at school.”

“And what’s that, sweetie?” Rebecca prompted.

She sighed heavily. “Well, probably the biggest reason is because...” She sighed again. “I stopped taking my birth control, and I’m pretty sure I’m in my window.” She paused, only to quickly continue. “Not that I wouldn’t mind getting pregnant with his child, but I just feel like it would be too soon. I’d like it to be more of a planned thing, maybe in a few years, and I want to make sure it’s what he wants too.”

“Oh honey,” Michelle replied. “That’s completely understandable, and very responsible of you, but why did you stop taking your birth control medicine? And when?”

She sighed. “A couple of months ago. I pretty much stopped having periods when I started running a lot more for track, and finally just stopped taking my medicine. But I started cramping yesterday and I always used to get small cramps when I’m in my window and about to ovulate.”

“Is it because of the situation with your father?” Michelle unexpectedly wondered.

Avery took a deep breath. “Umm, sort of. It just really shocked me that he was cheating on you, and for a while I stopped taking care of myself. Didn’t shave for like two weeks, stopped taking my medicine, and I started eating more. I barely even showered. But then Kai started giving me looks at school like he knew something was wrong, and while I liked the attention, I didn’t want *that* kind of attention. So I pulled myself together,

but just kind of forgot the birth control. Didn't even think it mattered anyway, since I've never had sex." She sighed. "Was not anticipating to end up in his life so abruptly."

Mrs. Rebecca spoke up again. "I'm sorry for prying, sweetie. I didn't realize there was a more serious reason. I can sort of tell when others have certain preferences, and I just wanted to help you get it out."

"No, it's fine," Avery replied. "And yeah, there's kind of another reason too, but it's embarrassing, so I'd rather not share right now. Either way, it's probably not safe for me to have sex for at least a week, since I'm not entirely confident I did ovulate already, and I really don't want to chance it with condoms."

"That's very understandable," Mrs. Rebecca agreed. "And I think Kai will be very understanding too. However, I think it might be important for you to share that with him yourself. To explain why you really want to wait, and let him know what you *are* okay with. Such as kissing, or even oral sex."

"I...I would tell him," Avery replied. "I just haven't really gotten a chance to talk to him alone."

"Oh," Michelle replied simply, only for everyone to fall silent.

Mrs. Rebecca spoke up, changing the subject. "Well, Michelle, I'd very much like to get to know you better. Do you think you'd be interested in going out for some coffee? Or maybe even lunch? That way we can leave Avery here alone with Kai and Natalie, and maybe give them a chance to talk."

"Yes, that sounds like a great idea," Michelle agreed. "Ever since Kai changed me, I've actually been really hungry nonstop, so I wouldn't mind lunch."

"Perfect," Rebecca agreed, only to speak to the younger blonde. "Is that alright with you, sweetie? Do you think you can share with that other girl here?"

Avery hesitated, like she wasn't sure if she understood the busty redhead correctly. "Umm, y-yeah," Avery agreed. "She seems cool, and I don't think she'd mind if Kai and I spoke alone."

"Perfect," Rebecca repeated, only to sound like she was checking her phone. "Well, if you're ready Michelle, then I am. We can take my car if you want."

“Sure,” Michelle agreed, standing up. “Let me just use the bathroom really fast, and we can go. Really looking forward to getting to know you better,” she added.

“Me too,” Rebecca replied warmly.

Michelle went ahead and quietly made her way up the stairs then, aiming to use the upstairs bathroom, only for it to sound as if Mrs. Rebecca had gotten up too...followed by her sitting down again in another chair.

Avery sounded flustered. “M-Mrs. Watson?” she stammered.

“Rebecca, please dear. Or Mrs. Rebecca if you want.” She paused. “I can see why Gabby is so interested in you. And as it turns out, you’ve got my flavor of kinks too.”

Avery squeaked.

“Michelle and I are going to spend some time getting to know each other, and afterward we might just go ahead and get a bit more...umm, *comfortable*...with each other, as well. So that we can spend some time with our cute man together, and give him a good show. It’s something I feel confident he wants.” She paused when Avery gulped loudly. “Do you think that’s something he wants?” Rebecca then asked.

“Y-Yes,” Avery barely managed.

“Keep that in mind while we’re gone, okay cutie?”

There was a pause. “O-Okay,” she whispered.

“Wonderful.” Unexpectedly, there was the sound of a noisy kiss, followed by a ragged breath. Rebecca continued, her tone a little seductive, not sounding out of breath at all. “And here soon, I’ll take you out to get to know you better too, alright?” She paused. “Oh wow, you look really cute like that. Do your lips and eyelids always turn white?”

“Y-Yes,” Avery squeaked.

“Hmm, I can’t wait to see what Michelle looks like.” She then made an amused noise as she stood back up. “Have fun while we’re gone, and make sure it counts.”

“B-But he’s still asleep,” Avery whispered. “I don’t want to wake him up.”

“That’s alright, sweetie. We have lots to talk about, so we can stay out for a few hours. Or even longer, if needed. Do you know how to cook? Maybe you can wake him up with lunch in an hour. I heard he loved Gabby’s enchiladas.”

“Oh.” Avery paused. “Umm, yeah, I could do that.”

“Perfect,” Mrs. Rebecca cooed. “Then we’ll be back later,” she added, sounding like she bent over to give Avery a tight hug.

Avery didn’t respond, her heart racing again, and about a minute later, Michelle came back down from the bathroom. They all exchanged quiet goodbyes, and then headed out the door, the two busty women already beginning to talk warmly to each other as they got into the redhead’s car to head off to grab lunch.

It was then quiet for what felt like a long time, my mind wandering to the distant sounds outside.

The next thing I noticed inside the house was the sound of something sizzling on a skillet...or maybe the sizzle was actually coming from inside the oven. Was she cooking chicken in the oven? And then I smelled chopped up peppers too, as well as heated up refried beans. Followed by the smell of sour cream.

The oven opened, the chicken was chopped up, a bag of tortillas was opened. And then soon after, another dish was placed in the oven, all the ingredients beginning to fill the air with mouthwatering aromas. It then sounded like Avery turned the oven off, and took the food out.

But I still didn’t rouse.

Instead, someone else began to rouse.

After a while, it sounded like Avery walked into the room and sat down on the low coffee table right in front of the couch, next to my head. A few seconds later, Natalie groaned, only to sigh heavily.

She then sounded a little alarmed. “Oh. Umm, hi. I didn’t know you came over.”

Surprisingly, Avery’s tone sounded normal.

More than normal, she sounded like her usual self, the version of her that I was used to seeing at school, with no hint of shyness at all. The ‘confident Avery,’ who only seemed a little shy when she was interacting with me.

“Yeah, Mrs. Rebecca was here too. She brought you two home.”

“Oh shit, I must have been really out of it. I vaguely remember getting here, but I was so tired that I didn’t even realize who was with us.”

“Yeah, sounds like last night was a nightmare.” She paused. “And how are you doing? Are you...I mean, are you okay now?”

Natalie sighed heavily, her hand beginning to rub my bare arm. Her tone was more husky than normal, sounding very much like a screamo chick who was hoarse from her performances. “Umm, yeah. Pretty sure he broke my curse. I sort of...well, I sort of woke up earlier and started transforming, and it really freaked me out, but it didn’t hurt.”

“What did you change into?” Avery wondered hesitantly, sounding like she was super curious but afraid of getting yelled at for asking.

“Oh, no, I stopped it. Trust me, werewolves are nothing like you’re imagining. They are super ugly. *I’m* super ugly when I’m transformed.”

“Sorry,” Avery said sincerely.

“No, you’re fine. I’m sorry for biting your head off yesterday when you thought it was cool that I was a werewolf. I’m really not a bitch normally, but that was just a sore spot for me.”

Avery didn’t respond, probably giving a nonverbal cue like a head nod, and the two of them fell silent.

Natalie then spoke up hesitantly. “Hey, umm...are you okay with this? I’m sort of just laying on your guy.”

“What? No, that’s alright.” She paused. “I mean, you’re sort of with him now too, right?”

“Umm, yeah. I suppose I am. But I mean, I know you’ve had a thing for him for like forever, right? I basically just met him.”

“That’s okay. I’m just really happy to be in his life. And I’m perfectly fine with sharing if you are.”

Natalie laughed at that. “Kind of *have* to share.” She then sighed. “Hey, I know this is probably awkward, but figured it’d be easier to ask you.”

“What’s that?” Avery wondered.

“Well, I mean, I’m assuming you’ve all had sex together, so I was kind of wondering if you could give me an idea of what to expect. Like, is it just a huge orgy where everyone fucks? Is it more like you put on a show for him? Or is it more like he fucks one of you, while everyone else watches and...” Her voice trailed off. “Oh shit, I’m sorry. Is that wrong?”

“N-No,” Avery stammered. “I mean, we haven’t had sex like that yet, but we probably are going to soon.” She took a ragged breath. “Right now, we’ve been doing more of the whole ‘everyone watches’ thing. Or I guess,

‘everyone listens,’ since we pretended to watch a couple of movies when we did it.”

Natalie let out a long sigh. “Glad I’m not the only one who thinks this is awkward to talk about.”

Avery laughed. “No, it’s not just you.” She paused. “I think Serenity finds it a little awkward too. Honestly, probably Gabriella and Mrs. Rebecca are the only two who don’t seem to have a problem talking about it. But I know we *need* to talk about it, and *keep* talking about it as things progress.” She lowered her voice. “Gabriella plans on making threesomes a pretty regular thing, so I guess you can expect that to happen soon.”

“Oh,” Natalie replied simply.

“Err, unless you’re not into that kind of thing. I didn’t mean you, specifically, had to be ready, just that it’s something you could expect to see happen.”

“No, I understood, and umm...” She paused. “I mean, I’m okay with that.”

“You are?” Avery said in surprise.

“I mean, yeah. Aren’t you?”

“Umm, yeah, it’s just...” Her voice trailed off, only for her to sigh heavily. “Guess no point in being embarrassed about it. I sort of stopped taking my birth control and I think I’m ovulating, or about to, so I can’t really have sex with him right now. Don’t want to risk condoms. Which means I’m kind of out of the picture right now. Observer only.”

“Oh,” Natalie repeated. “But you can still do oral, and you can fuck a girl, right?”

Avery didn’t respond, her heart suddenly racing.

“S-Sorry,” Natalie quickly said. “I didn’t mean to make you upset.”

“N-No, I’m not upset.” Avery gulped, sounding out of breath. “I just... the way you said that, sounded like...”

“Oh. Well, I guess I sort of *was* offering, since I kind of figured we were all going to end up being intimate with each other at some point. Figured you seemed pretty cool, and if I was going to do it with someone, then you’d be a good pick.”

“Oh, umm, I think you’re really cool too.”

Natalie hesitated. “I bet you’re not normally shy, are you? Just with this kind of thing.”

Avery cleared her throat. "Umm, yeah. Not normally, but this stuff makes me really embarrassed. What about you?"

Natalie sighed. "I don't know. I've sort of had a lot of experiences in the last year, so I guess I'm not shy about this kind of thing, now that I've accepted that it's going to happen. If anything, I think I'm sort of looking forward to it." She paused, seeming to clarify. "Not at first, I wasn't. Even after he and I fucked, I felt kind of embarrassed to have the others around while I was naked. They didn't watch, but they showed up toward the end," she clarified. "But you all seem really nice, and I'd like to have a sexual experience that was all positives for once."

"Me...me too," Avery agreed.

They were then both quiet for a minute, with that silence beginning to drag on longer and longer.

And longer, as if they were just holding each other's gaze.

Natalie finally spoke up. "You know, umm...you're really pretty."

Avery's voice was barely above a whisper. "I think you are too. Really sexy."

"Yeah?"

Avery cleared her throat. "I, umm, sort of always thought that girls who dye their hair bright colors, and like, wear dark clothing and such, are really hot." She paused. "Although, it was more of an appreciation of their appearance before." She sighed. "Prior to recently, never really thought about being with anyone other than Kai."

"So, I'm your type then?" Natalie wondered.

"Umm, yeah. You and Gabriella, in particular, kind of do it for me."

"Cool," she replied. "Cuz I sort of have a thing for blondes, and even more so when a chick has tan skin and platinum hair. Kind of like you do now."

Avery gulped audibly.

"I kind of like this," Natalie commented.

"Which part?"

"Just being able to talk about it. And I like the tension. You like me, and I like you, at least superficially. And you seem really cool." She paused. "Plus, it smells like you made lunch, and that's like a hundred points in my book."

Avery laughed. "Well, I hope it tastes as good as it smells. Do you want me to bring you a plate? Looks like Kai has a pretty tight hold on you. Or do you want to try getting up?"

Natalie hesitated. "Not to be a pain, but do you think you'd be okay with feeding me?"

"Oh." She paused. "Yeah, I can do that."

Natalie continued. "It's just, I can sense he's pretty out of it right now, but I think he really will wake up if I try to get off. And I don't want to inconvenience him. Out of everyone, he's definitely earned some decent rest."

"No, that's okay." Avery stood up. "I don't mind at all."

Natalie didn't respond, and the blonde returned after about a minute, sitting down with a plate, beginning to cut the enchilada up into pieces. She then carefully gave Natalie a bite, prompting the blue-haired vixen's entire body to relax as she chewed.

"Oh shit," she said with a mouthful. "This is so good."

"Yeah?" Avery said warmly.

Natalie didn't respond right away, accepting another bite, and swallowing much faster this time.

"Yeah, it's amazing. Please keep it coming."

Avery giggled. "With pleasure."

The blue-haired vixen opened her mouth for another bite, not saying anything this time, only to open her mouth for another a few seconds later, with them both beginning to pick up the pace until the first enchilada was almost gone. Then, the pace slowed down a little, and the aura in the room began to shift.

Natalie felt tense again.

She spoke up after swallowing her most recent bite. "You're kind of turning me on right now," she whispered.

"Me too," Avery responded just as quietly.

Natalie then seemed kind of surprised. "I actually think I'm kind of wet."

"M-Me...me too," Avery stammered.

"Oh, sorry. I was saying that because normally I don't get wet, even if I'm really horny. It's a werewolf thing. But I guess maybe I'm a little different now. Maybe I'm more like a normal person again."

Avery seemed stunned. "You mean you were dry when you and Kai had sex?"

"Yeah, but it felt good. Amazing, honestly. Again, it's a werewolf thing. And even now, I'm not like wet like when I was a normal person. But it just feels a little different before, like maybe I could have sex normally now."

"Oh, well, that's good."

Natalie cleared her throat, her tone suddenly suggestive and seductive. "Granted, doesn't matter too much if I'm having sex with a girl."

Avery made a cute noise.

"Want to?" she wondered bluntly. "We could wake him up by messing around a little, just touching and stuff. And then, once he does wake up, we could all three fuck together."

Avery gulped loudly, her heart racing. "Umm, okay. Although, I should probably check with Serenity and Gabriella." She swallowed noisily again. "D-Don't want them to have an issue with it."

"Oh, yeah, that makes sense."

It was quiet again for a few seconds as Avery got out her phone and sent a couple of messages. Her heart was racing even more as the first response came about half a minute later.

Avery sounded out of breath. "Okay, Serenity said to do whatever makes him happy." She paused when her phone vibrated a second time. She then sounded really flustered. "A-And Gabriella just wants me to tell her all the details when she gets off work."

"Sounds like they're okay with it then," Natalie pointed out.

"Umm, yeah. H-How should we start?"

"Take off your shirt and bra, and then kiss me. I really want to know what those pale lips taste like."

Avery swallowed loudly, before hesitantly doing so, only for her to slowly lean into me as she lowered her face to my chest, her large bare D-cup tits touching my arm.

The first kiss was quiet, but then they both took shaky breaths and then moved in for a deeper kiss that quickly became louder, especially when they both started to moan softly.

"Yeah, I could definitely get use to this," Natalie whispered. "A threesome with you is going to be so hot."

Avery whimpered this time, as they resumed their passionate kissing, their breathing becoming heavier and heavier, Natalie's legs beginning to squirm the more passionate they grew. After a few minutes, the blue-haired vixen broke away again.

"Hey, I think he's getting hard. Do you want to kiss him while I suck on his nipple?"

Avery whimpered again, and then moved a little higher to begin resting her lips on my cheek, her whole body beginning to tremble as she gently planted little kisses on my skin. At the same time, a pressure developed on my nipple, with an unmistakable sensation of wetness accompanying it, feeling like a tongue was probing, lips sucking.

When Avery's lips finally reached the corner of mine, I groaned, sucking in a sharp breath.

Avery immediately pulled away, and then cleared her throat, sounding like she was trying to be brave. "Good morning, sleepy head. Do you want to have a threesome with me and Natalie?"

With my eyes still closed, my entire body stiffened when I began to fully register all the sensations going on around me -- everything from how Natalie's body felt against me, her thigh pressed into my hard cock, to the realization that it felt like Avery's exposed D-cup tits were pushing up against my arm.

And then, as if I was beginning to recall a foggy dream, I began to comprehend everything that happened while I was asleep, including the conversation between Rebecca, Michelle, and Avery, as well as the conversation and general interaction that transpired between Natalie and Avery after my two MILFs left the house.

"Oh fuck," I whispered, taking a deep breath. "You two are turning me on so much right now."

"Really?" Avery said hopefully.

I nodded, my eyes still closed.

"Only thing is," Natalie chimed in, releasing my nipple from her lips. "Avery might get pregnant if you fuck her right now, so we need to keep your cock out of her cunt."

I nodded, my eyes still closed. "Yeah, that's fine." I then carefully lifted one arm that had been fully wrapped around Natalie and reached for

where I knew Avery's head was, running my fingers through her white hair and then pulling her lips down to mine.

She whimpered as we kissed, beginning to tremble when I thrust my tongue into her mouth, separating her pale lips in the process.

"Damn, that's hot," Natalie whispered, only to go for my nipple again. The sensation sent a spark throughout my chest and down to my gut, causing my whole body to stiffen. She then let go. "Avery, do you have sensitive nipples?" she wondered.

"I...I don't know," Avery admitted after pulling away from our kiss.

"Let's find out," Natalie replied, her tone mischievous. "Sit up more. Kai you get one, and I'll get the other."

I finally opened my eyes just in time to see Avery's shapely tits come into view, her skin a gentle tan, her areola and nipples a pale hue like her lips. Her toned belly looked so hot from this angle, but I didn't get to appreciate it long as Avery grabbed her own tit and aimed it right for my face, her black and icy blue gaze full of passion, prompting me to suck her pale nipple in, the moment it hit my lips.

"UHH!" Avery exclaimed really loudly.

"Oh shit, that was cute," Natalie mused, only to lean toward her other tit. I could hear her suck Avery's nipple in her mouth.

"UHHHHHH!" Avery yelled in ecstasy, wrapping one arm around the blue-haired vixen's head while she grabbed a fistful of my hair to pull me closer. "UH, UH, UH," she gasped repeatedly with each breath, her entire body tense.

We both just kept sucking, encouraged by her escalating moans.

"Oh my God, you guys," she finally managed. "Oh shit, I think I'm going to cum."

Natalie quickly lowered her hand and tugged on Avery's jeans, causing the button to snap open, even as she continued to suck on the tit in her face, only for her to slip her hand inside.

"Oh Kai. Natalie," Avery whimpered, grabbing my head tighter, even as the blue-haired vixen rubbed her clit. "Oh Kai, I love you so much, I love you so much. Thank you. Thank you, both of you. Oh shit, thank you so much for sucking on my tits. Oh shit, *OH SHIT! UHHHH!*"

Her entire body jerked into us as she cummed, beginning to pant like she was suddenly hyperventilating, only to sound emotional.

“Oh shit, that was so good. Oh shit, that felt so fucking good. *Mmmm*,” she moaned, biting her bottom lip.

I finally let go of her nipple, giving her areola a peck, before speaking up. “Good, I’m really glad you enjoyed that. Kind of surprised you got there so fast, but I hope you’ll help me feel good too.”

“Oh, of course,” Avery replied, pulling away to focus down on me, her tan face flushed, her black and icy blue eyes affectionate and submissive. “What do you want me to do?”

“I have an idea,” Natalie chimed in, finally beginning to sit up. “Here, Kai can you take off your shorts and sit normally?”

“Sure,” I agreed, more than fine with Natalie taking the lead. If anything, it was a big show of trust between us, allowing her to direct how this sexual experience went, even though we were in a very absolute hierarchy, with me being her alpha. Natalie took the opportunity to pull her sheer black dress up over her head, and then she slipped off her black vinyl thong.

Once I was in position, my cock already leaking, she carefully moved between me and Avery, reaching back for my cock as she sat down on my lap. However, shockingly, unlike before when she was super dry, I was able to begin advancing with much less pressure, even though I still wouldn’t consider her to be exactly wet. And she continued to sink down on my throbbing head, until I was fully buried inside of her, causing her to readjust her legs at my sides and then lean back into my chest with a big deep breath.

“Fuck, this is great,” she groaned, reaching up to rest her hands on my forearms as I wrapped them tightly around her. There was a strong pressure against the head of my cock at first, but after a few seconds, I began to feel it lessen, causing her to begin shifting her weight slightly as I felt my cock go even deeper and deeper.

It was much like before, but when I felt her cervix begin to tighten on me, I was surprised to feel like I might be able to still thrust in and out if I wanted. However, Natalie apparently had other plans, prompted by the sexy platinum-blond speaking up.

“W-What should I do?” Avery wondered, just kneeling in front of us shirtless, her large tits exposed, her pants still unbuttoned.

Natalie spoke up. "I'll return the favor, but can you eat me out while we fuck?"

Avery's entire face flushed as she focused on my cock buried in Natalie, only to swallow hard as she obediently leaned forward between our thighs, reaching up to place her hands on the couch on the sides of our legs.

Natalie reached out with her hands in encouragement, gently grabbing the sides of Avery's face as she pulled her closer.

"Like I said," Natalie whispered. "I'll return the favor. Okay?"

"O-Okay," Avery said almost inaudibly, before leaning down the rest of the way and burying her face between the blue-haired vixen's legs, beginning to lick her bare pussy, the platinum-blond's tongue going from my shaft up to her clit.

Natalie moaned, beginning to rock gently on my cock as she rubbed my arm with one hand while holding onto Avery's white hair with the other. "Yeah, such a good bitch," she whispered.

Avery whimpered.

"Oh, did you like that?" Natalie said louder.

"Mhmm," Avery replied in the affirmative.

"Then lick my cunt, bitch. Make me cum. And after Kai cums in my pussy, I want you to slurp it all out." Her tone became almost sarcastic. "You fed me earlier, so feeding you is the least I can do."

Avery moaned again, growing more fervent and passionate in her licking.

"Yeah, good bitch," she repeated, beginning to bounce more, only to shift her upper body on my chest to look up at me, her light brown eyes affectionate. "Is this fun for you?" she wondered seductively.

"Very fun," I agreed, realizing from her gaze that she wanted me to kiss her. Leaning forward, I gently planted my lips on hers, only to meet her tongue with mine as she moaned louder, with me beginning to use my arms to help her bounce on my cock as we made out, our heads now rocking in sync.

Reaching up with one hand, I grabbed one of her modest tits while we kissed, loving the feel of the vinyl bikini top against my skin, enjoying how overall skinny she was in my grasp. I then moved my hand to her belly, feeling her tense repeatedly as she rocked steadily on my shaft, before

carefully feeling for her hand on Avery's head as the platinum-blonde continued to lick and suck her pussy.

Natalie finally broke the kiss to look down.

"Yeah, that feels so good, bitch," she moaned. "You're such a good little slut. Oh shit, yeah suck on my clit. Oh shit, that's so good. Fuck, that feels so good. Oh fuck!" She abruptly leaned her head back again to meet my lips, moaning loudly as she began trying to shift her hips back and forth instead of up and down, shoving her cunt into Avery's face, only to reach down to grab the platinum-blonde's head with both hands as she thrust into my classmate's mouth. "Mmmmm!" she moaned, her entire body jerking in my arms as she got there. "Oh fuck," she gasped, turning her head away. "Oh fuck, oh fuck. Oh fuck, that was so good. Shit," she added, finally relaxing.

"My turn?" I said playfully, pecking her on the neck.

"Fuck," Natalie hissed, only to sigh. "Yeah, go for it. Fill my pussy up with cum so I can feed your little blonde friend here."

Well shit, I was already horny, but that dirty talk was certainly helping me climb my peak. I wrapped my arms tightly around the vixen's body as I felt Avery's tongue more focused on my shaft now, the sensation not inherently doing much for me, but the knowledge that she was urgently trying to kiss and lick me turning me on even more.

"Fuck," I hissed, already beginning to pulse intense streams of cum deep into this sexy chick's pussy, shooting my load over and over again. I then sighed heavily, relaxing my arms.

Natalie was breathing really heavy now, as if in response to my cum, her face deeply flushed.

She sounded out of breath when she turned to look up at me. "Finished cumming?" Natalie wondered, her tone a little mischievous.

"Oh, umm, yeah," I replied simply.

She nodded. "Good, because I've got a promise to keep."

I quickly focused on her as she began leaning forward while grabbing Avery's head more fully again, keeping a hold of the platinum-blonde as she began easing off my cock. She then quickly thrust her pussy right in Avery's face, quickly pushing forward even more as she slipped one of her legs over the blonde's shoulder while turning slightly, angling them

between the coffee table and couch, only to get the other leg over her shoulder as she pushed Avery down toward the floor.

My classmate was urgently grabbing at Natalie's ass, her face buried between her legs, as the blue-haired vixen gently laid her right down on the carpet, suddenly sitting on her face, already starting to slide back and forth in order to rub her cunt against her pale lips.

I stared at Avery's shapely tits now hanging slightly to the sides, her thighs beginning to squirm as she loudly slurped, her semi-panicked confusion rapidly becoming loud moans as she swallowed noisily, drinking my cum out of another woman's pussy.

"Yeah, I bet that tastes good, doesn't it, slut?" Natalie moaned, continuing to slide on Avery's face. She then looked back at me, her expression almost haughty, still sounding a little out of breath. "Well? Are you just going to watch, or are you going to help? I think your girlfriend needs to cum again," she added, reaching back to briefly grab the platinum-blonde's knee.

Damn! Natalie was like a goddess in the bedroom!

Granted, we weren't exactly in a bedroom right now, but still!

Moving to action, I got down on my knees and reached for Avery's pants, causing her to whimper loudly as I pulled them off, panties and all, and then separated her now squirming legs to go for her pussy. Similar to Gabriella, she wasn't completely bare down there, but was definitely well trimmed, her pubic hair currently white like her hair, her skin a light tan, her pussy lips having a hint of paleness to them between the folds.

I began with kissing her trembling thighs as I lowered myself to the floor, listening to her continuing to slurp at Natalie's cunt, her whimpering growing louder as I neared her juicy lips, the anticipation building.

The moment I finally dove in and started full-on servicing her, her thighs immediately tensed on my head, her fingers suddenly raking desperately through my white hair as she licked and slurped loudly at the pussy in her own face.

When Avery cummed only a few seconds later, she practically screamed in ecstasy, the sound muffled by Natalie immediately sitting firmly on her face as the blonde trembled, only for the blue-haired chick to ease up and resume sliding over her mouth a few seconds later. Avery finally relaxed after a minute, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she

tried to catch her breath, but it seemed that Natalie was already going for her own orgasm again, likely from my cum causing her to skyrocket toward another climax, placing one hand on the couch as she bent over slightly, really starting to rub her cunt roughly against Avery's face.

"Oh fuck, that's right slut. That's right bitch. Make me cum again. Make me--*Uh!*" She moaned loudly as she fell forward onto the floor, her hips still involuntarily thrusting, her firm ass jiggling just slightly as she twitched into the blonde's face. "Oh fuck, that was good. Shit," she gasped.

I kissed Avery one last time on the clit, causing her to squeak, only to pull away. "Well, that was fun. But now I have a question for Avery."

Natalie glanced back at me, her eyes looking like they were nearly spinning, only to lift up her cunt so that I could actually seem my classmate. Avery focused on me from between those sexy thighs, her tone hesitant.

"W-What is it?" she wondered.

"I'm okay with not doing normal sex, but I was wondering if you wanted to try anal?"

Her face flushed, her icy blue eyes hesitant. "Umm, okay."

"Are you sure?" I asked seriously.

She gulped, only to nod.

"Okay, then both of you flip around."

Natalie carefully did so, twisting and sitting on her ass, while Avery rolled over onto her stomach, only to get her knees underneath her so she could stick her ass up.

Natalie spoke up. "Oh, yeah, this is a great position for her to eat some more pussy," she commented, scooting forward and shoving her snatch back into Avery's face.

My classmate just whimpered, readjusting her arms while getting her ass up higher. My cock was already lubed up, mostly from my own cum after shooting my load in Natalie, so I aimed the tip for Avery's pale asshole and very gently started putting pressure.

At first, she didn't say anything, just breathing heavily between Natalie's thighs, only for her to wince.

"Ouch. It hurts," she whimpered.

"Should I stop?" I asked seriously.

She sucked in a sharp breath. "No, keep going."

"You sure?"

“Keep going,” she repeated, shoving her ass backwards a little, causing me to sink in deeper. “Ouch, ouch, ouch,” she repeated, only to start breathing heavily. “Okay, okay. Are you in? I think you’re in.”

“Yep, I’m in.”

“Okay, okay, it still hurts, but it feels good too.”

“You’ve got to try to relax,” Natalie said gently, stroking her white hair. “Take a deep breath, and try to relax.”

Avery did so, only for her tense muscles in her back and shoulders to begin to visibly relax. She then sighed heavily. “Okay, yeah. This is good.” She rocked back on me again, only to sound a little emotional. “Oh Kai, you’re in me. You’re really in me. I’ve wanted this for so long. I can’t believe you’re really in me.”

My tone was gentle as I pulled out a little and then slowly slid back in, going further this time. “Yeah baby, I’m in you. Almost all the way. Feels really good.”

“Feels so good,” she agreed. “Oh, it’s so good. I’m so glad we did this. Oh God, I’m so glad we did this. Please cum in me. I want to feel your cum in my ass.”

Natalie grinned at me. “Well, you heard her. Can’t leave a bitch wanting now, can we?”

I smirked at her, beginning to rock slowly, and then sliding my cock all the way, as deep as it would go while leaning over Avery’s back to grab for one of her tits.

“Uhh,” she moaned, with her shifting her own weight onto one hand, to reach up to cup my hand grasping her. “Oh Kai,” she whimpered. “I’m sorry for making you wait. Please cum in me. Please fuck me.”

I didn’t really feel like she’d made me wait at all, but didn’t comment on it.

Instead, I leaned back again, and grabbed her hips, deciding to do just that, beginning to thrust my cock in and out of her crack, prompting her to begin moaning as she leaned her face into Natalie’s cunt. The sexy vixen immediately leaned back more herself and got her pussy right back in Avery’s face.

“Yeah, taste his cum while he cums in your ass,” she taunted, causing the platinum-blond to whimper again as she began licking at the juicy lips pressed against her mouth.

It was definitely more than enough stimulation to send me over the edge.

“Shit,” I hissed as I shot my load into her ass.

She immediately reacted.

“Mmmm!” Avery moaned loudly, her body visibly flushing as she felt my cum fill her ass up. She then turned her head to the side, her brow furrowed in obvious pleasure. “Oh yes! I can feel your cum! It’s so warm! Oh God, yes! Please! Oh shit you feel so good!”

Natalie giggled, sounding like she thought we were done now. “Damn, that was fun. I’m really glad we did this too.” She focused on me. “But I suppose you probably want lunch now, huh?”

I scoffed, my tone playful, knowing from Avery’s escalating reaction that she was probably going to end up cumming again with almost no stimulation, due to my cum in her ass, which meant Natalie wasn’t done either. “Umm, no I don’t think we’re done yet. If I recall correctly, you promised Avery that you’d ‘return the favor,’ and I think I’d like to find out what cumming in *your* ass feels like.”

Natalie abruptly gulped.

“Ready to switch places?” I said with a grin, knowing from our bond that my assertiveness actually turned her on. Specifically, because she felt *safe*.

Both safe and secure in our newfound relationship, especially once I’d defined her as my wife.

She swallowed loudly again. “Umm, yeah. I guess it’s my turn to eat some pussy. And get fucked in the ass.”

“Definitely your turn,” I agreed with a grin.

Pulling out of Avery, the two of them switched places, with Avery moving to sit with Natalie’s face between her legs, my classmate’s adorable face extremely flushed as she watched us intently with her icy blue eyes, while the blue-haired vixen stuck her ass in the air, the head of my cock at her asshole.

Natalie hissed and then immediately started moaning as I sank right in, going as deep as possible.

And with it, I felt something strange in our bond, something I hadn’t been expecting.

Almost a craving for me to take control of her.

Literally.

To make her do something, anything, to exert my authority and power over her.

Merging our bond closer, slipping that proverbial ring on my finger a little that represented her autonomy, I started to make Natalie desperately begin slurping up the cum leaking out of Avery's asshole, causing the platinum-blond to flush intensely as she readjusted her hips more while grabbing the blue-haired model's head and pulling her in closer.

And even as I pulled away my control again, Natalie continued to obediently and almost desperately give the most passionate rim-job imaginable, as she reached between her own thighs to rub her clit, supporting her weight on one elbow, moaning in ecstasy once I began cumming in her ass.

Avery finally cummed too, both from the visual and anal stimulation, gasping loudly as she roughly shoved her pussy into Natalie's face.

There was so much passion in the air, so much intensity even now, between all three of us.

But I knew it might be good to be satisfied for now.

Part of me didn't want to stop, but Natalie was especially messy at this point on both ends, and after the unexpected control I'd exerted, I wanted to make it clear that she was important to me and her well-being still mattered. That she could still trust me.

Thus, after briefly discussing it, we all made our way upstairs to the bathroom together to shower, only to have that turn into a session of pure intimacy.

All three of us looked at each other with intense longing as we cleaned up together, taking turns underneath the stream of hot water, but sort of making a threesome out of soaping each other up.

My hands were all over both of them as I helped with the body wash and shampoo -- finding intense enjoyment in being able to cup a smaller tit in one hand and a larger fuller tit in the other -- while both of them had their hands on me almost nonstop as I cleaned up.

Once we were done, we then dried off and headed downstairs together, completely naked, eating the lunch Avery had made for us, with Natalie being plenty hungry even though she'd already had some.

It was strange, because out of all the times I'd had sex, I'd never really experienced this sense of affection, passion, and love afterward that continued to linger as if we were still in the act itself.

I mean, not even when I helped Miriam eat her maid out, did this feeling develop so strongly and persist. In a strange way, this felt a lot different.

Although, I had to admit that our hot foursome at the mansion turned into a nightmare when a monster appeared right afterward, so it was possible the passion might have persisted, but we just didn't get that chance to experience it.

But it was like we were all lovesick, as if there was some kind of strange phenomenon resulting from us all fucking together, making me almost feel like I suddenly had a unique bond specifically shared with these two sexy women.

Rather than individual connections, we'd shared a really special moment together, experienced just between the three of us, and we could all feel it. It wasn't just a bond between me and Natalie, and me and Avery...it was a bond between all three, as if the strong connection Natalie and I shared suddenly had my classmate squeezed into it too.

Almost like that dream the previous night, when I imagined Avery lying between us, feeling like she was really there, even though I knew she physically wasn't.

And there was so much passion in both of their eyes.

As they looked at me.

As they looked at each other.

So much passion.

A feeling that wouldn't seem to dissipate, only growing stronger as the minutes ticked on.

By the time we were finished eating, we were heading upstairs to my room, initially with the intention on taking a nap naked together, only to end up exerting ourselves for another overwhelmingly passionate round in my bed.

Natalie was on her hands and knees, Avery laying on her back as if they were going to do a sixty-nine, with my classmate instead watching intently as I fucked Natalie from behind over her, my cock thrusting in and

out of the vixen's pussy close to Avery's face...only for us to both to enjoy the platinum-blond giving us oral in that position once I'd cummed.

We then finally cuddled together in complete and absolute bliss, the two naked women in my arms as we slowly drifted off to sleep.

I couldn't be happier.

And I was really looking forward to doing this with Serenity and Gabriella next.

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(2) Chapter 77: Games

I woke up slowly in my own bed, knowing from my intertwined arms and legs that I wasn't alone, my mind slowly recalling what I'd just experienced not long ago.

While I'd known my classmate Avery for several years now, it had only been last Saturday that she found out about my secret and we agreed to become more than casual friends. Or rather, I agreed to heal her if she'd accept my terms of that offer, for her to basically belong to me, something she was more than willing to do.

Since, according to her, she already belonged to me.

Yet here I was three days later, on Tuesday afternoon, not only having had sex with her for the first time, but also having experienced a really passionate threesome.

Something that I hadn't even done with Serenity or Gabriella yet, though I certainly had every intention on making up for it by giving them both extra attention in the near future. However, I felt confident they'd both understand, since they'd all agreed to start pushing their own boundaries and knew I was going to be home all day. And since absorbing their passion was a sincere need now, being half-incubus and all.

However, after such a deep blissful sleep, it was actually almost a bit of a shock to come back to reality. Because truly, so much had happened since last Thursday, when I first found out that Gabriella had been kidnapped. It was an incident set up by a man who had been stalking me for nearly a decade, but one that also resulted in two other attacks, as well as Serenity finally finding out my two biggest secrets.

That I wasn't human, and that I was deeply in love with her.

But that also led to me finding out about the letter that my biological father had left for me, as well as the stone that supposedly contained a message from my mother. Which led me to seeking help from the one person who seemed to know something about the supernatural.

Mrs. Rebecca hadn't been able to help much, but led me to Miriam, which sent me down another cascade of intense events, some of which I partly wondered if I was inadvertently the cause of. But they were events

that changed me in ways I never would have imagined, resulting in me noticing things I might not have otherwise noticed.

At the very least, the fact that Natalie was in bed with me was partially due to the dramatic transformation I'd undergone upon dying and coming back to life, and absolutely in part due to Miriam breaking the seal on my third-eye, which allowed me to sense Natalie's concealed torment.

It also allowed me to survive the ensuing fight that occurred only last night, and led me to being in this crazy situation involving quite a few women, all of whom had reason for being involved with me.

Earlier, it had been a surprise to have both Michelle and Avery show up. But I was really glad now, that the two older women had chosen to go out to get to know each other better -- while Avery stayed home to fix me lunch and wait for me to wake up -- because the intimacy we just shared had been amazing.

Earlier, Natalie had of course woken up first, and the two girls talked for a while, ending up deciding to do something special for me. Something I still felt high from, even though the fun was over and we were only snuggling now.

The two of them had kissed for a while to get warmed up, and then once I showed signs of rousing, they turned their attention on me, asking if I wanted to have sex with both of them.

And wow, was that threesome amazing.

Fucking Natalie in reverse cowgirl style while Avery ate her out. And then watching the blue-haired vixen feed the blonde the cum out of her pussy by sitting on her face. Only for me to end up fucking them both in the ass while they took turns eating each other out.

After showering and eating lunch, we'd gone to take a nap in my bed, completely naked, only to end up having sex again, and then finally passed out. Which was where I'd found myself now, with two beautiful women in my arms, their warm nude bodies so soft against my skin.

However, because I'd slept so well, it took me a few seconds to register what specifically had woken me up, with me realizing that we were no longer alone in the house.

Michelle and Rebecca had returned.

After the two mature women left to get to know each other better, and to give the house to the three of us, it appeared that the two busty MILFs

had finally returned from their makeshift date, where they grabbed lunch and chatted. And possibly did more than that, since I recalled Mrs. Rebecca telling Avery that she planned on getting more ‘comfortable’ with Michelle while they were out.

Sure enough, it sounded like they’d gotten *a lot* more comfortable.

Barely minutes ago, I now recalled the two of them getting home, since I’d developed this new unusual ability to remember what had happened while I was asleep. And, upon seeing all the clothing we’d left in the living room, including bras and underwear, implying that we were elsewhere naked, the pair of busty MILFs quietly snuck upstairs.

Michelle then opened my bedroom door with Mrs. Rebecca right behind her, seeing us all snuggling together, completely exposed since we were all too warm to use a blanket, and then quietly closed the door, both women commenting about how adorable we looked.

And commenting about how they were looking forward to what they had planned.

However, that wasn’t enough to initially wake me up.

Instead, what roused me was when they went to Serenity’s bedroom, only to begin changing.

From the little comments they made, I gathered that they’d apparently stopped by Mrs. Rebecca’s house, spent a little time there ‘hanging out,’ and then returned with a large duffle bag full of outfits and ‘supplies.’

And when I began hearing sounds of PVC clothing creaking, coupled with the sound of zippers, I finally began to rouse from my much-needed slumber.

Only to find myself rapidly getting hard as a rock.

I gulped when I heard them heading down the short hallway again, aiming for my room a second time, and then felt like my mouth was dry when my bedroom door creaked open.

Both women immediately saw that I was awake and gave me warm smiles.

Mrs. Rebecca then flipped on the light, prompting Michelle to step forward more too.

My jaw dropped.

They were basically wearing the same outfit, except that my redheaded MILF was wearing a black PVC corset with a matching thong and thigh-

high PVC boots, while my blonde MILF was wearing a shiny white PVC corset with a matching thong and glossy white thigh-high boots.

Shit, they looked like a couple of high-end strippers.

High-end because they were hot as hell, had huge tits, and looked like they'd be into some really kinky shit.

Except, the vibe that Michelle was giving off was a bit different than the busty redhead with heavy curls. My blonde MILF had small braids on either side of her head that appeared to meet in the back, the rest of her currently-blonde hair mostly straight, with a silver tiara on her head that had a sheer white veil attached that was draped over the back of her head, making her almost look like a slutty bride.

A really slutty mature bride.

Fuck, it was like Michelle was my slutty MILF bride, housewife turned naughty, and Mrs. Rebecca was the escort she'd hired to have a super kinky honeymoon for her young cub. Except, that wasn't actually too far from the truth.

In reality, they were both housewives turned naughty, who had settled on a young man who was technically younger than even their youngest children, even if only by a few months in Michelle's case. Of course, they both had legitimate reasons for leaving their husbands, infidelity being the cause in one situation, while prearranged agreements and overall health concerns was the cause in another.

But these two sexy MILFs were really mine now, and I could only imagine what they had planned.

Needless to say, the light turning on caused both Natalie and Avery to rouse, with Avery immediately flushing tan, her hair turning white, when she focused on the doorway, while Natalie was a bit more vocal.

"H-Holy shit," she exclaimed, only to begin visibly trembling. "W-What are we doing?"

Mrs. Rebecca just smiled warmly, focusing on her. "We're going to play a little game, cutie. One meant to be exciting for Kai. But first, we need to go downstairs and sit at the kitchen table, so I can explain the rules."

"O-Okay," Natalie stammered. "But, umm, could you grab our clothes? I think they're downstairs."

Michelle chimed in. “Afraid not, dear. They wouldn’t stay on long anyway.”

“Right,” Rebecca agreed firmly. “All of you are to come downstairs as you are.”

Avery and Natalie both gulped loudly, not responding or otherwise budging.

Mrs. Rebecca abruptly clapped her hands. “Now, please,” she demanded.

Needless to say, Natalie and Avery both jumped out of bed like someone had lit a fire under their naked asses, and it was hot as fuck watching them react that way. But then again, kind of made sense, considering the strong maternal vibes both women gave off.

I couldn’t help but find it strange that, while Avery was visibly transformed, Natalie still looked normal, with no signs that her skin was a different shade, or that even her eyes or hair were different. Not even when we had sex downstairs, did she look any different, causing me to wonder why that might be.

But I didn’t think on it long, because when the two mature women stepped out of the way to allow the two younger to get through, Mrs. Rebecca then gave me a firm look like she expected me to obey at the snap of her fingers as well.

Unable to help myself, I smirked as I stood up, my cock just hard enough to flop around in front of me as I walked. However, much to my surprise, while she did glance at it briefly, both she and Michelle promptly turned around and followed after the other two, all of us filing downstairs like we had business to take care of before anything got fun.

And, I supposed we did, since this was apparently going to be a game.

However, my cock was as hard as a rock by the time I got to the bottom of the stairs, having gotten an amazing sight of both Rebecca and Michelle’s shapely asses in their vinyl thongs, their heels from their thigh-high boots clacking noisily on the wooden surface.

When I stepped into the kitchen, Avery and Natalie had already sat down, with the blue-haired vixen being the furthest away on my left, leaning forward on the table so that she was concealing her nipples, her bare ass on the edge of her seat. Similarly, Avery was next to her sitting closer, with her hands clasped on the table nervously, the gesture causing

her large D-cup tits to be squished together enough to give her some semblance of covering up.

Alternatively, my two busty MILFs were just sitting down on the right side of the table, with Michelle taking a seat across from Natalie in her white vinyl outfit, while Rebecca took a seat across from Avery, her glossy black PVC looking hot as fuck.

Having a pretty good idea of where I fit in this picture, I went ahead and sat at the end of the table, between the two groups, the younger on my left, the more mature on my right. I then focused on Mrs. Rebecca, seeing that she had something in her hand.

When I gave her my attention, she held up a couple of red dice.

“So here’s the game,” she began, seeming very serious. “It’s actually rather simple. You’re going to roll one of these, and if it’s a one or two, then Michelle and I are going to take you up to your room and fuck you.”

She smirked slightly when I shivered, glancing at Avery when her entire body flushed, noticeable despite the tan. Similarly, Natalie stiffened and gulped loudly.

Mrs. Rebecca continued. “If you roll a three or four, then it’ll be Michelle and Natalie who go up to your room...” She paused when Natalie gulped loudly again, focusing on the busty blonde now like a deer in headlights, her entire face turning bright red. Rebecca then continued. “And if you roll a five or six, then it’ll be me and Avery who go up to your room.”

Avery squeaked, beginning to tremble now, her black and icy blue gaze focused straight down.

“Sound like a plan?” Rebecca prompted after a second.

I thought about it for a moment, really liking the idea, but wanting to know more. “And what about the other two?” I wondered. “The two who don’t get picked.”

She grinned. “You’ll leave the door open. They get to listen.”

I nodded, glancing at the clock to see that it was just after 3 PM. Which meant, we had roughly 2 hours before Serenity and Gabriella would get home, with me being pretty sure that Gabriella worked until 4:30 PM while Serenity likely wouldn’t get off until 5 PM. And once they were here, I definitely planned on spending some alone time with the two of them before the night was done.

Specifically, with the two of them at the same time.

I hadn't anticipated having a threesome with Avery and Natalie first, or otherwise playing this game prior to getting to have a threesome with Serenity and Gabriella. However, I felt like the experience was giving me confidence, enough so that I would be able to ask for what I wanted when I did have sex with my first two women at the same time.

And experienced enough to be able to enjoy witnessing their first time getting physical with each other, rather than being completely lost in my own pleasure.

I focused on Rebecca again, seeing that she was patiently waiting. "Can we add one more step to the game to add a little bit more anticipation?" I wondered.

She grinned at me. "Of course, baby boy. What would you like to do?"

"Well, you have two dice, so I figured we could use both of them. I'll roll the first one, and those two will go to my room. However, I then want the other two to go to Serenity's room." I paused, seeing that everyone was curious now. "Once you're all upstairs, I'll wait for about five minutes so that everyone can get comfortable with each other. Then, I'll roll the second one. If it's a one, two, or three, I'll go to my room first. And if it's a four, five, or six, I'll go to Serenity's room first. Doors will all be open, and after spending about an hour in the first room, I'll go to the second room."

Holy shit, the look on their faces. All of them had various levels of excitement, anticipation, and arousal now.

It was obvious that Rebecca was trying to make it fun for me, but now the first roll wouldn't determine who I had sex with first, only deciding the groupings, thus causing all of them to have to wait in anticipation for me to roll a second time.

And I could tell that the extra excitement turned them on quite a bit.

Even Mrs. Rebecca had gotten noticeably more aroused, her maple syrup scent thick in the air, shifting in her seat slightly with a big grin.

"Alright, baby boy," she finally said. "I think that sounds perfect." She held out her hand. "Ready to roll?"

I nodded, accepting the dice, while thinking over the arrangement again.

"Okay, so first one. If it's a one or two, then it's Michelle and Rebecca. If it's a three or four, it's Natalie and Michelle. And if it's five or six, then

it's Avery and Rebecca."

Of course, I realized that me adding the second roll meant that there was a sixty-six percent chance that I'd be getting my two MILFs to pair up with my two younger women, with a thirty-three percent chance that I'd get to fuck two MILFs at the same time, and have another threesome with Natalie and Avery.

But honestly, I liked those odds a lot, more than happy with however the roll turned out.

Thus, I went ahead and rolled the first one.

It clattered about halfway across the table, only to get kicked slightly toward Michelle when it hit the crack that was still in the middle of it, finally stopping.

It was a six.

Everyone stared at it for a long couple of seconds, before Avery and Rebecca focused on each other from across the table, with Avery visibly gulping, her hands tightening in front of her, causing her tan tits to get squeezed more between her arms, her pale nipples like little diamonds.

Mrs. Rebecca spoke up. "I guess it's you and me, cutie, in Kai's bedroom. I get at least five minutes of you all to myself," she added playfully, her tone seductive. "Maybe longer."

Avery swallowed loudly again, sounding out of breath. "O-Okay," she stammered.

She then scooted her seat back a little, glancing at Michelle briefly, who was giving her a warm encouraging smile, only to return her focus to Rebecca when the busty redhead got up and walked around, holding out her hand.

Avery swallowed loudly yet again when she accepted it, giving Michelle one last look, before the busty redhead began leading the naked platinum-blonde upstairs.

I suspected that Avery, in particular, hadn't really been mentally prepared to have sex with Mrs. Rebecca, a woman who was decades older than her and a literal goddess in bed, and was especially nervous about what the busty MILF was about to do to her.

However, Natalie similarly seemed mentally unprepared for this to happen.

Focusing on Michelle and Natalie, I saw that the busty blonde was looking affectionately at the blue-haired vixen, reaching for the top of her glossy white corset briefly to tug it up a little, only to finally speak up.

“Are you ready to go upstairs, honey?” Michelle wondered.

Natalie gulped, her light brown eyes averted. “Umm, y-yeah.”

“This arrangement okay with you?” she asked politely, seeming more than comfortable with what was about to happen.

Natalie gulped again, her face flushed. “Y-Yeah.”

“Want me to lead you upstairs?” she then wondered warmly.

The blue-haired chick could only nod, clearly nervous. Way more nervous than she’d been with Avery.

And so, Michelle got up and walked around the table, holding out her hand like Rebecca had done, and then leading the naked chick upstairs to Serenity’s room with intertwined fingers. There was so much tenderness and intimacy in the simple gesture of them holding hands.

An almost nonverbal, *‘Don’t worry sweetie, I’ll take really good care of you.’*

And holy fuck, was I hard as a rock, already leaking.

I was listening intently as it sounded like Mrs. Rebecca had Avery pull her black vinyl thong off, the younger blonde helping the busty MILF step out of it, only to speak affectionately to my classmate as it sounded like she began stroking her cheek, her fingers running through the side of her platinum-blonde hair briefly.

“You’re so beautiful,” Rebecca said quietly, her tone full of affection. “And after having some fun with Michelle, I can’t wait to enjoy you too. Ready to put on a good show for our man?”

Avery gulped loudly. “Y-Yes,” she whispered.

“Good, then let’s get you nice and warmed up. Have you ever tried scissoring?”

Avery swallowed *hard*.

Mrs. Rebecca giggled. “I’ll take that as a no, but at least you know what it is. Go ahead and lay on the bed on your side, and I’ll take care of the rest, cutie.”

Avery’s breathing picked up as she obeyed, lying down on the bed and then scooting a little to get situated.

“Lift up your knee, sweetie,” Rebecca prompted, sounding like she was getting on the bed too, her PVC outfit creaking as she moved, her glossy black thigh-high boots sounding like they were straining as she readjusted herself.

Unexpectedly Avery whimpered as it sounded like Rebecca sat down.

“Does my pussy feel good against your thigh?” she wondered innocently.

Avery only whimpered again, swallowing loudly, her breathing beginning to come in gasps.

“Good,” Mrs. Rebecca replied, her tone full of affection. “Now let’s lift up your leg a little and then...” She readjusted herself, a wet squishing sound filling my ears.

“Uhhhhhhh,” Avery moaned, still managing to keep her volume down.

“Mmm,” Mrs. Rebecca replied, the bed beginning to creak. “Yeah, that’s perfect. So nice and warm. And you’re already so wet. Such a good girl. Let’s fuck while we wait on our man.” Her tone then sounded haughty. “Depending on his second roll, might be a few minutes, or might be an hour. But I’ll make my baby girl feel really good either way.”

Avery whimpered loudly again, this time to the point that it was unmistakable, even in the other room.

Michelle had started off much slower, gently kissing Natalie here and there as she spoke affectionately, surprising me with how seductive she was being by asking the blue-haired vixen how she felt about this situation...

Only to ask her if she liked that Michelle was going to play with her. Asking if she was interested in older women, and wanting to know if she’d like to nurse on the mature blonde’s tits.

Which made it pretty clear to me that Mrs. Rebecca must have tipped Michelle off about Natalie’s kinks. The kind of kinks that the mature redhead had spoken of in the car when she was bringing us home.

Because it sounded like Michelle was saying and doing all the right things, really getting the blue-haired Rockstar chick wrapped around her finger, seducing her like she was an expert.

However, when Avery whimpered super loud, sounding overwhelmed with lust, the other room briefly grew quiet.

Only for the talking to suddenly transition into passionate kissing.

Fuck, Avery's whimper *really* turned on both Natalie and Michelle, and now they were hardcore making out, beginning to moan as they mashed their lips together as if the tension had caused them both to snap into passionate lovemaking. And it was clear it was heading in that direction, with it sounding like they were beginning to grind on each other as they kissed.

In the meantime, my bed was continuing to creak rhythmically as my busty redhead MILF repeatedly shoved her bare cunt against Avery's snatch, the wet squishy noise growing louder as their pussy lips repeatedly thrust together.

Shit, they were basically kissing too, just with a different set of lips.

And it was hot as fuck.

I just sat there listening, part of me wanting to go ahead and roll the next number right now, so I could join one of the groups, while another part of me just wanted to listen to my sexy MILFs take care of these hot younger women.

Granted, I *did* say I'd wait five minutes, and it had barely been two at this point.

So I supposed there was nothing wrong with me listening for a bit longer.

After a few more minutes, I began to suspect that the two mature women had specifically talked about scissoring, because Natalie and Michelle had succumbed to the same act, except that it sounded as if Natalie was on top, with Michelle encouraging 'her baby girl' to fuck her hard.

Crazy how long five minutes was during sex.

I was pretty sure that Avery was about to cum.

And oh shit, I wanted to join *both* groups so badly, and was actually really excited at this point.

Like, I was thrilled that I could only go to one room, and felt full of anticipation as I finally prepared to roll for the next number, excited to find out the result.

A one, two, or three, and I'd be going to fuck with Avery and Rebecca.

A four, five, or six, and I'd be fucking with Natalie and Michelle.

I felt like I was winning the lottery either way, knowing there was no way I could lose. Fuck, this was really the best game ever, and after I

fucked for about an hour with one group, I'd just be heading over into the other room.

Shit, I was so hard right now.

Trying to swallow, my mouth feeling dry, I finally lifted my hand and prepared to make my roll.

Not wanting it to go too far, I practically dropped it onto the table with a bit of a spin, causing it to only roll about a foot away from me before stopping far away from the crack.

A three.

Fuck yes.

A six and then a three, and I was going to go fuck Avery and Mrs. Rebecca.

Or, based on the loud moaning, I realized I was going to go help the mature redhead MILF fuck Avery first, and then fuck Mrs. Rebecca's juicy pussy so I could have her feed Avery my cum like Natalie had done.

With a big grin, I started heading up the stairs, kind of surprised when all four women slowed down as they listened, with me making the turn and walking straight to my room to see Mrs. Rebecca looking at me over her shoulder. Avery's tan thigh was between her legs, their cunts pressed firmly together, with Avery's other leg practically on the busty MILFs shoulder as she continued to very gently thrust.

"I think my baby girl needs a cock in her mouth," Rebecca said warmly.

I couldn't help but grin, as I walked over and climbed on the bed, aiming my leaking tip straight for Avery's opening mouth.

"*Mmm!*" my classmate moaned the moment I thrust into her, grabbing her head to keep my cock almost to the back of her throat as I readjusted.

Mrs. Rebecca began thrusting firmly again, smashing their pussies together, only to start gyrating her hips, making tight circles against Avery's snatch.

With her eyes closed, my classmate's white eyebrows were twitching as she whimpered around my cock, her juicy pale lips wrapped around me, her moaning growing louder and more guttural as it was clear she began nearing her climax.

Once Natalie and Michelle realized I wasn't coming into the other room right now, they stopped grinding and moved to kissing again, with

both beginning to make comments about how hot this all was in between pecks, as they listened to the loud sex noises coming from down the hall. Not that I would have really minded if they'd fucked on their own until orgasm, but it was clear they wanted to wait for me to have a ton more fun.

As Mrs. Rebecca had mentioned at the beginning to Avery, it was clear their main intention was putting on a show for me, even if they sincerely enjoyed the lesbian sex.

In the meantime, after having listened to everything for five minutes, I was definitely about to pop, my cock actively pulsing precum out with every throb even though I wasn't reaching my peak yet. And with it, Avery became even more overwhelmed with passion, with her black and icy blue eyes opening to look up at me as I rocked into her throat, looking like she was almost swimming in ecstasy as she held my gaze, my hands still holding onto her head.

The eye contact aroused me even more, seeing just how full of desire she was, to the point that I was about to explode my load down her throat.

However, Mrs. Rebecca must have sensed it, because she spoke up.

"Try to hold off, baby boy," she said gently, but seriously. "I don't think this cutie is practiced enough to handle you deepthroating her like that." She lowered her voice a little. "She might choke on your cum."

Realizing she was right, and not wanting this to result in a bad experience for my hot blonde, I tried to mentally force myself to edge away from climaxing, pulling out of Avery's mouth a little to reduce the pressure, only to be surprised when she urgently tried to thrust on my cock again.

It was almost too much for me, but then she started jerking violently, gagging herself as her entire body twitched.

"MMMMMM!" she groaned at full volume, muffled by my cock, with Mrs. Rebecca still thrusting their pussies together. "MMMMMMMMMM!" she continued, her entire tan body flushed, still twitching repeatedly.

She then finally pulled away from my cock, gasping for breath as she laid her head back, her black and icy blue eyes visibly spinning like she was super dizzy now, her arms and legs still continuing to twitch.

Mrs. Rebecca spoke up, sounding amused. "Did we rock your world, baby girl?"

Avery sucked in a deep breath, still looking like she was trying to focus on the ceiling. "T-That..." She paused. "That..." she tried again,

taking another deep breath. “That was the best orgasm I’ve ever had.”

I wasn’t really surprised, considering getting fucked in the ass was never going to feel as great for most women as getting fucked in the pussy. And I suspected I’d really blow my classmate’s mind when I did fuck her normally, but for now it seemed that Mrs. Rebecca and I would be jointly taking first place, with my cock in the platinum-blonde’s mouth, while the mature woman’s juicy snatch smashed noisily into Avery’s clit. At the very least, I felt confident that the aphrodisiac nature of even my precum played a huge role, though I was well aware that the part-succubus redhead had the tendency to maximize lust in a normal person, just like Miriam.

Never mind the fact that Mrs. Rebecca obviously had plenty of experience pleasuring both men and women.

“*Good girl,*” Rebecca praised, in response to the comment, reaching down between her legs, aiming her thumb for the blonde’s clit. “That’s what I want to hear.”

Avery immediately squealed when the mature redhead started manually stimulating her clit, whimpering loudly as if she was starting to have another orgasm, only to suck in a ragged breath when Mrs. Rebecca stopped.

“See?” the busty redhead mused. “Tell me what I want to hear, and I’ll make you feel really good, my little pet.”

Avery nodded obediently, another cute whimper escaping her as she tried to catch her breath.

Damn, my redheaded MILF had asked me if I wanted to watch her seduce Serenity, or even Natalie, and upon watching her seduce and pleasure Avery into submission, I honestly couldn’t wait to watch her do the same to the others. Fuck, it was so ridiculously hot.

But now that Avery had gotten there, it was my turn to take control and have fun. I knew that Mrs. Rebecca preferred to be more dominant in the bedroom, and when it was just me and her, I was fine with that, but right now I wanted to take control and seek out my own pleasure.

I could hardly wait.

(3) Chapter 78: Group Fun

Excited to be playing this little game Mrs. Rebecca had come up with, I'd just enjoyed watching the busty redhead MILF pound her pussy into Avery's snatch until she cummed, excited to now get the chance to instruct them on what I wanted to happen next.

And also excited to eventually move on to the other threesome ready to happen in Serenity's room, with Natalie and Michelle patiently waiting their turn, being able to at least hear what was happening down the short hallway.

Thus, I spoke up.

"Okay, that was really hot, but now I want to fuck you Mrs. Rebecca. I want you to sit on my lap backwards, and I want Avery to eat you out while I cum in your pussy."

Surprisingly, the mature redhead's face flushed. "Oh baby," she cooed. "I was already turned on before, but you just ramped it up to a whole new level. I'd love to sit on your cock while your little friend eats me out. I bet she's a great clit sucker."

Avery gulped loudly.

Moving to action, I stood up and carefully stepped over my classmate to sit against the wall, prompting Avery to sit up and begin scooting away from Rebecca, thick threads of clear fluids streaming between their pussies, before wetting their respective thighs, with my busty redheaded MILF all grins as she carefully moved over to me.

She was still wearing the glossy vinyl thigh-high boots, which meant she couldn't just get up and walk on the bed due to the heels, instead crawling over and then twisting to get herself on my lap. However, the moment she was turned around, beginning to shift her weight against my cock as she readjusted to get her knees at my sides, her heels almost touching the wall, I went for the zipper in the back of her corset.

"Oh baby," she cooed again as I began unzipping it. "You want to play with my tits, don't you?"

"Yep," I agreed, surprised when she reached between her thighs to grab my cock and expertly began sinking down on it.

I stopped what I was doing briefly, certain I was finally about to pop, only for her to stop about halfway and help me get the corset up over her head. I then immediately reached around for her huge tits as she began sinking down the rest of the way, surprised when I suddenly felt Avery's mouth right next to my hand, sucking a large nipple into her mouth.

"Mmm," Rebecca moaned, seeming very well controlled and used to the pleasure of having her tits sucked on, with her slowly beginning to rock on my shaft. "Oh baby boy, you feel so good. My heart is racing just knowing how it's going to feel when you cum in me. It's like nothing I've ever felt before, not even in comparison to the first time I had sex. Or in comparison to all the orgies I've had."

"Yeah?" I whispered, loving how heavy her tits felt in my grasp, my lips tracing her neck and upper back as she slowly bounced. "That's kind of surprising to hear," I added, knowing it was probably a dumb comment, but completely in the moment as I neared my own climax.

Mrs. Rebecca made an amused noise as she moaned softly, beginning to stroke her fingers through Avery's hair as the platinum-blonde continued to suck her tit. "It was surprising to *experience*," she agreed, only to begin elaborating. "Normally, my focus is on making my partners feel good and maximizing their lust for my own needs. Certainly, I've always enjoyed myself too, but never have I been so consumed in my own pleasure that I lost sight of the goal." She moaned loudly as my cock began throbbing out more precum into her cunt. "I think I'll manage to stay focused this time, but the anticipation of what you're about to do to me is overwhelming."

"Fuck!" I hissed, abruptly shooting my load unexpectedly.

"Oh my God!" Rebecca exclaimed. "Oh my God, it's even warmer than I remember. Oh God, it's happening again. Oh baby boy, I love you so much. Oh baby, I love you so freaking much. *Uhh!*" she moaned, only to begin pushing Avery's head downward. "Baby girl, be a good little pet and suck on my clit," she requested, her tone almost pleading instead of demanding.

Avery whimpered as she got her face between our legs, with me pushing my ass further from the wall, and pulling Mrs. Rebecca's warm bare back more on my chest so that my classmate could get at the mature woman's pussy more easily. The position made it more difficult for Rebecca

to bounce on my shaft on her own, so I continued to hold her heavy maternal tits as I began thrusting.

Moaning loudly, my redhead MILF held onto my classmate's head as the platinum-blonde began licking and sucking. Some of my cum must have been leaking out already, because Avery began squirming as she serviced the mature woman.

Rebecca was breathing heavily now, her chest heaving in my hands, her emerald eyes closed as she jutted her chin out. "Oh my God, I feel so much passion. So much love and affection. My baby girl and baby boy are making me feel so wonderful right now. I just want to take you both home and play with you all day. I just want to--"

Sensing she was close, I grabbed her nipples and squeezed tightly.

"UHHHH!" she exclaimed. "Oh baby! Oh my baby boy! UHHHHHH!"

Avery continued to suck on the woman's clit, seeming to prolong the orgasm until Mrs. Rebecca was shaking her head back and forth in complete pleasure, moaning louder and louder as her hips jerked, sounding lost in her ecstasy.

And she continued to moan even as the climax finally began to decline, with me continuing to pinch her nipples rhythmically. However, I'd begun listening to what was going on in the other room, with Michelle and Natalie having succumbed to more passionate kissing as they listened, only for my blonde MILF to speak up.

"Are you ready to see what's in the bag, sweetie?" Michelle asked.

Natalie gulped loudly, sounding out of breath. "Umm, y-yeah," she stammered.

"Why don't you go open it up and see inside?"

Natalie climbed off the bed and did so, causing me to wonder if they were referring to the duffle bag that Mrs. Rebecca brought, which supposedly had their vinyl stripper outfits and 'supplies.' Of course, I had no idea what 'supplies' might entail.

However, even as Avery continued to lick and suck on Mrs. Rebecca's pussy, her tongue going from my shaft to the woman's clit over and over again, I listened as Natalie spoke up in surprise.

"The hell? Is this a tail?" she asked in confusion, only to gulp loudly as it sounded like metal balls clinked against each other. "Oh shit," she said

quietly. “This is...” Her voice trailed off.

“Good choice,” Michelle cooed. “Bring it over here and we’ll get started.”

Natalie sounded as embarrassed as hell. “This last one is like as big as a baseball,” she hissed. “There’s no way it’ll fit.”

Michelle’s tone was suddenly firm. “Are you disobeying me, young lady?”

Natalie swallowed *hard*. “N-No ma’am,” she stammered.

“Then get your sexy little ass over here, so we can get started,” she repeated.

The blue-haired vixen climbed onto the bed nervously, sounding like she was beginning to tremble as she handed off the tail butt plug to the mature blonde.

“Yeah, that’s a good girl,” Michelle said warmly. “Get into position in front of me.” She paused, lowering her voice, sounding like she was rubbing Natalie’s ass as she spoke. “Perfect. You know, Rebecca told me that you can be quite dominating in the bedroom, but that you have a really kinky side. A really kinky *fantasy*.” She paused again for emphasis. “Where you want to be a pet. Treated like a pet. Fucked like a human sex pet.”

Much to my shock, Natalie actually whimpered softly. “H-How does she know t-that?” she stammered.

“I guess it’s a succubus thing,” Michelle said seriously, only to slap Natalie’s ass.

“*AHH!*” she yelled super loud.

I focused on Mrs. Rebecca when she twisted in my arms, looking content as she focused up at me affectionately...Avery was still urgently licking her pussy.

“Oh dear,” Rebecca said in amusement. “I think the other two might have just stolen the show. Is it their turn already?” she wondered innocently.

This entire game we were playing really only had one purpose, only one reason why Mrs. Rebecca had come up with it, and that was primarily to give me an amazing sexual experience. For me to have fun. And while I was excited to let the women completely make the rules for other games, ones in which I would willingly follow, this particular game was one in which I could pretty much demand whatever I wanted, and I felt certain the others would comply without complaint.

Not that they wouldn't consider my opinion with other games we played, but part of the excitement was not getting to choose. But right now, I just wanted to do whatever would be fun, while still trying to at least stay within the overall guidelines we'd established.

Thus, I decided that I was going to use this opportunity to fully enjoy myself.

I grinned as I replied to the sexy redhead MILF impaled on my cock. "Yeah, I think it's their turn," I agreed. "But while I'm in the other room, I want you and Avery to eat each other out in a sixty-nine the entire time. I want you to try to make each other cum as many times as possible."

"Oh baby," Mrs. Rebecca replied, while Avery whimpered. "I'd be happy to suck on our little pet's clit while you fuck Michelle."

Avery whimpered again.

I just grinned wider, sitting up more and helping Mrs. Rebecca get off my cock and lay down, only to wait and watch as Avery climbed on top of her, getting her knees by the busty MILF's head and then sitting down on Rebecca's face while moaning as she resumed slurping the cum out of the mature woman's cunt.

Fuck, I could just watch this all day, but knew I was going to love listening to them eat each other out while I helped Michelle stick progressively larger and larger metal balls into Natalie's ass, until she had the whole tail securely in place.

Finally heading down the hall and stepping into Serenity's room, I saw Natalie naked on her hands and knees, her face flushed red as Michelle leaned over her on the bed, still wearing the white vinyl corset and glossy thigh-high boots, the tiara and veil still in her blonde hair as she gently worked the first of many silver balls into the girl's ass.

Holy shit, the fluffy 'tail' looked like it belonged to a black wolf, and it had a whopping ten silver balls that each got progressively, and *aggressively*, larger. Shit, the very first ball Michelle was starting with already looked to be as large as a grape, and the second one was practically double the size.

And sure enough, the last one was practically the size of a baseball.

Oh fuck, I was so turned on right now. I wasn't sure if they'd actually make it much further than halfway, uncertain if Natalie's asshole could handle it, but I was super excited to find out.

Michelle spoke up when she saw me, speaking to the skinny blue-haired chick. “Oh honey, look who’s here to watch you get your ass *owned*. You’ll try *really hard* for him, won’t you?”

Natalie focused up at me with such a look of submission, that I felt like I would have become her alpha on the spot if I wasn’t already. And that same sense of submission coursed through our bond, with this truly being what she wanted right now. She wanted us to do this to her. It was turning her on so much.

Of course, Michelle also had a small bottle of lube, but planned on first trying without when she noticed that the blue-haired chick seemed surprisingly sticky between her asscheeks. Sticky with the load of cum I’d pumped into her a few hours ago, prior to us taking a nap together.

“Here,” I said, my tone reassuring despite my intentions. “Let me get the first one.”

Michelle smiled warmly at me as I climbed onto the bed and got on Natalie’s other side, the girl now actively trembling on her hands and knees. I then stuck my hand on top of the blonde’s thin fingers causing her to let go as I grabbed a hold of the grape-sized sphere and pressed it firmly against Natalie’s throbbing asshole.

My tone was playful. “See, I think this cute little slut is just being difficult right now. My cock is much larger than this, and she seemed to have no problem with me shoving it in earlier. So how about we just force it a little...”

I pressed harder and forced the first sphere into her ass.

“Ahhh!” Natalie exclaimed, her back arching downward as she juttied her chin up.

I readjusted my hold on the second sphere and began pressing right away.

“She actually likes it a little rough,” I continued. “Really enjoys when there’s lots of friction, if you can just...”

I shoved the second one into her ass, causing her to yell again.

“Oh *fuuuuck!*” she moaned.

I focused on Michelle, seeing that her face was actually flushed, her skin finally looking light gray as her eyes turned a deep blue with that bright white ring around her pupil, all against a midnight background. Her hair was beginning to turn white too, starting to match the rest of her outfit.

“Think you can force in the rest?” I wondered.

Michelle gulped, only to nod. “Of course, honey. Anything for you.”

“Then how about you pull those balls out, and we start all over?”

Natalie’s entire body tensed.

Michelle smiled warmly as she straightened more fully on her knees again, her vinyl outfit creaking as she did so, and grabbed the largest silver ball. “Okay then, let’s just give this a little tug and...”

There was an audible suction pop as she tugged the first one out, causing the next one to follow with ease, only for us both to realize she was already gaping enough for more of my cum to leak out.

“Plenty of lube now,” I said in sincere amusement, enjoying this so much.

Michelle quickly grabbed the smallest ball again, holding the tail briefly with two hands, and shoved it right back in. She then began working on the second sphere, pushing in much harder this time instead of gently trying to work it in like she’d been doing before.

In the meantime, I scooted in front of Natalie and sat in front of her, getting my legs on either side, seeing that her face was even more deeply flushed as she focused up at me. I reached up to gently stroke her cheek briefly, seeing the longing in her eyes, before running my fingers through her blue-hair and then pushing her face downward toward the head of my shaft.

Natalie immediately began gagging on my cock, with me shoving her down even more firmly until I was bottoming out in her throat, knowing from both her scent and our bond that I’d just skyrocketed her arousal by being so rough with her.

I then let her lift her head some, but kept my cock in her mouth as Michelle worked on shoving the third sphere into her ass, the busty MILF having scooted more behind Natalie and using both of her thumbs to push it in.

“Mmmmm!” Natalie groaned around my cock as the third sphere got shoved inside.

Michelle was already grabbing the fourth, and starting to work it in, beginning to push, then relax, push *harder*, then relax, push *even harder*, then relax, repeatedly until she was getting that one in too. And Natalie was

really beginning to squirm now, after only getting the fourth halfway in her throbbing asshole.

Surprisingly, seeing the almost affectionate smile on my blonde MILF's face, and smelling her increasing arousal, I could sense that she was sincerely enjoying this in a strange maternal way, sort of like the pleasure and joy she might get from giving a daughter a massage, just with a hint of sexual desire added in. And even despite Natalie's loud whimpers that might be misunderstood as painful pleas, the mature blonde continued working those spheres in without hesitation, the ensuing moans each time appearing to give her encouragement.

By the time the fifth sphere was in, Natalie had begun bobbing on my cock, gulping down the precum leaking out and thrusting downward repeatedly, even as Michelle started on the sixth sphere.

"Yeah, good little bitch," I whispered, knowing she liked being called that just as much as she liked dishing the insults out when she was the one in control of the situation. But oh man, from her whimpers it was very clear that she also liked to be dominated just as much. I continued. "Over halfway there, cute little slut. Better relax your ass, because I'm going to fuck you as soon as we get that last one in. That will give you something to work toward."

Natalie whimpered loudly again, bobbing even more urgently on my cock as Michelle shove the sixth silver sphere in.

"Oh dear," Michelle cooed. "I think you really turned her on, because it was like her ass just sucked up that last one."

I grinned. "Then, on to number seven," I replied cheerfully.

Honestly, I wasn't sure if Natalie would be able to make it to the last one though, since it was pretty big, and I didn't want to end up actually hurting her. But then again, I knew werewolf bodies were a little different to begin with, not to mention she was more like me now too, even though she was the only person who wasn't showing any signs of changing her appearance despite being highly flustered and aroused.

I thought briefly about making her begin to grow a little bigger, to ensure that we could get the last sphere in her ass, realizing I could actually make her change just like that other alpha guy could apparently do, but then decided against it.

Natalie obviously still had a lot of anxiety around that particular issue, and I didn't want to ruin what we had going on in the event me doing so actually made her afraid. And I *definitely* didn't want her to start resenting me by *making her* transform.

Thus, I instead opted for another solution.

Deciding to lift Natalie's head off my cock long enough for me to slip away, I got off the bed and began digging in the duffle bag to see what else Mrs. Rebecca had brought. My thinking was that arousal wasn't just loosening her pussy, but also loosening her ass, so maybe if we could figure out a way to turn her on more.

Fucking her was one option, but it would be difficult to try to keep my cock in her while Michelle also worked on getting those metal balls in, so I planned on looking through the stuff to get some ideas. However, I didn't have to go far at all, grabbing something phallic and pulling it out to see it was a smooth and long purple vibrator.

"Perfect," I said loudly, climbing back on the bed.

Natalie's face turned even brighter red as she focused on it.

Easily finding the button at the base, I turned it on and moved to shove it in her pussy.

Michelle paused what she was doing briefly to watch me wiggle the tip into her cunt, and then grinned when I began shoving it in and Natalie moaned super loud.

"Oh, she really likes that," she mused, trying to push the seventh sphere all the way in.

Sure enough, Natalie's pulsing asshole looked like it was sucking the sphere right inside, tugging the next ball up to her gaping hole. Feeling mischievous, I reached up to grab the eighth one and then proceeded to force it right on in after the seventh.

"*AAAAHHHHH!*" Natalie yelled, arching her back again, her chin raised high.

Michelle was already getting her thumbs on the ninth to get it into position, her chest flushed, her tits looking so huge in the white glossy corset. "Kai, I'm so horny right now," she whispered, her breathing picking up. "C-Can you lick me...like what you did yesterday morning in the kitchen?"

I grinned at her. “Sure,” I agreed, giving the vibrator a little tug outward to make sure the blue-haired chick’s unique cervix had grabbed a hold of it. Sure enough, it felt pretty stuck, like it wasn’t going to move without a strong tug.

Beginning to crawl around the back of Natalie and behind Michelle, I leaned toward my busty blonde to gently kiss her upper back for a few seconds, brushing the veil out of the way, only to rub my fingers down the sides of her torso, feeling the glossy white PVC, before leaning down to plant some tender kisses on her juicy ass, her skin a supple light gray.

Fuck, she was so hot.

And beginning to shiver with each kiss, continuing to work on getting the ninth sphere in Natalie’s ass, even as the blue-haired vixen bent her head down, moaning louder and louder as the vibrator continued to stimulate her cunt.

“Almost got the ninth one,” Michelle then whispered, inadvertently indicating that we weren’t far from being done. More than that, Natalie was probably going to cum if we waited too long, and I wanted my two sexy women to get there around the same time, if possible.

Clearing my throat, I laid out the plan. “Okay, Natalie, I want you to try hard *not* to cum, and once she gets that last ball in your ass, I want you to straighten up and kiss her while I eat her out.”

Shockingly, both women whimpered, causing me to grin again as I scooted away from Michelle and then began carefully laying on my back behind her, my white hair brushing against her ass as I got between her legs.

Michelle readjusted her knees a little, the glossy white vinyl boots creaking as she did so, allowing me to get my shoulders more on her calves as I slipped my head underneath her cunt. Oh fuck, she smelled so good, the same floral scent that Avery had, but much stronger down here. Honestly, I was starting to see how Gabriella might perceive this smell as warm vanilla sugar. Because there was sort of a sweet vanilla hint to the floral smell, which was much stronger now due to her arousal.

It still appeared that Gabriella and I shared different experiences overall, something I knew must be true since my nose was objectively much more powerful and yet I still smelled a different scent, but I could at least kind of understand where my fiancé’s experience might be coming from.

In the other room, I could hear Mrs. Rebecca and Avery still eating each other out in a sixty-nine, with it sounding as if they were both about to cum.

My busty blonde MILF whimpered loudly as she felt my breath on her juicy lips, her currently white pubic hair soft and trimmed short, her swollen folds looking desperate for some relief. Shit, she was almost beginning to drip, a clear shiny fluid covering her plump lips. Reaching up to grab Michelle's hot ass, I pushed my head up the rest of the way between her thighs and gave her a big wet kiss.

Both women immediately moaned, with the unexpected stimulation causing Michelle to push really hard and get the ninth ball in the girl's pulsing asshole.

"Oh sweetie," Michelle continued to moan loudly. "Oh honey, that feels so wonderful. Oh God, you're so perfect baby. You're so good. That feels so good."

Surprised by how loose my blonde MILF was, my tongue easily probing between her folds and tasting the inside, I tilted my chin up and was pleased to discover that I could actually get my chin pretty deep into her wet snatch. It was kind of a strange feeling, but also sort of neat. Kind of made me wonder if I could actually get my whole hand inside of her, considering how open she was right now, although my current position wouldn't allow me to test it out.

Pulling away, I saw that her pussy was actually gaping some, the inside a juicy pink, with her clit actually swollen to the point that it was a visible bulge.

Damn, I was so turned on right now

"A-Almost got the last one," Michelle whispered, her breathing heavy.

I closed the gap again, grabbing my blonde MILF's ass tightly as I aimed for her clit and sucked it right into my mouth.

Michelle screamed, forcing the last ball in.

Natalie screamed.

And then everyone was moaning at top volume, with Michelle reaching down to grab the blue-haired chick's shoulder, prompting her to sit up, the tail fully in her ass, the vibrator still firmly stuck up her pussy, urgently grabbing the MILF's vinyl covered tits as they mashed their lips together in a passionate kiss.

“Oh fuck,” Natalie moaned, urgently squeezing the mature woman’s tits.

“Oh my God,” Michelle exclaimed, her arms wrapped tightly around the younger chick.

“Oh fuck!”

“Oh my God!”

“Oh FUCK!”

“OH MY GOD!”

“*OH FUUUUUUCK!*”

“*OH MY, UHHHHHHHH!*”

Both women held onto each other tightly, their lips again locked as they moaned loudly, the vibrator still buzzing, my mouth still sucking, causing both of them to continue to moan into each other’s mouths.

“*Mmmmmmm!*”

Michelle squirted on my face and Natalie thrust her clit into the back of my head, the two women beginning to grind against my face like they were trying to fuck all over again. Then, much to my surprise, Michelle grabbed a fistful of my white hair, and began sitting down a little, with Natalie doing the same, spreading her legs wide, until suddenly my head was resting against the blue-haired chick’s pussy, the vibrator buzzing against the back of my head, while Michelle was practically sitting on my chest, my shoulders and arms still trapped underneath her legs.

I had no doubt I could free myself if I wanted, but that was the thing.

I didn’t want to.

They both were looking down at me affectionately, their gazes tender and warm.

Michelle spoke up then, calling out loudly. “Rebecca! Avery! Let’s finish this with a bang!”

I gulped as I heard them separate in the other room, the two women still obediently eating each other out in a sixty-nine, sounding as if they’d both been close to orgasm, only to hurry down the hallway and step into the room with flushed faces. Even Mrs. Rebecca looked full of passion and lust, her face wet with Avery’s juices.

Michelle continued. “Rebecca, why don’t you give our young man a little kiss?”

The busty redheaded MILF grinned, quickly climbing onto the bed and looking down at me passionately as she began inching closer, the desire in her emerald eyes only growing as she searched my face in this compromising position.

She then bent down and gave me a tender kiss, the taste of my classmate on her lips, only to pull up briefly when Avery spoke up.

“W-What should I do?” my classmate stammered, looking really embarrassed, her face covered in Rebecca’s pussy juices and my cum that came from the mature woman’s snatch.

Michelle smiled warmly at her. “Why don’t you suck on our young man, and swallow all his cum?”

Avery squeaked, only to begin climbing on the bed too, reaching out for Michelle’s hand when the mature woman offered it, helping to steady the younger blonde as she got behind that juicy ass.

Avery then began bending down, only to pause. “K-Kai,” she stammered. “Do you want to cum in my ass again?”

I couldn’t help but smile. “Yes,” I said warmly.

Avery proceeded to reach out to grab Michelle’s shoulder, only to begin standing up on shaky legs. She then straddled my hips, holding onto Michelle’s shoulders with both hands as she slowly got on her knees and began lowering her ass to my throbbing head.

Being that my hands were mostly trapped at my sides, I was able to grab Avery’s tan thighs as she readjusted her ass, aiming to get my cock in the right spot.

Her breathing then became heavier as she tilted her pelvis a little, with me feeling some reduced resistance after I hit her crack, my head beginning to sink into her tight asshole.

“Oh Kai,” she whimpered, holding onto Michelle’s shoulders more tightly as she continued to sink down. “You’re in me again. I love having you in me so much. *Oh Kai*,” she moaned. “You’re making my ass feel so good. Please cum in me again. Please fill me up with your warm cum.”

She was beginning to rock now, pulling up on my shaft and sinking back down, until she was getting into a steady rhythm, her asshole pulsing around me, my cock already feeling like it was going to explode. At the same time, the other three women just stared down at me affectionately, watching my face as I got closer and closer, until finally Mrs. Rebecca

closed the gap again and thrust her tongue in my mouth, kissing me passionately.

Avery's juices were all over her lips, and Michelle's juices were all over mine.

The taste was overwhelming.

I shot my load with a muffled grunt as my hot redhead continued to mash her lips against mine, my cock pumping my thick hot cum deep into Avery's ass, causing her to moan loudly as she became emotional all over again.

"Oh Kai! Thank you so much! Thank you *so much*! You feel so good! I'm so glad we did this."

But I couldn't respond, my head swimming in the combined scents of thick maple syrup, sweet smelling honey, and juicy floral with a hint of vanilla, all while Mrs. Rebecca continued to monopolize my mouth, while Avery monopolized my cock.

Suddenly, Natalie and Michelle were kissing again, my blonde classmate had begun rocking again, and my cock was throbbing as I began climbing to my climax all over.

There was so much passion in the air, it was overwhelming, and because I hadn't absorbed any of it yet, the amount felt like it was only increasing and increasing, never diminishing no matter how thick the air became with it.

Once I cummed in Avery's ass a second time, really the third time for the day, I decided to start sucking up some of that passion and aim to pump her full of cum one more time. One final time, and then I knew we should be done, considering I felt like this could go on forever, and I still wanted to have a threesome with Serenity and Gabriella when they got off work.

However, what I wasn't expecting was *everyone else* still needing to get off one more time.

After cumming again in Avery's ass, Mrs. Rebecca finally pulled away and practically attacked Avery as she was getting off me, shoving her down into a sixty-nine a second time, and giving the platinum-blond an intense rim job in desperate need of my cum in the younger blonde's ass.

And Avery began whimpering so hard in between the PVC boots as she urgently returned the favor.

Natalie then took the mature redhead's lead and pushed Michelle down into a sixty-nine too, pulling out the vibrator so she could lay on top of the blonde MILF while she sucked on her clit. Which made me realize we really weren't done yet.

Thus, deciding to fuck the blue-haired vixen's ass one last time, I got behind Natalie, with Michelle's head between her thighs, the blonde MILF's face hidden from sight, and grabbed firmly onto the black tail.

Natalie gasped.

Giving it a good tug, I started pulling out the massive silver spheres, causing Natalie to moan as she grinded her cunt into Michelle's face, until I had pulled the whole thing out, set it on the bed, and then grabbed the blue-haired chick's hips as I thrust my cock into her gaping ass.

"UHHHHH!" she moaned, cumming almost instantly.

But I continued to thrust until I was pumping another load in her ass, encouraged by Michelle finally orgasming, with Mrs. Rebecca continuing to lick Avery's ass even though they'd both long since cummed again.

Shit, this was so much fun.

And I couldn't wait to do it again...

Assuming we ever stopped in the first place.

Oh shit, how were we ever going to stop?

(4) Chapter 79: Concubines vs Wives

After spending an amazing time together with Rebecca, Avery, Michelle, and Natalie, I opted to go ahead and take another shower, wanting to be fresh for when I spent time with Serenity and Gabriella after they got off work, whereas everyone else chose to only wash their faces off, otherwise just getting dressed as they were.

Which kind of made sense, because honestly the only reason why I was even taking a shower was due to the anal sex with both Avery and Natalie, even if my cock was visibly clean. However, if it had been all normal sex, then I might not have showered either.

While I was rinsing off, with the bathroom door wide open, Michelle came in and asked if she could use my toothbrush to brush her teeth, which I said was fine. She then got dressed in normal attire and went downstairs just in time for Avery to finish gathering her discarded cloths and finish dressing as well. The two women then sat on the couch, with Michelle sitting normally on the end, while Avery laid down with her head in the mature blonde's lap, commenting about how warm she felt inside. And how tired she was starting to feel, after not getting enough sleep the previous night.

Michelle agreed, suggesting she was feeling a little sleepy as well.

In the meantime, Mrs. Rebecca was stuffing the PVC outfits back in her large duffle bag, while having Natalie help clean off the toys she'd used. Specifically, rinsing off the waterproof purple dildo that I'd shoved up her pussy.

However, she wasn't cleaning off the butt plug tail just yet.

That was actually in her ass again, with it being the first thing that Mrs. Rebecca did when I said I was going to take a shower.

After I'd finished fucking Natalie in the ass, and prior to Natalie cleaning up the dildo, the busty redheaded MILF grabbed those ten silver balls and started shoving them right in, only to instruct her to stay on all fours on the bed for a few minutes.

My busty MILF must have anticipated what my cum in her ass would do to her.

I knew from our bond that Natalie ended up cumming with almost no stimulation, aside from the vibrating dildo, just panting on all fours with the balls in her ass until she was almost whimpering as she got closer and closer, finally crying out.

The busty MILF then slapped her ass and had her clean up the silicone while instructing her to keep the butt plug in.

Mrs. Rebecca then spent a little time talking to the blue-haired vixen, while Michelle and Avery were getting cleaned up and dressed, telling the young woman how much she was looking forward to spending some time with her like she'd done with Avery.

Needless to say, while I knew Natalie really enjoyed dominating Avery sexually, she definitely had a submissive kink too. Especially with mother-figures like my two sexy MILFs.

However, after toying with the blue-haired chick for a few minutes and then having her help pick up the room a little, Mrs. Rebecca finally pulled the silver balls out of Natalie's ass, had her carefully clean it with soap and warm water, and then place it back in the bag once it had been dried off.

Needless to say, even as I finished up my shower, I was kind of hard again.

After that, the mature busty redhead came into the bathroom, except closing the door this time, wondering if she could also use my toothbrush. I again said that was fine, not really being someone who had a problem with sharing that kind of thing, with me more focused on my relaxing rinse, enjoying the hot water on my skin after such an eventful afternoon.

Shit, just remembering Rebecca thrusting her pussy into Avery's snatch, and then my two women eating each other out in a sixty-nine while I was in the other room, was all really turning me on. And while the mature redhead had taken off her PVC thigh-high boots, she'd never replaced her attire with anything, still stark naked and looking sexy as hell.

Juicy as hell too, in all the right ways.

Her tan skin was so supple and inviting.

When I got out of the shower and began drying off, I kept my eyes on her toned back and tan juicy ass while she borrowed some floss and began flossing her teeth, her focus on herself in the mirror like she knew *exactly* what she was doing, by completely ignoring me.

A few seconds later and I was pressing my cock between her perfect thighs, her snatch still slippery, as I reached around to grab handfuls of her huge heavy tits while gently planting tender kisses on her shoulder, her thick heavy red curls hiding her neck.

But Mrs. Rebecca continued to floss, completely ignoring me until she was finished, only to speak up softly to chastise me playfully.

“Well, aren’t you a naughty boy,” she teased. “What would people say if they knew what you were doing to me right now, young man?”

“Probably the same thing they would say if you married any other guy my age, like you would have done, if we hadn’t met.”

She giggled at that. “Well, that wouldn’t have happened for some time. Even after separating from my husband, I probably would have taken my time picking out the right cub to marry. For the ones I was most interested in, I would have given them a good two or three-week trial run, before deciding at least a year later, if not two years later, after I’d tried out a bunch of applicants.” She paused, seeming to want to elaborate. “It’s a long-term commitment, so it’s not just to make sure I’m confident in my decision. It’s to also make sure that they’re confident that it’s what they really want too. I’d prefer to go with my second or third pick, who was a hundred percent sure, rather than my first pick who was only *mostly* sure.”

For some reason, her disclosure about that didn’t bother me at all, much like it didn’t bother me to hear how Miriam *used* to live, probably because I was learning how they *would* have done things, rather than how they were going to do things now that we were together.

She continued. “It would probably be a hard decision, to be honest. But the others, who were runners-up, would likely still end up as long-term boyfriends. Just not the one I married and lived with.”

“And you’re fine with giving that up?” I wondered without thinking.

She made an adorable noise, finally resting her hands on my arms wrapped around her as she turned her head slightly to glance back at me. “Oh baby boy,” she cooed. “What you can give me is so much better. Just think about it, cutie. Sex with a lot of people might sound great to many, but what if that’s all you could have? What if you could never truly have a passionate and intimate relationship with the one person you loved most?” She paused to tighten her arms around mine, squeezing her elbows down in a makeshift hug, before continuing. “Just take Serenity for example. If you

could choose between a reality where you only had her, versus a reality where you could only really be intimate with her once a month, but could fuck a ton of other women, which would you really choose?”

I grimaced at that, knowing what I’d choose.

Because deep down, even though I’d spent so much time with everyone else in the last few days, especially all the sex I’d experienced with Miriam, I knew Mrs. Rebecca was right. Serenity was first, and the idea that I couldn’t have regular intimacy with her, especially now that we’d finally crossed that line, was horrible to think about -- such a bleak reality, without even one person to share true love with.

Still, I was kind of torn in my response, making me hesitate.

Because it was kind of hard to say out loud that I’d give up Gabriella, Avery, and especially the person I was talking to, if it came down to it. I didn’t even want to think about such a reality.

But at least that really made me understand better where both Mrs. Rebecca and Miriam were coming from.

The prospect of being with me really was the preferred choice.

And that was without even considering how I could make them feel.

They’d probably both still pick this option, even if I was otherwise a normal guy who could only give them a normal amount of pleasure. Because it meant having a real lover, something that was otherwise impossible for them.

Rebecca must have sensed the hesitation though, and misinterpreted it, continuing after a few seconds. “Well, maybe you *would* choose the latter option, but it wouldn’t take long before it got old. Having true companionship is something most *people* crave, even non-humans. When I was your age, I was fine with my fate.” She sighed. “But by the time I was twenty-five, I was *not* fine with it. Obviously, I met my husband, and then got married about a year later, but it was never enough to really fill that need.”

“I get it,” I agreed quietly. “And I wouldn’t pick the second option. It’s just hard to admit I’d pick the first, if I really had to.”

“Oh baby,” she cooed again, finally pulling away a little to twist in my arms.

My cock slipped out from between her legs in the process, but then she was capturing it between her thighs again and sliding her pussy against my

shaft. I stood up a little straighter as she wrapped her arms around me, pressing her heavy tits against my chest, with her tilting her chin up slightly to look up at me tenderly.

Her chin then jutted out a little more, her lips coming closer, and I leaned down to share an intimate kiss for a long few seconds, before she pulled back again, our faces close.

“That’s alright, sweetie,” she said warmly. “It’s okay if you’d pick her first. What really matters is you don’t have to choose. We all want you, and we’ll all get you.” She gave me an affectionate smile, focusing on my mouth and nose briefly, before her emerald gaze met mine. “And some of us are older, which we’re taking into account. It’s actually something Michelle and I discussed while we were getting to know each other better. We both still want a piece of you, but we’ve also lived at least somewhat fulfilling lives and have had the time to experience intimacy with others. Whereas Gabby, Avery, and of course Serenity are all younger, and haven’t really had the opportunity to experience a fulfilling relationship.”

A little concerned by what she might be implying, I responded hesitantly. “Well, I do still want you.”

“Of course, baby boy,” she agreed, leaning up to give me another tender kiss. “And I want you as well, very much. But there’s only so much attention you can give in a day, and all I’m saying is that it’s alright if you make Gabby, Serenity, and Avery priorities. And Natalie too, if you want. That doesn’t mean I’m not going to enjoy myself, and I’d still very much like to take you out on a date every once in a while, just the two of us. But if you were to try to make me a priority in your life, then that inevitably would mean that someone else wasn’t as much of a priority. It’s just reality.”

I grimaced at that, knowing she was right.

She continued. “And I hate to use the words of your father, but he’s kind of right about the concubine thing. Even if you consider all of us your women, or even your wives, you can only have so many wives who are ‘truly’ wives to you. The rest of us would have to fill more ancillary roles, and if you tried to give us all equal attention, then ultimately it would just result in all of us being concubines.”

“I don’t want to think of you as a concubine though,” I replied.

She gave me a warm smile. "Well, that's alright, baby boy. I'd very much like to be your wife, even if it can never be legal. But that doesn't mean I have to be your biggest priority." She paused, a small grin touching her full lips. "Maybe you can just think of me as your sexy mother-in-law, who you're involved with too."

My eyes widened slightly at that. "Huh, yeah, actually that makes a lot of sense."

"Yeah? You like that, baby boy?"

I smirked. "I know you're not surprised. You can sense what others like."

She giggled at that. "No, of course I knew. But I'm glad that comparison makes more sense to you."

I hugged her tighter, pulling her heavy tits firmly against me, my cock still throbbing in between her thighs. "It does," I agreed. "Still my woman, still important to me. But in a role that's a little different than Gabriella"

"Just a *little* different," she said playfully. "Oh, and speaking of Gabby, I think it might be good for you to take her and Serenity out for dinner tonight."

"Oh?" I said in surprise, liking the idea, but uncertain of why she'd brought it up. "I can do that, but how come?"

She frowned slightly. "Well, I know they are okay with all this. Michelle and I actually chatted a little with them both, separately, on the phone before coming back over. But it's still a lot in a short period of time. I mean, it was just you and Serenity not even a full week ago. And while I have no doubt it could have very easily transitioned to it just being the three of you, including Gabby, I think that you becoming involved with everyone else has been a little fast for both."

"Did they seem concerned?" I asked seriously.

Mrs. Rebecca gently shook her head. "No, both seemed genuinely happy about the situation. Gabby especially. But I think it would be a good idea for you to spend time with the two of them in a neutral setting, just to relax and enjoy each other's company."

"What do you mean by neutral?" I wondered, my tone simply one of curiosity.

She smirked, sounding almost playful. "A place where you can't easily have sex," she clarified, only to quickly continue. "Don't get me wrong, I

have no doubt they both want it, but conversation is more important. Far more important. You can't have much of a relationship on sex alone, and I think after all the changes that have happened, that spending some time just the three of you would be good for your relationship."

"Makes sense," I agreed, leaning to give her another intimate kiss, my hips tensing due to the pleasure emanating in my gut, no doubt an effect she was having on me.

She rolled her gorgeous emerald eyes as if she'd just given in to an unspoken request. "Oh, alright, baby boy," she mused, moving an arm to wrap around my neck while lifting her leg onto my hip, shifting her pelvis to expertly get my cock at the entrance of her snatch.

Sinking in like butter, her eyes fluttered as she moaned softly.

I held her more firmly as my hips uncontrollably jerked, groaning at the sensation.

"Let's try to keep it slow and quiet," she whispered against my neck. "Not necessarily to keep it a secret, but just to enjoy the intimacy. We might not have sex again until tomorrow, so savor it now."

Oh fuck, I wanted to do so much more than savor it.

Part of me didn't want to ever stop.

Which...was a trend I was beginning to notice -- not the reluctance to stop part -- but how I could almost forget about everyone else, no matter who I was with.

Like, in this moment, I never wanted this passionate act of intimacy with Mrs. Rebecca to end.

But if I was with Avery right now instead, or anyone else, I'd feel the same way.

The person I was with was all I could see in that moment.

It was especially the case with Miriam, but I felt that same way when I was enjoying Avery and Natalie together. It was like I could be fully happy if I only had them -- a direct confliction with the fact that I couldn't live without Serenity.

It kind of made me wonder if this desire to be 'content with what I had' was a symptom of dying and coming back to life, with me developing a sort of 'adaptability' that was partly why I'd gotten over that trauma so quickly. Or if maybe I'd always been like this -- someone who could fully

enjoy the moment, without feeling like I was missing something, or someone.

In the end, I didn't think it mattered much, and was very much enjoying every second of this extremely slow, gentle, and intensely passionate sex with Mrs. Rebecca right now, my gorgeous sexy redheaded MILF, who seemed completely overwhelmed with desire as my cock slowly thrust in and out of her mature cunt.

Sensing she was getting close, knowing I was about to pop too, but wanting to make it amazing for her, I gently ran one hand down her back and grabbed her tan juicy ass as I whispered in her ear.

"Best mother-in-law ever," I mused, holding her ass tightly as I picked up the pace a little.

"Uhhhhhh!" she finally groaned loudly, whimpering softly as her entire body began to tremble in my grasp.

And then I shot my load.

"UHHHHHHH!" she moaned at full volume. "Oh God, it's so good. Oh please. Oh shit, *oh please!*"

I tried to keep my senses, as she began passionately kissing me, moaning into my mouth while tightening her leg around my hip, thrusting herself down on my cock urgently as she climbed her peak a second time.

She then broke our kiss, her chin jutting upward as she cried out.

"OH PLEASEEEEEEE!" she begged, cumming *hard*, gasping for breath now, her eyes visibly swimming as she did everything in her power to just remain on her feet.

In the end, I practically had to hold her up in my arms while she collected her senses, easily keeping her wrapped around me even when her feet briefly left the floor from her body tensing as her knees buckled slightly.

Knowing I was going to have to show some self-restraint to prevent us fucking nonstop for another hour, I carefully slipped my cock out of her juicy folds, causing some of my cum to drip out onto the floor. Then, once she was supporting her own weight, I gave her one last kiss and gently pulled away, thankful when she reassured me that she'd clean up the mess, allowing me to sneak off to my room to get dressed in jeans and a nice black Polo.

Natalie had gone downstairs prior to me leaving the bathroom, but by the time I was fully dressed, she was slipping into my room, her face visibly flushed -- though not one of passion.

Or at least, not one of sexual desire.

I wasn't surprised when I turned toward her, and she promptly collided into me, burying her face contently against my upper chest as she wrapped her arms tight around my torso.

Her face was flushed because she was happy.

Really *really* happy.

She felt safe, she felt loved, and she identified me as the source of those feelings.

Undoubtedly, she'd enjoyed the sexual experience we'd all just shared, but it was more than that.

Compared to the last year in hell, she felt like this was heaven.

I could sense it in our bond, even without words.

And her hug was more than a show of appreciation.

There was thankfulness, awe, and submission in our bond, a silent '*I owe you everything, and will do anything for you, no matter what,*' coursing between us.

In response, I held her tightly, simply *accepting*.

Because it was what she needed.

We remained like that in silence for a handful of minutes, before Rebecca peeked her head inside my room, quickly gave me an apologetic expression for interrupting, and then ducked back out. However, even without looking, Natalie was well aware due to our bond.

She pulled away to focus up at me affectionately, her light brown eyes full of affection saying it all, before she stepped away to take my hand.

With our fingers intertwined, we made our way downstairs to find everyone having gathered in the living room, Michelle and Avery having been there to begin with, with Mrs. Rebecca standing by the edge of the couch to comment that I'd probably be taking Serenity and Gabriella out for a date when they got off work.

Avery had sat up prior to us walking down the stairs, glancing back at me with a warm smile when I came into sight.

It was kind of strange, because I knew Avery was actually a very confident and outgoing person when dealing with others, but she always

just seemed so shy and reserved around me that it was almost bizarre having her look at me like that. Like she wasn't so shy anymore.

The reservation was gone.

The silent 'want' was gone -- that look, like I was still out of her reach -- because now she had what she'd always wanted.

But the look also prompted me to think about tomorrow, on Wednesday, when we'd inevitably have to return to class.

Taking a deep breath, I let go of Natalie's hand and walked around the couch, deciding to sit down with Avery to snuggle, and talk about how we were going to handle the last few weeks of school. She was already sitting in the middle to begin with, but when I sat down and wrapped my arm around her to pull her against me, Mrs. Rebecca took that as cue to give us some privacy.

"Why don't we talk in the other room?" she suggested to Michelle, who was more than happy to hop up to do so.

I almost blurted out that it was fine, but then realized them staying in the room would either mean that we were having two separate conversations at the same time, talking over each other, or else they'd have to just sit and listen while we talked.

Sure, it would be manageable, but I realized it would be helpful to have some semblance of privacy to discuss the type of appearance we wanted to maintain at school.

Unsurprisingly, Natalie didn't *want* to go far, if it could be avoided, and had no problem letting us talk as if she wasn't there, so she took Michelle's place on the couch. Plopping down and getting comfortable, the blue-haired vixen then began looking around the room as if she was really absorbing every detail for the first time. Which made sense, considering my home was still kind of new to her.

Avery's blue eyes were warm as she focused up on me, a questioning look in her expression as she patiently waited for me to say something.

However, what I wanted to bring up wasn't the first thing out of my mouth.

"Huh, you still look normal," I realized.

She grimaced. "Oh, umm, pretty sure most of my body is transformed."

“Well, that’s okay though,” I reassured her. “It happens to me sometimes too. Just as long as you can keep the visible parts looking normal. Plus, your skin just turns tan, so it wouldn’t be as bad if someone saw.”

She gave me a warm smile. “It’s not too hard, now that I’ve gotten the hang of it.”

I rolled my eyes. “Apparently, everyone’s better at it than I am.”

She smirked. “I mean, you’re not transformed right now either.”

“Not even a little,” Natalie unexpectedly agreed, sensing that I was completely calm in our bond. And also sensing that neither of us minded her interjecting her thoughts, with that strange bond specifically between the three of us feeling as strong as ever.

Now that I thought about it, I realized that same sensation *hadn’t* translated into me feeling more uniquely connected to Michelle or Mrs. Rebecca, even despite the amazing sexual intimacy we’d all shared together. And I had no idea why that might be.

Because it wasn’t like the intimacy was lacking, but there was definitely something...*real* and *present*, about the sensation I felt with specifically Avery and Natalie.

Something *more* than just intimacy.

Avery continued. “I think the sex helped a lot. Even just this morning, and I would have shifted immediately just from your touch.”

I nodded as I considered that. “Yeah, that’s how it was for me with Gabriella,” I agreed. “So then, if that’s the case, how do you want to handle tomorrow?” I wondered, segueing right into what I wanted to discuss. “And the rest of the school year, for that matter. Should we try acting like normal?”

She grimaced at that. “W-Well...I mean, I don’t want to cause you problems.”

I gave her a gentle squeeze. “You’re not a problem,” I said quietly.

She frowned. “Well, and I also don’t want you to think that I want to show you off, or something. I don’t care if no one ever knows about us. But I’m concerned about rumors spreading if we don’t act a hundred percent like normal. Like, if we even just start talking to each other more, then I’m sure someone will make a big deal about it.”

I sighed. “Yeah. Part of me feels bad, since it’s my fault that’s the case. They’d notice the change in my behavior since I’ve been so cold toward everyone. But I know I probably wouldn’t have done anything differently if given a second chance. I was just trying to get through high school without anyone finding out my secret.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say you’re *cold* to anyone,” Avery disagreed. “Just not really social, is all. But yes, you’re right. Probably everyone would notice if you started being friendly with me, especially since I’ve not exactly hidden how I feel about you.”

I knew what she meant by that.

Certainly, Avery didn’t go around telling people how she felt, but it was pretty obvious by how she acted around me. By the very fact that she sat with me at lunch every day, even though I didn’t talk to her. By the fact that she’d still choose to sit with me, even if all her friends were at a different table. In particular, I knew of one girl, Claire, who pretended like she was Avery’s friend, but often spoke poorly about her behind her back...

Largely because she had a thing for me too.

Just recalling all the times I’d heard the pompous blonde call Avery ‘pathetic’ behind her back, kind of made me want to shove it in the chick’s face, by not even trying to hide our new relationship. But I knew that might not be the wisest choice.

Or did it really matter?

Part of me wanted to just say ‘fuck it’ and not hold anything back.

Sure, there’d be rumors, but did it really even matter at this point?

If anything, everyone would probably get over it a ton faster by us being open about it. Instead of them whispering for weeks, they might talk openly about it for just a few days, before it would be old news to them, and they’d move on to something else.

Of course, it would be a lot of attention for a few days, but after that I’d probably just get ignored again.

When I didn’t respond, Avery continued.

“So...what do you want to do, Kai?”

I sighed. “Honestly? Kind of just want to drive you to school, wrap my arm around you, and claim what’s mine.” I smirked. “You’re not the only one who might want to show off a little.”

Avery's face immediately flushed, her skin shifting completely tan, her lips and eyelids frosted, her blonde hair turning stark white. The last thing to turn was her eyes, shifting pitch-black and icy blue.

All because of my words.

Natalie had a grin on her face. "That was satisfying to watch," she mused, having witnessed it from the corner of her eye.

"Too much?" I asked Avery.

"N-Nope," she squeaked, burying her head against my chest, her soft warm body conforming into mine. "It would just be my dream come true." She took a shaky breath, her icy eyes hidden. "But what would we say? What do we tell them when they ask?"

I shrugged. "Probably best to just stick as close to the truth as possible. Probably mention the car accident, and that you were really shaken up. Maybe mention your mom was in the hospital, but she's okay now. And then we could just say that Serenity and I saw it happen, and we offered to help out while you two recovered."

"But I don't have any cuts or anything. Do you think they'll buy it?"

"Just say you had a concussion. It's not really far from the truth, and would be a valid excuse to need time off to ensure you were better. Not like anyone is going to call up the doctor, and even if they did, I don't think they could ask for private medical information like that."

Natalie shook her head. "No, they can't do that. It's a solid story. And the sympathy you'll get might tone down them pestering you so much about the relationship. It should make them feel bad about asking too many details."

I nodded, focused on Avery as she slowly lifted her head to look up at me.

Her coloring was returning to normal.

She then closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and opened them to respond, looking completely normal now. "Okay, I think that could work."

I couldn't help but smile. "Girlfriend?" I said warmly.

She pouted, her tone playful. "Well, I hope I'm *at least* that much."

I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, well we can't exactly announce that you're my wife."

Avery's entire body immediately shifted a second time, her hair platinum-blond again, her skin tan, her eyes black and icy blue. But it

wasn't from embarrassment.

That 'want' had reappeared.

And with it, an almost overwhelming desperation.

One that wasn't *only* sensed by me.

In response, Natalie abruptly turned to grab Avery's arm, even as she leaned into her and thus into me, sandwiching the suddenly emotional blonde between us on only two cushions.

Her light brown eyes were a sort of intense tenderness, as she spoke reassuringly. "Yeah, Aves. We're both his wives. Forever."

Avery's icy blue eyes were filling with tears as she immediately pulled her arm back a little to slip it between them and then wrapped it around Natalie's thin waist, pulling her almost on top of us, as our hug suddenly became much more intimate.

But the desperation only kept increasing.

It was potent.

Intense.

Rising and rising.

It suddenly felt like I had a lump in my throat, and I felt like I was struggling to breathe, my vision starting to grow blurry. Without thinking, I reached out for Natalie too and wrapped my arm underneath Avery's, pulling her more firmly against us, only to lean down and plant a heavy kiss on my classmate's frosted lips.

Avery's face was hot, and the sensation doubled when Natalie pressed her forehead against our temples, her heated breath caressing our cheeks.

Without thinking, we both turned our heads in sync and kissed Natalie on the corners of her mouth, prompting her to press her face more into me as she kissed me passionately, before turning her head slightly, to thrust her tongue in Avery's mouth.

Neither of them moaned, the gesture instead being desperate.

Not sexual, and full of pleasure, but more of a *need*, full of desperation.

And it was still growing, the room around us vanishing, rising and rising, an intense pressure increasing and increasing...

Until Avery and Natalie finally separated their lips and they turned to kiss me, all three of us touching our lips at the same time.

Instantly, the need *burst* into an almost *agonizing yearning* that felt like it was squeezing me to death, like I'd never be able to breathe again, only for it to abruptly transform into something else entirely.

Like a dam holding too much pressure, the floodgates unexpectedly opened, and the intense pressure vanished altogether. More than that, the pressure became a *powerful current* that thrust me forward, even as my body remained stationary, feeling like I was falling.

Falling toward the two women in my arms, like they were gravity, the sensation extremely disorienting.

Because they were falling too.

We were all falling, toward each other, faster and faster.

Too fast.

It felt way too fast, and yet I was trying to go even faster. To desperately reach them.

And then we collided.

The world around us completely vanished.

I was lost as we became one, even as I unexpectedly felt like I'd been found, for the first time ever, in my entire life.

I'd been found.

Without realizing it, I'd been lost all this time, and they both found me.

We were one.

For an eternity, we were one.

For an eternity...it was just the three of us...

Minutes turned into hours.

Hours turned into days.

Days turned into weeks.

Weeks into months.

Months into years.

Years into decades.

Decades...into centuries.

Forever.

Until someone called my name in a panic.

I unexpectedly sucked in a ragged breath, feeling dizzy when I realized that there was an urgent voice close by, my head lying next to Avery's on the back of the couch, registering for the first time that it wasn't in the position I'd last remembered it. Natalie's face was against Avery's neck,

underneath the blonde's chin, both of them just as limp as I'd been a second ago.

I felt like someone had just asked '*What just happened?!*'

A young voice.

A familiar one.

One that made me feel really warm inside, sudden memories of our time together at her mansion flooding my mind.

"I don't know," Mrs. Rebecca was saying in a rush, almost sounding panicked. "I heard them kiss, and then it's like they all just passed out."

"Avery!" Michelle said for what felt like the second or third time. "Avery, wake up! Kai, please wake up!"

It took me a second to realize that she was standing over us. Her hand was on my shoulder.

"Gwen and I are coming right now," Miriam said urgently on the phone. "I don't know what they did, but I *really* felt that. And Gwen didn't feel anything at all."

I groaned then, trying to focus on the physical sensations all around me. Trying to stop feeling disoriented. And, as if in response to my groan, both Avery and Natalie began moving too.

"I think we're fine," I finally whispered, trying to lift my head and open my eyes fully.

"Oh, he's waking up," Mrs. Rebecca quickly commented.

"Please put him on," Miriam instructed.

I finally looked up at Michelle's concerned gaze when I felt something rest against my face, only to shift my focus to Mrs. Rebecca when I realized she was holding her phone up to my ear.

She spoke when I gave her my attention.

"Kai, it's my mom. She called because she felt like something was going on with you. Are you okay?"

"Kai," Miriam said without missing a beat into my ear, sounding even more concerned than the two mature women visibly looked.

Avery and Natalie were both opening their eyes now, looking confused by all the attention.

I reached up to hold up the phone, prompting Mrs. Rebecca to slip her hand away as I cleared my throat. "Umm, I think we're okay. I don't know what we did, but..."

My eyes immediately widened as I sensed something from Natalie.

‘Feels a lot stronger than before...’

It wasn’t a thought.

I heard nothing in my head.

And yet, I had a distinct impression of what she was thinking, with her eyes widening as she realized why I was reacting to something she hadn’t said out loud, only for us to both focus on Avery when we felt her alarm at the fact that she was experiencing a nonverbal, almost emotional, understanding transpiring between the two of us.

Or rather, between the three of us.

Natalie then prompted a mutual understanding to begin formulating within us, with me complimenting her initial idea.

With my original bond with Natalie, it was almost like she was my finger or hand, which was why it had initially been hard to let go of my control of her. To allow her to have autonomy, by taking off the proverbial ring on my finger and putting it in my pocket, except it was more like chopping off my hand so it could do what it wanted.

But similarly, like my own hand, I’d been able to sense a lot of things coming from her.

I knew when she had a need.

I knew when she was hungry, horny, sleepy, or even when she had to use the bathroom.

And I had a pretty strong idea of her general emotional state.

I knew what she wanted without asking.

But this...

Now it almost felt like we were sharing one body.

There was still a general sensation that I was Natalie’s alpha...as well as Avery’s alpha...but no longer was the bond so distant as the two of them being irremovable body parts. Instead, rather than being only a hand, it was like we shared the same body, at least in terms of the invisible bond that linked us.

“*Kai*,” Miriam repeated for the third time. “But *what*? Hey, please talk to me. This is *really* stressing me out.”

I tried to collect my thoughts and focus on her, even as a general awareness of Natalie and Avery’s reactions continued to pull at my attention. “I think my bond with Natalie and Avery just got a lot stronger,” I

finally admitted. “I don’t know what we did, but the original bond I had with Natalie is stronger, and...well, a little different. And it feels like Avery is a part of it now too.”

The phone was silent.

“Miriam?” I finally said in confusion, feeling like her silence wasn’t a good thing.

“K-Kai, whatever you just did. I felt it too.” She paused. “Only me,” she added. “Not Gwen.”

My eyes widened at that. “What does that mean?”

“I...I can only think of one thing it could be, but it...” She took a deep breath. “Well, it shouldn’t be possible, although I’m starting to realize that normal impossibilities don’t seem to apply to you.”

“What is it?” I asked seriously.

“It’s not a subject we should discuss on the phone,” she admitted. “And no, it’s nothing bad. If it’s what I’m thinking, then it would normally be a good thing.” She sighed then. “Can you visit me tonight? And bring Avery and Natalie too? Gwen and I are already in the car, and I was prepared to go there if you weren’t waking up, but if you think you’re okay, then it would be better for you to come to me.” She paused. “Not really big on being that far away from home. Thirty minutes away is alright, but anything more than that makes me uneasy.”

I took a deep breath. “Yeah, I think that’s okay. Is this important enough we should leave now?”

She hesitated. “Well, how do you feel right now? If you’re okay, then it can wait until later this evening.”

I sighed heavily, focusing on Avery and Natalie to get their silent confirmations.

We were definitely okay.

More than okay.

“We feel fine,” I replied. “So I guess we’ll see you later this evening. Is eight or nine too late?”

“No, any time is fine,” she reassured me.

I frowned. “Although, we probably can’t stay too late. I should really go to class tomorrow.”

“Right,” she agreed. “And I understand. We’ll talk more when you get here.” She paused. “I love you, Kai. So much. Please be safe.”

“Love you too,” I said sincerely. “Bye for now.”

“Bye.”

Once she hung up, I focused up at Michelle and Mrs. Rebecca. It was obvious from their expressions that they both were fully aware of the entire conversation, having no problem hearing Miriam’s voice on the phone thanks to their ever-improving hearing.

However, I felt torn now, about what to do, causing me to be surprised when Natalie spoke up.

“Sounds like you have a lot of plans this evening now, so how about this? Avery and her mom are really tired, so I think they should stay here and get some sleep while you’re on your date with Serenity and Gabriella. And then, once you return, we’ll all go visit Miriam so she can help us figure out what just happened. Sound good?”

I just held her gaze for a long few seconds, feeling both a little stunned and full of appreciation at what she was doing right now. As simple as it was, to propose the most obvious of plans based on the conversations we’d just had, it was the act of her taking charge of the situation that was so meaningful.

Because it implied her position beneath me and her desire to ease my potential distress from an unexpected situation.

In her perception, she was filling the role of being my first wife, so long as I’d allow it, and would do everything in her power to make every aspect of my life as easy as possible. Essentially, ‘run my household’ as the head woman, though it had nothing to do with actual rank or her having a perception of being above the others. It was more about her submissiveness and desire to serve me in every capacity she could manage.

In this moment, she was my first wife, not only because of our bond, but because there was no one more submissive to my needs.

She was figuratively lying at my feet, confidently ready to serve me in any way possible.

Making her first.

And highest.

“Yeah Natalie,” I replied warmly, the feelings coursing through our bond being so powerful that words would never do it justice. “Sounds good,” I added simply, my tone full of intense appreciation. “And I love you.”

“There is nothing I won’t do for you,” she replied sincerely, as an attempt to put those feelings into words.

The sudden intensity of her voice alone went a long way toward accomplishing that goal.

There was no stronger way for her to communicate how much she loved me.

But it was more than enough, due to this powerful new bond we’d formed.

One in which Avery was now included in.

Forever.

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(5) Chapter 80: Three-Way Date

I was behind the wheel of my car, my hand in Serenity's lap, as we drove to a restaurant at just after six in the evening, both she and Gabriella excited to be doing something as simple as going out on a date. They'd both dressed up a little, with Serenity wearing a tasteful black dress that hugged her body like a glove, even at the hips, while Gabriella was wearing a borrowed pleated skirt and a deep purple blouse.

Both of their outfits were more on the 'flattering' side of the sexy spectrum, being something appropriate for like a work party -- tasteful, but not overly seductive.

Granted, with Serenity's figure and Gabriella's bust, it was impossible for them to not look really sexy. But they'd definitely dressed nice with the intention of also trying to avoid wearing anything that would garner too much attention from others.

Currently, they were socializing about their respective days, with my brunette fiancé admitting that she'd had a somewhat close call when one of her few female coworkers got a jump on her, describing the incident. An incident at the copy machine, mostly involving unexpected grabbing of her sides, as if to tickle her.

However, I wasn't really listening at the moment, my thoughts having drifted elsewhere, especially once I realized the 'close call' Serenity was describing was no different than what I occasionally experienced -- not the touching part, but only a slight transformation hidden underneath my clothing.

Gabriella was fairly engaged in the conversation, so neither had noticed I wasn't paying attention.

It wasn't that I didn't care, but just that I had other things tugging on my thoughts.

For one, the situation with Natalie.

Specifically, in how it felt to be connected to both her and Avery, even right now, in this moment. Because, if I focused even just a little, it was like I was right there with them, the two standing side-by-side in our kitchen

back home, helping out with fixing dinner for the four of them, including Michelle and Mrs. Rebecca.

It was so potent that I felt like if I closed my eyes for any length of time, then I'd be able to sense what they were sensing. As if I would feel what they felt, smell what they smelled, possibly even perceive what they were seeing. Not that I was going to try right now, when I was the one driving, but that's how it felt.

And then, there was the sensation coming from Natalie herself, who I hadn't even known for a full two days, feeling as if she was my closest and most devoted woman, somehow superseding even my relationship with Serenity -- not as if I'd chosen that, but as if our bond had dictated it.

And I kind of understood why.

I'd never been interested in religion, even despite my obvious nonhuman lineage, but my adoptive mother had been a big believer in God. Which meant, I'd been exposed to some of the stuff they taught in church when I was much younger.

And there was one thing I'd always found confusing -- definitely as a kid, but even as I got older.

The idea that the greatest in God's kingdom would be the servant of all.

Yet, suddenly, I understood that now -- the comparison felt eerily identical to what I was experiencing with Natalie, as if God's kingdom worked in the same way.

By no means did I have any delusions that I was a god, thanks in part to Miriam and the others helping to keep me level-headed. But in my little hierarchy of relationships, Natalie had made herself the greatest of my wives, not due to power or authority, but due to her willingness to submit and serve.

She was the greatest of servants.

She would bend over backward to do whatever I needed, or even whatever any of my other women needed, wanting to serve my makeshift family in any way possible. She'd serve and protect *and defend*, with everything she had -- figuratively lying at my feet, ready to commit herself to whatever task my family needed, existing solely for the purpose of pleasing me, and fulfilling my needs...

A similar experience I got from Gwen, though she also had another master -- a mistress, in Miriam. Not to mention, both physical and emotional intimacy seemed to be the source of this bond, and thus far there had been limited opportunities to be even *emotionally* intimate with the sexy devil maid, never mind our physical intimacy often being cut short.

Which currently made Natalie the greatest.

It felt like a paradox, and yet it made perfect sense now, even though I hadn't put her in that position.

Rather, she'd been the one to place herself in that position willingly, causing our bond to be the strongest. And it wasn't as if she was trying to compete with the others. It wasn't as if she was trying to 'one-up' them or otherwise trying to claim the first spot.

If anything, her actual motivations were the *exact opposite* of that.

She wasn't *trying* to be first...

She was trying to be *last*.

That was the key -- Natalie was *trying to be last*.

But it made her first.

And it was the experience of that seeming paradox that had me so distracted.

Well...*that*, and sensing them when I focused.

Avery had just been sticking something in the oven, and as she stood up, Natalie gently reached out and placed her hand on my blonde classmate's tight butt -- not really as a sexual gesture, but one of intimacy, wanting to touch her someplace intimate. Because the unexpected relationship they'd developed was new to them too, and there was a lingering passion and curiosity in the air, especially now that they'd found themselves alone.

Of course, they could both still sense me, but now that I wasn't physically present, it was like they were both truly realizing that they weren't just two chicks with the same guy -- they were kind of together too.

And Natalie was touching her, realizing that the sexy blonde was kind of her girlfriend.

A potent awareness that Avery also felt, her tanning face flushed as she just stood there simply accepting the gesture, silently urging the blue-haired model to touch her wherever she wanted.

Her body offered to her companion wife.

But it really wasn't sexual.

The emotions were intimate, and when Natalie finally reached up and pulled her into a tight hug, their thin bodies molding together, I felt that rush of love flow through our bond and fill me with an intense warmth.

Sexual or not, my skin still began to gray, my hair threatening to turn white.

My body must have tensed, my hand included, because Serenity stopped midsentence.

"Kai?" she said in confusion, beginning to look concerned. "Is something wrong?"

I mentally pulled away from Natalie and Avery, forcing myself to be in the present.

Or rather, to have my focus in my physical location.

"Umm, yeah..." I began hesitantly, taking a deep breath, wanting to be honest. "Was just...kind of experimenting a little with this bond that I now have with Avery and Natalie."

Of course, they already knew the basics, since we'd all talked about it before we left for our date, since we kind of had to explain why we'd be making a short trip to see Miriam again -- hopefully 'short' this time, assuming we didn't get stuck there from being attacked by a small army of monsters.

Gabriella chimed in. "Think maybe the three of us can try doing something like that?" she wondered. "Sounds like it's pretty intense, in a good way."

Serenity's face started flushing, with her readjusting in her seat slightly. "Ugh, I'm sorry but we can't talk about this right now. Just the idea is making me shift."

"Sorry," Gabriella said sincerely. "Wasn't trying to turn you on."

"I know, and it's not your fault. It's just knowing what everyone did, and thinking about being involved..." Her voice trailed off as she shook her head. "Never mind, different subject."

"So how about them fuzzy pickles!" Gabriella announced cheerfully.

I laughed. "Why is that your 'go to' thing?" I said in amusement, shaking my head, recalling her using that distraction when we went to the bank, because I'd thought about the idea of the two of them being sexual together and it had been hitting me at a horrible time.

She shrugged. "Because it's random, I guess. And it worked before, right?"

"Yeah," I agreed with a smile, focusing on Serenity as she reached up to scratch her forehead. "Did it work this time?" I wondered.

Her eyebrows were furrowed as she tucked some of her rich brown hair behind her ear. "I mean, yeah, kind of. Just because it was so random."

"Thank you, thank you, I'm here all day folks," my busty redhead said playfully.

Serenity's brow furrowed more. "So what are we going to talk about on our date?" she asked seriously, shifting in her seat. "Normally, I wouldn't worry about it, and just let the conversation go wherever it wanted, but it might be best if we try to keep it to a particular subject. Otherwise, I'm afraid I'll end up being a problem." She frowned. "Sorry," she added.

"It's really okay, Serenity. It takes some getting used to."

"Yeah," Gabriella agreed. "And besides, out of everyone, you and Kai kind of have it the worst. Even if I completely shift, I mostly look like a normal person still, and Avery is kind of in the same boat if she doesn't go all the way. But you have much darker skin when you transform, and of course it's gray instead of tan, so it's completely understandable. Really no reason to be sorry."

Serenity sighed heavily, giving me an apologetic look. "I still kind of feel bad having gone all this time without knowing. Sorry for all the times I embarrassed you, or otherwise provoked you. Especially in public."

I gave her a warm smile, squeezing her hand in mine. "It's alright, Ren. I'm just glad to have you 'in' on my secret now. And glad you're okay with this. That you still love me even though I look like a devil."

"Of course," she said seriously, squeezing my hand tighter. "And honestly, I look scarier than you now. I can't stop scaring the shit out of myself whenever I see my reflection in the mirror -- not that I mind!" she quickly clarified. "Wouldn't have it any other way," she said quieter, only to sigh. "Anyway, so regarding our conversation at dinner. Obviously, probably anything supernatural should be off the table." She glanced back at Gabriella. "And also anything about what happened today, while the two of us were at work."

“*So much* happened,” my busty redhead agreed playfully. “We really missed out.”

“We’ll make up for it,” I quickly interjected, knowing Serenity was really trying to keep off that topic. “But yeah, definitely shouldn’t talk about it at dinner.”

“Right,” Gabriella agreed. “So then...” Her voice trailed off.

“So then...” Serenity echoed simply.

I frowned.

Serenity was frowning, her brow furrowed again as she scratched her forehead.

Gabriella was pensive.

Honestly, it wasn’t that there was nothing to talk about, it was just that there was a lot we’d *already* talked about. Serenity and Gabriella would often exchange work stories, but they’d just done that, not to mention that they were already pretty up-to-date on each other’s lives. I could theoretically talk about school, but there wasn’t much to say about it, and Serenity at least was fairly well-informed whenever there had been something noteworthy.

Which meant, with discussing ‘relationships’ or ‘supernatural stuff’ off the table, it felt like there wasn’t much else substantial to talk about. Discussing movies, books, music, or almost any other topic just felt kind of...well, like we were making ‘small-talk’ just to pass the time. Especially when those subjects weren’t coming out naturally, and instead being forced, in order to avoid the conversations we really wanted to discuss.

All because someone might overhear, or see something they weren’t meant to.

Honestly, this was *supposed* to be a romantic evening -- a date with the girl I’d been in love with, in at least some capacity, practically my whole life, as well as the girl I’d given my virginity to -- and yet, going out to eat around strangers didn’t feel very romantic...

“You know what?” Gabriella unexpectedly blurted out. “After kind of breaking my vegetarian diet, I really want *meat*, except that a single steak is going to be really expensive -- and I feel like I could eat *fifty* of them.” She paused when we both glanced back at her in surprise. “So,” she continued. “What if we just run to the store, buy a bunch of raw steaks, and maybe

some other groceries, and then just build a campfire in the woods or something?”

Serenity and I exchanged a glance, before I spoke up. “I mean, it wouldn’t really be a romantic setting or anything, but at least we wouldn’t have to worry about what topics came up.”

Serenity shook her head, her deep brown eyes growing affectionate. “Actually, I think that sounds much more romantic,” she admitted, glancing back at her best friend. “Gabriella, I honestly really like that idea. I’d much rather have a little evening picnic with just the three of us, rather than surrounded by a bunch of noisy strangers.”

Gabriella grinned. “Me too,” she said warmly, prompting them both to focus on me.

Of course, I’d been thinking something similar, but was still surprised that’s what they wanted too.

“Sounds really good to me,” I replied with a smile.

Serenity’s gaze grew even more affectionate. “Me too,” she echoed. “Want to do s’mores too? I don’t think we’ve had them since...you know...” Her voice trailed off.

Of course, she was referring to us not having them since our parents passed away. Honestly, we hadn’t really gone camping either. The closest thing we’d done was using our fireplace in the living room back home in the wintertime, sitting on the couch with hot chocolate as we watched the flames crackle, but it wasn’t the same as sitting out under the stars.

Granted, the sun wouldn’t be setting for a couple of hours yet, but it was still nice to enjoy the open sky, especially on a nice day like today.

“Sure,” I said simply, glad I was already pulling into a supermarket parking lot, so that we could transition away from the potential sad memories. “We can get whatever you guys want. I’ll probably grab one of those folding campfire grills, so we can cook right over the flames, but I can just sharpen some sticks for the marshmallows.”

“How?” Gabriella said in surprise. “Or are you going to buy a knife?”

I smirked, pulling my hand away from Serenity as I quickly shifted just my hand, my black claws growing pointy and sharp.

“Oh of course,” Gabriella mused, pretending to bonk herself on the head. “How silly of me.”

Serenity made an amused noise. “Hey, I was confused for a second too, so it’s not just you.”

“Won’t need a lighter either,” I added.

“Actually,” Serenity interjected. “I really want to try using magic too. Do you think we could try?”

“Sure. I’m not sure I’m the best person to explain how to do it, but we can try at least. This is really about you two, so I’m up for whatever you want to do.”

Serenity’s face flushed slightly, and Gabriella grinned.

“Anyway,” I quickly continued, popping open my door. “Let’s grab some meat.”

“Oh baby,” my redhead fiancé chimed, giggling softly as she opened her door to climb out too, with it being obvious she was holding back on further teasing for our sake.

I’d been shopping with Serenity a lot over the years, but going shopping with her and Gabriella was a little bit of a different experience. Honestly, I was kind of used to Serenity occasionally getting looks, and I knew that I could definitely expect that with Gabriella, but it was like the two of them together was a *magnet* for everyone’s attention.

Guy, girl, old, young, it didn’t matter.

There wasn’t a single person we walked passed who didn’t stare openly with some level of awe, or as if they were just completely stunned. Like, I’d think they were recognizable actresses or models, with how people gawked at them. Or that they were at least wearing something overly seductive.

But no, while dressed a little nice, their outfits shouldn’t have felt too out of place.

Of course, Serenity’s black dress did hug her body like a glove, including on the hips, and there was no hiding Gabriella’s bust and hot ass, never mind how beautiful they both were overall, but the combination definitely had an effect I sincerely wasn’t expecting.

I supposed I got some looks too, causing me to wonder if that was actually part of the reason.

It was as if our relationship status was obvious to everyone.

They would look at us and just immediately know -- those three, extremely attractive people, *are together*.

More than that, it was like they knew -- they have sex *together*.

And actually, the longer we were in the store, with Serenity having taken up the task of pushing the cart, the more I began to wonder if someone was going to come up to us and ask if they could pay for videos of us fucking or something.

Like, the thought was crazy, and my initial reaction to the idea was that I was letting things go to my head a little, but then I started really thinking about it. Gabriella was sexy as hell and had a sincere erotic pull to her presence, due to her being part succubus.

And then I was half incubus...

Never mind that I could honestly say that both of my women were objectively hot by anyone's standards. So maybe the looks I was seeing in people's eyes, both male and female, really were what I was imagining it to be.

Because most people obviously watched stuff online, so when seeing pornstars in real life, why not want to watch that too?

Oh well, I supposed I'd just have to get used to it, especially since I might one day end up shopping with most of my women in tow. Shit, just the idea of having Natalie, Avery, Michelle, and maybe even Mrs. Rebecca here too...

I mean, had there somehow been even just one person who had managed to resist gawking previously, there was no way we wouldn't get all the stares in that situation. No way their imaginations wouldn't run wild, seeing all of us and just end up knowing that we all fucked together.

Once we grabbed everything we needed, including a bunch of cuts of meat, a folding campfire grill, bottles of water, as well as graham crackers, marshmallows, and chocolate, we made our way to the checkout, only to have the truly unexpected happen. There had been one guy who had initially been in line behind us, who cleared his throat as if he was going to say something to Serenity, but when I glanced at him -- not even threateningly -- the blood drained from his face and he immediately looked away.

But then, after Serenity joined Gabriella at the front of the cart to get ready to pay, the male cashier pulled out his card and tried handing it to Serenity.

“Umm, I can get this for you, if you want,” he said seriously, almost looking dazed, like he wanted nothing more than to buy these groceries for the two of them.

Serenity’s brown eyes widened in sincere shock, only for her to exchange a glance with Gabriella, before she shook her head and gently declined.

The guy didn’t even look bummed by the rejection as he stuck his card back in his pocket, instead saying in a reassuring tone that, if she changed her mind, to just let him know and he’d pay for it.

I was honestly just stunned, and then even more so when he focused on me, and then gave me a big smile like we were great buddies. Like shit, I really wasn’t imagining it.

Everyone was acting really strange around us.

I barely looked at the guy behind us, and he reacted like I’d given him a death glare, and this guy was holding my gaze just fine, as if he thought he was doing me a favor by buying groceries for my women. Two totally different reactions, both of them completely unnatural.

I supposed with the guy behind me, I didn’t want him to talk to Serenity, and with this guy, I was just stunned that he’d even offer, not really having an opinion, but it wasn’t exactly like they could read my mind or anything. Unless maybe they were sensing my aura or something, but I was sure a normal person couldn’t perceive such a thing...

Weird.

Just really weird.

I had no explanation for what was going on.

When we finally got to the car, Gabriella was the first one to bring it up.

“Well...that was different,” she said simply.

“I’ve never had so many people stare at me,” Serenity agreed, glancing down at herself. “And I’m not even really dressed sexy.”

“Something was definitely different,” I agreed. “Might not hurt to bring it up to Miriam tonight, since we’ll be seeing her later anyway. Maybe we’re accidentally doing something we aren’t aware of.”

“Like charming people or something?” Serenity wondered, glancing at Gabriella when she grabbed the now empty cart to move it to the nearest stall.

"I don't know," I admitted. "Gabriella used to always get looks anyway. Supposedly it's kind of normal for her."

"Yeah," Gabriella agreed from like thirty feet away, having heard my lower tone easily, quickly hurrying back over, her pleated skirt bouncing with the movement, her chest surprisingly not bouncing as much, held fairly snug in her bra. She waited until she was closer to continue her statement. "It is kind of normal, but not like that."

Serenity and I simply nodded as we separated to climb in the vehicle, with my sexy brunette only speaking up once I was pulling away. "Actually, now that I'm thinking about it, a lot of my coworkers have been...extra leery. Not in a creepy way, like they're about to jump me or something, but more like they're just stunned by how good I look." She paused. "But I don't look any different, right?"

"You've always been beautiful, but yeah, you don't look any different," I agreed.

Gabriella chimed back in, leaning forward in her seat to stick her head between our shoulders. "You know, Kai obviously changed us, but into *what*, exactly? Like, if he's half-incubus, does that mean we're part-incubus too? Of course, we're still female, but maybe the traces of being essentially a sex demon kind of got passed along too." She paused, frowning as Serenity and I exchanged a glance, before continuing. "When we were at Miriam's place, she mentioned that I was more succubus than mom is while I'm transformed, but not necessarily that I was fully a succubus now."

"Actually," I quickly interjected. "When I overheard your mom and grandmother talking, Miriam actually admitted you felt pretty much like a true succubus, just without the deformations that the others have, like the wings and tail."

"Oh," Gabriella said in surprise. "When was that?"

I frowned as I thought about it, realizing it was actually just this morning, early before Natalie and I had left the mansion. Mrs. Rebecca had stopped by, and the two of them had spoken in private -- or at least, they thought they were speaking in private.

"This morning," I said simply. "When your mom came to pick me up."

She sighed. "Well, I guess that eliminates that theory. Might be just because I'm more succubus than I was before."

Serenity cleared her throat. “Well, you might still be right though. About all of us having some traces of being a sex demon. Because obviously I’m not a succubus, but I’ve noticed a difference too. Much more so just now in the store, but even at work it feels like everyone is looking at me. And then there was my coworker who managed to startle me. If I’m being completely honest, it kind of felt like she was flirting with me. I didn’t really think anything of her standing so close while we were waiting on the copier to finish, but her grabbing my sides like that, claiming she was trying to tickle me, just seemed really out of place.” She paused, glancing at us. “She has a boyfriend, so I didn’t think of it like that when it happened, but now I’m starting to wonder.”

“Just please don’t put up with the guys doing that,” I said seriously.

“Oh, of course, Kai,” she agreed. “I would have slapped the person if it had been a guy, and at least threatened to report them for sexual harassment. But like I said, she has a boyfriend and it was just so unexpected that all I could think about was trying to keep my cool after the startle.”

“Definitely need to talk to Miriam,” Gabriella agreed with a frown. “At least see what she thinks.”

I glanced back at her. “Not going to call her grandmother?” I said playfully.

She rolled her eyes, her tone lighthearted, but also giving a serious response to my question. “Not only does she not look the part, I didn’t even know she existed until a few days ago. So no.”

Serenity grimaced. “I might have to really give up coffee, because I think that made it worse. I hadn’t even drank half of it, but it was like someone lit a fire through my body when she startled me.”

I focused on her in surprise. “Oh, yeah. You definitely might want to lay off the morning coffee. Sorry,” I added.

“It’s fine, Kai,” she said reassuringly, reaching out to grab my hand to pull it back in her lap, only to shift her weight in her seat like she was trying to get comfortable. “Like I said, I wouldn’t have it any other way. I like being like you. Giving up coffee is a small sacrifice.”

I simply nodded, prompting Gabriella to speak up.

“So where are we going?”

I frowned as I considered that. “Well, I mentioned eight or nine to Miriam, and it’s already almost half past six. She technically said any time

was fine, so I might just message her and say we'll be closer to ten or eleven."

"Wow Kai," Gabriella teased. "What do you think we'll end up doing that'll take so long?"

I rolled my eyes, smirking as I just shook my head. "It's not that. I just kind of want to return to the field where we met Miriam halfway, but it's half an hour to get there, and we would need to go back to pick up Avery and Natalie."

"Why there?" Serenity wondered.

"Just felt really secluded there," I replied with a shrug. "We could find someplace closer. Up to you two."

They exchanged a glance.

"I'm fine with that," Gabriella replied.

Serenity nodded. "Yeah, that's fine with me too."

I pulled out my phone in response, proceeding to hand it to Serenity so she could let Miriam know, just to double-check she was also fine with us being later than I'd first indicated. Unsurprisingly, she reassured us that any time was fine.

Serenity then continued to send messages to Miriam, with Gabriella looking over her shoulder, before Serenity finally pulled out her own phone and continued typing.

I realized she must have given the short redhead her number, or vice versa, which of course made perfect sense. Really, all my women should probably exchange numbers just to ensure they could get in contact with each other if needed.

Once we got to the secluded field, the sun still up but getting low on the horizon, I rolled down the window as we slowly drove down the gravel path, listening intently for any noises that might indicate people were nearby. But this truly was a great spot to have some semblance of privacy.

Really most treks in the woods would result in the same seclusion, but there wasn't even any traffic on the road we'd just pulled off, and hadn't been when I was last here. Plus, I figured if this was a good enough spot for Miriam, then it was a good enough spot for us.

I really wanted our date to go well, and felt like we'd just be asking to get interrupted elsewhere, even though I knew I was probably just being overly paranoid.

As we all climbed out, we quickly designated tasks and got to work, all of us grabbing a grocery bag, or two, to take to the left corner of the field, closer to the road, where we planned on setting up our campfire right at the tree line, the vegetation being far too thick to see anything through the trees. We then all started gathering sticks and fallen branches, with my two women being a little more careful about it, not wanting to snag their clothing, and cause a tear.

They really weren't dressed appropriate for rummaging through the brush, but neither complained.

Once I had a pile of sticks, all of them smaller than a finger so we could get a bed of coals going, they both huddled around me as I lit it with a blue flame at the tip of my finger.

"That's so wild," Serenity commented, seeing it for the third time now. "Who knew you could really use magic?"

"That really is cool," Gabriella agreed. "I hope I can do it too."

"Well, let's cook our food and eat first. We should probably find some seats too."

"Right," Gabriella agreed, standing up straighter. "I saw a fallen tree. I kind of want to see if I can break it, and if not, then you can probably break it, right?"

I smirked. "Yeah, I'm sure I can," I agreed simply both of us following her into the brush as the fire grew. In the end, we carried a five-foot-long section of the fallen tree over to the campfire, and then stumbled across a pretty large rock, roughly about twice as wide as my chest.

It had to weigh several hundred pounds, but I was able to carry it in my arms just fine, only getting my nice shirt a little dirty, not that I was really concerned about it.

By then most of the sticks had burned enough that I decided to add another layer of twigs, planning on only adding the larger sticks and logs we'd collected once it was nice and hot. I then decided to start another fire a couple of feet away, figuring it would be nice to have one that was blazing more for the light, while we cooked over the coals of the first one.

For the second campfire, I ultimately ended up stacking logs in a teepee formation once I'd burned enough sticks. Whereas, for the first fire, I laid some large sticks flat over the bed of coals, setting up the folding grill so that it could start heating up the metal. The grill itself was basically just a

metal grate with folding metal legs that was placed directly over the campfire, allowing the meat to cook roughly half a foot above the coals.

Overall, the timing thus far wasn't much different than having to wait for our food to be prepared at a restaurant, never mind any time we might have been forced to spend waiting to be seated. It was only a Tuesday night, but if they were low on waiters then it could still take fifteen or twenty minutes to be seated.

However, it was obvious that Serenity and Gabriella were both getting really hungry, because they found sticks for me to sharpen, deciding to start making s'mores over the second fire -- browning the marshmallows over the flames, and then making their makeshift sandwich with two graham cracker squares and a piece of chocolate, the heat from the gooey marshmallow melting the sweet cocoa.

Although, knowing how hungry they were just made me even more surprised when Serenity made her first one, only to walk over and hold it up to my lips to give me the first bite just as I was starting to lay some steak on the grill. It was a pretty large surface, so I could easily fit a whopping six slabs of meat on at once.

I smiled at Serenity as I accepted the bite, loving it when she winked at me, before she finished that one and began making another.

We'd purchased some steak seasoning as well, so I sprinkled that on and resumed focused on making dinner as Gabriella came over to give me a bite of the one she'd made as well, being a little more sensual about the experience when she bent over to rest her tits on my head as I took a bite, only to moan as she ate the rest of it while remaining in that position.

Serenity then had to one-up her by having me turn my head so she could feed me a bite directly into my mouth, our lips sticky with chocolate and melted marshmallow, with her laughing when it didn't go as well as she was hoping -- making more of a mess on her own face than anything.

But then things got drastically more steamy.

"Oh, I can help with that!" Gabriella chimed as Serenity stood back up, my busty redhead unexpectedly reaching up to grab the back of my sexy brunette's neck, her other hand occupied with another s'more.

Without hesitation, Gabriella abruptly planted her lips right on Serenity's mouth, causing her brown eyes to widen.

But then, much to my shock, they both moaned.

Serenity immediately dropped the remaining s'more in her hand, and wrapped her arms around Gabriella's waist, tugging their bodies together as they started passionately making-out, squishing their tits into each other, going from zero to a million in an instant.

I just gawked at them, loving the overwhelmingly passionate show, but stunned by how quickly it had devolved into such intense kissing.

"Oh God," Serenity finally moaned loudly. "I'm so hungry."

"*Hungry and horny*," Gabriella agreed, their lips close. "I've wanted to kiss you like that ever since I met you."

"You have?" Serenity said in sincere surprise, her cheeks flushed, only to not give her the chance to respond, as she passionately mashed her lips back into Gabriella's, thrusting her tongue in her mouth. Reaching down with one hand, she tugged up on her tight black dress a little, only to wrap her smooth bare leg around Gabriella's hip, grinding into her slightly, with my busty redhead having no problem maintaining her balance.

"Here," Gabriella then said, pulling away for a second, taking a quick bite of the s'more in her hand, before forcing their lips back together, pushing that bite in Serenity's mouth. They both then resumed moaning as they continued to kiss, with me honestly being unsure of who ended up swallowing the bite.

The smell of the steak finally made me realize I needed to flip it before it started burning, prompting them both to break their kiss when they heard some of the juices sizzle over the coals.

Serenity chimed in then. "I guess maybe we should eat more, before we continue this. The smell is making me almost agonizingly hungry."

"Yeah, me too," Gabriella agreed, only to plant one last passionate kiss when Ren began pulling away. "Oh shit, I'm so glad to have you. So glad to have you both. I've been obsessed with both of you this whole time."

"So you really meant that?" Serenity said in surprise, grabbing her stick to put a couple more marshmallows on it. "You weren't just saying that as like sexy talk?"

"What? No, of course I really meant that." She paused as she grabbed her stick too. "I mean, I was obviously super interested in Kai, but I was crushing pretty hard on you before I met him. And then, when you introduced us, I just knew right then and there that I wanted you both so bad."

“Love at first sight, huh?” I said playfully.

She grinned back at me. “Well, I wouldn’t say it was as simple as that. I pretty much met Serenity, thought she was really hot, got to know her better, discovered she was an amazing friend, then realized I kind of liked her as more than a friend, and finally ended up meeting you.” She laughed. “Thought you were *impossibly hot*, and really wanted to get to know you -- kind of did through Serenity, and the more she talked about you, the more I realized just how perfect you were for me. Exactly what I wanted and then some.”

“So then, what was your plan exactly?” Serenity said playfully. “You were going to seduce him, and then try seducing me?”

Gabriella grinned. “I’m not sure if I would have had the courage,” she admitted to Serenity. “Wanting two people, and actually trying to make that work out, is two completely different things. I was crushing on you, but I was absolutely enthralled with Kai. Doubt you’d ever be interested in us being more than friends anyway, and didn’t want to mess up our friendship. But when I found out he liked you, and then realized you might like him too, I kind of couldn’t resist the opportunity to try to make it work.”

“Honestly,” I chimed in. “Kind of surprised things have gone so smoothly thus far, because I feel like there’s been a lot of opportunity for this to get really messy.”

Gabriella sighed. “Well, I think it’s a combination of you being such a great catch, even without your incubus voodoo, combined with most of us being a little interested in each other.” She paused. “I mean, I’m part succubus, so being bi-curious isn’t that unusual anyway, but I’m super interested in Avery as well, not to mention Michelle...” Her voice trailed off as she bit her bottom lip gently.

“Yeah...kind of me too,” Serenity agreed. “But...I am most interested in you, I think. Well, you and Ms. Miriam.”

Gabriella gulped. “Miriam is...well, *really hot*,” my busty redhead agreed seriously. “Kind of like, *so ridiculously hot*. And I feel so wrong for saying that, but I’m...well, really interested in getting to know her better.” She paused, focusing on Serenity. “But don’t get me wrong, I really like you a ton too. Like, I can confidently say you’re first for me. Avery’s probably who I’m second most interested in. It’s just, I’m not sure that ranking each other is going to be healthy for our overall relationship.”

“Probably not,” I agreed without thinking, only to focus up at them. “Not that I really care if any of you do that kind of thing. Like, Natalie and Avery have really kind of hit it off recently, and that might just be how it is. That they’ll have a stronger relationship with each other than anyone else.”

“Oh,” Serenity said in surprise. “Yeah, I would agree with that. Especially that ranking each other is probably not a good idea.” She focused on Gabriella. “And I don’t mind if you end up getting really close to Avery. I was just saying...I mean, just that, out of all the girls, you’re who I’m most interested in.”

“Like I said,” Gabriella agreed with a smirk. “I feel the same way.”

“But?” Serenity wondered, sensing that there was one.

Gabriella seemed surprised. “Oh, well, I mean long-term I feel like we need to view this as a multi-person relationship. I want to have a relationship with Kai, and I want to have a relationship with you, but we’re all probably going to end up having sex with each other. And with anyone we do have sex with, I expect at least a close friendship to grow too. Like with Michelle. I doubt that my relationship will turn out the same as with Avery, but no doubt we’re still going to fuck.”

My entire body shifted in an instant.

Thus far, I’d been really good about keeping my reaction under control, but just visualizing Gabriella and Michelle passionately going at it sent me soaring past my tipping point.

Serenity laughed. “Wow, Kai. You really liked that didn’t you?”

“Yeah, he must have,” Gabriella agreed. “Dang. Which part turned you on?”

“Surprised you don’t already know,” I managed. “Since your mom and Miriam both seem to have that sixth sense of theirs.” I cleared my throat. “Anyway, you two should probably eat these steaks before they get overcooked. Right now, they’re pretty much perfect.”

“Uh-huh,” Gabriella teased, walking over as she munched on her latest s’more. “I see what you did there, changing the subject. But I guess you’re right, I really am starving.”

I handed her a slab of juicy meat, followed by handing one to Serenity too, both women just grabbing it with their bare hands, and then moving to sit down on the log, leaning over slightly and biting right into it with all the grace of a barbarian.

It was actually kind of a sexy sight, in a weird way, both of them nicely dressed, yet eating like ravenous wolves. And even as I put on a few more steaks, I was bringing over a couple more from the original six for them to eat, finally grabbing one for myself to chew on.

It was obviously a greasy meal, but it was nothing that wouldn't wash out of our clothing, neither one hesitating to wipe their hands on their skirts.

However, it was just as Serenity got up to grab a third steak, her dress riding up almost high enough to be exposing her, that she abruptly groaned as she reached up to scratch her forehead roughly.

"Ugh, why am I so itchy?"

"You have been scratching a lot the last few days," Gabriella commented.

I frowned at that, realizing she was right. In particular, I felt like I'd first noticed it on Sunday, after we'd come back home when Mrs. Rebecca sort of tested me by rejecting me. And since then, we'd had a lot going on, but I had occasionally seen her scratch, usually in one of the same two places. Not to mention, she'd been shifting in her seat frequently, like she couldn't get comfortable.

I was about to respond, since we'd already kind of theorized what might be going on, but Serenity cut me off, abruptly closing the gap between us, most of her steak still in her hand.

"Ugh, you know what? *I can't take it anymore*," she said almost aggressively, abruptly straddling my legs and plopping down in my lap, only to take a big bite of her steak, her toned legs completely exposed now. I half expected her to try feeding it to me, but she didn't, instead wrapping her other arm around my head, and shoving her tits in my face, squeezing as hard as she could. "Ugh! I feel like I'm going crazy! I'm having so many urges at once!"

"Hey, are you okay?" Gabriella asked seriously, realizing Serenity wasn't just being dramatic right now. She was completely serious. She'd gone from mostly fine, to suddenly acting like there was really something going on.

"No, something's wrong with me," she said seriously, only to groan again, her tone almost desperate. "Kai, please get your cock out. I really need to feel you in me again," she pleaded, taking another big bite of steak.

Needless to say, I was super confused by this sudden shift in her demeanor, but wasn't about to deny her that request. I was already pretty stiff, but just the idea of getting inside of her was enough to finish making me as hard as a rock.

Gabriella walked closer as Serenity pushed up just enough to let me undo my pants, with me pulling out my cock, even as she used her free hand to hike up her dress more, revealing that she wasn't wearing any underwear, her pussy lips swollen.

She then grabbed me and began sinking right down, my cock suddenly enveloped in her warmth, moaning uncontrollably as I wrapped my arms around her waist.

"Uhhhh," Serenity moaned, only to abruptly take another bite of steak, even as she itched her head again. "Ugh! It's too much!" she complained loudly, her volume rising. "Gabriella can you please scratch my back? Please! Lower back!"

"Serenity," I said seriously in concern, even as Gabriella quickly pulled up Serenity's dress more and started scratching. "Talk to us. Do you feel like you're needing to transform? Try shifting. Maybe your body is trying to grow new limbs."

All at once she shifted, her skin gray, her hair black, her eyes bright red set against a midnight background, her lips and eyelids a vibrant purple.

"Ahhh!" she cried, dropping the rest of her steak on the ground as she wrapped her arms around my head tightly and thrust up on my cock. "Please! Please scratch harder!" she pleaded desperately, really freaking out as she began bouncing roughly on my shaft.

Gabriella was raking her nails into her skin as fast as she could, but it was like it wasn't enough.

Serenity's entire body abruptly tensed.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!" she screamed in sincere agony, not one of pain, but one of having several unfilled needs, like that itch that couldn't be scratched.

And then, all at once, her body began making popping noises, her abruptly shoving her head down against mine as pitch-black nobs rapidly began elongating into curved horns. And with it, her pussy began throbbing violently against my cock, each pop originating from her lower back causing her muscled walls to squeeze tightly.

Gabriella jumped up in alarm, even as a rapidly elongating tail began swaying aggressively in the air.

I wasn't trying to get there, but I'd never felt such intense stimulation on my cock.

It was like each vertebra that grew made her pussy squeeze me in a vice grip.

Even as Serenity started hissing between her teeth, giving my head a death squeeze, I held her even tighter as I erupted my load deep into her snatch, pulsing over and over again, filling her pussy with my cum.

And then she moaned loudly, abruptly throwing her head back as she thrust her tits firmly in my face. "*UHHHHHHHHHH!*"

She began tensing more and more, her now four-foot-long tail as straight as a board, the gray color rapidly growing darker and darker, almost beginning to look shiny as it rapidly transitioned to a pitch-black...just like Miriam's tail.

"*OH GOD!*" Serenity then yelled, jerking her head back down and crying out again as she cummed hard on my cock, stimulated by my own fluids. "*UHHHHHHH! Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!*" she groaned.

"Umm, Serenity?" Gabriella said hesitantly. "You have a tail and horns now..."

"*Feels so much better,*" Serenity whimpered, sounding sincerely relieved almost to the point of tears. "Oh shit, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. That was so horrible. Oh God, I feel so much better now."

"Did it hurt?" Gabriella asked seriously, still just seeming stunned.

Serenity took a really deep breath, only to sit up a little to focus down at me, her pussy still throbbing on my shaft, but speaking to her. "It wasn't like *painful*, exactly. More like it itched, and I was starving, and I was horny, all that the same time. Felt like it was an itch I couldn't scratch, and like I was on the verge of cumming, but just couldn't get there. Like all those sensations all at once."

"Well," I said breathlessly, since she was focused on me. "At least, this confirms our earlier suspicions. Growing extra limbs might really be a possibility for everyone."

Serenity's eyes abruptly widened in surprise. "Wait, how do I go back to normal?" she asked in alarm. "Feels like I can't!"

Oh.

Shit.

That could be a big problem.

Fuck, more like a huge problem!

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(6) Chapter 81: Emotional

Figuring that Serenity just needed to calm down in order to transform back to normal, I had her get off my lap and focus on eating more steak, since she was still hungry anyway. In the meantime, Gabriella prompted me to speak more about my first time when I grew out my wings, seeming to want to give Serenity some hope so she could just calm down, her anxiety likely making it worse.

Unfortunately, the truth was, I didn't know if my situation was similar.

I'd snuck out of the house near the full moon and grown out my wings in the middle of the night, not returning home for a few hours. Of course, I was on-board with Gabriella's intentions, so while I admitted I wasn't sure if it would have been impossible for me to revert to my human form right away back then, I also made sure she knew that I was transformed for several hours.

Gabriella also asked Serenity if her back was itching, and my first love just shook her head, her crimson eyes filling with tears, her entire body beginning to tremble. Being fully transformed, her hair was pitch-black, her overall appearance looking a lot like Gwen now that she had horns that curved back over her head, her lips and eyelids a rich purple. Honestly, the only major difference was their actual skin complexion, with Serenity's coloring being much more similar to mine. Not to mention the whites of Gwen's eyes were like a normal person, whereas Serenity's sclera were pitch-black.

Very much like she was a hybrid of an Inferno Imp and whatever I truly was.

Especially since her now midnight tail, which was nearly black but also almost had an eggplant hue to it, didn't show any signs of growing fur.

Only problem was, Gwen didn't have wings, and Serenity's back wasn't itching, which I knew had been the one thing Serenity had been looking forward to, prior to me injecting her with my blood. Granted, after she'd transformed, she ended up feeling like the idea seemed almost bizarre to her after already feeling so different, but I almost wondered if that was why she was looking so upset now.

Not just because she felt like she couldn't turn back, but because she wasn't even showing signs of getting the one thing she really wanted -- wings.

In fact, the only person who had complained about having an itchy back thus far was Gabriella a few days ago, and I hadn't noticed her complain since then.

I thought about asking, but decided to just keep the conversation focused on Serenity for now, especially in case that was actually a big part of Serenity's concern in this moment...

Honestly, she seemed *really* emotionally unstable, as if she was super hormonal right now and barely holding it together.

However, then Gabriella made a comment, clearly trying to lighten the mood, only for it to have the opposite effect. I was just about to grab Serenity another steak, with her having finished her last one, when my busty redhead spoke.

"Well, I guess it's a good thing we didn't go to a restaurant after all," Gabriella said in a lighthearted tone. "Would have been hard to scratch that 'horny itch' in public."

Just like that, without further warning, Serenity's mood immediately deteriorated all the way, and she began sobbing.

Like, *really* sobbing, her breathing picking up, her body trembling more, as if she was beginning to have a panic attack.

"Ren!" I said in alarm, flying off my makeshift seat, and kneeling to wrap my arms around her. "It's okay," I tried reassuring her.

She immediately shook her head and just cried harder, her breathing even more escalated, to the point that I'd never seen her fall apart like this in my entire life. Not even when our parents passed away.

Something was definitely wrong.

And we needed to prioritize that over our date.

Without thinking, I scooped her up in my arms and stood to my feet, focusing down on a surprised Gabriella. "We're going to Miriam's now. Grab a few water bottles to put out the fires."

"O-Okay," she replied quickly, jumping up to do so, following me back to the car. "What should I do with the leftover steak?"

My brow furrowed. "I guess just pack up what we can. We should probably try to make it look like we weren't even here."

Gabriella simply nodded, Serenity whining now as she sobbed, truly seeming like she was having a panic attack. Shit, what was wrong with her?! I couldn't even ask, because I knew she wouldn't be able to respond.

Setting her down in the backseat, knowing we'd have to keep her out of sight on the way there, she immediately pulled her knees up to her chest, reaching up to grab her horns, partially covering her face as she curled in on herself, sobbing like her grief was never going to end.

Her fairly long midnight tail was even curled, coming out of her black dress and bending upward to the crook of her knees, before moving back along her calves like it was trying to conform to her body, being pretty much the same length as her legs.

Wanting to get out of here as soon as possible, I grabbed a few more water bottles from the trunk and then ran over to help Gabriella, dousing some on the metal grill to cool it off, while my first fiancé focused on putting out the larger fire they'd cooked marshmallows over, creating a ton of smoke in the process.

I then moved the grill out of the way, and began kicking up dirt to bury the coals, prompting Gabriella to try doing the same on the other smoking pit. Once I was done, I moved over to help her, speaking in a rush.

"Are you fine with driving?"

"Of course," she said just as quickly. "Should I call the others to meet us there?"

"They're already getting in the car," I admitted, sensing the urgency coming from Avery as she communicated with her mom and Mrs. Rebecca, Natalie having climbed in the backseat already of Mrs. Rebecca's black car, since the mature redhead was the only one who knew how to get there.

Gabriella's eyes widened at that, but she didn't comment, instead focusing again on helping to kick dirt over the remaining coals with her foot. Both she and Serenity had worn flats so she wasn't making as much progress as me.

Finally, I told her that I'd finish the rest, asking her to pick up any remaining trash we had, only for me to pick up the five foot log and toss it back into the trees, followed by rolling the rock into the brush too.

The last thing I did was grab the semi-cooled metal grill, quickly verifying that it wasn't obvious anyone had been here, knowing the second

smoking pile of dirt wouldn't be obvious by tomorrow morning, and then headed back to the car.

Once everything was in the trunk, I climbed in back on the other side, so that Serenity's head was closer to my hip, and Gabriella began backing the car up.

Serenity was still holding onto her horns, sobbing incessantly.

Placing one hand over hers, realizing it felt like her body was burning up, I pulled out my phone to quickly send Miriam a message, letting her know we were on our way sooner than expected. Part of me also wanted to tell her that there was an issue, but I knew she would probably assume as much anyway, and I also felt bad that something was always wrong every time we went over to her place.

Honestly, this entire last week had felt like one crisis after another, though this particular one should have been expected -- to some extent, at least.

Serenity's crying didn't stop at all, with her not responding to anything I said to try to reassure her, but it did grow less loud after the first twenty minutes, prompting Gabriella to speak up again once we were much closer to Miriam's property.

"So, this thing with Avery and Natalie. Seems like it's a much bigger deal than I realized."

"Oh, umm...yeah, it's pretty intense," I admitted, wondering if it actually bothered her, trying to remember her expression when I'd mentioned they were already on their way -- something that occurred from a distance, purely as a reaction to the two being aware of what was going on, without me having to make a phone call or anything.

"How...how intense?" she asked carefully, almost seeming as if she'd been hesitant to bring it up with Serenity still crying, but obviously wanting to know.

I sighed, keeping my voice down, even though Serenity would hear just fine either way. "Well, I can tell you that your mom is driving, and that Michelle's in the passenger's seat. And that Avery and Natalie are holding hands in the backseat. They both are pretty focused on me right now, so they know what you just asked and what I'm telling you right now."

My busty redhead's eyes were wide in sincere shock at that. "Oh... that's..." She paused. "That's definitely intense."

“Yeah,” I said simply, unsure of what else to say right now.

Because it honestly was super intense.

And I suspected there was a lot that could be said, not just from me, but from Gabriella too, but now didn’t really feel like the most appropriate time. Not when Serenity was still falling apart as if a lifetime of grief and regret had hit her all at once, nearly suffocating her with how hard she was crying.

I knew Gabriella had already commented that she was interested in trying to form a bond like that too, so I wasn’t sure if the intensity was something she wasn’t sure she wanted, or if...well, if maybe she was worried about never being able to achieve a bond like that.

Like, what if it wasn’t possible with everyone else?

What if I could only have a bond like that with Avery and Natalie? How would that affect my relationships with everyone else long-term?

I wasn’t sure.

And I suspected it did, in fact, make Gabriella a little concerned.

But we both left it at that, as we continued on the remaining trek to Miriam’s place.

I felt like we all relaxed some once we pulled into Miriam’s long wide driveway, suddenly surrounded by tall trees that nearly blocked out all the low sunlight. Because this was a truly safe place, where even Serenity wouldn’t have to worry about what she looked like right now.

I’d been planning on pulling out my phone once we were on her property, to let her know we’d basically arrived, but the moment we passed through the first barrier, I got a potent sense of her presence on the property, due to me sharing in ownership, with it almost feeling as if the magical domain itself was welcoming me home.

I knew Miriam was always excited to have us over, even though I’d just seen her earlier that morning, so I wasn’t even surprised when we found both her and Gwen standing on the concrete steps waiting for us as Gabriella pulled around the gurgling fountain.

Initially, the sexy devil maid’s black furry tail was actually swaying absentmindedly behind her, almost as if she was happy, with her wearing her silk maid uniform again, but that just made her tail’s sudden stillness all the more noticeable. Her brow furrowed as she undoubtedly picked up on Serenity’s thoughts, prompting her to whisper quickly to her mistress, who

was dressed in jean shorts and a simple white blouse -- a whisper I overheard without a problem.

“Something is wrong with Serenity. She’s really upset...she...” Her voice trailed off as her brow furrowed. “She’s holding onto horns. I think that’s part of why she’s upset.”

Miriam’s emerald eyes were wide as she listened, prompting her to nod as we finally pulled up.

And now I was concerned for an entirely reason.

Why hadn’t I considered that!

All this time, prior to telling Serenity my secret, my biggest concern had been that she’d reject me upon realizing I could transform into some kind of devil. Because, even if she didn’t go to church, she still believed in God. And while she didn’t seem to mind my demonic appearance after all, still accepting me without a problem, she’d repeatedly complained about her own scary appearance in the last few days.

A scary appearance that was far worse than any of the others to begin with, even in comparison to Gwen, and now suddenly she had horns!

She had horns!

No wonder she was upset! She was terrified she might never be able to look normal, having suddenly transitioned fully into a devil -- an appearance that was scary enough to spook her whenever she saw herself in the mirror.

Or was that really it?

Gwen shook her head slightly, focused on me now, as Miriam walked right up to my door and opened it up, that natural maternal aura radiating off her with waves of sincere concern and affection as she spoke up.

“Oh sweetie,” she said gently in response to both seeing and hearing her curled up sobbing, motioning for me to get up.

I did so, knowing I’d certainly not been able to help at all, taking a step back as Miriam slipped in next to her, the potency of that motherly aura dramatically escalating as she gently covered her hand were mine had been.

And I knew Serenity could sense it too, because she actually began sobbing even harder, despite having already cried for nearly half an hour straight.

“Oh honey,” Miriam whispered somberly, scooting her hip even closer, helping her to raise her head onto her lap. “*Shhh*, you’re going to be alright.

You're safe here. It's going to be alright," she said sympathetically.

I gave Gwen my attention when she reached out for my shoulder, only for her to slip her thin fingers down my arm and into my hand, gently encouraging me to follow her into the house -- I assumed she had something to tell me based on her expression.

Gabriella quickly noticed and finally got out of the driver's seat to join us, likely wanting to hear what she had to say too.

The moment we stepped through the large front doors, with my busty redhead having caught up, Gabriella spoke right away in almost a whisper.

"Do you know what's wrong with her? Nothing we say seems to help. It's like she won't talk to us."

Gwen finally turned at the entrance to the grand foyer to face us. "Her emotional state is really unstable right now, and I've really only seen something like this in two particular types of people."

Gabriella and I exchanged a glance.

"What's that?" I asked seriously.

"Either someone going through puberty or someone who is pregnant," she said seriously.

My eyes flew open in alarm, causing her to shake her head.

"No, I'm not implying she's pregnant. Only that she's very...well, essentially, *very hormonal* right now. And it makes sense, if her body is going through these drastic changes. I've seen Rebecca become this emotional when she was younger, and I've also witnessed Rebecca's mother becoming highly emotional like this when pregnant." She focused more intently on me. "And no, master, it's not as simple as her not liking her appearance. I think the reason why she hasn't said anything is because she *wants* to be like you, and so she doesn't want to say anything that would make you think otherwise."

"But she *is* thinking otherwise," I assumed.

"Yes and no," she replied. "From what I'm getting from her, even now, she's sincerely afraid of not being able to look normal again. Afraid that she won't be able to live life normally again. That she'll have to quit her job, and that she won't be able to go out in public ever again, without risking exposure. In many ways, she almost 'feels' like her life is over completely, which is probably just a symptom of her heightened emotional state. But

she's also afraid to say anything, because she's terrified you'll regret changing her, or think that she doesn't appreciate it."

Gabriella chimed in. "So essentially, Kai's the wrong person to comfort her, because she's afraid of hurting his feelings. Afraid he'll misunderstand how she feels."

Gwen's purple lips tugged down into a frown. "In a way, yes. She's also embarrassed by the fact that she can't pull herself together -- she's embarrassed that she's falling apart right now in the first place -- and that feeling of shame is just making it all worse. Like I said, she's very emotionally unstable and hormonal right now, much like someone pregnant, or a girl going through puberty."

"Anyone going through puberty," Gabriella teased.

I shrugged. "Honestly, I wasn't really that emotional, although I was kind of depressed during that time."

Gabriella grimaced. "Sorry. Bad time to try making a joke. Well, not really a joke, but you know."

"It's fine," I replied, focusing back on Gwen.

The sexy devil maid was grimacing now. "She's starting to get really hungry again, and we don't have any meat here," she said without prompt.

My eyes widened at that. "Maybe she's not done transforming then. I could catch her something, and we could continue our cookout in the woods here, if Miriam doesn't mind."

"She won't mind," Gwen confirmed with a small nod.

I nodded, pulling out my phone to check something. "And actually, there's that deer I killed last night. I didn't gut it, but I did drain it dry of blood, and I'm pretty sure that hunters have left out game for longer than that." I paused as I did a quick search, only to verify my suspicion. "Yeah, as long as it bled out quickly, usually the meat is still good for several days. I could go get that and cook it."

"We also have some steak in the car still," Gabriella added.

Gwen nodded. "We can do both. I'll go grab some knives for the deer. As well as a rope to hang it up. I can skin it for you while you get the fire going."

That sincerely surprised me. "Are you sure? I thought you were vegetarian too."

She nodded. "Out of respect for my mistress, yes. And I won't eat any of the meat. But I can dress an animal. Something I was well familiar with in my previous life."

Oh shit, I'd almost forgotten her conundrum -- the fact that she was a hundred and twenty-seven years old, but that she'd been born more than a hundred and twenty-seven years ago, possibly much more.

Miriam claimed that she'd only had two daughters in all her life, and that Gwen was born much closer to when she had her first daughter -- that particular lineage, of which, I assumed must be long since diluted enough so that all those descendants were fully human. But if Miriam had lived for thousands of years, and she'd only had her most recent daughter maybe five hundred years ago, considering that Mrs. Rebecca's *grandmother* was Miriam's second child, then exactly how long ago had Gwen actually been born?

And what was more, I felt like I recalled Miriam saying that Gwen was physically and mentally frozen in time, being roughly in her mid-twenties despite her chronological age...

And when talking about Miriam not wanting to risk her maid getting bitten, she'd kind of implied that Gwen had already been through a lot of traumatizing situations, by suggesting that '*she'd been through enough, without adding curses to the list.*'

Needless to say, while thinking all that, I unexpectedly realized that the person in question was grimacing, her expression almost pained.

"I...I'll go grab those supplies, if...if that's alright, master," she said quietly.

Gabriella noticed the change in her demeanor too, appearing surprised and a little confused as she glanced between us.

"Umm, sure," I replied, my expression apologetic, realizing this was the first time I'd thought about the things Miriam had told me in Gwen's presence. Previously, it was only when Miriam had brought something up, related to her maid, that I'd thought much about it, which might have even meant that Gwen didn't know anything had been said about her past.

And shit, it was obvious she did *not* want to talk about it right now.

"Hey wait," I called out to her as she began walking away. "Just wondering, but can you feel the general direction I'm in, like how I can feel you?"

She stopped to look back at me, her demeanor softening some when she saw I was letting the other thing go, planning on allowing her to bring it up when she was ready. “Umm, yes master. I have a general sense of where you are.”

I nodded, focusing on Gabriella. “Do you want to help her then? I’m going to go grab the deer, and that way you two can find me just fine. I’m assuming Miriam doesn’t want us to do all this too close to the mansion.”

Gabriella simply nodded.

Gwen chimed back in. “You can start the campfire closer to the mansion, but I’ll need to skin the deer further away. Otherwise, my mistress won’t join us. She can tolerate meat by itself, but she won’t come if she can see the eviscerated and skinned carcass.”

“Oh, so she really is super sensitive to death then,” I realized.

“Very sensitive,” she agreed simply, before resuming her departure, her hooves clacking against the wooden floors, Gabriella now hot on her heels.

Going back outside, I quickly explained what I was doing to Miriam, and then proceeded to jump the rocky fence, likewise passing through the innermost barrier, to make a beeline for where I recalled leaving that deer carcass. It was possible that something had already started eating on it, but worst case and I could just try tracking down something else to kill. Only problem was, it was still too early in the evening for the nocturnal creatures to be out, the sun still technically up even though it was nearly twilight amongst the trees, and I didn’t particularly want to spend the next hour trying to catch a bunch of squirrels or rabbits.

With my new sensitivity to Avery and Natalie, I could tell they were still holding hands, but were now more focused on a conversation my two MILFs were having in the front seat. Our bond wasn’t exactly like true telepathy, so while I knew the general topic -- Mrs. Rebecca was giving Michelle, and to some extent, Avery too, a rundown of what her mother was like, and what to expect -- I had no idea what words were actually being said.

Although, I did get the impression that Rebecca was suggesting they not ask too many questions this first time. That it always made Miriam a little paranoid when someone she’d just met asked a bunch of questions...

Of course, I knew why my busty MILF hadn’t warned me about that, since my entire point for visiting was much different.

Miriam had been interested to meet me, partially because she was concerned I was a threat, but once she determined I could be trusted, she was more than happy to answer my questions, since it meant I owed her answers to her own questions.

But in many ways, the others would purely be visitors, who were primarily meeting her because of their connection to me, rather than any inherent interest Miriam might have in meeting them specifically.

It was also possible that the exotic succubus didn't particularly enjoy feeling like a museum exhibit, which was probably how she'd perceive a bunch of questions directly about her appearance.

Hard to say, but I wasn't too concerned about it, knowing the others wouldn't have a problem with Mrs. Rebecca's request.

When I found the deer, I was glad to see that it had been mostly untouched, looking as if something small might have chewed on its leg a little, but otherwise being whole. The canopy above was so thick that practically no direct sunlight reached the forest floor even in the middle of the day, resulting in basically no brush to trudge through between the thick trunks.

Dragging the carcass was no problem, and since I was walking back, Gwen intercepted me about halfway to the mansion, telling me that I could leave the deer here and get a fire going to cook the rest of the steaks we'd purchased.

At first, I felt bad about leaving her to this task by herself, wanting to help, but she emphasized I should focus on Serenity right now, prompting me to begin jogging back the rest of the way.

Sure enough, I spotted Gabriella walking along the outside of the wall with the metal grill in one hand and several unopened packages of steak balanced on the other. After running over to help her, I decided to lead the way more toward the back of the rear gate in order to build my campfire there, roughly a hundred steps away from the rocky wall, and a good dozen feet away from the paved driveway curving around to the back of the mansion.

I then focused on collecting sticks and smaller limbs for the campfire while Gabriella made another trip to the car to get the rest of our stuff, this time using the rear gate and going through the mansion. No doubt she used

the conservatory entrance, which led to a breakfast room, followed by a massive dining room, which then led into the grand foyer and out front.

The place was really big though, so by the time she was returning with what remained of our s'mores supplies, and the package of bottled water, I already had one fire going and was working on the second one, intending on having the same setup as before, since it was best to cook the meat over coals instead of searing it with the flames.

Gabriella also informed me that Miriam was trying to encourage Serenity to come eat, so I decided to use my blue flames to speed up the process on the first fire, rapidly burning it into a bed of brightly glowing orange coals, and then got the metal grill set up to get some of the steak cooking on it.

We then both began looking for seating for all of us, finding a fallen tree that I was able to break into three chunks, the trunk itself almost two feet thick, plenty large enough to make a proper seat about the height of an average chair.

It was while Gabriella was helping me drag the three makeshift benches, definitely being a ton stronger than before, that the others finally arrived in Mrs. Rebecca's car. At first, I could sense from Avery and Natalie that the introductions were very bittersweet, considering Serenity was still crying some in the backseat -- even if she'd calmed down some from Miriam's maternal presence -- but then Natalie decided to take matters into her own hands.

Climbing into the car, she scooped Serenity up into her arms, surprising me since she'd previously not been very strong in her human form, and then carefully climbed back out, intending to bring her to me while the others got to have a proper introduction.

However, she walked around the side of the mansion, instead of going through it, which meant that Gabriella and I finally had our little campground setup with the three logs by the time she was walking through the rear gate.

I'd just flipped the steaks, about to run over to help Natalie, only to be surprised all over again when I sensed that she wanted something else from me.

To have a seat.

Thus, I went ahead and sat down to patiently wait, until Natalie was walking around the trunk to carefully deposit Serenity in my arms, who immediately spoke up as she turned her face into my upper chest, her horns rubbing against my chin.

“Oh Kai,” she whimpered. “I’m so sorry.”

I held her more tightly in my lap as I watched the blue-haired vixen pull up on a steak in the middle to check it. “There’s no reason for you to be sorry,” I reassured her, glancing at Serenity’s tense midnight tail coming out of her dress. “Your body is going through some pretty drastic changes right now.”

“I know, but...” She paused to sniffle, even as Natalie grabbed one of the juicy steaks and walked over with it.

“Here,” she said, holding it out. “I know Gwen said you were getting hungry. This one is pretty close to medium rare.”

Gabriella -- who was still standing -- just looked at her in bewilderment, considering that Natalie had literally just arrived, but I stopped focusing on her when Serenity abruptly turned her head to look at the steak, her crimson eyes suddenly *very hungry*.

Pulling out of my arms, she sat up on my lap, her newly formed midnight tail squished between her legs as she reached out for the steak and began devouring it with all the grace of a ravenous wolf.

Natalie just laughed, wiping her hands on the pair of jeans she was borrowing, seeming completely at ease despite the more somber moods of everyone else, the powerful bond we shared giving her a strong grounding and emotional security.

She felt fine, so long as I was her alpha.

Her tone was sincere. “Remember when you two took me out to lunch, and I ate like that? Was only two days ago that you two saved me, but after everything that’s happened since then, it feels like an eternity ago that I was in a living hell.”

Serenity paused mid-chew as she focused up at her, looking somber, her gray cheeks covered in tearstains. “Sorry you have to see me like this.”

“No, that’s my point,” she admitted, her light brown eyes tense. “I kind of owe you everything. I was in a hopeless situation not long ago, and felt really alone. Which is exactly why I won’t let you feel alone in this. Because you’re not alone. Fuck, I’ll even turn into a hideous monster for

you, if it'll help. So you know that you're nothing except beautiful, even in this form."

Serenity's eyes were filling with tears again, and I was at a complete loss for words, just stunned by how confident Natalie was. And how assertive she was being. How sure she was of herself and of her interactions with my first love.

Serenity sniffled then. "Yeah, but you can turn back," she whispered, still holding on to what remained of the steak in her hands.

"But you won't be alone," Natalie emphasized. "I'll stay here with you, if you can't go back home, and Gwen looks like you too. She's got hooved feet even. I know this is rough, and I know that not being able to change back will suck. But you won't be alone. I promise you won't be alone."

Serenity sniffled again, resuming tearing into her steak as she kept her crimson gaze lowered.

Seeing that she'd made her point, Natalie focused on Gabriella, only to seem a little surprised when my busty redhead immediately averted her gaze, almost looking ashamed that she hadn't been much help, while the blue-haired magazine model had just marched in and took control of the situation without hesitation.

Especially since Serenity and Gabriella were best friends, with it just being the two of them for months before Natalie fell into our lives.

Of course, my own assessment instantly gave Natalie clarification as to what was probably going on, causing her to glance at me briefly before walking over with a forced smile as she spoke to my busty redhead.

"So, umm, would you believe me if I admitted that I'd never had a s'more before?"

Gabriella immediately gawked at her. "No way!" she said in sincere surprise, the tense mood lightening up a ton. "How is that even possible?! Have you been living under a rock your whole life?"

Natalie laughed sincerely at her overly dramatic reaction. "Well, I didn't like the outdoors much growing up." She laughed again. "I mean, look at me. I'm as pale as a ghost, and pretty much always have been. My, umm..." Her expression dropped. "My dad was always trying to get me to do stuff with him. But I was never interested," she added, trying to recover.

I grimaced at that, knowing what she wasn't saying, as she remembered how excited her dad was when she'd been forced to suggest they go canoeing. How he thought she'd finally taken an interest in the stuff he liked to do, and how much it had pained her knowing she was leading them to their deaths.

Her situation was already horrible, but the fact that her actions had caused such intense joy in her parents prior to them getting killed made it all the worse.

Needless to say, between my own thoughts combined with Natalie's memories, Avery instantly walked away from the conversation the other women were having in front of the mansion, causing Michelle to stop midsentence when her daughter departed so abruptly without a word.

My blonde MILF then apologized on her behalf, causing Miriam to suggest they regroup with the rest of us, even as Avery ignored them all, walking in a hurry through the mansion to be near us -- a silent show of support and reassurance.

Natalie had already recovered though, asking if Gabriella would teach her how to make a s'more.

I knew the blue-haired vixen was being a little extra dense, since the box of graham crackers literally had a picture of a s'more on it, but Gabriella was being a little overdramatic too, the two of them playfully defusing the briefly tense atmosphere.

By the time that Avery was sitting down next to me, with Miriam, Mrs. Rebecca, and Michelle close behind just a minute later, everyone seemed to be in a good mood, Serenity included now that she was stuffing her face with all the meat she could eat.

The three older women, all of them looking deceptively young, especially Miriam, decided to sit on the trunk across the fire from us, the three of them lost in their own private conversation while Gabriella and Natalie socialized over the marshmallows they were roasting.

Unsurprisingly, my busty redhead gave her first one to Serenity to devour in between bites of meat, and the blue-haired vixen handed hers to Avery to share with me. In the meantime, Gwen finally came back with a few slabs of meat from the deer, looking surprisingly clean despite what she'd been doing, her thick muscular thighs and fur-covered legs looking so hot as she walked.

The scent of cooking meat was potent in the air, making my mouth water.

Avery finally got up then, and carefully pulled off the last few steaks, freeing up space for Gwen, the action causing Michelle to speak up, interrupting Miriam briefly.

“Oh honey, those must be hot. Are you sure you’ve got it?”

“Yeah, I’m fine, mom,” Avery replied, sitting back down while carefully holding them so that the excess juices dripped on the ground. “Honestly, things don’t really feel hot anymore. Not ever since Kai made me different.”

“Huh,” Miriam chimed in, facing toward us as Gwen carefully placed the two large slabs of meat on the grill. “I’ve already told Kai this, but I’ve never heard of an incubus being heat resistant. Succubi are, as well as certain other types of demons, but not incubi.”

I decided to chime in. “Yeah, but I’m obviously not just an incubus.”

“True,” she agreed, her emerald gaze focusing on me warmly. “It’s just interesting to see how your blood has affected everyone.”

“Actually,” Gabriella interjected. “We were meaning to bring that up, Miriam. When we went to the store earlier to get all this stuff, everyone acted super weird around us.”

The short minx’s red eyebrows raised at that. “Oh? In what manner were they weird?”

Serenity finally spoke up, glancing up at her, the pointy portion of her horns almost grazing my forehead as she turned her head slightly, due to how far back they curved over her head. “Everyone was looking at us, and the cashier even offered to pay for our stuff. Like, really insisted we let him buy it for us.”

Miriam’s eyes widened at that, only for her to laugh. “Oh.” She laughed again. “Well, that’s not too surprising with how much ‘charm’ Gabriella is exuding right now.”

“I am?” Gabriella said in sincere shock. “I didn’t even know I was doing that!”

Miriam smirked. “Yeah, it’s clearly not enough to affect anyone here, but a normal human would be no match for that much charm.” She then paused, focusing on me and Serenity with a small frown. “Actually...” She hesitated, looking at Avery right beside me, and then glancing at Michelle

closer to her. “Kind of seems like all of you have something going on with your auras. Not exactly like my charm, but kind of similar.”

I cleared my throat, grabbing her attention. “Is it something we can turn off?” I asked seriously. “Or I guess, *reduce*?”

She nodded. “Should be. And honestly, it’s at a low enough level that I wouldn’t expect even a human to be affected much. Although, if you don’t know how to control it, then you probably ramp it up when you’re around people without even realizing it. Charming others is kind of a reflex for our kind. ‘Not doing it’ is much more intentional, than letting it happen.”

“So,” Gabriella continued. “Then what happened at the store was mostly my fault.”

Miriam shrugged. “Hard to say, since I wasn’t there. But it’s not something that should be a problem. I just need to teach all of you how to identify what you’re doing, and how to reign it in. You especially, my adorable little Gabriella. Because clearly you’re much more succubus now than you used to be.” She frowned then. “Only without...” Her voice trailed off, seeming pensive.

“Wings and a tail?” Gabriella assumed cheerfully.

Miriam seemed surprised by that response, as if she had something else on her mind. “Oh...” She hesitated, glancing at me and then grinning. “Well, for all we know, you’ll be the next one sprouting extra limbs.” She giggled. “And if you do grow a tail, I’m going to have some fun with it!” she added playfully.

Gabriella’s face immediately turned bright red, only for her entire body to become more tan, her fiery hair more vibrant.

Which caused me to laugh, and most everyone else to smile at her reaction.

Avery got up to flip over the meat on the grill, carefully holding the remaining steaks on one hand, as she spoke up finally. “Kind of hope we do all grow wings. It could be fun to fly together.”

Natalie laughed. “You just want to play tag in the air,” she teased.

Avery grinned, handing Serenity another steak. “Don’t you?”

Natalie shrugged. “Not sure I’ll grow wings like everyone else,” she admitted more seriously, only to smirk at me. “But Kai probably needs a handicap for tag, considering he’s way more experienced at flying, so maybe he can just carry me.”

I rolled my eyes, glancing up as Gwen walked back up with more meat, sensing she needed something from me...

Or rather, from both me and Miriam.

And sure enough, even as Avery grabbed the remaining meat off the grill to make more room, her hands covered in greasy juices from all she was holding, Gwen glanced at me and then focused on Miriam as she spoke. It was fairly dark outside now, the sun having set with the lingering twilight not making much of a difference amongst the thick trees, though I personally hadn't thought much of it since I could see just fine.

Thus, I was sincerely a little surprised by what Gwen had to say.

"The sun has finally set, and Rosa was wondering if it would be alright for her to join us."

A sincere wave of surprised washed over almost the whole group, as it seemed obvious that Serenity, Gabriella, and Natalie had all completely forgotten she was even in the house somewhere. I know I certainly hadn't thought of her even once, since arriving.

Miriam looked at me as she responded. "Are you fine with that? I'll have to give her permission for her to leave the house if so. She could try to run away."

I shrugged. "We could stop her from getting through the other barriers, right?"

She nodded.

"And she at least theoretically has nowhere to go, right?"

"So then you're fine with it," Miriam assumed.

I shrugged. "I mean, I personally don't have a problem with that, as long as no one else does."

"I don't mind her joining us," Gabriella chimed in, reminding me of how she'd had her arm wrapped around the thin blonde the last time we were here, after finding out the girl was pretty much innocent in everything that had happened.

Miriam nodded, glancing at the others briefly before sighing. "Okay, I'll go get her then."

"Wait!" Serenity quickly interjected, suddenly sounding urgent.

It was like she'd gone from fine to crazy again in a split second.

"What's wrong?" I asked seriously, feeling her entire body tense on my lap.

“It’s...it’s happening again!” she said urgently, handing off her remaining steak to Avery. “It’s my back this time, and...” She abruptly reached back to try to unzip her dress, only to start tugging the whole thing over her head, exposing her naked gray body completely in the process. “Oh God, I need to fuck so bad again! Shit, it itches! Everything itches! Kai!” she said urgently. “Please hurry!”

Realizing this was really going to happen, right in front of everyone, I quickly did what I knew she needed, unzipping my pants as fast as possible so she could mount my rapidly stiffening cock.

Straddling my waist, nearly completely naked aside from her bra, Serenity barely got the head of my cock between her swollen pussy lips, before her back began audibly popping.

Without a doubt, she was beginning to grow *wings*.

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(7) Chapter 82: Elemental

Despite the unique situation, there actually wasn't anything overly sensual about having everyone watch Serenity ride my cock, largely because we were all *concerned* more than anything. However, that didn't stop her throbbing pussy from squeezing the life out of my shaft with each audible pop coming from her back, building me up to a climax at record speed.

And unlike before, when I couldn't compare Serenity's wonderful scent to anything in particular, except to describe it as being 'comforting,' now I realized her juices were filling the air with something sweet smelling, very similar to how Gwen's pussy smelled.

Almost like toasted marshmallows.

Sweet, with a hint of burnt sugar.

Not much different than the marshmallows she'd just eaten with her s'more, but much more potent, rich, and intoxicating. Especially since the smell was bringing back memories of me eating out the sexy maid, her soft furry black tail stroking my neck as she spread her thick muscular thighs more, Miriam's face so close to mine as she kissed me gently on the cheek in encouragement.

I barely even noticed when Gabriella and Natalie both jumped up to start fumbling with my sexy brunette's bra, the gray protrusions rapidly growing out of her back threatening to tear the fabric. But Serenity was lost in her own world now, mostly one of intense *need*, as she suffered from an itch that felt like it couldn't be scratched, and having that desperate craving to cum while being unable to quite topple over that peak.

My thick load certainly seemed to help a little, the moment I shot deep into her cunt.

Serenity began crying out as she became more desperate to get there, her dark gray arms wrapped tightly around my neck, her full tits bouncing against my chest, her thick black hair covering my face enough that I couldn't see anything, only feeling her body desperately wrapped around mine. Impaling herself on my thick member over and over again.

“UHHHH!” she finally cried out, only for the orgasm to not give her the relief she was searching for, continuing to thrust as hard as she could, her newly forming wings still growing larger and larger.

Avery finally had to scoot away once the appendages began violently jerking, with my classmate trying to avoid getting hit, but then Serenity finally cummed a second time.

“OH FUUUUUUCK!” she yelled, her massive darkening wings abruptly wrapping forcefully around my body as if she was trying to squeeze me just as hard as her pussy was squeezing my cock.

And then, *finally*, her body went limp against me, with her breathing heavily as I held her tightly in my arms.

“Oh God, *I feel so much better*,” she said in relief. “Oh shit, that was worse than last time, *but I feel so much better now*.”

Unsurprisingly, Mrs. Rebecca asked the same question Gabriella had asked before. “Did it hurt?” she wondered seriously.

Gabriella spoke up in response. “She said it doesn’t hurt. But it just feels like it makes her feel crazy, because she can’t get relief from all the itching, and feels like she’s about to have an orgasm, but can’t quite get there.”

“Oh wow,” Miriam chimed in, the short succubus seeming sincerely surprised. “Yeah, I could see how that would be horrible. And I mean, after what we just saw, I definitely believe it’s horrible. I’ve honestly never seen someone so desperate for relief. I almost thought about joining in to help her get there.”

Serenity sighed heavily, not looking at any of them. “I’m not sure if it would have helped. But thank you,” she added sincerely.

“Of course, cutie,” Miriam replied. “Always happy to fuck you, if you need it.”

Serenity tensed at that, seeming embarrassed, still hiding her face behind curtains of her black hair.

I cleared my throat. “Umm, so do you think you can shift back now?”

She took a deep breath, finally pushing on my chest to sit up, my cock still buried in her throbbing pussy, her wings unwrapping from around me. She glanced at the dark appendages briefly, the coloring almost being a shiny black like Miriam’s, before responding. “Umm, no. I still don’t feel like I can.” She sighed. “But I feel stable. I’m not sure what was up with my

meltdown earlier, but I feel okay now.” She took a deep breath, her crimson eyes focusing on me. “I’m really sorry, by the way. It felt like my whole world was ending, and I just couldn’t stop crying.”

“It’s really okay,” I said reassuringly.

Gwen, who had just been coming back with some more raw venison when everything happened, unexpectedly began walking closer, setting the raw meat she’d been holding on the grill, only to speak up. “And very understandable,” she commented, her tone sounding like she was trying to both reassure her and lighten the mood. “You should have seen Rebecca when she was going through puberty. She was a complete wreck all the time.”

“Hey!” Mrs. Rebecca retorted. “I wasn’t that bad!”

The sexy devil maid just grinned. “And I didn’t get to see my mistress pregnant, but some of the stories I’ve heard...” She clicked her tongue and shook her head.

“Gwen!” Miriam retorted.

Serenity just laughed, seeming fully like her normal self again. “Oh, I can imagine,” she said playfully, physically relaxing more due to the devil maid’s proximity, as if having another imp close was comforting.

Miriam just groaned. “Someone wants a spanking,” she teased.

“Yes please,” Gwen said cheerfully, causing most everyone else to laugh too.

Serenity sighed heavily then, glancing over her shoulder at the grill, speaking as she began easing off my cock. “Umm, hey, is anyone else going to eat?”

Gabriella chimed in. “I think we all just wanted to make sure you had your fill.”

“Sorry,” she replied with a grimace, waiting briefly as I got my cock back in my pants, before she sat back down sideways on my lap. “It honestly felt like I was going crazy there, but I feel a lot better now, and my hunger feels abated.” She paused. “Although, I wouldn’t mind another s’more. All I can smell is marshmallows right now, and it’s making my mouth water.”

I tried not to grin, realizing she didn’t know the scent was coming from her.

“Sure,” Gabriella said cheerfully, grabbing a stick to roast a marshmallow.

Gwen grabbed a water bottle and decided to have a seat on Avery’s other side since there was plenty of room, opening it up to rinse off her hands, with the unexpected pulse of pleasure rushing through our weaker bond reminding me that the sexy devil had her sapphire in, controlling her heat, filling her ass...

Which of course, caused Natalie and Avery to both glance at her, only for Gwen’s face to flush when she realized from our minds that we all either directly or indirectly sensed what she silently experienced, causing a wave of intense embarrassment to rush through the sexy maid, since she wasn’t used to so many people being privy to such things.

Avery immediately reached out and grabbed her hand reassuringly, the water having already mostly steamed off from Gwen elevating her skin temperature to dry them, prompting the taller woman to glance at her from the corner of her red eye hesitantly, before accepting the gesture, the two casually interlacing their fingers together.

The whole thing went almost completely unnoticed by everyone else.

“And it really is alright, honey,” Michelle commented from the other side of the campfire, her expression reassuring, as she focused on Serenity. “I think we’re all just glad you’re alright, and there’s a really good chance we’ll all end up going through a similar experience.”

Serenity frowned slightly, glancing down at Avery, and then looking back toward Gabriella and Natalie. “Well, I’ll be honest. It sucks, but I think worth it.” She then abruptly tensed her wing out, hiding everyone else from my sight, except for Avery and Gwen, as well as most of the light. “Oh shit, can I fly now? I bet I can fly now!”

“Maybe let’s wait,” I suggested seriously, causing her to look at me in surprise as she folded her wing again, the orange glow from the campfires really bright briefly. “We don’t know for sure if your body is done changing now, and flying can be dangerous. I know we can heal from a lot, but you’ll probably be terrified of flying, if you end up falling because your body does something weird.”

Miriam spoke up. “Well, I think between the two of us, we could probably catch her if that happened. But yes, I’d have to agree. Probably best to wait. Maybe tomorrow.”

“Oh alright,” Serenity sighed.

Miriam stood up. “Well, if you want to put your dress back on, my cute piglet, then I’ll go get Rosa.”

Serenity immediately looked embarrassed, seeming to have forgotten she was naked, covering up her juicy tits and purple nipples with her gray arm, only to look even more stunned as Miriam’s words finally registered.

“P-Piglet?!” Serenity exclaimed in disbelief.

Miriam seemed confused. “Yeah, I thought it was cute and appropriate.” She paused, realizing everyone seemed confused now. “*You know*, because she’s a detective. And cops are sometimes called pigs.”

“*Mom*,” Mrs. Rebecca complained, still sitting next to Michelle. “It’s not a compliment.”

“Yeah, but...” Miriam’s voice trailed off as she looked around at everyone, only to dramatically place her hands on her hips. “Oh jeez, pick on the old lady, why don’t you all! I’ve lived through a lot of cultures, okay?! You’ve got to give me a break on little nuances like that!”

“Granny,” I teased.

Miriam scoffed playfully. “Uh! How dare you, *of all people!*” She scoffed again. “You know, I was going to let you leave tonight, *without* fucking your brain’s out, but I guess that’s out the window now, since someone needs to be spanked!”

“Ooo! I want to watch him get spanked,” Gabriella teased.

I rolled my eyes. “I’m sure.”

“*Hmm*,” Mrs. Rebecca mused. “Could be fun to gang up on him like that. I kind of want to spank our handsome young man too.”

“Nope. *I* do the spanking,” I taunted. “And I’m about to *line you all up*.”

Shit, I was just trying to play along, but it was like the arousal in the air jumped a hundredfold. Suddenly, all of them were shifting their legs, looking visibly turned on as several of my women audibly gulped.

The idea of me really lining them up, bending them over my knee, and tanning their asses...

“Umm...so about grabbing Rosa,” I commented, seeing that *even Miriam* looked aroused by the idea of me bending her over my knee.

The short minx was also the first to recover though. “You know, there are all these sexy women who want you, and here you are showing the most

restraint and self-control.”

I tried to swallow. “Umm, well, Mrs. Rebecca said something to me earlier, and it made a lot of sense.”

The person in question spoke up. “About going on a date with Gabby and Serenity?”

I nodded. “Yeah. I mean, of course I wouldn’t mind spending the rest of the evening having a bunch of sex -- I *am* technically a sex demon after all, and also technically just a normal human male with plenty of sex drive - - but it’s like Mrs. Rebecca said. You can’t have much of a relationship on sex alone, and a lot of things have changed recently for all of us. Never mind the fact that the only two people here who I’ve really known for very long are Serenity and Avery.”

“Makes sense,” Michelle chimed in. “And that’s very responsible of you, sweetie. Makes me love you all the more.”

I swallowed hard, unexpectedly having the urge to show my blonde MILF just how *irresponsible* I could be...

Which immediately caused Avery to transform fully beside me, her hair instantly stark-white, her skin tan, her lips and eyelids frosted, her eyes black and icy blue.

“Whoa,” Miriam said in surprise. “What’s got you all worked up? And wow, you look quite different than Kai and Serenity.”

“N-Nothing,” Avery stammered, blushing furiously even despite her deep tan. “A-And yeah, mom and I are a bit different in how we look.”

“Huh,” Miriam commented, glancing back at Michelle. “Yet another mystery. Makes me wonder if it has to do with some supernatural creature in your ancestry, or maybe if just anyone with blonde hair would end up with white hair. But I suppose it can wait. Poor Rosa will think we don’t want her around.”

“Uh! Let me get dressed first,” Serenity said urgently, only to realize she had a problem. “Crap! How do I get my dress back on *with wings?!?*”

Miriam just laughed. “Calm down, cutie. Just start from the bottom with your feet and pull it up. And I’ll be gone for at least a minute, so plenty of time for you to get your dress on to hide that yummy body.”

My sexy brunette looked embarrassed all over again, partially from Miriam’s suggestive comment, but also when she realized she could just step into the fabric and pull it up, which should have seemed obvious.

Needless to say, she gave Avery an appreciative look when my blonde classmate grabbed the dress to hold it out for her to do just that.

Miriam just shook her head as she moved in our direction to walk between the two logs separating Gwen, Avery, and me from Natalie and Gabriella. However, as she passed, her shiny black tail rubbed very intentionally against Serenity's midnight tail, causing my sexy horned fiancé to immediately stiffen as a wave of arousal seemed to wash over her.

Miriam giggled loudly as she continued walking, knowing exactly what she'd done, even as some of my cum began leaking down between Serenity's thighs.

Avery swallowed hard at the sight. "U-Umm, I think someone needs to be on cleanup duty."

The general arousal skyrocketed again, and I was surprised that Miriam kept walking, still fully intending on grabbing Rosa now.

Serenity tensed harder, still mostly naked with only one foot in the dress at this point, her supple dark gray skin looking shiny in the campfire light. "I-I think I'm o-okay," she stammered.

"May I?" Gwen wondered seriously, her expression almost timid.

Serenity was suddenly almost gasping for breath, her pulse visible in her neck. "U-U-U-Umm, m-m-maybe just r-real quick?" she stammered.

Gwen nodded firmly, her expression determined as she slipped off the trunk and right onto her furry knees in front of Avery, prompting the platinum-blond to drop the dress as she leaned back to make room.

Serenity immediately began trembling as she sat her gray bare ass back down on my leg, abruptly covering her eyes with her gray hand when Gwen leaned forward without hesitation, her shockingly long tongue extending to its full length as it began collecting the cum that had reached the middle of her thigh.

Avery immediately stiffened when she saw just how long Gwen's tongue was, but didn't comment on it, her body trembling as she briefly wondered if the maid was going to do more with it than just licking.

"Oh God," Serenity whimpered, still covering her eyes, even as she spread her legs more, with Gwen moving even higher.

But I knew the sexy devil maid was almost done, not trying to turn this into something overly sexual, even if it undoubtedly was sexual, in every possible way.

However, just as Gwen's tongue briefly grazed against Serenity's swollen lips...

An unexpected spark *ignited*.

The spark of a unique bond...

Between us three.

Except it wasn't just 'felt' by the three of us.

Serenity, Gwen, Natalie, and Avery all tensed, freezing solid, before the spark slowly dissipated when Gwen moved her tongue away, keeping her face between Serenity's thighs briefly -- but it wasn't as if the spark was gone forever, instead being as if the process that 'just started' had ended up reverting to what it had been just before igniting briefly.

Nevertheless, it was more than enough to make one thing *very clear*.

Very, very clear.

Serenity, Gwen, and I could create the same kind of bond that I had with Natalie and Avery.

Whatever pathway that existed, it was still very much there, and felt like it had always been there, just ready for our passion to ignite it into an inferno.

For...

If bonding with Natalie and Avery had felt like flowing water, like a dam bursting that caused us all to rush toward each other, as if gravity had flipped on us...

Then bonding with Gwen and Serenity felt like a literal *inferno*.

One of heat, warmth, and intense passion...

That might also result in actual fire that could hurt others, which was the main reason why Gwen stopped.

And when that realization hit me, Gwen cautiously continued to pull away from between Serenity's thighs, her breathing picking up after tasting my cum, gently sitting back down on Avery's other side and covering her face this time with one pale hand as she tried to control the effect that my aphrodisiac seed was having on her body.

Avery immediately reached up and began stroking the maid's short black hair between her horns, as if to comfort her, prompted from an almost longing to have her included in that stronger bond with me, even if it wouldn't be directly with her.

I could sense they all wanted it.

Craved it.

“Everything okay?” Mrs. Rebecca asked seriously, having seen everything unfold from across us, without hindrance.

Serenity hesitated, before glancing down at Avery as she stopped stroking Gwen’s hair to grab the dress, intending on helping her step into it again. “Umm, I think so,” she said hesitantly, slowly standing up to get the dress on finally. “Looks like Kai’s cum is just doing its job,” she then mused, trying to sound reassuring as she focused on getting her outfit on, leaving the back unzipped for her wings.

I wasn’t surprised she didn’t mention anything about what she just felt.

After all, out of the five of us, while Serenity was probably the most ‘out-of-the-loop’ about what just happened, she had no problem picking up that the rest of us didn’t want to bring it up right now. At least, between Gwen covering her face and my own silence, she decided to not mention it.

Certainly, I didn’t want to lie to any of them, or keep secrets.

However, I also knew that Gabriella at least really wanted to share this bond with me too, and she’d been hoping that a threesome with Serenity would allow both of them to do so.

Thankfully, a quick glance was all it took to see that my busty redheaded fiancé enjoyed watching what just happened, just as much as I did, but there was one small tiny issue that might affect her enjoyment, if she knew...

That issue?

What Natalie, Avery, Gwen, and I all just experienced felt like this unique three-way connection was a bit more...*inflexible*...than we’d initially anticipated.

Almost...

Elemental.

It felt *elemental*.

Natalie and Avery were water.

Gwen and Serenity were *fire*.

And I had a *really* good suspicion that Miriam was lightning, or something similar, assuming the kind of magic she could wield was indicative.

Holy shit, was this bond really elemental? Or maybe, was the compatibility at least based on some kind of inherent affinity to an element?

Or just a coincidence?

After all, Serenity and Gwen were clearly both imps, and while Avery wasn't a werewolf, I felt like I could remember her commenting about how she felt different on the full moon...which immediately prompted the person in question to silently confirm that suspicion in our bond.

The fact that Avery truly had thought I was a werewolf at first, simply due to how my blood affected her every full moon afterward.

Always wide awake.

Always super horny.

And always having crazy sex dreams about me once she did manage to fall asleep.

Shit, I really wanted to know now -- what this connection was.

I really wanted to ask Miriam when she got back.

But I was sincerely worried about how that news might affect Gabriella. Because I felt like she'd undoubtedly end up feeling left out. But then again, not telling her was going to make her feel left out too...

Dammit.

Taking a deep breath, I relaxed a little when I felt both Natalie and Avery silently coaxing me to calm down, suggesting that we take a little time to enjoy the campfire, maybe get to know Rosa a little, and then later, when we discussed what happened with Miriam, we could bring it up.

After all, that had been the original reason why we'd planned on visiting in the first place, since Miriam *felt* whatever it was that we had done, and had a possible explanation for it. All of which got sidetracked by Serenity having a sincere emotional crisis.

Of course, it was a decision I probably would have come to on my own, but having three people focused on the same potential problem caused the solution to just feel obvious in a matter of seconds.

And it was comforting, feeling like the two of them had my back.

They did, without a doubt.

But this bond was really something special.

All the more reason for it to be extremely disappointing for Gabriella if there were some significant limitations on who it could happen with. Granted, it was also possible she might not mind as much, since it wasn't like she and Serenity couldn't still enjoy their deepening friendship all the same.

Now dressed, Serenity sat back down on my lap and spoke up to break the brief silence. “Well, as awkward as that was, I definitely feel much better. Thank you, Gwen.”

“O-Of course,” the maid gasped, still covering her slitted red eyes with her thin pale hand, trying to control her breathing.

“Well,” Michelle said, grabbing everyone’s attention. “As fun as that was to watch, I admit I would have almost died in embarrassment if it were me, so please don’t feel bad, honey. All of this is new for us, and that alone was a big step in the right direction.”

“Yep!” Gabriella said cheerfully. “Watching that just now was *much* more fun than only listening. Especially since there wasn’t much to listen to this time.”

Mrs. Rebecca laughed. “Oh, all of you are so much fun. I really can’t wait to try the movie thing out, except maybe we’ll put the recliner *in front* of the TV next time.”

Gabriella giggled right along, clearly loving the idea.

“Okay you two,” Michelle taunted playfully. “We’re supposed to be good right now.” She then focused on Gwen. “Although...sweetheart, are you sure you’re alright? Doesn’t look like it’s getting better.” She gave me her attention. “Kai, you might need to help her out a little.”

I frowned as I considered that, focusing past Avery at the person in question.

“Gwen?” I said simply.

“Y-Yes m-master,” she managed, still hiding her eyes.

I took a deep breath, realizing there was no getting by it after all. Sex was definitely going to be on the menu tonight. I focused on the other side of Serenity so that I could look at both Gabriella and Mrs. Rebecca. “I guess I might need to take her back inside for a little bit after all. We’ll probably have to go to the basement, since she can get pretty hot.”

Gabriella and Mrs. Rebecca exchanged a glance, since it was obvious I was directing my words more toward them than anyone else.

Gabriella then nodded. “Yeah, that’s fine, baby. Looks like she really needs it. And I think we all want to get to know Rosa better anyway, so we can wait for you to get back.”

Serenity spoke up then, similarly looking over her shoulder at Gabriella. “D-Do you mind if I go too? Kind of want to stay close to Kai

right now.”

My busty fiancé seemed surprised, though not for the reason I was expecting. “I mean, yeah, of course that’s fine.” She paused. “Serenity, you don’t...like, you don’t need my permission to do anything. And even if you’re wanting to go because you want to continue what just happened, that’s fine too. You’re still my best friend either way.”

Serenity grimaced. “Oh, well, I mainly do just want to stay close to Kai right now, but I didn’t want to hurt anyone’s feelings.”

“You’re not going to hurt my feelings,” Gabriella said sincerely. “I mean, we’re all in this relationship together, *Gwen included*,” she emphasized, focusing on the person in question reassuringly. “So there’s no reason to worry about hurting my feelings.”

“Or mine,” Natalie chimed in, only to grimace. “Not that anyone cares,” she unexpectedly added.

Gabriella shifted her weight toward her. “No, we do definitely care if your feelings are hurt or not. And if anyone does have hurt feelings, then please speak up so we can work through it.”

“I’m good,” Avery chimed in. “I’m just happy to be with Kai.”

Mrs. Rebecca nodded, glancing at Michelle as she spoke. “And I think we can both confidently say that we won’t get our feelings hurt by anything.” She then focused back on us when my blonde MILF nodded in agreement.

Serenity held their gaze briefly, only to look down at Avery and then back over her shoulder at Gabriella. “Umm, well, then I guess...what I said is still true. I just want to be near Kai, but...” Her voice trailed off as she focused on Gwen, who met her gaze, their crimson eyes nearly identical. “But yeah, I think...I think I’d like to have sex with Gwen too.”

Gabriella’s tone was lighthearted. “Then go have sex,” she said playfully. “And be sure to tell me all about it later, okay?”

Serenity swallowed hard, glancing back at her again. “O-Okay,” she stammered, finally standing up and focusing on the sexy maid as she held out her hand. “Then...shall we help you out a little?”

“O-Okay,” Gwen said almost nervously, rising to her hooves as well.

I clicked my tongue as I stood up too, my cock definitely hard as a rock. “Alright then, I guess we’ll be back in a bit,” I commented, sounding much calmer than I felt, actually feeling like a tightly wound spring now.

Letting Gwen and Serenity lead the way, hand-in-hand, I tried not to think too deeply about the threesome that was about to happen, unable to look up fully when Miriam came walking around the rear gate with Rosa right behind her.

“Mistress,” Gwen said right away. “We’re going to make a trip to the basement.”

Miriam’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “Oh, okay. Just the three of you?” she assumed, almost sounding as if she was asking to tag along.

“If you’ll allow it, mistress,” she replied, slowing down as we approached.

“Sure, that’s fine. Just as long as I get some of him later,” she added playfully.

I made a big show of sighing heavily. “We both know I’m not leaving here tonight without that happening,” I said in mock annoyance.

Miriam giggled. “True. Oh alright, I’ll let you have your fun then. See you three in a bit.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Gwen said simply, beginning to tug Serenity along now.

I finally glanced at Rosa, unsurprised when I saw that her crimson eyes were averted, her rosy cheeks flushed deeply, her blonde hair fluttering just barely in the gentle breeze. She was wearing jeans and a black blouse this time, looking almost painfully thin, seeming far more embarrassed by this situation than I felt.

I was relieved once we were finally entering the conservatory half a minute later, the sudden sense of privacy causing that previously sparked passion to begin reigniting a second time.

Without a doubt, there was a powerful bond there waiting to be formed.

All three of us felt it.

And more than passion, as the sexy maid held Serenity’s hand, glancing back at the gray horned devil in tow, there was a rapidly growing sense of intimacy.

A sense of longing and *belonging*.

They were more than just two women who loved the same man.

In this moment, they were both also the same race, the same type of demon, and the longing for Serenity to *know* Gwen was rapidly becoming

just as potent as Gwen's longing to *know* Serenity. Like long lost sisters, it was as if they'd truly discovered each other for the first time, rapidly kindling something neither had fully realized existed until now.

In passing, as we made our way through the dining hall, I noticed that there were two wooden boxes out on the table, looking like a really old game of chess and checkers, since the wood cases themselves also served as the board when completely unfolded. But I didn't focus on it long as we continued on into the grand foyer.

Once we got down the wooden stairs, and through the concrete hallway to Gwen's private room, where she could be as hot as she wanted without damaging anything, we barely got into the room before Gwen was pressing Serenity against the wall, passionately pressing their shiny purple lips together as the sexy maid began tugging the dress back down.

Serenity's midnight wings flared out against the wall as they began moaning.

In a matter of seconds, all of my fiancé's shiny gray body was exposed again, with her having never put on her bra, the two passionately groping and kissing as that sizzling spark rapidly began to grow larger.

I decided to undress as I watched, relieved to have my stiff member free from any restrictions.

As the two women began moaning even louder, Gwen finally began kissing downward, planting her shiny purple lips on the gray devil's neck, followed by her collar bone, and then breast, briefly sucking on her purple mound only to continue planting pecks downward on her tight gray belly, finally reaching her hidden snatch.

My mouth felt dry, my cock leaking profusely, as I watched Gwen's long tongue slip from between her purple lips, gliding against Serenity's trimmed black pubic hair before thrusting deep into her swollen snatch, as if searching for the remaining cum I'd left up there.

Both women immediately moaned, Ren roughly grabbing Gwen's horns, even as she tilted her pelvis more toward her, gasping as the maid's thick tongue filled her juicy snatch. The extremely wet sound of her tongue beginning to thrust in and out filled my ears, as she shoved deeper and deeper, finally getting her mouth fully over those swollen pussy lips and beginning to suck.

“Uhhhhhhhhh!” Serenity moaned loudly, gasping for breath now, her black wings trembling, her plump gray tits heaving with each breath, her mauve nipples as hard as diamonds.

Gwen abruptly pulled away then, her horns still in Ren’s grasp, beginning to breathe harder herself as her pale skin flushed deeply on her chest and upper back, a sharp contrast to her silky maid uniform.

“M-Master,” she stammered, beginning to tremble. “P-Please fuck my ass.”

I was more than happy to do so, but had other plans first, knowing she’d grasp what I wanted from my thoughts as I moved to grab Serenity’s arm and pull her toward me. Gwen immediately stood, even as Serenity stumbled from the abrupt movement, visibly confused as I pulled her over to the bed and forced her down on her back, causing her wings to spread more to get comfortable, the bony fingers curling at the ends, like large hands with webbed fingers.

Without hesitation, Gwen climbed up next to Serenity’s head, realization finally crossing my first love’s expression as the maid’s furry legs straddled her face, leaning her face down to plant her purple lips on that sexy gray stomach, before moving even lower to ease her long tongue back into that hot pussy.

Serenity moaned loudly a second time, her face now hidden by the maid’s silk skirt, that black furry tail tensed downward, as she grabbed at Gwen’s hips, feeling the smooth taut material even while pulling that furry cunt down to her face, starting to kiss and lick loudly as they began eating each other out. I knew from personal experience that the maid’s thick black fur down there was extremely soft to the touch and felt amazing against my face, suspecting Serenity was enjoying it all the same.

That, and the sweet scent of her cunt, like toasted marshmallows.

Reaching out, I grabbed Gwen’s tail to begin stroking the soft fur as I watched for a few long seconds.

The passion was growing.

The sense of love, intimacy, and desire was only rising, and I knew the heat was about to turn up a lot more once I got Gwen’s sapphire out of her ass.

Finally climbing fully onto the bed and lifting up on the maid’s silk skirt, I decided to go for Gwen’s tight cunt first, thrusting my leaking cock

down on Serenity's forehead briefly -- sliding between her face and Gwen's juicy pussy, enjoying when I felt my fiancé's tongue beginning to lick me -- before shifting my angle to bury myself in Gwen's snatch.

The maid moaned loudly as I began thrusting, only aiming to get myself nice and lubricated as I reached for the bright blue sapphire sticking out of her stretched asshole. Recalling how dark her nipples were, and seeing how her asshole was the same shade of darkly colored wrinkled skin, I tugged on the gem a little before shoving it back in, feeling the gold butt plug's movements with my cock in her cunt, even as I pulled out a little further, and shoved it back in a second time.

Gwen was gasping now, clearly trying to keep her tongue in Serenity's pussy, beginning to pant heavily as I worked the large butt plug out of her stretched hole more and more.

"M-Master," she finally whimpered in pleasure, only to shove her head down roughly and thrust her entire tongue back between Serenity's swollen folds, causing the sexy gray devil beneath us to moan loudly as Gwen filled her up.

"Mmmmmmm!"

Finally, once I had the gold butt plug completely out, I began setting it on the bed at first, only to hesitate when Gwen reached back for it without looking.

Handing it to her instead, I watched in surprise as she slipped it down by her face and immediately began shoving it between those sexy gray thighs.

Serenity's entire body immediately tensed, her legs and shiny black tail beginning to squirm as she felt the warm gold metal begin to spread her cheeks and enter her asshole.

"Uhhhhhhhhh!" she half-groaned, half-moaned, squirming even more as Gwen began bobbing her stiff tongue between those swollen lips, all while thrusting even harder despite Serenity's nonverbal complaints.

But I could feel that spark growing as a result, sensing that Ren was overwhelmed with passion even as she struggled, incrementally starting to tense her hips and shove herself down on the gold shaft.

Grabbing at Gwen's furry tail again, loving when it began to fight against me, I pulled my cock out of the maid's pussy and aimed my head for her gaping asshole, the dark opening tensing repeatedly in anticipation,

with me abruptly thrusting even rougher into her backdoor than she was doing to Serenity.

The sexy maid immediately moaned loudly as she pushed the gold metal in even harder, appearing to wet Serenity's face with her juices as I tugged backward on her furry tail to sink in deeper.

"M-Master," Gwen whimpered again. "Please fill my ass with your cum, *so I can feed it to her.*"

Serenity moaned extremely loud at that, her hips twitching down on the gold metal, her breathing heavy as the maid resumed thrusting her thick tongue deep inside her.

I pulled my cock out to the edge of her throbbing asshole, enjoying the sensation of it squeezing me, before thrusting back in, letting go of her tail to instead cover Serenity's hands with my own on Gwen's hips as I started to pick up speed, wanting very much to watch the sexy maid sit on Ren's face after I cummed.

But then one of Serenity's hands disappeared from underneath mine, prompting me to look down as she pulled it underneath the maid's silk-covered belly, before working it up to her face where she promptly began inserting her fingers into Gwen's wet snatch.

There was so much heat.

So much passion.

And the sweet toasted scent was overwhelming.

"*Oh please,*" Gwen begged, really beginning to rock backward now, thrusting on my cock and my fiancé's gray fingers. Serenity's hips were tensing more too, on the metal shaft. "Oh please, yes," Gwen repeated. "I love you both so much. Aside from my mistress, I've never felt this way about anyone. I've never felt so deeply in love *with anyone*. Please yes," she whimpered, shoving her tongue back inside the pussy in her face.

They both were moaning loudly now, and we were all close.

I was trying to hold myself back, wanting them to climax first, but I was so mesmerized by the sight of Gwen's silk-covered waist, and flushed upper back, never mind how it felt to hold her extremely wide hips, that I couldn't resist any longer.

I grabbed her hips tightly and blew my load deep into her ass, shoving myself in all the way as my cock pulsed and pulsed, feeling like I was

filling her up with all the cum I had to give, only for both women to immediately cry out as they climaxed too.

Gwen didn't waste any time though, on making good on her promise.

Sensing her hips tilt as she started to ease up, her perky tits heaving as she breathed heavily, an obvious fresh wave of passion hitting her, I promptly pulled out my cock, my cum quickly beginning to leak out and down her crack, even as she leaned forward just enough to sit right down on Serenity's face.

Without hesitation, the gray devil immediately started licking at Gwen's gaping asshole, her crimson eyes initially wide, half her face visible due to the raised furry tail lifting the silk skirt, before they began to flutter shut as she gulped, beginning to swallow my load while continuing to give a passionate rim job.

Oh fuck, the sight was overwhelming.

Deciding it was only fair that Gwen ultimately end up returning the favor, I decided to slip off the metal bed briefly and quickly get back on by Serenity's hips, grabbing her shiny gray knees to spread her legs as Gwen sat up more fully, her skirt now hiding the face she was sitting on as her furry tail lowered. Then, once I was more in position, I reached down to grab the sapphire, and tugged the gold metal out of Ren's ass, setting it to the side on the purple silk sheets and aiming my cock for Serenity's backdoor.

Her moan was muffled as I sank in, and then even louder as I went even deeper while briefly reaching down to grab at her shiny midnight tail, with me meeting Gwen's passion crimson gaze then as I reached out with both hands to grab her face, a squirming sexy devil smothered between us.

Fucking and *using* Serenity like this felt like the hottest thing I'd ever done thus far.

Because this was the girl who practically raised me for the last five years, and who I'd fantasized about for years now. Now feeling temporarily like a sex toy for us to use for our mutual pleasure.

Planting a passionate kiss on the maid's purple lips, I began thrusting into Ren's ass, her shiny tail curling up to touch my back, even as I reached down with one hand to feel Serenity's tight gray belly tense, knowing the cum she was swallowing was going to make her climax again, even without

the extra stimulation. She was already squirming so much, her shiny gray thighs sliding up and down on my hips, her tail twitching underneath me.

Gwen reached up to hold my face in her warm hands as well, beginning to readjust her ass on Serenity's face as she pulled away just enough to speak up. "M-Master," she whimpered. "I want to be something special with you. Both of you."

"Me too," I whispered, a thought immediately forming in my head the moment I said it.

Gwen's crimson eyes widened at the imagery I'd just imagined, even as another wave of passion crossed her expression. She then nodded at me and began pulling off Serenity's face, even as I pulled my cock out of her ass. At this point, Ren was so full of passion and desire, that she didn't even ask what was going on, simply allowing Gwen to guide her as the maid helped her sit up, while I scooted against the wall, the metal bed creaking from our movements.

The sexy devil maid then began pushing the gray vixen into my lap, her wings fanning back out and lowering, with me angling my cock for her asshole again, only to wrap my arms around Serenity's toned waist as I pulled her back fully against my chest, shifting my hips outward more, so that we were slouched some as my cock buried itself in her ass.

Embracing her arms while feeling her 'wing arms' against my chest was a sensation that reminded me of fucking Miriam in her lab, causing flashbacks to make me feel even more aroused than I already was. I could also feel her curled tail against my lower stomach, the whip-like appendage still twitching in ecstasy.

Serenity's red eyes were wide now, almost looking like a deer in headlights as Gwen stood up over us and began stripping off her silk uniform, tossing it to the concrete floor, prior to carefully getting into position on one furry knee as she raised her other leg around both of our hips.

Serenity whimpered as that muscular thin feminine body came closer, finally speaking up again. "I...I love you so much," Ren managed.

Gwen finally pressed her swollen pussy lips into Serenity's snatch, beginning to scissor her as their purple lips met. Both women immediately moaned loudly, their grinding immediately rough as Serenity tensed on my

cock in her ass, trying to thrust into the maid's wet snatch even as the pale sexy devil thrust noisily into hers.

Grabbing Serenity's full right tit with my right hand, I reached out and grasped Gwen's tit with my left, feeling her massive nipple hard against my palm, both women beginning to rock into me as they smothered their pussies together over and over again.

Gwen's furry tail was raised high in the air again.

Both sets of their black horns were beginning to show glowing orange cracks in them.

Fuck, it was so hot.

Not just sexy, but we were all burning up.

And it was amazing.

The heat was overwhelmingly intoxicating.

And the mood had changed too.

Even as aggressive as they were being, it was no longer just about sexual pleasure.

It was about pure intimacy now.

A deep craving to be *one*.

To be more than just lovers.

Much like what had happened back home on the couch, with Avery and Natalie, simply from us kissing. Those emotions were the same. Unique among just us three, but the same.

I knew it was happening the moment it started.

Feeling disoriented, it felt like our three bodies began merging as one, even as their physical bodies continued to rock and grind, even as my physical hands continued to hold onto their heaving tits.

We were becoming one.

Without thinking, I grabbed each of their nipples as if I was trying to stop myself from falling, both of them immediately moaning loudly as they mashed their pussy lips together for the final time, passionately kissing as it felt like the world around us fell away.

It was less disorienting than before, but just as intense as I felt us unite in the most absolute way possible.

Seconds rapidly turned into days.

Days into years, as it felt like we existed like that forever.

Except, this time I was paying more attention.

I could still feel Avery and Natalie, potently so, even though this unique connection was separate from theirs...

And I could also feel...

Miriam.

More than that, it was as if she was so close and yet so far away.

And the bond was different.

Not only involving just me and her, but it also felt...older.

Much older.

As if we'd had this bond for an eternity longer than what I'd experienced with even Avery and Natalie. Possibly because her soul was ancient? Maybe I was actually sensing her age, rather than the age of our bond?

I wasn't sure, but as I tried reaching out for her, wanting to pull her closer -- as a *need* rose up inside of me, as if I needed to *protect her* -- I heard a voice speak out.

Speaking to her.

'Don't give up hope. You are not forsaken.'

My voice.

It was my voice, but I *wasn't* speaking to her.

'You are not forsaken,' I heard myself repeat more intensely, sounding almost emotional, catching only a brief flash of bright red hair, before it all faded away.

What...

What in the world was going on?

(8) Chapter 83: Presentation

After an extremely intense bonding experience, where I felt like I was a world away from my physical body, Serenity and Gwen were suddenly back in my arms, their nipples still tightly in my grasp, their glossy purple lips locked together -- almost as if no time had passed at all.

They hadn't collapsed like what had happened with my first experience.

It took me a second to realize their bodies were both rigid from having just climaxed, before Gwen sighed heavily as she fell on top of us, their tits pressing together as the maid's head was suddenly close to mine, her chin on Serenity's shoulder. Her eyes were closed as she breathed heavily, her eyelids that rich purple, my two women's horns rubbing together as they both sucked in ragged breaths.

No one spoke, as there was nothing to be said.

I could feel them both inside my head.

'This is like with Avery and Natalie,' Gwen thought, her mind still a little disoriented.

I didn't hear the thought as actual words, but I perceived it.

'I can feel you both so strongly,' Serenity thought almost at the same time.

But I didn't get a chance to focus on that long.

Because I sensed a thought from Natalie as well.

'Miriam felt that again. She's saying she wants to meet in the dining hall to talk about it.'

Oh shit, that made me wonder if she also heard my voice too.

Would she know it wasn't actually me?

I mean, the word 'forsaken' wasn't even one I fully understood, and definitely not a word I would normally use, not to mention I had no reason to say something like that to her.

Don't give up?

Or actually, it was don't give up hope...

I thought about responding to Natalie briefly, but I didn't have to, because Gwen was already doing it, *indirectly*. The moment I perceived

Natalie's comment and processed it, Gwen also perceived it from me, and quickly had a response.

'Master, please tell Natalie to inform my mistress that we need to rinse off. We'll make haste.'

I didn't actually have to tell the blue-haired vixen though, because the moment I perceived Gwen's response, Natalie had gotten the message and was already informing Miriam, who seemed a little stunned by the communication transpiring -- just that Natalie and Avery were perfectly aware of what was going on with us -- but she ultimately said that was fine.

Realizing we didn't really have time to relax and enjoy the lingering euphoria of what we just experienced, Gwen grabbed her gold butt plug and then climbed off the bed to scoop up her silk maid uniform, briefly giving us a nice view of her ass as her long tail raised high in the air.

I really didn't want to separate from Serenity though.

I was enjoying having her asshole impaled on my cock so much, loving how warm she felt against my body, knowing she must be hot enough to match a standard oven for it to feel this amazing.

However, after giving her a tight squeeze, prompting her to twist in my arms to share a brief kiss, I held onto her waist to help her pull off my cock, unsurprised when no cum came out since I hadn't managed to get there a second time.

The two of them had, just as that bond was fully solidifying, but most of the stimulation I got from anal sex came from my head thrusting in and out of the entrance, with there being little pressure deeper inside.

Same as Gwen, Serenity picked up her dress off the floor, taking a second to stretch her midnight wings and tail, with the two of them proceeding to wait for me to climb out, grab my clothing, and follow them. Glancing back at the purple silk covered cot as I left the room, I was a little surprised that we hadn't left any traces of our sex.

Despite how hot we'd definitely gotten, there had been no flames and no hint of singed fabric, and somehow all our fluids had remained mostly contained.

I already knew that the first floor had a few guest bedrooms, but when Gwen led us up the stairs and did a one-eighty to walk down the short hall running parallel to the stairs, I was genuinely surprised to discover that the single door down this way was, in fact, one of those rooms. Like a lot of the

others, the bed was made with standard white sheets and blankets, and the small bathroom had everything someone would need, much like a hotel room.

As Gwen turned on the water in the walk-in shower, which practically took up half of the small space, I realized that the much larger room directly above us was the one where I became Natalie's alpha, and also the same bathroom where I let Rosa drink my blood to break her bleeding curse.

The major difference was size, with the double-room starting at the central hallway, where the stairs were underneath leading to the basement, and also from the bathroom up there being much more spacious.

Placing my clothes on the counter alongside theirs, I followed Serenity as she joined Gwen, with me focusing on the slight differences in their horns as they embraced underneath the water.

Really, I found myself focusing on *all* the differences.

Gwen was taller and had slightly thicker horns, but they wrapped around her head closer to her hair, only to point outward at the ends, causing them to almost look like cat-ears from a distance. Alternatively, while Serenity was a few inches shorter, her horns curved backward with a wider angle from her head, having the same twist at the end, but overall causing the two women to be about the same height when just looking at their horns.

And then, there was the rest of their bodies.

Both were super skinny, but Gwen had a thinner waist while also having much wider hips, her proportions more exaggerated compared to Serenity who I'd always considered to have the perfect proportions for a woman. My first love also had fuller tits, being roughly one size larger than Gwen, who was much more on the perky side while simultaneously having the largest nipples out of all my women.

And then, of course, there was their legs and feet.

A lot of Gwen's height came from how she stood on her hooves, with me realizing Serenity would probably be the same height if she balanced on the balls of her feet. Granted, what came naturally to the maid, since her hooves were so large to begin with, was unnatural to someone with human feet.

After a few minutes of watching them affectionately wash each other up under the steaming water, they both turned toward me for me to join

them. I did without hesitation, wrapping my arms around each of them as I ducked my head under the water between their faces, loving it when both leaned in and pressed their lips to my cheeks, pressing their heated bodies into me as well.

The physical intimacy alone was enough to make me want to remain here forever, but the mental and emotional intimacy made it even more intense.

Standing between two demon goddesses, the already hot water beginning to burst into steam when it hit us, and I felt like I was in heaven.

Not just felt like it, but I *was* in heaven.

It wasn't until I felt a mental tug from Avery that I focused on my other connection.

Avery's mental tone was hesitant.

'Sorry to interrupt, but...Gabriella looks...kind of concerned. Possibly sad, now that she fully understands what happened. I don't think she was expecting it to happen with Gwen and Serenity, and I think she feels left out now.'

Shit.

Serenity grimaced, suddenly feeling bad even though we were now aware that there might not be anything we could do about it. Meaning, it wasn't as if this would have happened differently, if I'd first had a threesome with Gabriella and Serenity, but instead it was as if it was just 'waiting to happen' with Gwen.

All the sex in the world probably wouldn't change that fact.

Even the most intimate threesomes with Ren and Gabriella might not affect the inflexible nature of this bond.

Because it felt like Gwen, Serenity, and I had always been connected like this, and we'd only just now 'realized it,' after having forgotten. Same with Avery and Natalie -- we had some very passionate sex afterward, involving both Mrs. Rebecca and Michelle, but the bond was unique to only the three of us.

The problem was, I wasn't sure what was worse in Gabriella's perception -- the idea that she'd missed out simply because Serenity had gone off and had sex with me and Gwen first...or instead, *the actual fact* that there had never been any hope of this working with her and Serenity.

‘I’ll fix this,’ Serenity abruptly thought confidently. ‘As wonderful as this connection is, our relationships don’t have to be defined by it. I’m going to officially ask her to be my girlfriend. Just her.’

Of course, Gwen wasn’t in the least bit bothered by that, viewing their new connection as being something both more, and less, than what Serenity already shared with Gabriella. More, in that they were now like long-lost sisters, possibly the only two Inferno Imps in existence, and less in the sense that they’d never really been defined as friends to begin with, even if this bond would undoubtedly lead to them growing very close together.

But the point was, this unique bond was definitely something special and potent, but that didn’t mean that Serenity couldn’t continue viewing Gabriella as her best friend -- a best friend who she might also climb into bed with regularly, if not daily.

However, what did surprise me was Avery’s response to all that.

‘Me too,’ she agreed. ‘I’m going to ask her to officially be my girlfriend as well. There is already something between us, and I want to make it clear that I want to become something more.’

I couldn’t help but grin, having absolutely no problem with that. And loving that the three of them were going to commit to being something special together, even if there were no supernatural forces at play. Without a doubt, Avery would now forever have something uniquely special with Natalie, and Serenity would have something with Gwen. But that wouldn’t stop my three first women from choosing to have something special together, simply because it was what they wanted.

Nevertheless, I was very interested in forming this bond with Gabriella too, if at all possible, and looking forward now to hearing from Miriam what she thought was going on, and whether or not we could identify what forces were at play here, whether that be ‘elemental compatibility’ or something else.

Which meant, after never wanting this heaven to end, as I showered between two sexy devils, now I had my focus on Miriam, quickly finding myself almost unable to wait, wanting desperately to find out what she knew.

Hopefully, she’d have the answers.

And hopefully, I’d find a way to share this with Gabriella too.

After drying off from our shower and dressing, Serenity, Gwen, and I all headed out of the small guest bedroom, into the central hall, and then proceeded to pass the grand foyer on our way to the dining hall. Despite having three people who needed to clean up, our shower hadn't lasted much longer than twenty minutes, and it appeared that everyone had gotten comfortable at the massive dining room table while they waited.

In particular, they were all eating.

Apparently, Miriam had already intended on serving dinner once we arrived, having her female chef prepare a big meal in preparation for a late evening feast. Avery and Natalie had brought in the cooked venison, and had divided the meat between everyone who had my blood and craved the protein.

Neither Mrs. Rebecca or Miriam touched it, but they also didn't seem to mind that the others were eating it. I knew Miriam said she didn't technically have to eat much, if anything at all, since she could sustain herself on lust alone, so I wasn't surprised when she only had a small dessert plate in front of her.

Everyone else though had been cheerfully inhaling the food as if they hadn't eaten in days, Gabriella included.

Despite Serenity and Avery's decision to speak to my busty redhead, I knew they'd initially planned on waiting, so that it could be a more private conversation. However, when I entered the room with my twin devils just behind me, one look was all it took.

On the right side of the table, closer to the back kitchen, was Miriam, followed by Mrs. Rebecca just past her, and then Michelle further on her right. And then, on the left side of the table was Avery and Natalie sitting together even closer to us than Miriam was, an empty seat across from the short succubus, with Gabriella sitting across from her mom, having an empty seat on either side. I knew from my first bond that they'd saved the empty seat across from Miriam for me, and that likewise they'd left the empty seat on Gabriella's other side for Serenity.

But one look made it clear that my busty redhead wasn't okay right now.

Serenity and I both looked at Gabriella right away, and she reflexively grimaced just slightly as she looked away, almost looking ashamed. And definitely appearing a little depressed.

Serenity then exchanged a glance with Avery, who began sliding out of her seat, both knowing this conversation needed to happen right now.

Serenity spoke up first as she approached, both her tail and wings twitching slightly as if she was anxious, even though her tone was relaxed and confident.

“Hey Gabriella,” she said casually. “I’ve been meaning to ask you something for a few days now, but was really embarrassed to go through with it.”

My busty redhead looked up at her in genuine surprise and confusion, twisting in her seat as Serenity stood just next to her chair. “Umm, okay?” she said hesitantly, glancing over at her mom briefly.

“You’re the one who convinced me to share Kai with you, and I’m really glad you helped me admit how I felt about him. But...” She hesitated, gently biting her full purple lip. “Well, I didn’t want to just share Kai together. I also wanted to share *you*, with him.”

Gabriella’s emerald eyes widened as she glanced at me briefly this time. “Umm, yeah. You know I feel the same way.” She laughed uneasily then. “I mean, I did just tell you how I felt about that kiss earlier when we were on our date. I’ve been crushing on you practically since we met.”

Serenity gave her a warm smile. “Well, I kind of want to make that official.” Her voice almost cut off as she uncontrollably swallowed, suddenly seeming a little nervous. “Umm, will you...I mean, will you be my girlfriend?”

“Aren’t we already?” she said in surprise.

Serenity hesitated. “Well, yeah. But we haven’t really talked about it. I mean, we’re all with Kai, but you’re my best friend. And while I’m interested in growing closer with everyone, I want to be something special with you specifically.”

Avery chimed in finally, not having gone further than her chair. “M-Me too,” she stammered.

My busty redhead looked up at her in renewed surprise.

Avery continued. “I mean, if you’re still interested in me. I want to be your girlfriend too.”

Gabriella finally looked at Miriam, who I realized was sitting now with her chin resting on her folded hands, her emerald eyes nearly sparkling, a big adorable grin on her face like she was watching live drama

TV playing out in front of her very eyes, and loving every second of it. Even her black tail was bouncing around in seeming glee to the side of her chair.

My first fiancé then cleared her throat, focusing on Serenity and Avery. “Umm, hey, if this is about what just happened with Gwen...I’m okay with it. Really wasn’t expecting that to happen, but I’m okay.”

Serenity shook her head. “It’s true that we’re bringing it up now because of that, but that’s not why. I was actually thinking about it a lot at work, both yesterday and today. It’s partly why I was so startled when my coworker grabbed me at the copy machine. Because I was thinking about how to ask you this question, and was really distracted all day.”

“S-Same here,” Avery admitted, her skin tanning more. “It was really embarrassing, but I really liked it when you smacked my butt. But you kind of haven’t today at all. Actually made me a little sad that you suddenly stopped.”

Gabriella’s eyes were wide again. “Oh...I’m sorry. I guess...” She grimaced. “Well, I guess finding out what happened with Natalie did make me hesitant.”

The person in question abruptly spoke up. “Hey, it’s cool. We can share. And even take turns smacking her ass,” she added playfully.

Gabriella abruptly laughed at that, seeming to relax a lot more as she focused on Serenity again. “Okay,” she said more cheerfully. “Then yeah, I want you both as my girlfriends.” She laughed again. “And even if nothing comes of it, we definitely need to have a foursome with our man, just the three of us.”

I decided to interject. “It can still be something ‘special,’ even if nothing supernatural happens,” I said more seriously.

She gave me a warm smile. “Of course baby,” she agreed. “And thanks,” she added, directing her words to Serenity and Avery. “Seriously, it means a lot.”

“You’re welcome,” my sexy gray devil replied sincerely, her midnight wings visibly looking more relaxed.

Miriam finally cleared her throat, still looking amused. “Well, I certainly don’t want to be the one to interrupt this adorable conversation, but I think it might help if I explain what I think is going on.”

“Do you know why this is happening?” I asked seriously.

She frowned slightly as she focused on me. “Well, unfortunately, no. I do feel fairly confident about the ‘what,’ but not the ‘how’ or ‘why.’ I was hoping you could clue me in on that.”

Gwen spoke up, still at the head of the table. “We might have an idea, mistress.”

“Oh?” Miriam said curiously.

“Probably better if you explain first though,” I added.

The short minx nodded in agreement. “Yes, very well. Have a seat, and I shall start my little presentation.”

“Presentation?” I said in confusion, only to realize what she meant from Gwen’s head, as the maid moved to grab the wooden boxes of chess and checkers for her mistress.

That’s what the game boards were for.

Gwen actually didn’t yet know what the presentation would entail, since Miriam hadn’t actually thought about the topic much in depth, but knew that’s why she’d been asked to dig these simple traditional games out of an upstairs closet.

Finally taking my seat across from Miriam, between Gabriella and Natalie, with Gwen moving to sit next to Miriam on the other side of the table, I glanced at Mrs. Rebecca and Michelle while Serenity sat down on my busty redhead’s other side, only to realize we were missing someone.

Rosa.

Looking around more thoroughly, I found her standing on the far end of the dining room where some of the lights were off, looking like she was trying to go unnoticed as she hid in the shadows.

I decided to bring it up as Miriam began to pull out the pieces to set up the chess and checkers boards. “Mind if Rosa joins us?”

Miriam shrugged. “I’ve made it very clear to her that she’s welcome, but I’m also not going to baby her and hold her hand everywhere I go. If she wants to hide in the shadows, then I’m not going to try to force her to socialize.”

I sighed, knowing she kind of had a point. But figured it couldn’t hurt to invite her myself.

“Rosa, come sit with us,” I said simply.

Much to my surprise, she responded right away, her voice quiet but carrying just fine. “O-Oh, umm, o-okay,” she replied, her youthful voice

having that thick Italian accent.

I didn't look at her as I heard her do so, not wanting her to feel stressed by having my gaze on her, with Mrs. Rebecca and Michelle only glancing at her briefly as she sat down a few seats away from Serenity and Gabriella, before we all gave our attention back to Miriam.

However, Michelle then spoke up, sliding her empty plate on the table a little. "Kai sweetie, do you want me to fix you a plate? There's still plenty of food."

Surprisingly, I wasn't hungry right now, shaking my head and giving her an appreciative smile.

She then made the same offer to Serenity who also agreed that she was *finally* full, after eating so much earlier, causing a short silence to fall over us.

Miriam wasn't exactly going slow by any means, but there was a lot of pieces to set up, with her focusing on evenly distributing the black and red checker pieces -- not all one color to one side, but instead seemingly in a random pattern.

And interestingly enough, I was kind of getting a better idea of how Gwen's mind-reading worked, even though I wasn't experiencing it firsthand. Because Gwen honestly didn't know what Miriam was planning, since the short minx was only focused on setting the board up how she wanted. Meaning, if Miriam didn't think deeply on what she wanted to say or do, then Gwen couldn't pick it up...like...

Well, like shadows of thoughts, just like she'd originally told me.

However, after a brief minute of silence, Miriam was ready.

The chess board was still empty, all the pieces to the side.

"Okay," Miriam finally announced, grabbing the white queen for the chess board, and setting it on a random space closest to her. "So, this will represent me. For simplicity, all the white pieces are female, and all the black pieces are male." She picked up the black king. "So this will be you," she continued, placing it on the other side of the board, toward me. "And then, these white pieces will represent Avery and Natalie." She grabbed the two rooks, the ones that looked like little castle towers, placing them next to the black king, proceeding to grab the two white knights. "And I'll place Serenity next to you too, and then place Gwen next to me," she added, putting one of the white horse pieces next to the white queen.

I focused on the board, having no idea where she was going with this, looking at the two white rooks and white knight next to my black king.

Miriam continued, grabbing a white pawn. "And then, I'll just have this one represent my daughter Rebecca. The strength of the actual pieces don't matter," she added as she placed it all the way to my right side, between our pieces on the edge of the board. "And this," she continued, gesturing overall to the board. "Is the physical realm. The world we exist in."

"Oh, okay," I replied, realization finally hitting me. "So then, this is like where we all live then," I assumed.

She nodded, a big adorable grin touching her full lips. "Yep! That's the idea. Obviously, if I gave everyone at the table a piece, then I'd put a piece for Rosa on my side of the board, and a piece for everyone else closer to you. But that's not the point, since obviously every person between where we live could be represented too. Point is, there is physical space between us."

I nodded, glancing at the checker board. "So then?" I prompted.

She nodded. "We'll say the black pieces are men again, and the red pieces are women, though I wouldn't focus too much on that aspect. Rather, notice how I've spread them out evenly in a random order. This, is meant to represent the spiritual realm."

I focused on her in surprise. "Like, heaven or something?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm talking about the spiritual realm that exists here and now. The space that contains all our souls." She reached out toward a black and red piece close together, and used her fingertips to slide them together. "And this is me and you. Our souls are touching. Notice that on the chess board, in the physical realm, we are theoretically miles apart on the board. But in the spiritual realm, there is no distance between us."

I frowned as I considered that. "O...kay, and so you're implying that's what happened with Avery and Natalie? That the distance decreased?"

"Not just decreased," she replied, picking up two red pieces. "*Unified*," she said emphatically, stacking the two red pieces on top of the black piece. "*Merged* into *one* soul. Or at least begun occupying the same space, something that is normally impossible."

Natalie spoke up. "Is that bad?" she asked seriously.

Miriam frowned, leaning back in her seat and crossing her thin tan arms over her simple white blouse, that had buttons in the back for her wings to go through an opening. Her small perky tits were especially noticeable since she wasn't wearing a bra, the material almost sheer enough to actually see her tan skin and darker areolas even though her shirt was obviously dry.

She cleared her throat as she responded. "Hard to say it's bad in any way. There are texts I've read of those who believed this is a way to obtain immortality, or to at least remain linked to a love one even after death. For example..." She grabbed a black and white pawn and placed them together. "Say this is a married couple, but then this..." She grabbed a black and red checker piece, moving them both off the board in opposite directions. "Is where they are located in the physical realm. When they die, they might as well be the entire universe apart for all of eternity, since it's believed that movement in this realm is impossible."

"And where is this information coming from?" I wondered seriously.

She shrugged. "I've got several books on the topic in the library. And the reason why they believe movement in the spiritual realm is usually impossible is because people have tried to do it. Tried to merge souls together, and been unable." She paused. "Remember what I said about your stone? About how I knew a spell that would temporarily cause our souls to touch? So that I could hear the message too?"

I nodded. "Umm, yeah."

"Well, when you..." She grimaced, lowering her voice. "When you defended me," she whispered, instead of calling it what it was -- when I died. "I felt our souls touch like I'd intended to try doing only temporarily, except it was permanent. That alone should be impossible. The best that centuries of research has produced is a temporary union, that would be the equivalent of two people shaking hands."

"So then, what we've done..." My voice trailed off.

Miriam nodded. "I felt what you did just now with Serenity and Gwen because our souls are touching. And..." She paused as she grabbed her smaller dessert dish, which was completely clean, aside from a few crumbs, clearly having eaten a dry dessert, like a cookie or something. "Okay, this will represent you instead of the smaller black piece." Flipping it upside down, she scooted her red checker piece to the edge so that they touched,

and then stacked two red pieces on top, followed by stacking two more next to it. “And then, this will represent what I think is going on. Right now, we are only touching, but you’ve somehow merged souls with Avery and Natalie, together, while also doing the same with Serenity and Gwen, keeping it separate.”

My eyes widened at that. “How did you know it was separate?” I wondered, uncertain if it was an assumption or if she definitely knew.

“Because I can feel it better now that it’s happened again, and that’s what it feels like. I’m not touching those groupings, but I can sense them. And I can sense that they aren’t directly touching each other.”

I frowned as I focused on the saucer. “So then, are you saying my soul is really big or something?” I asked seriously.

She shook her head. “No, see that’s the thing. In the spiritual realm, there’s no physical space, or any sense of size. Which isn’t something we can easily comprehend, since we primarily understand the world in terms of the physical. There’s not actually space between souls, even though the vast majority aren’t touching. And even though one would think that your soul must be bigger to be able to have their four souls merged with yours, while also having those two groupings not touching, that’s probably not the case.” She grimaced. “But unfortunately, I can’t say for sure since most of this is conclusions drawn from experimentation.”

“And this is a good thing,” I tried clarifying.

She nodded. “Can’t really say it’s a bad thing. Theoretically, if all of you were to ever die, then you’d still be together. But again, I don’t really know how much of that is true, or how that would even work, since supposedly there’s no time in the spiritual realm either.”

I frowned. “Huh, that might explain why it felt like so much time passed whenever it happened, even while almost no time passed here.”

Miriam’s curiosity perked up. “Oh, is that how it felt? Do say more. I’m pretty much done with my presentation at this point anyway, so now I’m really interested to hear about your experience. Figured that a visual aid would help understand what I was saying.”

I smiled. “It did help. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome!” she said cheerfully. “So tell me about it.”

Gwen chimed in from beside her. “Honestly mistress, if you asked me if it lasted a second, or if it instead lasted for thousands of years, I wouldn’t

feel confident in my response. Felt almost like an eternity, while simultaneously lasting for the blink of an eye. Kind of like if you fall asleep after being really tired, and wake up after only an hour or two of hard sleeping, but feel like you might have slept for twelve hours.”

Miriam’s thin red eyebrows shot up as she turned her head to focus on her, before frowning as she considered that. “Well, that would seem to align with the idea that there’s no time in the spiritual realm.” She focused on me. “But then, you implied you might have an idea of why this was happening. Please share.”

I frowned as I glanced to my left at Gabriella briefly. “Well, when it happened with Avery and Natalie, it felt like a dam bursting. Like we were trying so hard to be more intimate than we already felt, and finally the barrier broke and we kind of collided into each other...” I paused when both of them nodded on my right. “But then with Serenity and Gwen, it felt the same, but there was a lot more heat involved. Physical heat, yes, but also a different kind of heat. Honestly, it kind of felt like there was a fundamental element underlying the connection.” I paused when Miriam’s eyebrows raised again, before continuing. “Is that a thing? Having like some kind of elemental affinity with others? Like being able to use fire magic versus water magic?”

Miriam shook her head. “Real magic doesn’t exactly fit into neat categories like that. Sure, there are races that can use fire magic easily, but technically anyone capable of using magic can create a flame with a spell. And water magic doesn’t really exist to begin with, at least not how you probably think of it.”

“What do you mean?” I asked seriously.

She sighed, glancing at everyone else, before responding. “Well, I’ll try to keep this as simple as possible, since otherwise we could be up all night discussing it. But basically, a lot of cultures believe in the four elements of fire, water, air, and earth. But magic is inherently *energy*, and doesn’t follow those elements. So take water, for example. It’s not a form of energy. But life is. The very thing that gives people and creatures inherent life is literally what we call magic. Yet life doesn’t neatly fit into the four elements.”

I nodded. “Yeah, I remember Mrs. Rebecca mentioning that. And how human sacrifices were probably used to gain magical energy.”

Granted, I knew Miriam had also said as much when she told me about the being that turned her into a succubus as a punishment -- a curse that turned into a blessing and granted her immortality, once they defeated the abomination who was trying to play God.

“That is absolutely true,” Miriam said seriously to my verbal comment. “And just like life doesn’t fit into one of those categories, neither does magic used to grow plants. Maybe some might consider it earth magic or maybe even plant magic, but then you just have more categories in the latter case. And think about the storm I created yesterday, to kill a bunch of those werewolves with lightning. Does that fall under air magic, fire magic, or something else?”

Serenity chimed in. “But is there anything wrong with calling it plant magic and electric magic?” she asked seriously.

Miriam shrugged. “Sure, you could call it whatever you want, but my point is that magic itself is not something that can easily fit into categories. Because plant magic is really just life magic, as is all magic to begin with, and something like water magic doesn’t really exist. Of course, there are spells that might assist in separating a solution, for example, but controlling water isn’t really a part of the process. If anything, such as spell is probably using energy to make use of gravity or possibly even some other kind of unseen force to do the job.”

“So then, elemental affinity isn’t a thing?” I tried clarifying.

She frowned. “I’m not saying that either.” She then groaned. “Ugh, I’m making this too complicated. Let me put it to you this way. Magic is *energy*, and water is not a form of energy. Fire is a form of energy, as is electricity, as is life. One person might have a natural affinity for transforming magic into life energy that plants can use, while another person might be able to do that to create fire. Basically, a magical affinity is when someone can easily convert magic into another form of energy, or vice versa, often without even using a spell.” She paused. “Such as with me, I *do* have a magical affinity. And you should already know it.” She smirked. “Can you guess what it is?”

“Electricity?” I tried.

“No Kai. It’s lust,” she said seriously. “Think about it. What comes easy to me? Lust. What do I transform into magic? Lust. What do I need to survive? What ability comes to me with such ease that I could do it without

trying?” She paused for emphasis. “Again, it’s lust. As a sex demon, if I had a magical affinity, then it would be lust magic. Or sex magic, or something similar. However you want to classify it.”

My eyes widened at that, as it all finally dawned at me, realizing I was still thinking in terms of elements. “Oh, so then, affinities truly don’t fit the kind of categories we’d normally think of.”

“Exactly. And yeah, obviously you, Gwen, and probably Serenity too all have an affinity for fire magic. I wasn’t trying to argue against that. But I strongly doubt that Natalie and Avery here have an affinity for water magic. Because water magic doesn’t exist.”

I frowned, still feeling like ‘water’ felt right...or something similar...

“Okay, then what about blood magic?” I blurted out, without thinking.

Mrs. Rebecca immediately gawked at me, seeming stunned that I’d even bring that up, but thankfully Miriam wasn’t fazed at all.

Her youthful voice was patient and thoughtful. “Blood magic has its basis in *sacrifice*. Blood is the thing that all living things have, even cold-blooded animals like snakes, and so it’s unsurprising that the very fluid that facilitates life would be overflowing with life magic. And part of what makes blood magic so dangerous is *because* of that power. Because a human sacrifice can supply the energy for immensely powerful spells, and using one’s own blood can similarly cast potent spells that would otherwise be impossible to cast -- at the risk of one’s own life, of course. It’s taboo for a reason.”

I nodded slowly. “Okay, but then, is it hypothetically possible that some people might have an affinity for blood magic? Not that I’m suggesting we should practice such things,” I quickly added, wanting to make sure I was clear on that point.

However, the moment the words left my mouth, Avery immediately was thinking about how she tasted my blood those two years ago, suddenly wondering if she *did* have an affinity for blood magic, and if that was why we seemed to be linked together so strongly -- not because of my blood itself, since ingesting it did not appear to have the same effect as getting it in her bloodstream, but possibly from her accidentally casting some kind of spell upon doing so.

An overwhelmingly strong desire to be with me, a wish unexpectedly fulfilled, fueled by a small amount of my potent magic-filled blood. Much

like my own desire to cling to life, upon having my heart ripped out, resulted in my soul being bound to Miriam's without the use of an actual spell -- instead, a powerful desire only.

At the same time, Natalie had recalled overhearing her former alpha mention that there was power in blood for a werewolf. That if they were ever against a fierce enemy, the injuries inflicted would ironically make them stronger, faster, and more powerful.

Possibly because they were instinctively using blood magic?

Did all werewolves have an affinity for blood magic, possibly due to their cursed nature? Was it possible that was why they could slip through barriers and wards?

"Maybe," Miriam offered simply, in response to my spoken question.

"*Definitely*," Avery whispered, looking shaken by this realization.

Now Miriam was stunned. "Wait, you feel like you have an affinity for blood magic?" she asked my blonde classmate seriously.

"I...I think it was my fault," she admitted, glancing past Natalie at me apologetically. "I thought maybe tasting Kai's blood changed me a little two years ago, but now I'm not so sure that drinking it does anything. Not when Rosa seems completely normal. Still very much a vampire, just with that curse broken. I think maybe I did something."

"Wait," Miriam interjected. "What happened two years ago?"

I sighed. "Basically, I broke up a fight, and was really pissed. Bit my tongue to try to calm myself down, and Avery offered me her water bottle."

"He had blood on his lip," Avery continued. "I actually thought he might be a werewolf back then -- the paranormal romance novel kind, not the real thing," she clarified. "And I was just so infatuated and desperate to be in his world, that I..." Her voice trailed off, sincerely looking ashamed.

Natalie finally leaned over and wrapped her arm around her shoulders, silently telling her in our bond that there was no reason for her to beat herself up about it.

I focused on Miriam, seeing that she just seemed stunned. "Is there a way we could test for it? Just to know if that's really what it is?"

Her wide emerald eyes turned to me, only for her to frown as she seriously considered my question. "Well, if they had an affinity for blood magic, then it would be easy for them to use it. Meaning, just like you can create a flame without much thought, and how I absorb and use lust without

much thought, never mind how you can do the same with passion, they'd be able to do something similar." She paused as she considered that. "Problem is, blood magic is kind of the Joker of magic. The wild card. Part of what makes it so dangerous is that it can do almost anything."

"Does that mean there's no easy way to test it?" I wondered.

She frowned, only to focus on Mrs. Rebecca. "Here, hand me a knife over there."

"Please don't cut yourself," I said seriously.

Her emerald eyes focused on me in surprise, even as my busty MILF handed over one of the knives. "Oh, I don't plan on it. I want Avery to cut herself."

"*Huh?*" Avery said in shock, even as Miriam handed the knife toward her.

"Not a lot," the short minx clarified. "Just prick your finger." She then flipped over her dessert saucer, knocking over the checker pieces on top, and placed the knife on there when my classmate didn't accept the blade. Miriam continued as she slid the plate over. "Just put a little drop on there, and then I want you to try to cause it to burst into flames."

Natalie spoke up. "Will that really work?" she asked seriously.

Miriam shrugged her delicate shoulder. "Well, that's what we're going to find out. For me, if I was to do it, then I'd have to use a very particular spell to make it happen -- to transform the energy in that blood into a small flame. But if either one of you have an affinity for blood magic, then theoretically you should be able to do it without much effort. Just like I can use lust without much effort."

Natalie and Avery exchanged a glance, only for them to both focus on the knife lying on the plate.

The blue-haired model spoke up first. "Here, let me try," she offered, reaching out for the plate and sliding it over.

"You're sure?" Avery asked hesitantly.

"Of course," she replied, grabbing the knife and jabbing herself in the finger. "Pain like this doesn't mean much to me. Not when I've felt *real* pain before."

"From transforming?" Miriam assumed sympathetically.

"Yeah," Natalie agreed. "Being a werewolf is a bitch. So glad I might not have to transform this full moon next week." She paused as a drop of

blood landed on the plate. “Okay, so then I just will it to be fire, huh?”

Miriam smirked. “If it only it were that easy, you’ll probably have to really concentrate to--”

Unexpectedly, it was as if someone had thrown boiling grease and water together, the tiny drop of blood *erupting* into a massive blaze far larger and higher than both campfires outside put together.

Almost everyone immediately screamed and fell out of their chairs, trying to get away from the intense heat from the massive bonfire on the table, with only me and Gwen managing to avoid a total freak-out, only standing up in alarm.

When the flames died down after a brief few seconds, everyone was frozen solid, Natalie having fallen back in her chair and onto her back on the floor, now tentatively propping herself up on one elbow. Likewise, Miriam was flat on her ass, her chair overturned, with Gwen finally rushing to help her up to her feet. However, she looked shell-shocked as she slowly began standing on shaky legs with her maid’s help.

Everyone was shell-shocked.

One second, everything had been fine, and the next there was a literal bonfire on the table.

All from a drop of blood.

As everyone finally began getting to their feet, Miriam finally spoke up in a trembling voice.

“And *that*, is why blood magic is so dangerous,” she said seriously.

“And *that* pretty much confirms my suspicions,” I added, still feeling stunned myself. “Avery and Natalie have an affinity for blood magic.”

Miriam abruptly shook her head. “More than that Kai. If the bond you formed with them is due to that affinity, then I’d say it’s safe to say that all *three of you* have an affinity for blood magic. You included, Kai.”

Oh.

Damn.

I supposed she was right.

(9) Chapter 84: Affinities

After the literal bonfire that exploded on the table when Natalie tried to create a small flame using some of her blood, which was thankfully so brief it didn't cause any damage, everyone was a little hesitant to try to confirm if Avery could do the same. Because it *was supposed* to be a small flame.

In fact, the reason why Miriam chose that particular test was because turning blood into fire was usually very difficult, even with a spell.

But apparently that just made the truth even more clear.

Natalie truly did have an affinity for blood magic, something Miriam never would have imagined in her wildest dreams.

And, upon taking us all outside where she pricked her own finger to show us what she 'thought' was going to happen, we all got to witness the incredibly tiny spark that manifested into existence when she put her best effort in.

But that didn't stop everyone from taking a step back when Avery decided to give it a try.

Good thing they all did too.

The *eruption* -- truly an eruption, like a volcano exploding -- of flames that came from just the smallest drop of blood on the ground equally matched what we'd experienced inside.

And then it was my turn.

I had an affinity for fire to begin with, but trying to turn blood into flames was definitely something different. And ultimately, it had the same result.

The flames I produced from my body were blue, but the fire that erupted from my blood was bright orange, just like normal fire.

"Well, that definitely confirms it," Miriam commented after the impressive display. "Never would have imagined that someone could have an affinity for such a taboo form of magic, but I suppose that explains how certain monsters have come to exist."

I simply nodded at that, wondering if she was okay with this, or if it bothered her more than she was letting on.

Miriam sighed then. “Well, Rebecca, Gabriella, Serenity, Michelle, all of you pass the knife around. Might as well confirm if anyone else has this affinity, or not. We need to at least confirm whether or not becoming like Kai automatically passes this ability on to others.”

Rebecca chimed in then. “But I thought you said I couldn’t use magic.”

“And you probably can’t,” she agreed. “But I also never tested you for blood magic.”

The blonde vampire Rosa chimed in then, having followed us outside, but keeping to the shadows. “W-What about me?”

Miriam focused in her direction in surprise. “Yeah, you can try too. If you have an affinity, then it shouldn’t be hard to do.”

However, after several long minutes of silence, once the knife had been passed around, the lack of fire made it pretty clear that becoming like me did not imply that anyone would gain an affinity for blood magic because of it. Neither Gabriella or Serenity could do it, and Michelle actually admitted she felt sick to her stomach for even trying.

Gwen even decided to try too, but to no avail.

What had been extremely easy for the three of us, was completely impossible for the others -- at least, not without using a very particular spell, though even that had produced almost nonexistent results for Miriam, if that spark could even be counted as anything.

Finally the short minx turned toward the three of us, crossing her arms once it was clear the compatibility only existed with Natalie, Avery, and myself.

“Well, I’m not sure what to say,” she finally admitted. “Except to humbly request you try to avoid using it. *Please understand*,” she quickly continued when Natalie frowned. “I’m not trying to demand that you not use it, but this kind of magic is just so ridiculously dangerous.”

“Wouldn’t it be a good idea to train it though?” I wondered. “Wouldn’t that make it less dangerous?”

She shook her head. “After what you three just did? *Absolutely not*. You don’t even need a spell to use this magic! You don’t *need* training to what is nearly impossible for most others! And this is a kind of magic that would let you do almost *anything*, so long as you have enough fresh blood for it. Shit, if one of you cut yourself right now, and then for some reason

wished we were all dead, *it would happen!* After what I've just seen? No doubt it would happen!"

"Shit," Natalie hissed.

"Yeah, exactly," Miriam said seriously. "So no, you don't need to train it. All you need to know is that it's extremely dangerous, and that you could practically make anything a reality, if you have the blood to fuel the desire. *That's your training right there.* Don't use it at all, and if for some reason you do try using it, just understand that it may have severe consequences. This kind of magic *can* kill you. Wish for something too big with the intention of using your own blood, and you might just use all of it."

"I understand," Natalie quickly interjected, since a lot of Miriam's attention was on her after she frowned. "And I wasn't trying to seem rebellious, if that's the impression you got. You could have killed me a few days ago, and I'm forever in your debt for treating me like a person, even being nice to me, despite my curse. Despite what I was."

Miriam sighed. "Yeah well, you have mostly Kai to thank for that, but I appreciate your words. I just want to make it clear that I'm not asking you to avoid this magic because I want to limit your power. I'm asking because it truly is dangerous. More so than any of you might be grasping right now, even despite the examples I've just given. Like, you better be dying for real, before you ever consider using it. And even then, be ready for it to kill you."

I took a deep breath. "We understand. Really, we do." I sighed. "So then, is there a way to identify what other affinities Gabriella might have?"

Miriam shrugged. "She's a succubus. Her affinity is probably lust magic."

"Probably?" Gabriella chimed in.

Miriam took a deep breath and crossed her arms again while facing her. "Even now, while you're much more succubus than your mother is, you're not exactly like me. For one, I haven't seen any noticeable evidence that your need for lust has increased. And even if you do end up growing wings and a tail, that doesn't necessarily mean it will come with my problems." She sighed. "I didn't want to say all that prematurely, since we don't really know yet. But it's possible that Kai's blood actually gave you more options to get the energy you need to survive."

"Like the passion I absorb?" I assumed.

Miriam shrugged, her folded arms tight now, matching her tense wings. “I don’t know. I’d need to be at her side watching her all day, possibly for several days, to identify what she is, or isn’t, consuming for energy.”

Gwen picked up on something then from Miriam’s head, finally tipping me off as to what was really going on here.

My eyes widened in surprise. “You’re wondering if maybe my blood would help you,” I realized. “If it would allow you to live life without lust, if you so chose to do so.”

Rather than seeming surprised that I guessed it, she just grimaced. “The thought has crossed my mind recently, yes. I’ve also considered if maybe I could have sex with Gwen more often if you gave *her* some of your blood. The last day has been...kind of rough, if I’m being honest, not being able to fuck anyone.”

“Sorry,” I said sincerely, knowing from my bond with Gwen that the maid was already aware that the idea of changing at least her had crossed her mistress’s mind, but that she just hadn’t thought to bring it up in the hour or so since we’d bonded.

Miriam shrugged, finally dropping her arms. “It’s fine. I really only need to fuck every other day to stay healthy. I’m just addicted to sex, honestly. Going without makes me kind of depressed. And currently, Gwen can only handle me absorbing her lust about once a week, before it can start affecting her health.” She gave me a weak smile. “Which means, I have to either rely on you, or else one of the four women here like you.”

Serenity chimed in. “Do you know for sure we could produce lust like that though? Endlessly, or whatever?”

Miriam gave her a small smile. “Just a theory right now, though I’d definitely be interested in finding out,” she said sincerely.

Serenity swallowed hard.

I could tell Miriam wasn’t trying to be overly seductive, but it kind of just went hand-in-hand with her very existence. Everything about her was oozing with seduction, temptation, and allure. I was sure everyone present had some level of desire to get in bed with the short redhead, and would be more than happy to do so if she directly requested it, myself included.

I cleared my throat. “I’m assuming you would test by filling opals, right?” I said seriously, causing Serenity’s entire body to tense at what I was

implying, prompting me to clarify. “Might not be best to test Serenity when she’s possibly still changing though,” I added.

I wasn’t sure if my sexy fiancé was relieved or disappointed by that.

Miriam nodded. “Yes, opals. And I wasn’t suggesting we try now anyway.”

Michelle unexpectedly cleared her throat, my busty blonde MILF seeming timid. “Umm, I...” Her voice caught in her throat, seeming embarrassed. “I mean, if you need a guinea pig, I’d much rather risk it myself, than any of them.”

Miriam seemed surprised. “Oh, I wouldn’t say it’s much of a risk. If I sense someone’s capacity to produce lust fatiguing, then I’ll stop long before I hurt them. And we don’t need to worry about it tonight anyway.” She focused on me. “I know you have school tomorrow, so after I fuck you silly, you can either stay here for the night, or else go home. We can worry about the other stuff this weekend.”

I nodded, knowing sex with her was going to happen either way.

Although, I was a little surprised to unexpectedly realize through our bond that Avery had grabbed my backpack in passing when they all left the house in Mrs. Rebecca’s car, just in case we did end up staying the night. Thus, making it so we’d only have to stop at her house briefly on the way to school...

I cleared my throat, appreciative that she’d do that, but also now wondering if I’d have the willpower to leave tonight when there wasn’t really any reasons why we ‘had to.’ Quite the opposite, we kind of needed to stay. “Umm, well, since Serenity still isn’t back to normal, I think staying here is in order. Probably not a good idea to take her back home like this, and I’m definitely not going to leave her alone.”

Miriam grinned. “Oh, I wouldn’t let her be alone, I can assure you.” She giggled at Serenity’s obvious reaction. “But yeah, I know what you mean.” She then gave me a hopeful look, her tone a cute innocent pleading. “If I let Serenity in my bed too, then would you sleep with me?”

I scoffed playfully. “Would you even let us sleep?”

“I’d try *really hard*, at least,” she said with a grin. “Can’t guarantee that you won’t wake up to me riding your cock though.”

I wasn’t sure if I should be excited or dismayed about how tired I was probably going to be tomorrow morning.

Gwen unexpectedly giggled at my thoughts, sincerely amused. “Master, I love it how you’ve already succumbed to my mistress’s wishes without her even putting up much of a fight.”

Miriam’s face lit up. “Oh, he has, has he? Wonderful!”

I scoffed again. “As if I ever had a choice.”

“Exactly right,” she said with an adorable pout. “Everything will be so much easier for you when you realize the right answer is to always do what I say.”

I grinned, knowing she was being overdramatic on purpose.

“And if I don’t do what you say?” I teased.

Miriam reached back for her tail. “Then my naughty boy will need to be punished, *of course*,” she said playfully. “*Spanked*.”

Gabriella spoke up then. “We still need to learn how to control our charm though,” she reminded us.

“Oh, that’s right,” Miriam agreed, letting go of her tail. “I completely forgot, with how low the amount is right now, coming from everyone.” She sighed heavily. “Okay then. Let’s move to the East Drawing Room, and I’ll try to do a rundown of the basics. Gabriella and Kai, you both will probably pick it up the fastest, so I’ll need you to use your charms on each other, both of you turning it on and off, so that the others can try to detect it. Sensing it is the first step, and then controlling it is the second.”

I smirked. “Not that I don’t love that idea, but how come you’re not including yourself in that equation.”

She grinned. “For one, because the teacher needs to watch all her students, to ensure they’re paying attention.” She then frowned, almost seeming pouty. “And also, my self-control around you is dramatically deteriorating, and we’ll never get anything else done tonight if I participate.”

Mrs. Rebecca spoke up then. “If you want, I can focus on helping Michelle and Avery, and you can focus on Serenity and Natalie.”

“Good idea,” Miriam agreed. “And sorry. Wasn’t trying to leave you out.”

Mrs. Rebecca shook her head. “It’s alright, mom. I can’t help with the magic stuff, but I can at least help with this.”

The short minx gave her a warm smile. “Very well. Let’s get to it then. I’ve got a date with a handsome young man, and I mustn’t be late.”

I couldn't help but smile.

As it turned out, Miriam was definitely right about Gabriella and me picking it up quicker than everyone else. We sat facing each other on one of her white leather couches, essentially being on display as the exhibit for everyone else to watch as we took turns both sensing and controlling the charm we exuded, attempting to use it on each other.

It wasn't meant to be sexy though, with Miriam making a point to emphasize that she'd break it up if we started kissing, since we were trying to learn right now.

But we did pick it up fast, eventually causing Miriam and Mrs. Rebecca to focus on their respective pairs as Serenity and Natalie, as well as Avery and Michelle worked to master the simple task themselves.

In my case, I'd already learned the difference between when I was, or wasn't, using my eye compulsion, so identifying and controlling the 'charm-like' aura leaking out of me wasn't too difficult at all, once I really tried focusing on it. And similarly, Gabriella just needed to work on controlling the 'charm,' with me serving as her teacher for that part, giving her tips while Miriam just watched, since my busty redhead had already been taught how to sense lust coming from others -- a night I'd never forget, involving the first time I had sex with my redheaded MILF at her home on that wide leather couch.

That night had been two hours of pure bliss.

But, in contrast, most everyone else did seem to struggle for a little bit, even though Serenity, Natalie, and Avery could 'generally' perceive what I'd done through our bond. Because doing it themselves was still very different.

Michelle was actually the next person to both perceive and control it, shocking us all when she intentionally ramped up her charm as high as possible, just to get a feel for it.

We all had to stop what we were doing the moment it happened, because -- not only did Avery shift fully in response, visibly aroused -- but Mrs. Rebecca uncontrollably jumped my blonde MILF and started passionately kissing her, as if it had been too much for even her -- a woman who was already an eighth succubus.

And Avery just stared at them going at it, her tan cheeks flushed deeply.

Part of me wanted to watch the scene play out, knowing Michelle was also really getting into the passionate kissing as her skin began turning gray, and her hair started to turn white.

But then Miriam cleared her throat, causing Mrs. Rebecca to snap out of it.

“S-Sorry,” my redheaded MILF stammered, almost looking embarrassed by her lack of self-control.

Miriam spoke up before Michelle could say anything, her thin tan hands on her bony hips, hidden partially by her small jean shorts. “I certainly don’t have a problem with anyone succumbing to their lust, but not when class is in session,” she reemphasized. “Otherwise, nothing will ever get done.”

“Of course,” Mrs. Rebecca agreed, the mature woman looking sincerely ashamed, as if she was absolutely being scolded by her mother.

Michelle finally spoke up in a whisper. “Did I really have that effect on you?” she wondered sincerely.

My redhead MILF finally smirked. “Yeah, and it was wonderful. Reminded me of all the times I’ve had sex with our young man, and I suddenly found myself wishing you and I had ended up in a room together when we played our game earlier today.”

Michelle’s cheeks flushed slightly. “Me too,” she admitted, the two mature women staring intently into each other’s eyes. “Maybe tomorrow you and I can get him alone in a room, and--”

Avery finally interrupted. “Mom, I’m trying to focus,” she complained, still fully transformed.

Mrs. Rebecca abruptly turned toward her and grabbed my classmate’s face, planting a big kiss on her pale lips, before letting her go. “Now, now, that’s no way to talk to my girlfriend, now is it?” she said playfully. “Have some respect.”

Avery’s face flushed even more. “S-Sorry,” she stammered.

Mrs. Rebecca just laughed, clearly teasing her, only to see that Michelle’s face was flushed too, though her transformation was still mostly under control. I wasn’t sure if it was from the kiss, or from the proclamation of Mrs. Rebecca claiming Michelle as her girlfriend, but something definitely had her embarrassed.

It kind of made sense though, that my two mature women might focus on each other out of all my other women, given that they both had much more experience in life and could relate easier. And especially if Serenity, Avery, and Gabriella were all going to be girlfriends, then Rebecca and Michelle being girlfriends made perfect sense.

However, surprisingly, when I considered all that, Avery sensed it in our bond and spoke up in a whisper, as if she wanted to make it clear it's what I wanted...and maybe what she wanted too.

"Kai thinks it's hot if you two really date."

Mrs. Rebecca laughed at that. "I'm a succubus. Of course I knew that," she said playfully. "Anticipating what others would like is one of my gifts."

"We did talk about it while we were out earlier today," Michelle agreed quietly. "Just hadn't gotten a chance to discuss it with him yet."

I thought about telling them right then and there that I was perfectly fine with it, that I *did* think it was hot, and that Mrs. Rebecca was right to assume it was what I wanted. However, they'd been whispering for a reason, since Serenity and Natalie were both still working on controlling their own charm, and I didn't want to interrupt.

Ultimately, those latter two both got it within a minute of each other, and then Avery had everyone's attention as she finally refocused on trying to control it too, with Natalie's silent thoughts on the matter helping my classmate out much faster than she probably would have managed otherwise.

After that, Miriam called out each person, like it was time for our exam, and had them demonstrate their control, just to ensure everyone definitely had it down. Technically, it was supposed to be an easy skill to begin with, but so was riding a bike.

Once you got it, you never forgot how to do it, but learning to do it those first few times still took some practice. Kind of like transforming too, although I had to admit that this had been a bit harder to master.

But it was crazy, because Miriam truly had an ability to make things feel real, much like the vivid hallucination of her being one of my classmates when I first laid eyes on her in the kitchen. Which meant that getting congratulated by her truly felt like we were in class and had made our teacher extremely proud. Truly, her natural talent took roleplay to a whole new level.

But then class was officially over...

And it was time to fuck the teacher.

Miriam began barking out instructions without hesitation. "All of you are free to figure out sleeping arrangements however you want. Gwen can help with showing you what rooms to use, if you aren't sure." She focused on me. "As for you Kai, I need to borrow you for an hour, and then you can sleep with Serenity for the night."

I was surprised by that. "Not going to force us into your bed?" I teased.

She gave me a small smile. "As much as I'd love that, you're right about possibly not getting enough sleep if I'm in bed with you all night. Once you graduate from school, I'll worry less about wearing you out, but for now, I'll try to be good. Sound fair?"

I smirked at that, knowing she was making a promise to do just that -- to wear me out once I no longer had any serious obligations.

"Sounds fair," I agreed, trying not to laugh.

"*Perfect*," she cooed. "Then come with me handsome. I have something special picked out for tonight."

Oh damn, now I was really curious.

And as I followed after her, I couldn't help but keep my eyes on her exposed dimples in her tan lower back, and tight ass in those jean shorts. Even the simplest of clothing was ridiculously sexy on her, and I knew that I was going to enjoy whatever she put on -- or *didn't* put on.

However, I had to admit I was a little surprised that she was going for 'cute' this time, instead of sexy.

When we got into her suite, she had me wait in the front room like last time when she put on that latex bodysuit, only to appear in what could only be described as super adorable pajamas. An emerald silk top similar to a camisole shirt, with cute turtle outlines scattered throughout in a lighter shade of green, coupled with a matching pair of shiny green silk panties that were so tight that she had a visible camel toe showing, as the shiny fabric conformed to her yummy pussy.

She already had a wet spot in the glossy fabric between her thin tan thighs, that maple syrup scent already thick in the air.

Feeling like my heart was already racing, I focused on her when she cleared her throat.

Her expression was adorable, almost bashful. “I really love all aspects of sex, including everything that happens beforehand.” She shivered then, as if extremely aroused. “The *anticipation*, the *desire*, and I also love doing all the things most humans only do when they’re trying to avoid having sex.”

My brow furrowed. “What do you mean?” I asked seriously.

She gave me a warm smile, beginning to walk closer to where I sat on the black leather couch. “Well, say a couple wants to wait until they’re married for normal sex. But they just can’t resist each other. There is so much fun stuff they do during that time, that they ultimately stop doing the moment they tie the knot.”

I nodded slowly, my pulse beginning to throb in my throat, trying to swallow as she stopped in front of me. “So then?”

She gave me an adorable grin. “*So then*, I *don’t* want you to put your cock in my pussy, or ass, until we’re almost done. Try to hold off.”

“O-Okay,” I stammered, my breathing picking up as I focused on her hard nipples poking through the emerald silk top, wanting to reach up and squeeze her small tits, knowing she was definitely working her magic on me. “Then what do we do instead?” I wondered breathlessly.

She smirked at me, enjoying my reaction. “First I want you to get on top of me,” she replied, moving to sit down on the couch beside me, only to begin laying back sideways with her tan legs spread. I quickly stripped off my pants and did so, automatically grabbing her thighs to push them up more while shifting my position to get my throbbing cock against the silk panties.

My body felt overwhelmed by the warmth coming from her pussy, her heat feeling like it was filling my shaft and running into my gut, filling me with intense pleasure.

Her tone dropped, becoming more seductive. “Now,” she whispered. “I want you to slide your cock underneath my panties. Rub against my pussy, but don’t go inside. And I want you to keep rubbing until you cum in my silk panties. Understand?”

I felt like I was gasping for breath now as I reached down to carefully tug up on the material on one side, easing my leaking head underneath the smooth emerald silk, and feeling her pussy lips separate as I forced myself up to her clit.

Miriam immediately moaned loudly, her entire body tensing briefly. “Yes, that’s perfect baby. Keep doing that until we both cum.”

Oh fuck, as I focused down at my engorged cock sliding underneath her emerald silk panties, I realized I wasn’t going to last long.

Not at all. The sight itself was too intoxicating.

And she was so wet.

My cock was already making the top of the shiny silk material soaked, but her slippery snatch was lathering my shaft up in her intoxicating juices, that familiar maple syrup scent overwhelming my nose and making my head spin.

Oh fuck, I wanted to shove my cock in her pussy so bad, but knowing she expected me not to actually made me a thousand times more horny.

Within a matter of seconds, I began cumming, prompting her to immediately reach down and readjust her panties so that she contained most of it inside the fabric.

“Perfect,” she cooed warmly, her eyes fluttering close briefly as she began smoothing out the cum-soaked fabric over her snatch, some of my cum leaking out on the sides. “Oh fuck, so yummy,” she then moaned as she took a deep breath. “Now, help me flip around and do the same to my ass.”

Fuck!

Yes please!

As she began twisting on her side, her midnight wings tensing against her back more, I couldn’t help but desperately try to keep my cock against her taint between her ass and pussy, both helping her turn over and making it more difficult as I got her legs around me.

As tight as the emerald silk panties were, they were really riding up her crack, making her already tight ass look even more sexy.

But then I was shoving my wet cock from her taint to asshole, trying really hard to not try to force my way in as I started sliding between her asscheeks.

Shit, and here I thought the front was seductive.

Between her tight ass, shiny tail, the dimples in her lower back, and her thin sexy figure covered in emerald silk, with those cute turtle outlines, it was all too much. I wanted to cum again so bad, and the fact that this time was taking longer made me feel a little more aggressive.

Without thinking, I leaned forward a little, supporting my weight on the back of the leather couch with one hand, as I reached out with the other and began winding my fingers through her short red hair. I then started tugging her head back slightly as I thrust my cock in her crack over and over, loving it when her glossy black wings began trembling in pleasure.

“Uh, uh, uh, uh,” she gasped as if I was actually fucking her, her moans accompanying each thrust. “Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh! Mmm, cum in my panties. Yeah baby, fill my panties with your yummy cum! Uh, uh, uh, uh!”

Tugging on her hair more roughly, my thrusting becoming more aggressive, I accidentally angled my hips too much and hit her asshole at just the perfect angle, unexpectedly sinking just my head inside.

“UHHHHHHHHHH!” Miriam half-yelled, half-moaned, her entire cute body tensing.

The abrupt tightness of penetration was too much, and I immediately started cumming again, quickly trying to pull out to shoot my next load in her crack instead, focusing down to watch as the emerald silk rapidly began to get soaked in cum with each shot.

“Oh God, that felt so good,” Miriam moaned. “Accidental penetrations turn me on so much, just like that first time I fell on your cock. Oh my God, feeling that first shot of cum inside my ass feels so wonderful! Oh shit, and it’s making me so warm now. Oh God, I need to control myself. Oh fuck,” she gasped.

Feeling like my head was spinning, both wanting to shove my cock inside her fully, and yet knowing I really was loving this kind of sexual activity, I simply tried to focus on my breathing as I waited for her to tell me what was next.

She began whispering, sounding like she was talking to herself. “Okay, okay, I can do this. *I can do this*. I can wait for just one more thing.” She took a shaky breath, her tan skin visibly flushed on her upper and lower back, still sounding like she was whispering to herself. “But oh shit, I forgot how much he cums.” She moaned then. “K-Kai, can you go grab my robe? I set one out on the bed.”

I pulled away without responding, knowing exactly why she needed it.

Not only was the front of her panties soaked in cum, but the back was completely soaked now too, with the slimy white fluid from her crack

leaking out of the sides as it began to drip onto the black leather couch between her sexy thighs.

Finding a rich blue silk robe on the bed exactly where she indicated, I rushed back with it and laid it open on her back, prompting her to fan out her wings as she slipped her arms into each sleeve while remaining on her stomach, and then getting it wrapped around her hips as she tightened her wings again and flopped on her back. She then finished getting the bottom portion snug with the matching silk belt, and slowly sat up, looking visibly dazed as my cum audibly squished against her ass and pussy within the blue silk robe.

“Oh God, you’re so fucking yummy,” she moaned, trying to focus up at me. “Okay, now I want you to come a little closer, and just stand in front of me,” she continued, beginning to slip the emerald silk top down a little, the fabric loose enough to get her pink nipples exposed. “I want to jerk you off until you cum on my tits,” she moaned, her eyes fluttering shut as my cum in her ass continued to fill her with passion.

I felt like I couldn’t breathe as I took a step closer and reached out to begin stroking her fiery red hair, feeling almost dizzy as her thin hands grabbed me firmly and began easily gliding firmly over all the fluids lubricating my cock. But then it was finally too much for her, and she leaned forward to wrap her lips around my head, moaning loudly as she tasted the leaking tip.

Her breathing picked up as she started bobbing on me too, growing more and more desperate as her thighs began to shift around and tense. Even though she was sitting on the silk robe under her tight butt, the front portion was open now just enough that I could see her cum-soaked panties, and the sight was almost too much.

Miriam wasn’t holding anything back with her erotic charm, and I very much felt it -- a ball of pleasure in my gut, my chest feeling really hot -- just like she also felt my cum continue to fill her with warmth and passion more and more, endlessly.

But apparently she still had some self-control.

The exact moment that my cock began tensing, she pulled her mouth off and thrust her cute tits out more, causing me to begin shooting my thick load directly against her tan skin with enough force to cause an audible slap.

Followed by another, and another.

She then quickly tugged up on her top to smooth out the cum, allowing it to soak into the material, breathing heavily as her juicy tan legs squirmed even more.

“So hot. You’re so hot. I feel so hot,” she gasped. “Oh God, I wanted to wait longer, but I need you to cum in my ass now. Please cum again in my ass.”

Without hesitation, I abruptly reached down to lift her legs up, and dropped my knees, shoving my cock for her hidden asshole even as I began pushing her roughly against the back of the couch. Shoving against her panties, she immediately reached down to move them out of the way and I abruptly began sinking into her throbbing ass, feeling her squeeze me repeatedly in pulses as she uncontrollably tightened over and over.

Pushing deep into her with my cock, my lips on her forehead, my shoving resulted in me getting my knees fully on the couch with her ending up in my lap, impaled on my cock, as I continued to press her into the back of the couch. Feeling almost out of control, I was beginning to thrust my hips wildly as I kissed her on the forehead and then pulled my head back to hold her passionate gaze, her cheeks flushed, her eyes almost looking confused as to what was happening to her right now, even as her mouth hung open in obvious passionate ecstasy.

Her chin began jutting upward slightly as I felt her absorb some of my lust, her eyes fluttering shut as she moaned loudly.

“Uhhhh, fuuuuck yessss! Cum in my ass! *Please* cum in my ass! I want your *hot sticky cum* all over my body! I want you to fill me up with your yummy cum! OH FUCK!” she gasped as I shot my load, only to begin thrashing her head back and forth with her eyes closed, begging me to continue. “Again! Please cum in my ass again! Please don’t stop! I need more!”

Both her word and charm made me desperate all over again, and I finally absorbed some of the overwhelming passion in the air to stimulate my own orgasm, abruptly beginning to cum again after just a few thrusts.

The sexy minx was gripping my shoulders now as her head continued to thrash around, with me finally realizing she hadn’t cummed yet herself, and was trying desperately to hold off. To stay at the peak for as long as

possible before she finally came crashing down in an overwhelming euphoria.

For, the longer she was at that peak, the higher she continued to climb.

“OH MY GOD, PLEASE ONE MORE TIME!” she yelled, her entire body squirming around now on my cock.

Thrusting my hips even harder, finally grabbing one of her arms, causing us to both slide our hands toward each other, until we were interlacing our fingers together, I shoved her into the couch as hard as I could as I began nearing one final intense climax.

Miriam screamed, jerking her head back, thrusting her chin up, her entire body tensing violently, only for her eyes to pop open widely as she sucked up all the lust in the air, her emerald eyes glowing brightly as she cummed even harder than the last time I’d seen this happen.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” she shrieked as if she was in physical pain, one hand gripping my shoulder like she was trying to rip my arm off, while her other hand squeezed mine so tightly that it felt like she was holding on for dear life.

Feeling overwhelmingly passionate now at watching her cum so hard, I leaned forward and forced my mouth on her unmoving lips, beginning to kiss her passionately as she remained completely frozen in place, starting to gasp for breath the more I cut off her air.

Until finally she abruptly let go of me and wrapped her arms lightly around my neck, thrusting her ass down more on my cock as she returned the kissing, a sense of intense relief and affection emanating from her, as if she’d gone her entire life trying to have an orgasm like that and had only now finally experienced a true release after thousands of years.

So we continued to passionately kiss, my cock still throbbing deep in her ass, all that cum I’d pumped inside her still filling her with warmth and desire.

After what felt like a lot longer than we’d planned for, of us endlessly making-out with so much tenderness and passion, she finally pulled away just enough to speak quietly, her tone full of warmth and love.

“You are my perfect partner,” she whispered affectionately. “And I feel like I’ve waited my whole life just to meet you. In all ways, I will share everything with you. My body. My heart. And even my soul. Everything. I will share everything, with you. My love.”

I pressed my lips to hers again, sensing the truth in her words, and sensing the effect of that commitment.

For whereas before she'd claimed our souls were only touching...

Now, it felt like we'd grown even closer, and our souls were now merging.

Not completely.

But enough to make a noticeable difference.

I could sincerely sense the truth embodying everything she just said, and even that which could never be put into words.

However, as I began focusing on that strengthening bond between us, I realized for the first time that Miriam's intoxicating presence had caused me to almost forget, and pull away from, the strong bonds I shared with four of my women.

Thing was, just because I pulled away my focus on them, didn't mean they'd pulled away *their focus* on me...

And now I had four of my women suffering from a severe case of arousal, after having been privy to my experiences for the last hour.

Well damn, I guess I wasn't done fucking yet.

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(10) Chapter 85: Responsible

After spending a really passionate hour-and-a-half alone with Miriam, only to discover that the strong bonds I had with four of my women resulted in them being able to indirectly experience what I experienced, I left Miriam's suite to discover I had some work to do.

However, it ultimately wasn't as erotic of an experience as I might have initially anticipated.

Still hot though.

It was already pretty late at this point, pretty much everyone had to be up early in the morning, and they all just wanted relief so they could try to get some sleep. So, I got Serenity, Avery, and Natalie all in a room together, having Gabriella join too, and then began fingering and rubbing Serenity in my arms until she got there, while the other three rubbed themselves as they watched, only for it to be plenty enough for them to all orgasm too.

It was definitely a really intimate and passionate experience though, even if it didn't involve any actual fucking, and feeling Serenity's wings tremble against my arm when she got there was extremely satisfying.

Prior to that, Miriam had already requested I send her Gwen after I left her room, and I knew from my bond with the maid that the short sexy redhead had been busy eating out her sex pet while I was fingering Serenity, to help take care of her need for relief.

Thus, before long we were all climbing into bed, with me sleeping with Serenity in my arms and Gabriella curled up against my back, while Avery and Natalie slept together in the room directly across the hallway -- the double-room with two beds, where I'd first become Natalie's alpha. The original idea had been for them to have separate beds to sleep in, but Natalie was basically like, '*We fucked together, why do we need to sleep separately?*' and so Avery climbed into her bed to snuggle. I knew from our bond that the unspoken problem was Avery just kind of assumed Natalie would want her own space to sleep, and so once Natalie became aware of that, she made sure to correct her.

And once they were snuggling, Natalie made a commitment to her as well.

‘You should assume you’ll be sleeping with someone from now on. If not me, then I’m sure Gabriella would be happy to sleep with you. We can’t all fit in Kai’s bed at night.’

The blue-haired vixen’s words made my blonde classmate happy, realizing she was right.

Of course, Mrs. Rebecca and Michelle also paired off in the redheaded MILF’s old room from when she lived here, and before long everyone was sound asleep, resting peacefully.

I had no idea what Rosa did all night, nor did I really care.

But man, did I sleep hard.

The next morning, I actually felt fairly well rested when my phone alarm went off at just after six o’clock, only to be briefly surprised when I realized that Serenity looked normal!

Her horns, tail, and wings were all reabsorbed into her body, and as I thought about it, I slowly began to remember it happening maybe about an hour ago, much like I recalled all the little noises I’d absentmindedly heard all night.

I quickly quelled my excitement though, not wanting to startle her awake and cause her to shift. Thus, I instead pulled her more tightly into my arms and planted some gentle kisses on her cheeks and lips, until I had her smiling warmly as she opened her rich brown eyes groggily in contentment.

“Wow,” she whispered breathlessly. “I wish I’d been waking up to this years ago.”

I laughed softly at that, kind of wishing too, but knowing she never would have crossed that line back then for a variety of reasons. Still, I wanted to tease her a little. “Well, you certainly would have made me really happy,” I admitted.

She smiled warmly again, her eyes closing as she sucked in a deep breath through her nose. “Yeah, I bet. And wow, you smell so good...” Her eyes abruptly popped back open, only for her to reach up to feel her forehead, where her horns should be. “Oh shit, am I back to normal? I just realized I can’t feel my wings or tail anymore.”

“Looks that way,” I said gently.

She sighed heavily in relief. “Thank goodness. I still would have wanted to be like you either way, but not being able to transform back really had me worried.”

“I know,” I whispered, gently kissing her on the cheek, causing another huge smile to blossom on her face. “We should probably get everyone up though, so that we aren’t running late. Avery and I might actually need to take my car directly to her house, to get her stuff, and then school. My backpack is apparently already in Mrs. Rebecca’s car,” I added.

Serenity’s brow furrowed as she thought about that, her eyes still closed. “Yeah, maybe. That would leave me, Gabriella, her mom, Michelle, and Natalie -- we should be able to fit in Mrs. Rebecca’s car without a problem. It’s spacious.”

Gabriella groaned then on my other side, only for her hand to slip on my bare waist, starting to rub my skin up and down. “Mmm, you feel so good,” she said groggily. “Think we have time for some morning sex?”

I laughed at that. “Not if we want to get places on time. I should really shower.”

“What about your clothes?” Serenity wondered, only to frown. “I guess you did change into fresh jeans and a nice shirt for our date.”

“Yeah, they aren’t too dirty. A little pat on the dusty spots, and it’ll be fine.”

Gabriella wiggled closer, gliding her hand against my stomach and reaching up to my flat chest as she pressed her face against my back. “Mmm, you smell so good.”

I chuckled again, realizing she must have truly still been asleep when Serenity made the same comment.

“I know, right?” Serenity said warmly. “I’m looking forward to waking up to this every morning from now on.”

When Gabriella grabbed my muscled chest firmly, I knew she was *not* going to be the strong one in this situation, truly being okay with all of us being an hour *or two* late, so that we could enjoy each other a little first.

But, I’d already missed two days of school, technically three days when I counted the fact that I skipped Friday too, with it being Wednesday morning, and I knew another one would just lead to more rumors when Avery and I finally returned on the same day. Not to mention, each day I stayed away was an ever-increasing risk that I might just never go back to begin with, something I knew I couldn’t really afford and might sincerely regret in a month from now.

Sighing heavily, I finally grabbed Gabriella's warm hand, gave it a kiss, and then carefully wiggled out from their grasps, both of them clinging to me and giggling as if they'd mutually decided they really weren't going to let me go.

It warmed my heart, and made me super happy, but I had to keep level-headed right now, since there were also safety reasons to go back to school as well. A suggestion that Miriam had made, about someone possibly watching my life from a distance, who might notice that my routine had dramatically changed.

Of course, that one thought alone ended up getting communicated through my bond with Serenity, and she gave up first, growing a little more serious as she sat up in bed. Not enough to tip Gabriella off though, who proceeded to jump my sexy brunette and start tickling her the moment I had escaped.

Unsurprisingly, Gwen was already awake, and checking in with the kitchen staff who were just now showing up, as was routine for them to do so on a weekday. In total, it was only two women, including a chef and maid who also helped out elsewhere whenever needed, including the kitchen. However, I could sense from Gwen's mind that, unlike her silk uniform, this human maid was dressed in much more standard attire that wasn't even remotely sexy, being much more functional as a standard housekeeping uniform, even if the middle aged woman was definitely above average in the looks department.

I should have known, considering the female chef I'd met had also worn standard attire, but it just went to show that Miriam truly did dress Gwen up as a living sex doll in a variety of cute and sexy outfits for her personal entertainment.

Once I'd roused Avery and Natalie, tightly wrapped around each other in bed, their faces close, their legs in between each other's thighs, I decided to take a shower in their more spacious bathroom, since I felt confident they'd be less likely to test my resolve, compared to Gabriella, to make it out of Miriam's mansion this morning without fucking anyone...

And thus never leaving in the first place, or at least ending up late.

And sure enough, while very happy to see me, the two of them knew getting to school on time was important, and Natalie at least felt really

content knowing that we'd still have some semblance of communication between the three of us all day, despite the distance.

That alone gave me pause, especially since the communication she was referring to was exactly how I'd even become aware she was having that kind of thought in the first place.

Which actually kind of stunned me, and also made me really happy.

Even when Avery and I were in different classes, we would still be together. And even with Natalie miles away, she'd still be near to us both. Not to mention, I'd also be able to keep in touch with Serenity throughout the day, and even Gwen too.

Shit, this was great!

Maybe my classes wouldn't be so horrible to get through after all!

I'd just have to be careful I wasn't getting too distracted though.

Granted, having them all in my head didn't feel much different than just internalizing my own thoughts and thinking stuff through, similar to what pretty much every person did anyway. Only main difference was this perception and awareness of their internal thoughts was existing with mine simultaneously, but it wasn't at all intrusive. I could easily stop focusing on them, and even when I did so, having that sensation -- like I still had an idea of what was on their mind -- didn't distract me at all from whatever I was focusing on.

Such as, if I was listening to someone speak, like when I had been listening to Gabriella, even while Gwen and Serenity were both awake and conscious.

I could focus on my first fiancé's every word.

And just like I normally might have passing thoughts as she spoke, my other women's passing thoughts were just as unobtrusive as my own. Even nonexistent, if I stopped focusing on them entirely.

So yeah, while not exactly like true telepathy, it was somehow both better in all ways.

Especially since I could know exactly what someone was thinking, practically word-for-word, if I just focused intently, even though I couldn't actually hear their words in my head.

In the end, Avery ended up joining me in the shower just as I was finishing, and while we both got a little hot and bothered as we switched places, we kept it under control. Natalie then joined her shortly after, and

before long everyone was dressed and heading downstairs for breakfast, with me knowing Gwen was ensuring they had something quick ready for all of us before we left for the day.

It was actually kind of nice being served our meal like we were at a restaurant, though I was a little disappointed there was no eggs or any kind of meat, having almost forgotten that they didn't usually have such things available to begin with. Breakfast was still good though, waffles with strawberries or blueberries being the primary item on the menu, and it kept coming so long as we were eating.

In passing, I thought about the campfires, the metal grill, and any trash we might have left behind last night, but Gwen easily picked up on that thought and proceeded to push a silent message into my head that she'd take care of any cleanup on my behalf.

It was just as we were finishing up that Miriam finally walked into the dining hall, yawning loudly as she casually strut her adorable short body around like she was the queen without a care in the world.

She was still wearing her cum-soaked emerald pajamas, adorned in that vibrant blue silk robe, though of course the cum was dry now, having practically glued the shiny green silk to her body in certain spots. Like her perky tits.

Her blue silk robe was open in the front, and she wasn't even shy about walking around only in those silk green panties, there being nothing else to hide her tan legs and waist.

Granted, this *was* her home after all, and the only two staff present at the moment were both women, both currently in the kitchen again. Not to mention, the first time I'd met her, she'd only been wearing the minimum possible, adorned in only a tiny latex bikini.

But wow, so much for not noticing my own smell much.

She strongly smelled of me, and it actually was really turning me on in a territorial kind of sense, feeling like I'd claimed her with my scent. I kind of wanted to fuck her like the previous night all over again, and make sure she was completely covered in my cum -- which I *was sure* she'd love -- but then I'd definitely end up staying here all day.

Considering Avery and I were planning on driving directly to school after a short stop at her house, in order to be there by 7:45 AM, and since everyone else could afford a few extra minutes to get back home and pick

up their respective vehicles, we were the only two who had rushed through breakfast to ensure we were ready to go in enough time.

Everyone else had eaten at a much more casual pace, even if most everyone was about done as well.

Ensuring that I said goodbye to everyone, including Miriam and Gwen, I grabbed Avery's hand and led her out to my vehicle to leave for the day, knowing I just had to grab my backpack from the other car before departing.

My blonde classmate of course knew from our bond that I'd partially done the gesture of grabbing her hand to test how ready she was to be around our classmates, but she only realized that after the fact since I hadn't put much thought into grabbing her hand prior to doing it.

However, I was pleasantly surprised that, while she did look at me like I'd swept her off her feet, I'd seen no outward signs of her shifting in appearance. And sure enough, while she'd felt that urge from the startle, she'd almost completely kept it under control.

Much like I also was doing much better at keeping my own transformation under control from casual touches, after all the sex I'd had in the last few days. Granted, I still always transformed during the act -- I was sure there was no preventing that, unless I just wasn't enjoying myself or something.

But all that also confirmed that us finally crossing that line and getting physically intimate really did help, even if part of her concern was being afraid she'd get pregnant if we fucked normally.

Honestly, I wasn't sure I'd mind that so much.

Part of me felt like it would be too soon to end up having a kid in the next year, but another part of me kind of wanted to knock her up, loving the idea of me pleasuring her out of her mind while she had a big swollen belly.

Something I probably shouldn't think too much on when, not only was the idea affecting me, but it was affecting her too.

Now on the road in the car, I cleared my throat, still holding her hand as she relaxed next to me in the passenger's seat.

"I guess I don't just have to worry about my own thoughts anymore," I realized.

Avery's face was flushed, her skin tanning, from my thoughts on the pregnancy topic, though I wasn't exactly sure just how vivid her perception

of it had been. She cleared her throat after a second.

“Umm, yeah...” She cleared her throat again, shifting her thighs in her seat. “It, umm, might be best if I try to avoid focusing on your mind while we’re in class.”

“So is it the same for you? Even if I’m not focused on you or Natalie, you both can still focus on what’s going on with me, right?”

She nodded, swallowing loudly as she squeezed my hand. “Umm, yeah. If I close my eyes and really focus, I can almost feel you holding my hand, which is kind of disorienting. And last night, it was really obvious you were just focused on Miriam, but wow, we all really felt those orgasms.”

“Do you think it would affect you as much if you weren’t focused on it?” I wondered seriously, concerned that could be a problem. Much like how me fully growing into my crowned form was a bit of a problem in the sense that it caused all of them to transform too, no matter the distance.

She sighed, shifting her thighs again. “I think I’d be okay if I wasn’t as focused. There were a few times yesterday when I wasn’t really focused on you, and it kind of felt like ignoring ‘what you were feeling’ was easy enough. Not distracting at all. Really, I think last night we were all just curious about the experience you were having. Kind of like having a cake in front of our faces and expecting us all to ignore it.” She smirked then. “Or a juicy steak.”

I laughed. “Just to be clear, I’m the juicy steak?”

She grinned, making an amused noise. “For me, definitely. I’m not sure about Serenity and Gwen, since I have no idea what is going on with them, unless you are thinking about what you’re sensing from them. For all I know, it might have just been the desire to know how you were generally doing, or possibly even the curiosity of what it was like for you, having sex with Miriam.”

I sighed. “Yeah, she’s really something. Even without all that charm, she’s hot as fuck, kinky as fuck, erotic as fuck. Probably because she’s a hot girl with a ton of experience. But when you add her charm to the mix, it’s just mind-blowing how she can make a person feel.”

“But you like that I’m a virgin, right?” Avery blurted out.

I gave her an affectionate smile. “Yeah, of course. I love that you don’t have any experience. And I’m not suggesting that you need to have

experience to make me happy. If anything, I'm really glad I get to share a lot of firsts with you. I'm glad that, when we finally have normal sex, I'll be your first. In every way." I paused. "I think I'm just trying to look at the positive side of things. If you had experience prior to us getting together, I wouldn't dock you points for it." I grimaced, realizing that wasn't entirely true. "Well, I mean, if you liked me, but then went off and dated some other guy just to be with someone, that would probably bother me."

"Of course," she agreed.

"But I'm just saying, Miriam has a ton of experience -- an unfathomable amount -- and I could dwell on the negative aspects of that, or I could focus on the positive ones. All that matters to me is that she wants to be with me now, and is willing to give up the promiscuous lifestyle that her existence has forced on her."

Avery frowned, seeming to pick up on something that I wasn't saying in my thoughts. "So, me being a virgin is kind of your preference," she commented, more as a statement than a question. "Same for Serenity and Gabriella."

"Well, yeah. Kind of, I guess. It makes sense to me that older women are *going* to have experience. There's pretty much no way around that. So I accept that, as is. And then with women more our age, I like that I get to have their first time. I like that you've never been with anyone else before. But I'm also not docking Natalie points for not being a virgin either. I still love her the same."

Of course, I was aware that Natalie could perceive this conversation, knowing full well from the slight uniqueness of our werewolf bond -- which still gave me just the tiniest bit of extra information about her general well-being compared to everyone else -- that she not only felt very confident in how I felt about her at this point, but that she also had no problem with anything I was saying.

It was just the truth.

All of it, including how I felt about Natalie in particular.

She'd been just a random girl in a clothing store at the mall only two days ago, and now she was something much more -- far more than I ever would have anticipated.

After that, being that we were kind of in each other's heads to begin with, Avery and I fell into a peaceful silence for most of the trip to school,

my hand still in her lap, just enjoying the rising sun on the horizon, the gold hues richly basking the world before us in a peaceful glow. The sight and feeling I was experiencing right now kind of reminded me of the occasional times I'd actually stayed up all night, especially on the full moon, only to greet the rising sun as it rose over the horizon, feeling an intense sensation of peace and tranquility that was unlike any other.

I felt like I had no worries right now.

Not a single one in the world.

Everything was *right* and perfect in my personal universe.

And the sun itself filled me with a warmth I'd never noticed before.

More than that, it felt like it was giving me a sense of power I'd never experienced, almost to the point of feeling invincible in a way that reminded me of how it felt when I resurrected from the dead as a monster.

At first, I didn't think much of it, just enjoying the *calm* of keeping my thoughts mostly unfocused.

But then Gwen picked up on what I was sensing, even as she was dragging the deer corpse much further away from the mansion back on Miriam's property, reminding me about what Miriam had already told me once before, regarding the devil maid.

That Inferno Imps were kind of special, being able to draw a vast amount of power directly from the sun itself, causing even their blood to have a similar effect on vampires as sunlight did on them.

I doubted that my blood would ever become lethal to a vampire like that, but without a doubt I was sensing a potent strength rising with the rising orb of fire in the sky. I wasn't sure if the sensation was only new to me, in the sense that my third-eye and self-awareness was much stronger now, or if this strength was truly novel, possibly due to my bond with Gwen and Serenity.

Hard to say, since I usually felt pretty good either way.

Night or day, I'd always felt strong.

More so after my death and resurrection, but even before then.

And with my third-eye being sealed shut previously, with me knowing for a fact that I was still growing in my ability to use that sixth sense, it was difficult to know for sure if anything was truly different, or if it was only my increasing perception that was different.

Avery didn't feel anything overly special from the sun, noting that she wasn't experiencing what I seemed to be experiencing, but she did confirm that she did feel a similar strength coming directly from me, and flowing into her.

Like a continuous trickle of warmth.

Not necessarily a source of power, but a heat much like she was feeling from the sun itself. An awareness of its presence, even when she closed her eyes, simply because of the warmth that reached her skin.

In a way, in her own perception, I was her sun.

When we finally pulled into the extremely nice subdivision where Avery and her mom lived, I'd finally begun thinking about the day ahead, and mentally preparing myself for all the attention we would undoubtedly get throughout the day. Not necessarily because anyone paid a ton of attention to me, but because Avery herself was fairly popular, even if she wasn't a cheerleader or otherwise fit the typical mold.

Instead, not only was she just beautiful, she was also very nice to everyone.

Not to the point where anyone thought they could walk over her though, since she had a backbone and spoke up for herself, whether that be in the form of getting snippy with the 'cheerleader type' who was trying to bully her with hateful comments, or the nerdy guy who misunderstood her niceness as representing an interest.

I, for one, had witnessed her shut a guy down right in front of everyone without hesitation on several occasions, though previously I tried to ignore the situation entirely, not wanting to be involved.

Because I'd had my own shit to worry about, and had long since realized that getting involved in my classmates petty drama wasn't worth my time, especially after I broke up that fight two years ago, only to overhear that they'd gone at it again about a week later on the field, since they'd both been on the football team.

Ultimately, it was the threat of being removed from the team that got them to quit the shit, and honestly I felt like my intervention the week prior had only delayed that outcome.

I certainly hadn't stopped them from resuming their ridiculous skirmish at a later date.

However, as I pulled around a bend and saw Avery's house come into sight, I was unexpectedly dismayed when I realized the trouble might begin much sooner than I was expecting.

Because I recognized the car in the driveway, as well as the man in the seat, taking a swig of a coffee.

"Dammit," I mumbled, *sensing* Avery's internal grimace even without looking at her.

"I'll try to be fast," she whispered, sounding pained. "Emphasize we don't have time right now, or else we'll be late."

I sighed. "Don't suppose you can go a day without your bag," I commented, just trying to lighten the mood.

She still responded with a serious answer. "I always bring all my stuff home on the weekend. I wouldn't even have a notebook to take notes if I went to school without my bag."

I nodded, taking a deep breath. "Yeah, I know. I was only kidding."

"I know," she replied simply, beginning to unbuckle her seat belt as I pulled in right behind his car. Because the last thing I wanted was for him to somehow block *me* in, such as by pulling out and then pulling alongside the entrance like he'd done last time.

Despite the fact that he was obviously waiting, it was obvious he sincerely hadn't been anticipating us making an appearance, because he jumped so much when I pulled up that he almost spilled his coffee. Which actually might have been a great way to trip him up, and prevent him from being able to be as confrontational as he probably intended...

But no such luck, I supposed.

Without hesitation, he began fumbling with the door, getting it open as Avery tried to rush for the door to unlock it.

"Honey, wait!" he exclaimed. "We need to--"

"*Not now, dad,*" she scoffed, sounding sincerely angry. "We're going to be late."

Mr. Copeland glanced in my direction, seeming to only now finally register who was driving, and then immediately gave me a death glare, before trying again.

"Honey, just wait a minute!"

Avery slammed the door shut and locked it behind her. I knew from our bond that her bag wasn't at all packed, all her stuff strewn about her

room since she'd worked on homework Friday night and had planned to work on a project research paper on Saturday, after running some errands with her mom...

One of which had been a trip to the bank, where we'd met prior to their accident.

Which meant she needed a few minutes to collect everything.

I could hear her silently apologizing in our bond to the point that it almost really was like true telepathy -- her regret and thoughts were so strong.

Mr. Copeland finally really glared at me this time, beginning to march over without hesitation.

Trying not to roll my eyes, I hit the button for the window, knowing there was no avoiding this conversation, and already prepared to spin a totally different story in order to make him question his understanding of the situation.

"Dude, before you say anything, I'm just Avery's friend. I didn't kiss her mom," I lied.

His face immediately started growing red.

"Don't give me that shit! *I heard--*"

"*You heard* her kissing her *hand*!" I snapped back, causing him to immediately look confused. "I was just as shocked as you were! She started making all these noises on her hand, moaning and such! And she apologized afterward! She said that she was just *so pissed* at you, that she wanted to get back at you." I scoffed. "But nothing actually happened! I mean, seriously?! Do you think she really kissed me?! When you were right there?! Shit, I'm only eighteen! Why would you think she'd even be interested in me?" I scoffed, seeing him visibly starting to consider the situation from this angle. "*Epecially* when she *knows* I kind of like Avery," I continued, shaking my head, lowering my voice now. "I mean, *Mrs.* Copeland actually feels really bad about it, even now. But she said she wasn't thinking about how it would affect anyone else. She was just so pissed at what you were insinuating, about me using the only bathroom available, that she did it without thinking."

Of course, even though this guy was with a nineteen-year-old girl, this logic was still working on him, probably for a lot of reasons. Because honestly, the actual reality of the situation, regarding what really happened,

was kind of bizarre by normal standards. His soon-to-be ex-wife really kissed another guy while he was within ear-shot? And a guy so much younger?

Most would find the alternative, that he'd simply misunderstood the situation and that she'd put on a show to get back at him out of anger, was all much more believable.

And I could see him now believing it.

That he'd pissed her off so much that she'd put on a show, even shocking me.

And technically, since I hadn't been really noisy myself, only speaking in whispers when I did talk, most likely he'd only heard Michelle making all those moans and whimpers when we kissed.

The rest 'could' have technically been faked.

Seeing that he was at least considering this version of the story, I continued.

"Look," I said seriously when he didn't respond. "When you came in the house, the bedroom door was open. Remember her slamming it? I was just using the bathroom, because the other one was a mess. She's remodeling or whatever. And look, this isn't really fair to me at all. I haven't done anything wrong, and I don't want to be a part of all this drama. Kind of wished I had never needed to use the bathroom in the first place." I lowered my voice. "And honestly, Mr. Copeland, I was kind of hoping to eventually introduce myself to you as Avery's boyfriend eventually." I scoffed, my voice growing louder. "But now I feel like you'll never give me a chance, and all I did was try to help out after that car accident!"

He finally frowned at that. "What did you say your name was?"

"Kai Ashworth, sir."

He grimaced at that, turning his head away, almost seeming embarrassed now.

And I suspected I knew why.

Avery had talked about me before.

No, actually Avery had talked about me *a lot*, even before I had that class project with her. Whenever the topic of 'boys' had come up, she'd always talked about me...every single time...for the last *four years*.

He knew my name well.

And suddenly, he didn't know what to say.

Finally, after a painfully long half-minute, he spoke up hesitantly, not looking at me. "And you're saying my wife...made all those noises with her hand."

I didn't particularly appreciate him calling her his wife, when she was *definitely* done with him at this point, but decided not to focus on it.

Instead, I scoffed. "Honestly, I was shocked you believed her! It was crazy enough to watch her doing it, as if she was performing for an audition for a movie or something -- I mean, it was so exaggerated and fake! But then, just the fact that you actually *believed her* completely shocked me. I felt like I was in some kind of crazy alternate universe or something. Like, Mrs. Copeland knows I like Avery! Why would she do that when she knows I like Avery?"

He scoffed in turn. "Yeah, well..." His voice trailed off. I suspected he wanted to say it was 'believable' sounding. However, if what I was saying was actually true, then suggesting that it sounded real would just be awkward. Especially now that he fully knew who I was in relation to his daughter -- that I was the guy who she'd been infatuated with all of high school, something he probably assumed I didn't know about, and that I'd ultimately got mixed up in their family drama simply because he'd pissed his wife off to the point of acting crazy.

When he didn't say anything else, still looking away, I tried to break the silence, knowing Avery was finally running down the stairs.

"So, can we start over?" I said seriously. "I was just trying to help them out. Wasn't trying to get involved in all this stuff. Almost makes me regret it now."

He looked at me in surprise this time, only to grimace again. "No, you seem like an alright kid, and actually...Avery's mentioned you before..." He sighed. "I'm actually glad you were there for them. I'm glad *your family* was there for them," he clarified, only to take a deep breath. "I guess... sorry for the misunderstanding. It was my fault for driving her to such extremes. I never wanted to ruin our family, I just..." His voice trailed off, probably realizing that he was about to start rambling to me like he might a therapist, about how he never wanted things to turn out this way.

Honestly, I was a little stunned by the apology.

But I also suspected that he wasn't aware my parents had passed away, probably imagining that my mom and dad had been a big part of 'taking care of them.' But truthfully, I didn't want to spend a ton of time getting to know this guy anytime soon, especially since I was lying to him now, and also because I wasn't sure we could ever have an honest relationship of any kind, even as a father-in-law, when I was *absolutely* going to be with both his daughter and ex-wife.

But a lot of that was his fault.

It wasn't like I had stolen anything away from him, even if he didn't approve of the situation.

He had his young girlfriend, and he'd already made his decision.

Michelle was done with him.

And while Avery might eventually forgive him, she wasn't looking to make amends anytime super soon.

It was obvious he wasn't sure what to say, but thankfully Avery popped open the front door then, locking it behind her.

He immediately gave her his attention, turning toward her as she tried to hurry to get around the car.

"Honey..." he said hesitantly, his voice trailing off again when she gave him a hard look while walking this way.

"Look dad," she said firmly. "I'm not saying I'll never forgive you, but I need some space right now. And we're going to be late for school if we don't leave this minute. This isn't the time to talk anyway."

He sighed heavily. "Can I at least come to your graduation?" he asked seriously.

She paused in front of the car, taking a deep breath. "I mean, I can't exactly stop you."

"You know what I mean," he almost whispered, looking visibly defeated now.

She sighed. "Yeah, probably. As long as it's just you. I have no interest in meeting *her* anytime soon."

"Of course," he agreed quietly.

She began walking again, almost sounding a little somber now. "Bye dad, have a good day at work."

"Bye honey," he replied quietly as she climbed into the passenger's seat again.

Not wanting to look like I was trying to rush out of there, Avery silently agreed to help take the focus and blame off of me, beginning to look frustrated when I hesitated, as part of this newly forming plan.

My tone was uncertain, my window still open. “Sure you don’t want to take a sec to...” My voice trailed off.

“We’re going to be late,” she said loudly in faked annoyance. “Let’s just go.”

I nodded, trying to look as uncomfortable as possible, so that it really did appear as if I’d just somehow found myself caught up in the middle of their drama.

Thankfully, I was pretty sure it worked.

Though, unfortunately, while Avery was happy to give off that impression, she also had sincere negative feelings about the overall situation.

As we pulled away, I couldn’t help but feel a little somber, especially because I knew my blonde classmate was truly a little sad. Technically, she was angry, relieved, and sad, all at the same time, all for different reasons.

On the one hand, she was sincerely glad that her mom had been ‘available’ in the relationship department, so that everything that happened in the last few days could even happen in the first place, without there being moral dilemmas. Because she absolutely loved it that I was with Michelle.

But she’d also been sincerely disappointed and angry at her father when everything first came to light, and also sad now that she knew her relationship with her father would never be the same. So it was very bittersweet for her. She didn’t exactly regret the outcome, but did still feel a sense of loss.

Something that Natalie understood more than anyone, her mental presence still very much with us, even now. The blue-haired model absolutely didn’t regret the outcome of where she’d ended up, knowing she never would have met me, if not for everything horrible that happened to her, but that didn’t mean she didn’t still mourn the loss of her parents, or that she didn’t feel somber over everything she went through in the last year.

Neither of them would have willingly chosen those things.

Even knowing the outcome, it was doubtful they would have chosen to go through it.

Avery didn't want to lose her relationship with her father.
But he'd made his decisions, she'd made hers, and there was no going back.

Still hurt though.

Still caused a deep sense of loss, and somberness.

Which was completely understandable.

However, the reminder of all Natalie had been through actually made Avery stop focusing on her own concerns pretty quickly, since she actually still had both her parents and all, prompting her to instead focus on more positive things, not wanting to come off as 'whiny' compared to someone who had *truly suffered*, even if Natalie would never perceive it that way.

Despite the somberness, it was almost entertaining experiencing their dynamic.

They both liked each other so much at this point, and both wanted to be the one who supported the other. Resulting in a really endearing exchange in our share bond that only made me love them both a ton more.

And also made it feel like maybe today wouldn't be so bad.

Not when I had them with me at all times, even miles away.

In fact, I suspected that today was going to be pretty alright.

Better than alright.

Still, I couldn't help but hope that we could avoid a ton of drama, even if we were undoubtedly going to spark it the moment we walked into the school, intending to rip the bandage right off.

By walking in, hand-in-hand.

(11) Chapter 86: Reactions

When Avery and I got to school, I decided to park as far away from the rest of the student vehicles as possible, just so we could have a clear escape in the event we were bombarded with a mob of her friends asking questions afterward. Of course, I knew I was just being paranoid, but we'd made it in enough time to avoid being late, and could use the extra walking time just to get comfortable with our initial plan.

Which was to walk in, physically touching.

Thus, with my backpack on my shoulders, my hand holding onto one strap, while Avery casually held onto the crook of my bent arm, we strolled right into the first hallway past the Junior lockers. Of course, I figured that our obvious physical touching would draw some attention. But, that was kind of the point. It was the easiest way to make it clear to a large number of people that we were together now.

However, I honestly didn't expect to draw *this much* attention.

I was confident we both had our 'charm' reigned in, but that didn't stop almost every single person from either outright gawking at us, or else nudging the person next to them to tell them to 'look.' And it really was almost everyone, with there being just enough people reacting to cause those who 'didn't know what was up' to stop to try to figure out what all the commotion was about. Like some kind of social chemical reaction, there was just enough catalyst to affect the whole system, causing our casual walk down the hall to become way more of a spectacle than I was anticipating.

Usually, physical displays of affection, or PDA, wasn't allowed at school, but a lot of the teachers let little things slide -- things like how Avery was casually holding onto my arm, the rest of her body just barely far enough away so that we weren't technically touching otherwise.

And sure enough, even as I briefly exchanged glances with a few of the teachers who were standing by their classrooms, as was normal when most of the students were in the hall, none of them said anything, seeming just as stunned as the others.

I supposed I *shouldn't* have been too surprised there.

Most of the teachers loved me.

I was always respectful in class, always paid attention, usually had the right answer if called on, and was always willing to help with something if requested of me. Not necessarily because I was trying to be a nerd, but instead because I knew that my former court-assigned legal guardian might have an issue with me living with Serenity if my grades ended up suffering.

Between that, as well as a lot of the teachers having a general idea of my home life, and the fact that I didn't seem to really have any friends, there wasn't really a single one who didn't know exactly who I was. Even those who I'd never actually had a class with.

So between my popularity with the teachers, and Avery's popularity with pretty much everyone, no matter what grade they were in, it kind of made sense we were drawing this level of attention.

Still shocking though.

I figured people wouldn't start whispering and gawking until we actually got in class, but oh no, they were already stopping awkwardly to stare in the hallway as if their brains couldn't register what they were seeing.

Avery and I had our first class together, so I walked her to her locker so she could unload all her stuff, literally having taken everything home with her. Aside from the cute decorations on the inside of the door, it had been bare when she first opened it. And then, we walked to my locker to grab my stuff.

Everyone was staring.

Still moving, still grabbing their stuff or heading to their classes...

But staring.

Damn.

And I wasn't the only one a little surprised. Avery seemed stunned too, likewise not thinking it would be this bad. Our first class was English with Mr. Crawford, a guy who was only twenty-four years old, and was actually kind of a cool teacher who got along well with most of the students. Played videogames and such, and loved to talk about the things that interested his students. Was also popular with the female students, just because he was fairly good-looking, well-groomed, fairly well built, and was in a position of authority -- one of the 'hot teachers,' in the opinion of some of the girls at least.

He especially seemed friendly with me, because he'd met Serenity once at a school 'open house' a couple years ago when he first started, and unmistakably had taken an interest in her -- was friendly, even *before* I ended up having him as a teacher this year. Almost to the point of being annoying sometimes, with him trying to be buddy-buddy.

But for the most part, he was fine.

In total, out of our seven classes for the day, Avery and I had three together.

First period with Mr. Crawford, fourth period Pre-Calculus with Mrs. Hayes just before lunch, and then sixth period Chemistry with Mr. Schneider. Most of our teachers sat us alphabetically, whereas a few let us pick our seats. In our fourth period and sixth period class together, it was alphabetical, which meant that Avery sat right behind me for our Chemistry class toward the end of the day, whereas there was a Bates and Baker who sat between us in our pre-lunch Pre-Calculus class.

But first period was different.

Wanting to be the 'cool teacher,' Mr. Crawford let us sit where we wanted.

And since I'd spent most of my school life sitting in one of the very first seats, I sat down where I normally would end up, and didn't budge when he told everyone they could choose whatever seat they wanted, since it didn't really matter to me...

Avery *also* didn't budge, having claimed the seat behind me the moment she walked in, probably being familiar enough with the students to know there was one kid with a last name between us that would separate us for the entire year if we'd been placed alphabetical.

Certainly, I hadn't paid much attention to her most of the time, but I'd at least been aware of how relieved she was when realizing she wouldn't have to move -- I even remembered her immediately opening her book and notebook, making it look like it would be a big hassle to clean up, in case someone tried bargaining for the seat, essentially claiming the space for herself.

Making it obvious that she *was going to sit* in that seat, and *no one* was going to move her.

My recollection of the memory, which she had no problem picking up through our bond, was currently a little embarrassing for her, but it helped

that I now found it endearing.

Also helped that the slight tanning underneath her shirt immediately caused her to be reminded of the fact that she couldn't afford those kinds of emotions right now. She needed to be the calm, collected, confident Avery that she usually presented when dealing with a non-Kai situation.

Or as she clarified in our bond, a mundane uninteresting *not-the-source-of-her-love-and-infatuation* situation.

It was odd having her call it an infatuation, but she felt like it better represented how she felt, being stronger than the word love, and viewing it as a more powerful and permanent version of interest...

Which was interesting, considering that was how Miriam claimed she felt too.

Feeling like 'love' wasn't enough.

It was more a permanent unending *infatuation*.

Avery had stopped holding onto my arm by this point, with us walking into class about a minute before the bell, causing me to hope maybe we'd avoid too much additional attention for now. I mean, on the one hand, I knew we had to get this over with, but on the other hand, I sincerely hadn't expected it to be this bad.

It was like people were just shell-shocked and dumbfounded by what they were seeing.

Was it possible that rumors had circulated while we were gone for two days?

I mean, we normally sat together at lunch, so both of us missing in front of a third of the student body -- considering that lunch was separated into three sections -- might have been enough to stir up the gossiping on Monday, and possibly caused it to really go out of control on Tuesday.

Between that and us showing up together on Wednesday, maybe that's why people were reacting this way.

Unfortunately, there wasn't really anyway to know unless someone mentioned it.

Doubtful they would to me though. Maybe Avery.

And even though I had really good hearing, sounds got too jumbled up when there were enough of them, for me to distinguish individual conversations, which was the same problem I had when I was at the hospital with Avery and Michelle.

However, it quickly became clear we wouldn't be off the hook for even this period.

The moment we sat down together in our respective seats, Mr. Crawford walked right over and sat down on the desk right next to me, still being temporarily empty even though over half the students were in class by this point.

He normally dressed at least somewhat professionally, today wearing an untucked button-up shirt with tan pants which were probably a bit too tight for him -- no doubt some of the female classmates would appreciate that fact.

"So now," he said cheerfully, looking as chummy as ever. "When did *you two* happen?"

I realized he must have seen us in the hallway if he was already making assumptions, since I was sure we hadn't shown enough inside the classroom to come to that conclusion.

But needless to say, all conversation in the room died off immediately. Just like that.

I sighed heavily, acting like it wasn't a big deal, not looking at him *or* back at her.

"Since Saturday. Picked her and her mom up from the hospital after they were in a car accident."

Sure enough, that immediately turned the conversation around.

He was immediately concerned, focusing on her instead.

"Oh God, are you both alright? Is that why you were out the last two days?"

Unlike my uninterested attitude, Avery was much more animated and reassuring -- technically, normal behavior for us both.

"Yeah, my mom and I both had concussions. She was worse than me, so I actually took off yesterday too, just to make sure she was alright. She threw up a few times at the hospital, and was dizzy the last few days. But don't tell the office that. Don't think staying home to take care of a parent is a valid excuse to be off."

He scoffed. "Well, you're allowed a few unexcused absences anyway. And if you had a concussion too, then there's nothing wrong with you making sure you get enough rest to recuperate."

Avery paused, mentally verifying with me, to go ahead and just rip off the band-aid -- to not try to hide how serious we were, so that people would get over it faster.

She continued when I silently indicated I was fine with it.

And *apparently* everyone else bonded with us was interested, because I could sense that Natalie, Serenity, and Gwen were all intensely focused on our interactions now. Gwen especially seemed...almost *enthralled*, back inside the mansion but just stopped in a hallway as she focused on me...

Because the sexy maid had never experienced regular life before, and now everything she was sensing from me was truly a new experience for her.

Her first time being in a school.

Her first time sensing so many unfamiliar people all around when we were in the hallways.

Her first time seeing what it was like just to engage with others, as a human.

Avery cleared her throat. "Yeah, I guess that's true about the absence thing. And Kai helped out a lot too. He was at my house pretty much all day Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. *Definitely* some unexcused absences for him," she said in an amused tone.

Mr. Crawford's jaw dropped, easily representing the reaction of the entire room.

Not a soul spoke, to the point that the last couple of students entering the room immediately slowed down, confused as to why it was so silent within.

I scoffed at her comment, focused more on my desk. "I'm about to graduate and have perfect attendance. I don't give a shit if it's excused or not. I'm just glad you called me when you needed the help."

Avery was her usual bubbly self. "Should have called you years ago," she mused.

"Wish you had," I said more casually, opening my book just to do something, knowing the bell was about to ring. There was always a slight buzz about five seconds before it happened. "You should have assumed I was just dense."

The bell abruptly rang, causing Mr. Crawford to jerk violently from the shock of the sound.

Shit, I think everyone jumped with how quiet it had grown, even in the hallway, right before it went off. The guy who was supposed to sit next to me had just stopped near his desk, not even complaining that the teacher was occupying his seat, just seeming almost stunned that I was openly talking. Period.

Or that we were openly talking about our unexpected relationship.

That we were together now, and that I'd spent all day, every day, *of the last three days*, together at her house, when we should have been in school.

Yep, that was definitely going to rip the band-aid off.

Without a doubt, rumors would circulate that we'd already had sex.

Avery and I had already decided we'd deny it, since it was sort of true in the sense that we hadn't had normal sex yet...

But our response wouldn't be 'no.'

It would be '*not yet.*'

Mr. Crawford finally got up when he realized the occupant of the seat next to me was waiting to sit down, and obviously didn't want to be so close with the teacher sitting on the desk, only for the man to focus on Avery when she cleared her throat.

"Oh, and umm, I did get Friday's homework done. Do you want that now?"

"Yeah, me too," I agreed, pulling out my binder from under my textbook.

Neither of us had actually forgotten we had stuff to turn in, but focusing on our 'act' took priority right now.

"Err, umm, yeah," Mr. Crawford finally managed, accepting the papers from each of us and then going back to his desk briefly, seeming almost a little confused as he got ready to start class.

In the end, it was a *really* awkward class.

Mr. Crawford never fully resumed his normal demeanor, even once he got into the lesson, and there was a lingering silence in the room that just wasn't natural. Truly, it felt like all eyes were on us, to the point that I felt confident it wasn't just my imagination. And I was pretty sure neither of us were exuding any kind of charm or something like that.

I was almost glad when the bell rang, and actually a little relieved to eventually walk into my second period to find everyone socializing before the bell like normal. In fact, my second class for the day, one in which

Avery wasn't present, was completely normal for me. And apparently fairly normal for her too.

I tried to keep an ear out for anyone talking about it, but not only was it difficult to pick out quiet sounds like that, unlike what I could do with smells, but there wasn't a lot of discussion going on while the teachers were lecturing.

By that point, I knew Serenity was already at work herself, with me similarly assuming that Gabriella likely was as well -- I couldn't confirm that since I didn't have the same connection with my busty fiancé's mind -- and then Michelle, Mrs. Rebecca, and Natalie were socializing in my kitchen back home. From the sound of it, Michelle and Mrs. Rebecca were probably going to go hang out, since neither had any obligations, offering for Natalie to tag along, only for her to decline, wanting to just stay at my house all day.

I fully understood why.

For one, there was a yearning to just exist in silence, to be by herself and enjoy the peace of being free from all the stress that had plagued her for a year now. But also, when given the choice, she'd much rather focus on me and Avery all day, with me being aware she planned on chilling in my room once my MILFs headed out.

Honestly, after my second class though, I was really hoping that maybe today might not be so bad after all.

However, I supposed people had been whispering about it in other classes, because third period wasn't entirely normal. Like damn, you'd think that they'd just found out we murdered someone, as opposed to just dating.

How in the hell was it really that big of a deal?

I mean, I knew it would be, but I supposed that I expected a lot of pestering questions, not the awkward silence and stares. Granted, it wasn't like too many people took the initiative to talk to me at this point anyway, which was completely the opposite for Avery.

And sure enough, while the teacher droned on in *my* third period, in *her* class they were working on a final project for the year, prompting one of her friends, Emily, to speak to her in a whisper, the rest of the class noisily chatting.

'Hey, is it true? Everyone is saying that you and Kai took two days off to have sex all day. I even heard you might be pregnant.'

Well damn! No wonder everyone was acting strange! The rumors had already skyrocketed out of control!

'What?!' Avery hissed in surprise, speaking louder on purpose, so everyone else would hear, rapidly causing quite a few people to halt midsentence. *'No! None of that is true. My mom and I were in a car accident! And yes, it's true that he was over a lot helping out, but we haven't even had sex yet!'* She hesitated, acting as if she just now realized she had everyone's attention. *'I mean, at least 'not yet.' But I'm definitely not pregnant, that doesn't even make any sense! You can't even get a positive pregnancy test until you've missed your period, for heaven's sake!'*

'Okay, quiet down,' Mrs. Fletcher, her teacher, unexpectedly barked out. *'This isn't health education, Ms. Copeland. The whole class doesn't need a lesson on menstrual cycles.'*

'Well apparently they do,' Avery retorted, having enough rapport with the older woman to know she'd tolerate her speaking back. *'Because Kai and I just started dating, and people are spreading rumors that I'm pregnant. Even if we were already having sex, I've been on birth control since I was like fifteen.'*

'Okay, you've made your point. Get back to work. All of you. Quietly,' Mrs. Fletcher added.

I could sense Avery giving her an appreciative smile before doing just that, with her now whispering to Emily again, asking who she thought was spreading the rumors -- if it was a particular person, or if the story had just somehow gotten out of hand.

But honestly, Avery had a point.

It was hard to believe that the rumors would escalate that quickly on their own, and I actually did have a suspicion of who might be responsible, though I kept it to myself for now, since my own teacher was calling on random people to answer questions as a sort of verbal quiz to practice for a big test we had coming up on Friday. The last thing I needed was to be caught off guard.

Thankfully, the rest of class for third period was pretty much uneventful for both of us.

Next up was our fourth class for the day, Pre-Calculus with Mrs. Hayes.

Avery's previous class was closer to her locker, so she met me at mine in anticipation to walk to class together. Lunch was actually separated into several sections, since the cafeteria wasn't big enough to hold all the students at once, with some of our classmates heading there now, whereas Avery and I would be going afterward.

The fact that each student could end up in a different lunch every year might cause it to seem unlikely that Avery and I would have the same section for three years in a row, but there were a few reasons why it had turned out that way. For one, being in the same grade made it very likely we'd have the same lunch, not because of the grade itself, but because a lot of it revolved over which classes we took. Like Pre-Calculus for example.

There were only two Juniors in our entire class.

And in our Chemistry class, there were absolutely no underclassmen at all, since it was an optional second year that only seniors could take after taking the first year of Chemistry in their Junior year -- something no one could take any sooner, since there were other science classes that were prerequisites in Freshman and Sophomore years.

For me personally, I'd simply taken Chemistry because the other options weren't appealing, especially Advanced Biology, as well as Anatomy and Physiology -- being in classes that might involve dissection or seeing pictures of the human body didn't seem like a great idea. Not when I had a big secret to hide.

Alternatively, Chemistry was very safe, and kind of fun.

We didn't even have a final in that class, since we'd worked all semester on an individual project that counted for our whole grade. And since I'd finished all my work ahead of schedule, it was basically a free period for me at this point.

However, now that I thought about it, Avery never really struck me as someone who would be interested in that kind of thing.

Unsurprisingly, she responded to those thoughts as I closed my locker and turned toward her.

'I'm...only in it because I was trying to have as many classes with you as possible,' she responded silently, her cheeks flushing slightly in embarrassment.

At first, I was a little concerned about her beginning to transform, but then realized she was fine.

I sighed as I turned to begin walking toward our class, knowing she'd be right at my side.

'Sorry, wasn't trying to make you embarrassed.'

'No, it's fine. I really like knowing what's in your head. I would have given up an arm to experience this,' she silently commented with an overly dramatic tone, imagining herself in an almost cartoon imagery with a floppy stub of an arm as she cheerfully danced around in celebration of being able to experience my thoughts.

I wasn't sure why, but for some reason I found that *extremely* funny. Just the little version of herself that she pictured was hilarious on its own, so exaggerated and cheerful.

Needless to say, I laughed out loud, chuckling while shaking my head.

Which unfortunately drew extra attention, a few of our classmates almost just seeming stunned that I'd just laughed in the first place. Though I had other concerns...

I quickly turned my head toward her, focusing down on her bright blue eyes, wanting it to seem as if she'd actually said something verbally, and just that no one had heard.

"That's a great joke."

"Haven't heard that one before, huh?" she played right along, grinning widely.

"Nope," I said simply, shaking my head. *'But seriously, that was adorable. Disturbing, but adorable.'*

She grinned, continuing silently. *'I have a lot of goofy thoughts like that. Especially about myself.'*

'And apparently a mascot.'

She grinned even wider. *'Hey, I needed someone to cheer me on,'* she silently commented, now imagining that tiny cutesy cartoon version of herself, what she called a 'chibi,' waving a 'Team Kai' flag.

We both grinned when Natalie burst out laughing back at home, apparently having been focused on cooking lunch, only to kind of 'drop in' on the conversation at that unexpected imagery.

'What in the hell am I seeing right now?' she cackled, practically busting a gut, she was laughing so hard. Probably a good thing she was

home alone right now, because no doubt Michelle and Mrs. Rebecca would be looking at her like she'd lost her mind.

'What's so funny?' Serenity unexpectedly chimed in, having been working on a report at her work, when she realized something was going on.

Part of me wanted to tell her, but I was concerned of drawing unnecessary attention to her as well, especially if she found it funny and started laughing with seemingly no prompt. Thus, I toned down my amusement a little.

'Sorry, I'll share tonight.'

'That's fine,' Serenity thought simply. *'I'm really busy anyway. Have a ton of paperwork to get through ever since they put me on desk duty.'*

I gave her a silent acknowledgment, trying to remain focused on my surroundings as we walked into our fourth period together. I knew right away that news had already spread pretty far by this point, considering that Mrs. Hayes focused up at us as if she was anticipating that we'd be walking into class together.

She had a certain look to her that made most assume she was an English teacher, being skinny with a short pixie haircut that was fairly flattering, making her look like she was in her early thirties due to her more youthful style, even though I knew she'd just recently turned forty this year.

But nope, instead of English, she taught all the higher-level math classes.

And she had grown especially fond of Avery and me, since we were both technically her best students, at least in this class. Granted, I didn't put much merit in that considering that 'the hard part' of Pre-Calculus amounted mostly to memorizing a bunch of complicated formulas -- so long as those were thoroughly memorized, then pretty much all the homework was easy, especially considering that half the battle was just figuring out which formula to use and then using it to solve the problem.

And actually, knowing that information was exactly why Avery had breezed through the class too -- because she'd seen over my shoulder that I aced our first test, and when I explained how, she made herself flashcards to memorize all the major formulas we'd be studying.

'Yeah, pretty much took me a week of focusing on it every night,' Avery silently agreed. *'But the concepts were still difficult to grasp,'* she

admitted.

Of course, I didn't disagree with that at all, but again, it wasn't necessarily the concepts themselves that were tested.

The room was already half full, and unsurprisingly we had most everyone's attention as we walked to our seats. But not only because of the rumors.

Fourth period was a little unique in the sense that everyone in the class also had the same lunch section as us, and while not all of them sat at our table, Avery had pretty much befriended everyone in the class, making everyone view her especially as very approachable.

Which meant, in her perception, it was like every single person was a friend here, and really, out of all my classes, this group probably was the most social -- everyone spoke to everyone else without issue. No sense of cliques or separation.

When Avery and I sat down closer to Mrs. Hayes' desk, she gave us an approving smile, as if she'd been silently cheering for Avery all this time, hoping the day would come when I noticed her. However, then she surprised me by grabbing some papers and getting up from her desk, walking right over to us.

"Here," she said, handing me a few pages, and then handing Avery the rest. "Some worksheets that break down what we covered yesterday and Monday."

"Oh, umm, thanks," Avery said as she looked through them, seeming just as surprised as I was that our teacher was essentially giving us the notes we'd missed.

"So," Mrs. Hayes continued without prompt. "I noticed the two of you walked in together today, after being absent the last two days."

I tried not to roll my eyes, because she was clearly trying to bring it up without admitting that everyone was talking about it.

Avery's tone was *overly casual* as she continued to look at the pages. "Yep. He agreed to date me if I was able to beat him in a wrestling match. So I whooped his ass, and got him to step in line."

Mrs. Hayes burst out laughing at that, clearly knowing she was making up a story, prompting Avery to grin too.

"Well, I'm happy for you both," she said warmly with another chuckle. "And I'm glad you and your mother are doing alright," she added a bit more

seriously, revealing she definitely *had* caught wind of rumors.

“Yeah me too,” Avery replied, finally looking up at her. “I was especially worried about my mom, but she’s doing fine now. Kai took good care of us the last few days,” she added, almost sounding a little too suggestive.

But Mrs. Hayes didn’t take it that way. “Not surprising in the least,” she praised. “Always knew Mr. Ashworth was a fluffy teddy bear deep down.”

I couldn’t help but rest my forehead in my hand in disbelief, knowing she was teasing me.

“Oh, the cuddliest of teddy bears!” Avery agreed cheerfully. “All that hard muscle is surprisingly really soft and comfy when he just relaxes a little.”

Mrs. Hayes laughed again. “Oh to be young again,” she mused, focusing on me. “Poor Kai -- hopefully I’m not making him regret going public with it.”

I sighed, being a little overdramatic about it. “It’s like she said. She whooped my ass. Didn’t have a choice.”

Mrs. Hayes cackled at that, beginning to turn when the bell rang, using it as a prompt to walk away back to her desk to get started with class. In the short delay of ensuing silence, the girl behind Avery tapped on her shoulder, prompting her to look back.

“Hey, are you really pregnant?” she said quietly.

Avery immediately turned in her seat, directing her words more toward the whole class, feeling comfortable speaking to this group as a whole in particular. “Okay, seriously. Who is spreading this rumor that I’m pregnant? That’s not even how it works! Even if Kai and I had fooled around, which we haven’t *yet*, then it would be at least two weeks before I’d even be able to find out, and that’s even assuming I’m ovulating right now.”

Needless to say, about half the class -- specifically all the guys -- flushed in obvious embarrassment and averted their gaze. I almost wasn’t surprised that the teacher acted especially focused on something in the textbook, pretending as she was oblivious to the outburst.

A girl from across the room finally spoke up. “Umm, I don’t know who started it, but it was Claire who told me.”

And there it was, the exact person who I was suspicious of.

Great.

Personally, I wasn't that surprised, but the problem was, I knew Avery would be...

Because Claire had my blonde girlfriend convinced that she was a sincere friend, and Avery was unfortunately about to find out just how untrue that was.

Dammit.

Should have warned her beforehand.

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(12) Chapter 87: Rumors

After one of Avery's many friends whispered at the beginning of class, asking her if she was pregnant, my blonde girlfriend asked the entire class directly who was spreading those rumors.

Another girl responded with the one person I suspected.

Claire.

The one cheerleader who acted super friendly with Avery, but was secretly super hateful and envious of her behind her back, believing that *she* should be the most popular girl in school, and that Avery was messing up her life or something, by taking the limelight away from her.

Even just knowing how she was dressed today was indicative of her overall attitude.

The chick's fancy pink shirt was almost designed like it was meant to be a dress, but the frilly portion of the 'skirt' was barely a couple of inches long, which would have made it for an extremely revealing mini-dress, not even hiding her panties, were it not for the extremely small jean shorts she was wearing with it, showing off all of her tan legs.

A naturally platinum blonde, almost like how Avery looked transformed, she was extremely skinny, toned, and tan thanks to her mother's addiction to tanning beds, apparently having one at home, with her only major problem with her own appearance being her modest chest, being only a B-cup compared to Avery's bustier D-cup size, despite being otherwise just as thin.

Only reason I knew about that last part was because Claire wasn't at all shy about admitting that she planned on getting implants after she graduated, like her mother, constantly debating about how big she wanted to be, making it seem like it was truly an elaborate discussion on what the ideal size would be for her overall body shape.

An ideal size that unsurprisingly seemed to get compared to Avery in hushed whispers as if my blonde girlfriend didn't deserve the body she'd been blessed with, a lot of her complaints always coming back to a clear jealousy over everything Avery had that she supposedly didn't.

Honestly, the only thing Claire never complained about was her green eyes, which she viewed as being more exotic and enticing compared to Avery's blue eyes.

Unfortunately, my processing of those 'thoughts' hit Avery harder than I was expecting, because she truly didn't know.

Out loud, she simply said, "Oh. I'll have to talk to her, and see if she knows then. Thanks."

But in our heads her response was very different.

Hurt even.

'Kai...why didn't you tell me?'

I sighed, focusing on the teacher as she stood up to get started, responding through our bond. *'Well, I kind of tried, don't you remember? Last year, I mumbled that I didn't like her, and I thought you heard me.'*

She seemed stunned. *'Well, I mean, yeah. I did hear you, but...why not just tell me to not be friends with her?'*

I took a deep breath. *'Think about it from my point of view. Wouldn't that be really weird? That I was suggesting you shouldn't be friends with someone? No doubt you'd have questions -- ones I didn't want to answer. Even if you liked me, it would be strange for me to tell you not to be friends with someone.'*

'Yeah, but I would have. Without hesitation.'

'And that would have been a problem for me,' I silently emphasized. *'I was sincerely afraid of what would happen if anyone found out my secret, and I didn't want you thinking I was looking out for you like that. Besides, it's not like she was putting your life in danger or anything.'*

'So you would have said something, right? If I was in danger?'

'You already know the answer to that. Especially after the car accident this last weekend.'

Avery relaxed more in her seat behind me, her thoughts growing appreciative. *'Thank you.'*

'You're welcome,' I thought simply. *'And sorry.'*

There was a long pause as I focused more on what Mrs. Hayes was writing on the board, only for Avery to continue silently in our bond.

'Okay, but just tell me this. How much of a bitch is she behind my back? I'm assuming you've heard her say stuff.'

I tried not to smirk, attempting to lighten the mood. *'She's a mega bitch. The worst bitch. Secretly hates your guts, and wishes you were dead. Thinks you've ruined her life, because you won't conform to her mold. Because you won't fall in line with her expectations. The fact that you're nice to everyone is a big part of why she hates you.'* I paused when I realized that my attempt to disclose the information more lightheartedly didn't have the desired effect, with it instead sincerely affecting her negatively. Because Avery was sincerely a kind person who grew to truly care about those around her...

And it sincerely hurt, to find out that someone she thought was a friend actually wasn't.

'Sorry,' I added, truly meaning it.

'Not your fault. Just sucks.'

'It does suck,' I agreed, frowning when I realized that Mrs. Hayes was going over the very last formula we were supposed to learn for the year. It was the last one we were going to be taught before our final exam, and I'd already memorized all of them, which meant she was covering material that wasn't new to me.

Sighing, realizing this was going to be a long boring class, I focused more on what Serenity was doing, sensing that she was pretty focused on her computer screen, only to shift my thoughts to Gwen, wondering what she was up to.

I was actually a little surprised to discover that she was doing laundry - specifically, washing all the sheets from the beds we slept in. Shit, I knew she sincerely performed duties appropriate for a maid, but I almost felt bad that she was washing our sheets, as if we'd stayed in a hotel or something.

My reflexive reaction would have been to tell her not to worry about it, only to realize that wasn't really my place. Especially since I was getting the impression that she was doing it because she wanted to, not necessarily because she'd been asked.

Which especially became apparent when she began smelling one of the sheets, moving it around until she caught a whiff of my scent -- not from cum, but just my normal smell left behind -- inhaling deeply as a warmth filled her heart, before tossing it into the modern washing machine.

It was obvious she wasn't focused on me in our bond right now, completely oblivious that I was paying attention to her. Which made a lot of

sense, considering she knew I had classes all day, and needed to focus on that.

Still, it made me wonder if Gwen would wash our sheets every day if we eventually moved into Miriam's mansion, or if she was only doing it because it was possible we wouldn't be spending the night again.

Hard to say, since she wasn't thinking about any of that.

She was only focused on the task at hand, now leaving the laundry room, which was on the second floor toward the left of the twin staircases, checking on the human maid to see where she was at in her process of vacuuming the downstairs floors, cleaning up the dirt and dust we'd tracked in on our shoes.

There was no carpet on the first floor, everything either being hardwood floors, or else marble tiles, so I'd never even considered taking my shoes off throughout most of the house, unless I was undressing for sex, nor had I'd been asked to do so.

Not to mention, anytime I'd seen Miriam with footwear, she kept it on throughout the house as well, though there were a lot of times when she'd been barefoot.

Deciding I shouldn't worry about it too much right now, I focused on Natalie again, sensing that she was shoveling food in her mouth, prompting her to stop midbite with a fork full of the spaghetti she'd made, since apparently she'd been heavily focused on me as she ate.

We were both silent for a few seconds, there something almost peaceful about simply acknowledging each other at the same time, only for her heart to fill with warmth.

'Hi,' she thought affectionately.

I couldn't help but grin, turning my head toward the wall slightly so it wasn't obvious to anyone paying attention. 'Hi,' I replied just as warmly.

She slowly resumed eating, her heart swelling now, simply from the silent attention. '*Don't get yourself in trouble,*' she mused.

'*You're worth it.*'

She scoffed at that, though I could tell my words meant a lot, especially since she could feel how sincere I was.

Avery unexpectedly spoke in my head. '*Mrs. Hayes keeps looking at you.*'

I sighed, realizing I *did* have to be more careful, especially since I was always seated in the front of the room.

‘*Told you so,*’ Natalie mused. ‘*But thanks,*’ she added more seriously.

I didn’t respond, finally glancing up at the board as if I was paying attention, but keeping my focus on Natalie -- just observing now, instead of communicating, which made it easier to continue to look like I was focusing on class too.

However, even without socializing, it really helped pass the time.

To the point that I was almost surprised when it was almost time for lunch.

Normally, Avery would walk to the cafeteria with a couple of her friends in our class, including Katie and Hannah, with a guy named Ben and another named Oliver usually tagging along too -- in Ben’s case, he was Katie’s boyfriend, and in Oliver’s case, he was Ben’s best friend.

However, today was a little different.

Even as Katie and Hannah both walked over, Avery barely even acknowledge them as she focused on me, eager to do something as simple as walking to lunch together. I actually had to remind her not to ignore her friends completely, especially since she no doubt would have questions to answer.

However, while Katie did have questions about the car accident, they reserved most of them until after we’d gotten our meals and sat down, especially once everyone saw that Avery was *definitely* eating a ton more food than normal. It also seemed that being a part of a larger group helped everyone become more assertive as they played off each other, really bombarding us with all the questions.

But ultimately, it resulted in her giving everyone a lecture on menstrual cycles and pregnancy, with me not getting too involved in the conversation, eventually resulting in questions more focused on our relationship, such as when it really started, all of which Avery answered.

She also informed everyone that she’d had my number for two years now, ever since we worked on a project together, and lied, by suggesting that we’d been messaging each other occasionally all this time -- all of which made her ‘obsession’ with me seem a lot more normal now.

Thus, before long, the topic finally shifted more generally to summer break and college as everyone became satisfied that there wasn’t more to

divulge about the situation.

In the end, 'ripping off the band-aid' seemed to work.

No doubt rumors would persist a little longer, but Avery had successfully gotten it all out there for some of her closest friends, who would undoubtedly communicate what they'd learned to their other friends. The only potential issue was how Avery would deal with Claire, with my blonde girlfriend being unsure if it would be better to just play dumb, or if she should address it.

Given that we only had a few weeks left of school, and as much as it pained her, it seemed to me and Natalie the best idea was to just keep up the facade for now, in order to avoid unnecessary drama.

By the time lunch was over, and I was heading to my fifth period after walking Avery to her locker, I finally felt a lot more relaxed, feeling like the worst was over. And sure enough, both that class and the following sixth period was normal. Avery got pestered with more questions here and there, especially once we were in our Chemistry class together, but the excitement had already died down a lot.

By the time I was walking Avery to her locker in preparation for our last period for the day, with her deciding to hold onto my arm again, it was clear that the initial shock from earlier that morning, involving all the staring, had now devolved to just occasional glances. Which meant, we just had one more class to get through, and then we could go home, with tomorrow hopefully being a much more normal day.

I wasn't surprised when Avery deposited all her stuff in her locker, since her last period was actually an optional physical education class. We were all required to take gym for the first two years of high school, but Junior and Senior year were completely optional.

In Avery's case, since she'd been on the track team and had more than enough credits to graduate, she'd chosen to use that as one of her electives to get some training done during school hours, an agreement she'd made with her coach who was also one of the gym teachers. From my understanding, there were quite a few football and soccer players who did the same thing, so that they could get some weightlifting in during school hours.

It was something I hadn't thought much about previously, but now I was imagining what she'd look like when she was done. Just thinking about

her being a little flushed from exercising, of her smooth skin glistening slightly with sweat, kind of turned me on a little, especially since I knew she didn't shower at school.

Something that would provide for a great excuse to get her in the shower when we got home...

Which was probably a thought I should hold off on, since even if it didn't affect me, I had to remember that it could affect her.

Still, I was glad to finally be done with the day.

Just one more class to go.

Unfortunately, it wasn't until I'd sat down in my seventh period that I realized the problems might not be completely over, and not for any reasons I might have anticipated.

Mr. Morrison began the class by handing me a stack of papers to start passing behind me, since I was in the first seat of the first row, only for Natalie to get my attention.

'*Kai!*' she pushed through urgently.

Confused as to what was going on, I focused on her mind, realizing she was completely fine and instead focused on Avery.

Literally, in the last few minutes, something major had happened and I'd missed it!

Avery was *not* fine!

And even as I focused on her, I had absolutely no idea what was going on.

Not only had I not been paying attention, but her eyes were closed!

Her attention was inward, focused on controlling her reaction. She felt *threatened*, enough so that she was beginning to transform, and starting to panic due to it, with her main internal concern seeming to be not wanting to hurt anyone.

My first thought was that maybe she had tried confronting Claire after all, with me initially figuring that I just needed to let Avery get this under control like she'd been practicing...

But then she registered a male's voice way too close to her, sparking another wave of that threatened sensation to overcome her -- a different kind of threat than I'd initially assumed.

Without hesitation, I bolted out of my seat before I'd even thought it through, speed walking faster than should be normal for most people.

I was already out the door by the time the teacher was calling out to me.

“Mr. Ashworth, where are you going?!”

I didn’t respond, and heard him yelling down the hall barely ten seconds later.

“Kai, the bell has rung! Get back here!”

I didn’t have the best rapport with Mr. Morrison, being one of the only teachers who seemed to have an issue with me, almost as if he perceived my reluctance to engage with others as a sort of elitist mentality. Or maybe he thought I was just a wimp for holding grudges for so long.

Either way, he was one of the few people I knew who might not give me a pass.

But it didn’t matter.

Something was going on, and Avery needed help.

When someone unexpectedly grabbed her arm, I started running.

Just like that, I’d gone from slightly urgent *to pissed*.

I was a force of fury now, erupting like a ghost down the hallways at an impossible speed, my rage radiating out of me like a physical presence -- I knew, because I heard teachers stop midsentence just before I ran past their doorways in the hallway, even though I was moving with shocking silence.

But I had a major problem.

I didn’t know *specifically* where Avery was!

Was she still in the locker room? Had she been cornered somewhere else?

It didn’t matter, because I realized I could sense her.

Much like Gwen and Natalie, I knew the exact direction to go to get to her.

Opting not to burst through the cinderblock wall, realizing she must be in the girl’s locker room after all, I zipped around the corner, only to curve around the next, realizing there was far more commotion going on than I even assumed.

The locker room was full of people, having something like fifteen girls and at least ten guys, all standing around toward the other end with various levels of involvement in a large argument. I heard one girl saying, ‘*I said*

leave her alone,’ while another guy told her to shut up and to ‘*just give him a minute,*’ even as another girl demanded where the coach was.

All the guys were big, either taller than me, more muscular, or both, since most of them were either on the football or soccer team, while most of the girls looked like they were either in track or soccer.

Part of me wanted to jump in and start laying all the guys out, but mitigation took priority right now. Because it was almost too late.

Avery’s closed eyes were completely transformed, her skin was almost entirely tan, and she felt her hair beginning to turn white, with the guy still holding onto her as he spoke aggressively in her face.

He hadn’t noticed the transformation yet, but no doubt he would once her hair was white!

So she came first.

Thankfully, my very presence was palpable.

The moment I began rushing toward the group, still full of rage, all conversation silenced immediately, many of them sensing my hostility before they saw or heard me, abruptly looking toward me with looks of terror as if they were all about to be killed.

But I only had one goal in mind.

Rushing through the rapidly splitting group of people, easily slipping through the throng of bodies, I finally laid eyes on my target, immediately understanding what was probably going on when I saw the back of the guy’s head.

I didn’t have any classes with him at all this year, and had barely seen him even in passing, but I knew exactly who Trey was. He was known for his curly blonde hair, extremely buff physique, and arrogant attitude that went along with him being the star athlete of the football team.

Also one of the many reasons why Claire hated Avery, since the head cheerleader felt like the head football player should have eyes for *her*, even if she wasn’t actually interested in him, but he instead only had eyes for another girl entirely.

And all this time, I had no idea Avery was in gym with him.

Had no idea he was still even making advances toward her after she’d shut him down so many times our Junior year.

But now it was clear he was trying to take her by force.

“Are you even listening to me?!” he yelled in her face. “This is bullshit!” he continued, shaking her arm with enough force to rattle her entire body against the red lockers.

Instantly, I bridged the gap between us, grabbed him by the back of the neck and yanked him off his feet with enough force to toss him into a couple of his buddies a dozen feet away, immediately slamming my hands on either side of Avery and shielding her from everyone else.

The roots of her blonde hair were already white.

But the effect of my presence was immediate.

What was perceived as a palpable hostility by everyone else, was an intense wave of *comforting peace* to my blonde girlfriend, with her immediately reaching out to grasp at my shirt, feeling my heat enveloping her in the safety of my presence.

I felt something hit me in the lower back, but I didn’t budge, an immobile wall as Avery’s skin began losing its tanner color, with her taking a long deep breath.

Someone cursed just before I felt something hit me in the back of the head, but in this moment it might as well have been an annoying mosquito just waiting to be smacked -- a tiny ant just waiting to be stomped on -- nothing more than a minor annoyance.

More cursing and exclamations of disbelief, only for a new deeper male voice to boom in the locker room.

“What the hell is going on in here?! All the boys out of this room *this instant*, or I’ll suspend you all!”

The reaction was immediate, seemingly all the guys bolting for the other exit, leading to the school pool where they’d likely come in from, only for the coach to continue.

“What in the hell were they doing in here?!” he demanded.

One of the girls spoke up. “Trey cornered Avery and wouldn’t leave her alone!”

“Yeah,” another agreed. “And he punched Kai in the face!”

“Who the hell is Kai?!” he demanded, not having ever had me in a class.

“Kai showed up out of nowhere and protected her!” another chimed in, before he could barely finish his question.

“I thought he was going to kill us all!” another girl exclaimed.

“Oh shit, I thought it was just me! I was so scared!” yet another added.

“Who the hell is Kai?!” the coach repeated, finally stepping around the corner of this section of red lockers, only to catch sight of us. “Hey! I said all boys out of the locker room!” he snapped.

I ignored him, still focused on only Avery.

“Are you okay now?” I whispered to her as she took one final deep breath.

The coach must have misinterpreted the situation because he abruptly ran up on me and grabbed my arm roughly, with me allowing him to tug on me away from Avery since I’d already made too big of a show of my strength. And I could both see with my eyes and feel through our bond that she was fine now.

“Where are you supposed to be right now?!” he yelled at me, clearly not recognizing me, practically spitting in my face, full of rage over the situation that had just happened right under his nose.

However, unlike him, after years of practice reining my emotions in, I was completely in control again.

Unfortunately, he didn’t give me a chance to respond.

“Never mind where you’re supposed to be! You’re coming with me to the office right now! You too, Ms. Copeland!” he added, more so in acknowledgment that she’d been the center of this situation, and leaving her behind would be a bad decision. “I’ll be back to talk to the rest of you in a minute! No one leaves this room, unless there’s a *literal fire*, understand?!”

He didn’t wait for a response as he started dragging me with him to the main exit.

Despite all my rage at the incident in the locker room, I’d managed to keep my slight transformation hidden underneath my clothing, and overall had remained in control of myself even when I was highly pissed. However, that didn’t prevent Gwen and Serenity from sensing that something major was going on, stopping what they were doing to focus intently on me.

Avery and I were promptly taken to the principal’s office -- with Mr. Morrison having apparently called in my unexcused disappearance from class even before we showed up to the admin department -- and promptly placed in separate rooms as we were questioned about what happened.

Thankfully, Avery and I didn’t need a chance to speak with each other to settle on a believable story in a matter of seconds.

The principal was questioning me while the assistant principal was questioning her.

Our responses were almost identical, with me going off Avery's excuse for how I knew.

"All the guys barged into the girl's locker room, and Trey cornered me. I was sending my boyfriend a text message right when it happened, and typed out 'help.'"

"Avery sent me a message that said 'help' and I knew it must be something serious, because she wouldn't do something like that normally. I thought it must be a true emergency. I knew she had gym, so I headed straight there."

We didn't even have to make an effort to coordinate, for our story to be in sync.

"He was grabbing my arm and shaking me. I thought he was going to hit me. Kai pushed him away and protected me."

"He was holding onto her and shaking her. I grabbed him and pushed him away. I think he hit me twice, but I was too focused on making sure she was okay."

Our thoughts were in perfect harmony.

"I think Trey hit him a couple of times, but he ignored it. Didn't seem like the asshole put a lot of effort into it, like he was trying to just provoke Kai into hitting him back."

"Didn't really hurt. Felt like he was just trying to provoke me into hitting him. But then the coach showed up. Other than pushing him away, I didn't touch him."

They didn't ask to see our phones to verify our story about the messages, and after hearing from the coach about what the girls in the locker room had to say, they felt like they had a pretty clear story of what happened. Especially since all the women involved seemed to be on Team Kai too, at this point.

Pretty much all of them had been *at least* annoyed to have the guys barge in when some of them were still changing, if not downright outraged, and even though my entrance had sincerely terrified them, my actions once I was in the room had won them over as the savior of the day.

I was almost cringing at the potential rumors that would be spreading tomorrow...

Unfortunately, the guys were let off a lot easier than I was hoping, with the punishment for those involved ultimately ending up as being more of a serious warning.

“If this happens again, you’re all suspended for a week. And even if you don’t care about that, don’t forget you might lose your scholarships if news of this reached their ears! One phone call from me is all it would take!”

I heard, because I was trying to pick up on what the principal was saying on the other side of the school, and he practically yelled that last part. No doubt because a couple of the guys had shrugged off his first threat, as if a week suspension wouldn’t do much to hurt them at this point.

I was glad he was at least taking it seriously, probably realizing that this situation could turn out to be very bad for the school’s reputation depending on what got out to the public. For example, if I were to press charges against the guy for hitting me, no doubt the whole situation might get blown out of proportion if a local news station caught wind of it.

I could almost see the headlines now, about how a bunch of guys aggressively barged into the girl’s locker room so that one of them could corner a girl over her dating choices -- by a guy she’d never even dated to begin with.

Someone who wouldn’t even classify as an angry ex.

However, having the situation resolved for now didn’t mean it was resolved entirely. Even before I was released back to class, only having ten minutes left before the last bell rang as I was escorted down the hall by the assistant principal, I was already beginning to think about what might need to be done about Trey.

Shit, the guy had literally not even been on my mind in over a year, with me not anticipating him being an issue in my life at all, and then suddenly this happens. And it wasn’t just me.

Even though Avery had a couple of classes with him, one of them being gym, and even though she did speak to him on occasion, even she’d thought he’d let it go -- that he’d understood that her rejection to date him had been permanent.

Maybe he thought the fact that she wasn’t with anyone else indicated that she was at least still available or something. That maybe she’d come around sooner or later.

Honestly, I wasn't sure what was going on in his head, but my mind was going to some dark places as I thought about how best to neutralize the problem he posed. Everything from beating the shit out of him, just to show him not to mess with me, to flat out making him disappear...all of which had Gwen finally speaking to me uncomfortably.

'Master, control your rage. It will not be favorable for you to draw too much attention to yourself. This insignificant human isn't worth it.'

I was a little surprised by her use of the word 'rage,' since I wasn't at all out of control right now, but her overwhelming concern for me immediately sobered me up. Especially since I realized my thoughts were in direct opposition to everything Miriam lived for. Truly, the short redhead was a sincerely good person, and Gwen had likewise lived most of her life having a very high respect for life and all things living. They both loved humans and had spent a long time protecting them, primarily by guarding that transdimensional gate.

Honestly, the short succubus might actually be appalled if she knew I was considering the idea of killing some random weak human guy simply for slighting me.

But I supposed that was the purpose of Miriam's warning several days ago, to be careful to avoid becoming evil. It was one thing to kill someone to stop their evil, like I'd done with those serial killers, but another to kill just because I found an individual annoying.

Taking a deep breath, I decided to clear my mind and not worry about it right now, instead letting go of the situation entirely -- to just stop thinking about it, in favor of focusing on the task at hand.

Which in this case, was simply returning to class.

Mr. Morrison did not look happy when the assistant principal showed up with me at the doorway. However, my escort surprisingly had my back, as he began explaining in front of the whole class that there was an incident in the girl's locker room, and that I broke up what might have otherwise been a very bad situation.

He further elaborated that Ms. Copeland had apparently informed me in a message that there was an emergency, and that I promptly responded.

Which resulted in Mr. Morrison mumbling in frustration about how 'phone use' isn't allowed in his classroom, and that the other teachers must

be slacking, all before demanding I take my seat while informing me that he didn't want to hear a word out of me unless called on.

I simply did as he asked, acting calm and collected as I went to go sit in my previously abandoned chair.

The teacher then thanked the assistant principal in an insincere tone and resumed his lecture.

Avery was of course back in gym, but had no intention on working out at this point, sitting with some of her friends from track as they chatted about how crazy the incident was and how fast everything happened. Avery also made an effort to contradict their stories a little when they commented about how hard Trey punched me, with them arguing that he put his whole body into the hit, while Avery pressed that he was just putting on a performance, trying to provoke me into hitting him back, so that he could try to get me in trouble.

Of course, we both knew what the others had seen was accurate.

Trey really had put everything he had into hitting me, but because I was braced against the lockers, he might as well have been hitting a literal wall. Which of course meant, there was definitely one person in particular who wouldn't be fooled -- Trey himself.

But ultimately, that might just accomplish my goal of intimidating him so that he didn't try messing with either of us again. And it wasn't like him telling the truth would become a problem, because most people didn't believe in the supernatural, and it wasn't a crime to be exceptionally good at 'taking a punch.'

Not to mention, if he did insist that something weird was going on, then most others would assume he just misjudged how hard he hit me. Plus, I was fairly certain the guy was too prideful to disclose something that might be misconstrued as embarrassing on his part.

Hard to say, but I realized it was probably just best to not worry about it.

I hadn't thought about this guy even once in over a year now, and I didn't want to start focusing on him now when he truly was an insignificant human like Gwen said.

Honestly, I was pretty much just done with the day at this point, and thankfully the last ten minutes of class zoomed by in the blink of an eye. I almost half expected it to drag on forever, but I was so lost in thought as I

absentmindedly listened to the teacher, that I was surprised when the bell rang -- unsurprisingly, Mr. Morrison had lectured right up until that point, with the whole class knowing that he'd be pissed if anyone started getting ready for the bell prematurely, as pretty much all other students did in all other classes.

Like damn, it was the end of the semester, and the guy was still super strict.

Taking another deep breath as I collected my things and stood, I began filing out of the room with the rest of the class, a little surprised by all the glances I was getting, realizing they probably wanted to ask about what happened, but still uncertain if they should try talking to me.

Which I was fine with.

Even if Avery and I had gone public, I didn't exactly want everyone to think I was suddenly approachable. However, the glances and direct stares definitely increased once I was meeting Avery at her locker, with her then deciding to hold onto my arm again as we walked down the hallways to get to the student parking lot.

A few girls worked up the nerve to say '*Bye Avery*' as we passed, almost seeming shy, but before long we were finally filing out of the school and heading to my car on the far side of the student parking lot.

I used the opportunity to ask what she'd decided to do about Claire, just to have the appearance of normalcy as we walked across the parking lot, only to be surprised by her answer.

"Oh, she wasn't in gym at all. I guess she left early for the day. Our coach will probably let it slide, since it's the end of the year."

My brow furrowed. "That's...kind of strange," I admitted, wondering if it had to do with our situation, or if it was unrelated. At the very least, I was aware Claire kind of had a thing for me too, but I'd always felt like the interest was more so because she wanted to stab Avery in the back by stealing her guy.

Was it possible she was taking our newly disclosed relationship harder than I was expecting?

I supposed it didn't matter either way.

She was still a mega bitch, and if she got her feelings hurt, then she had no one but herself to blame. Because she could have a happy life, where she actually got along with people, but instead she spent all her

efforts being envious of those who were sincerely kind, and speaking poorly about them behind their back.

Needless to say, Avery just shrugged in response to my comment, since we were almost at my lone car at the edge of the lot.

I was relieved to finally only be a few steps away from not having so many eyes on me, but unfortunately it seemed the universe wasn't done throwing problems at me.

Because *unfortunately*, just as we were walking up to my vehicle, I realized that a black car that had just pulled into the lot was heading directly for us. And when it began slowing down as it neared, I felt confident that whoever was inside intended to stop close by, especially since there was no other reason for someone to be driving this way at this time of day -- if it was a parent picking up their kid, then they'd head toward the school entrance on this side of the building.

Turning to face the vehicle just behind the trunk of my car, I froze solid as the heavily tinted window began lowering, revealing a mature woman with dark brown hair and sunglasses focused up at me.

Dressed in a feminine black business suit with a white blouse, looking like either an extremely fancy secretary, or possibly even like she was the actual CEO of a company, she spoke without hesitation.

"Kai Ashworth, I presume?" she began simply.

"Umm, yeah?"

She reached out of sight and then held up a simple white envelope, her extremely tinted sunglasses making it impossible to see where she was looking, or even just what her eyes were doing at all.

"My name is Elizabeth Monroe. I'm here on behalf of Mr. Abrams. Please accept this letter and read it. I've been instructed to verify you've received the message before departing."

I was immediately starting to panic.

Shit, what *in the hell* was going on right now?

Who was Mr. Abrams and *why* was he sending me a message?

Did he know my secret?!

Was he some kind of detective, or something?!

Shit, I was confused as hell, and the racing pulse suddenly jumping to my throat was threatening to cause my skin to gray. And to make it worse, I

quickly realized this situation might begin drawing unwanted attention from my classmates if I didn't deal with this immediately.

Which meant I had to pull myself together. Now.

I had no idea who Mr. Abrams was, or why he would be sending me a message, but when this woman otherwise didn't say anything, I realized I should probably read this quickly to avoid as few people noticing this transaction as possible. I mean, shit, it was like we were doing a drug deal in broad daylight!

Why even deliver this at school? Why not just send it in the mail or something?

Everything about this situation seemed off.

Way off.

I cleared my throat as I opened the envelope, and began pulling out the thick white paper, the weight of the single page implying it was the extremely expensive kind of stationery, deciding to mention my most obvious concern as I did so. "Umm, why deliver this at my school?" I asked seriously. "People might ask questions."

She again responded without hesitation, giving me the eerie impression that she'd been staring directly at me underneath those sunglasses this whole time.

"The concerns of children, I fear not. I was instructed that our first interaction should be in public, so that you had the opportunity to understand who this letter was from, before making any unwise decisions."

My brow immediately furrowed at that, her words prompting me to skip over the handwritten letter just as I opened it, in order to focus down at the signature, as if expecting to see something other than 'Mr. Abrams' written there...

My heart instantly froze in my chest, the fine hairs standing up on the back of my neck, when I realized the letter was, in fact, signed with a different name.

One I recognized.

One I'd seen very recently, in the exact same fancy handwritten script...

Absalom...Melchizedek.

My father.

It was a letter from my biological father!

Unexpectedly, Gwen spoke to me through our bond, Miriam apparently right there with her, having already reacted to this news.

‘Master, a message from my mistress. She requests you come over again as soon as possible. Your magic training begins now.’

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(13) Chapter 88: Threats

I stood there in the student parking lot, staring at the end of the letter for far too long, just trying to comprehend what was happening right now. This woman had driven up alone in a heavily tinted black car, dressed in a feminine business suit and wearing heavily tinted sunglasses, and was telling me that she had a message from a Mr. Abrams, when in reality she was delivering a message from my biological father...

An immortal full-blooded incubus...

Fuck.

I was frozen in disbelief.

And aside from the message Gwen had just delivered from Miriam, about starting magic training immediately, the maid was otherwise silent, probably ready to read the letter to her mistress, word-for-word, as I read it.

When the woman, who said her name was Elizabeth Monroe, cleared her throat, seeming impatient now, I glanced at her and then focused at the top header, realizing some information was printed in a normal computer-generated font.

It was a header displaying, *'From the Office of John Abrams.'*

Such a generic name.

Was Mr. Abrams some kind of lawyer?

Or was that actually my father's current name?

After all, with a name like Absalom Melchizedek, surely he didn't go around still using that name? I mean, I was pretty sure the only reason why Miriam kept her first name was because it had remained fashionable throughout the centuries, whereas Absalom had never really caught on, as far as I was aware.

But shit.

When the woman cleared her throat again, much more intentionally this time, I finally began reading the message.

-

'Greetings, my son.

I am deeply distressed as I write this message.

I know not if you have already received the epistle I transcribed some sixteen years ago when you came to live with my servants two years after your birth, but now is not the time to restate the contents of my other message. Consequently, I will abridge its essence.

I am your father.

And as I'm sure you have come to realize at your age, you have a certain persuasion over the feminine sex. This is a gift you have received from me, as one of my sons, and one in which may grant you a lifetime of happiness, if employed appropriately.

However, even with this gift, you will undoubtedly suffer heartache, as I do this very day.

My son, a great tragedy has befallen us, even if it is one anticipated.

Therefore, it is my request that you be summoned to my presence prematurely.

Originally, it was not my intention to summon you so soon, since I have found it is best to allow my sons to lead lives of their own, believing they may never meet me, and discover on their own how they will come to exist in the world, prior to stepping into my world, but I would hold disdain for my own self if I allowed this news to pass without informing all my sons of what has transpired.

It is with that intent, that the woman who delivered this message will return to your place of residence in three days' time, on the morning of the seventh day of rest, to chauffeur you to my office. Please wear a black suit and tie, as appropriate for the occasion.

Until then, I wish you well, and a safe trip.

With Great Care,

Absalom Melchizedek'

-

"Finished?" the woman immediately demanded, the moment I'd read the last line, reaching out her hand as if she was going to retrieve the letter from me.

Confused and stunned, my brow furrowed as I automatically started handing it back without thinking. "Umm, yeah..."

Unexpectedly, the moment she touched it, the note between our hands instantly burst into flames, a flash of orange also igniting underneath the woman's sunglasses, very distinctly illuminating a pair of now vibrant

citrine irises, all before the heat abruptly dissipated, the thick paper no more -- *literally* obliterated into nothing.

Holy shit!

Was she a demon?!

How did I not sense that?!

Or possibly, was she just a human who could use fire magic?!

Shit!

Even as Elizabeth Monroe's glowing irises dimmed underneath her sunglasses, I still knew she was staring directly at me.

Her tone was firm. "As you should have noted, I will be showing up at your house on Saturday to pick you up. The girl you live with, Serenity, is to also come. No one else," she added, her head angling toward Avery briefly, as if she was making it very clear my blonde girlfriend wasn't invited. "Wear a black suit, tie, and nice shoes. Black dress for her. Best you buy something brand new *and tailored*. My understanding is you have the funds for it. You are to be ready at 8 AM sharp. It's nearly a four-hour drive, and you need to be there by noon. Understand?"

"Umm, yeah..." I repeated, still just completely stunned, glancing up to make sure no one had seen the brief blaze. But no one was even looking this way at this point, and the car would have been in the way of their line of sight anyway.

"Good," she replied firmly, pulling her hand back into the car and beginning to roll up the heavily tinted window.

"Pleasant day, Mr. Ashworth. Until then," she added simply, just as the window shut completely. And with that, she immediately pulled away, quickly turning around to leave the parking lot.

Avery and I just exchanged a long glance, with her seeming equally as stunned as I was.

And not just us.

Of course, Natalie, Serenity, and Gwen had sensed my spike in alarm when she pulled up, and all of them had been paying attention the moment they realized something truly was going on.

All of them had varying levels of concern.

For one, what was this bad news my father wanted to deliver?

Had my mother died?

Was I going to a funeral?

Or possibly something else? I mean, what would constitute as something so heartbreaking that he'd send me a message like this? And was it only heartbreaking for him, or would I be upset too?

Of course, that was assuming all this was sincere, and that it wasn't some kind of bizarre ploy. But if it was a lie, then to what end? Why do this, if it wasn't real?

And then there was the fact that he wanted Serenity to come as well.

Knowing what an incubus was capable of, I really wasn't sure I was okay with that...

But Natalie already had an idea brewing in the back of her mind.

'What if I go? Your bond with me as my alpha should be stronger than his compulsion. And even if not, then at least it's me who's in danger, rather than her. We both have brown eyes, and I could dye my hair brown if needed, so I'm confident I could pass as her.'

Of course, Serenity wasn't okay with that idea at all, and I didn't much like that plan either, though of course I wasn't going to like it no matter who went. At least with Natalie, she might be right about the alpha relationship -- I could literally have full control over her if absolutely necessary.

'Kai,' Serenity was urging. *'If this is really your father we're talking about, then he might be offended if he later discovers the person you brought wasn't me.'*

Unfortunately, I couldn't really argue with that either, but just the idea that another incubus might use their compulsion on Serenity was...really bothersome, *to say the least*. More than that, I knew that technically my biological father had used his compulsion at least once, when she was younger, causing her to essentially have no desires to date any other guy.

Having climbed into my car to head to Avery's place briefly, since she needed to grab her laptop for some homework she'd been assigned in one of her classes, we drove in silence while the others deliberated separately on what I'd just experienced -- Natalie and Avery engaged with each other a little telepathically, but my own mental distance left Serenity out of it and in her own head.

Gwen appeared to be speaking with Miriam, but I wasn't focused enough to know what they were talking about, while Natalie had also used

the opportunity to inform Rebecca and Michelle, who had only recently gotten back to my place after being gone the majority of the day.

In the meantime, I was mostly lost in my own thoughts, at least until I realized that Gabriella had gotten home a little early from her job at the nail salon.

Unsurprisingly, Natalie, Michelle, and Rebecca all went outside to greet her, with my blue-haired partner explaining what just happened not long ago when Avery and I had been about to leave school. Needless to say, my redheaded fiancé was just as concerned as everyone else, since none of us had anticipated that my father would be a factor in my life anytime soon. Especially not after what his original letter said.

The realization that Gabriella was home prompted me to get out my phone, just curious to see if she'd messaged me, only to find that my busy fiancé had, in fact, let me know that she was leaving work about the same time that we were first walking out of school, which was why I'd missed it.

My phone had still been on silent since most of our teachers didn't allow us to use them during class...

But dammit, that just brought up another, technically small, problem.

I really wanted to have this more intimate bond with Gabriella too.

It was just so easy to communicate with Serenity, Gwen, Avery, and Natalie at this point, that I was sincerely beginning to feel the 'pain' of not being able to have that same level of understanding with my other women.

Well...really, it was specifically bothersome in regard to Gabriella.

I mean, she was my first fiancé and the girl who pulled me out of my shell, yet now she was extremely out-of-the-loop compared to everyone else, and I honestly didn't know what to do about it. The other connections had happened almost as if they were meant to, as if fate were pulling these bonds together, and thus far I hadn't felt anything like that with Gabriella or anyone else.

Honestly, part of me was concerned that she might not be capable of it due to her being part-succubus, but it was hard to know for sure. Because if these connections really were based purely on some kind of magical affinity, then I felt as if I should have sensed something by now. Especially considering the fact that I'd experienced at least some degree of intimacy with Gabriella and Rebecca at the same time, when I first had sex with my

busty redheaded MILF, as well as Rebecca and Miriam simultaneously when we were all pleasuring Gwen at the mansion.

Maybe because those pairings weren't actually involved with each other?

Or was my blood a factor?

I mean, Avery probably wouldn't have been capable of sharing in this bond were it not for her now being like me. And it was likely the same with Serenity. Out of the four, Gwen was the only one who currently hadn't yet been changed by my blood, but with the sexy maid there was still some kind of supernatural bond there that existed due to her being an inferno imp.

Possibly if I gave my blood to Rebecca and Miriam, they would both be able to share in this more intimate bond, but it was hard to say for sure. Especially since I was already at least partially bonded with Miriam on her own.

I also kind of wanted to know if I was the only one who could change others, or if Serenity, Gabriella, Avery, and Michelle all had that capacity too. Because if I was the only one, then that would likely remove a major hesitation to make someone like me.

Not that I was overly hesitant with Miriam or Rebecca, but knowing whether or not I was passing that ability along would at least help me decide if I wanted to change someone who I might not be intimately involved with.

I mean, shit, if my biological father ended up being a threat, then the only way I was going to stand any chance against him, especially if he had an army of demons and witches backing him up, would be to have *my own army*.

And they couldn't all be women -- not when my father's undeniable strength was *compelling women*. I'd have to have a few guys I trusted, at the very least -- men who were a part of my army, but not in any other way involved in my life.

But as of now, I didn't really have any friends, and couldn't think of a single guy I trusted. I knew Serenity's coworker, Nick, could possibly be a big help in a lot of ways, but he'd have to first be willing to respect my claim on Serenity, and that was even assuming it was a guarantee that he wouldn't have the ability to make others like me.

But putting that crazy idea aside, I first wanted to figure out how I might establish this bond with Gabriella too.

Maybe it would help if we could somehow verify if my redheaded fiancé had another kind of magical affinity, other than lust. Might just require some experimentation, which was something I knew Miriam could probably help with...especially since magic training was apparently a major priority now.

When I finally pulled into Avery's paved driveway, I was relieved to see that there was no sign of her dad. I mean, I was well aware that Mr. Copeland had a normal job that would likely require him to be at work at this time of day, but I couldn't help being a little paranoid that he'd be waiting to jump us again, like earlier that morning.

I knew Avery didn't plan on staying here long, especially not after what happened in the parking lot, but I'd never seen her bedroom before, so I decided to follow her up the stairs to check it out, actually a little surprised to see the dominant theme was my favorite color -- red.

Her sheets were a cherry red, and her comforter was a darker shade of crimson. She also had some purple here and there, but the room otherwise lacked a lot of color, largely because her furniture was either black or shades of brown, such as her black chair and brown desk, where her black laptop was sitting, a single cherry sticker on the lid -- something I always thought looked like a pair of balls.

Overall, while not as elaborate, her bedroom almost reminded me of Miriam's suite in her mansion, although in my opinion the color scheme kind of made sense for the deceptively young succubus, given her actual age, whereas I was expecting something a bit more girlie in Avery's room.

"Wasn't really going for a theme," Avery admitted out loud as she stuffed her laptop in her backpack. "Mom has always been big on neutral colors, like gray and brown, and I guess it's rubbed off on me. I had a lot of pink in my room when I was younger, but kind of transitioned to blues, reds, and purples once I started high school."

Having already seen Michelle's bedroom, which was pleasant shades of gray, I could see that definitely being the case.

"Make sense," I said simply, inhaling the pleasant scent. "Smells nice."

Avery grinned at that. "Smells like me?" she assumed.

My eyes widened slightly when I realized she was right. Her room had that sort of sweet vanilla lavender scent.

And here I'd assumed she must have a candle or something out of sight, but it was definitely her that I was smelling.

She giggled at my reaction. "Glad you like it, even if I didn't put much effort into preparing for you to come over."

I couldn't help but smile, about to respond, only for both of our expressions to drop when we sensed something from Natalie, both of us a bit more focused on her now that we were no longer occupied by class.

Alarm.

Not alarm directed specifically at us, as if she was intending to warn us about something, but simply a reflexive reaction to something going on. She'd just had a spike of alarm at *unexpected company*.

Mrs. Rebecca, Michelle, Gabriella, and Natalie were all still standing outside by Gabriella's vehicle when a black car pulled off the street and began heading down our driveway back home. Of course, my first thought was that it might be that woman again, immediately concerned as to why she'd stop by a second time, but Natalie was instinctively sensing *something else entirely*.

Now that I was really focusing on her, I could see in her mind that not even she understood why her senses were suddenly on high alert, but she wasted no time barking out orders.

"*Everyone inside now,*" she hissed to the others.

"*Who is it?*" Rebecca asked in concern.

Gabriella chimed in too. "*We're not going to leave you out here by yourself,*" she added.

Natalie wasn't having it. "*I'm a fucking werewolf,*" she hissed. "*You'd just get in the way if this person is a threat.*" She paused, registering that they needed something more to get them to move their asses. "*Kai wants you all inside,*" she added, telling a little white-lie to get them to listen -- because there wasn't time for them to delay.

Natalie's senses were sincerely telling her that there was a threat.

Even the front windshield was tinted, so she couldn't see who was inside, but undoubtedly she perceived danger.

"*Hurry,*" she added urgently, even as they all finally turned around and started hurrying inside.

Avery and I were already flying down the stairs, speaking quickly.

"I need you to drive," I urged. "Just focus on driving, no matter what happens."

"Kai, we're fifteen minutes away," she said in concern, even as we rushed for the front door. "We aren't going to make it, even if I speed."

"I know," I replied, grimacing as I stepped outside, quickly rushing over to the passenger's seat of my car. "But there's nothing else we can do, except try to get there as fast as legally possible. I can't fly in the daytime like this, and we can't afford to get pulled over by a cop right now." I paused as Avery stuck her bag in the backseat and then began climbing into the driver's seat, prompting me to continue. "I was able to give Gwen strength once. I might be able to help Natalie too, but I need to concentrate."

Avery simply nodded, stepping on the gas to back out of the driveway.

I quickly leaned forward in my seat and covered my eyes with my hands, deciding it was time to focus fully on the situation, unsure of how I would even be able to help Natalie, since it had been an effortless experience with Gwen -- giving her power had come *instinctively* when I was so escalated after dying and coming back to life, but I wasn't sure how to do it consciously.

And since Natalie couldn't use fire magic like the devil maid, I wasn't sure how giving her power would even help her...

My blue-haired wife was tense as the black vehicle pulled to a stop right behind Gabriella's car, effectively blocking one possible escape route. At the very least, they could still drive Rebecca's vehicle through the grass if needed, but the potential implications of having this car pull up so close to Gabriella's car felt indicative, that they were making it difficult for anyone to leave before *they* decided to.

If Natalie could just stall them for fifteen minutes, then we'd be there.

Possibly sooner, since not all the roads we planned on taking were full of traffic.

Now with everyone inside the house, Natalie just stood there as the driver remained in the vehicle for a few long seconds, before the door finally popped open.

Knowing I was paying attention now, she focused intently on the stranger, so that I could have a clear picture of what they looked like.

However, with my eyes closed now, I almost felt like I could see what she was seeing, with even the subtle details her eyes were catching painting a pretty clear image in my mind.

And it definitely wasn't the woman I'd just seen.

It was a man.

One who was taller than me, at least at my normal height, appearing as if he was in his mid-twenties, roughly the same age as Serenity.

Dark brown hair, tan skin, neatly trimmed goatee, immaculate gray suit, and undeniably handsome, the moment Natalie's eyes locked with his, she knew instantly what she was staring at, even though his irises were dark brown.

And it *instantly* invoked within her *great hostility*.

Because it was an *alpha*, just not one of the werewolf variety, and she only had one alpha -- *all other alphas were threats*.

Natalie spoke first, before he could get a word out, his eyes narrowing at her visible reaction. And because I was so focused, I felt like I could actually hear her words, as if I was there with her, hearing her speak just like I'd hear my own words if I spoke myself.

"Can I help you with something?" she nearly spat sarcastically, trying to control her anger, feeling her body grow hot. A familiar heat, one she used to dread every full moon.

His expression finally relaxed then, becoming visibly calm despite her reaction, his voice extremely charming. "Ah, well this is unexpected," he said in amusement, closing his car door and smoothing out his gray suit briefly, displaying several gold rings on his fingers with jewels inset in them, before casually leaning against the top of the black surface. "You must be something special to my dear boy, Cairo, if you have that kind of authority over the other women I saw just now."

Natalie's eyes flew open in alarm and confusion, before they narrowed again, even as he continued unprompted.

"Oh, you must be confused," he chuckled. "I think he spells it with a 'K,' and only goes by Kai, doesn't he? Perhaps not even he knows he was named after the capital of Egypt. Or as it's known in Arabic, *al-Qahirah* -- The Subduer or The Victorious." He scoffed. "Such a grandiose name for such an insignificant life. But we always do hope the best for our children, don't we?" he added with a charming smile.

Natalie knew what was being implied, and neither of us believed it, especially not when he was ‘trying so hard’ to make ‘that implication,’ by having ‘insider information’ about the *supposed* origin of my name.

“Cut the shit,” Natalie hissed. “I know damn well Kai isn’t your kid. We’ve met his father once, and you sure as hell don’t even look like you’re his family. So don’t even try to claim you’re some uncle or something. We’ve seen pictures of most of his brothers,” she added, a piece of information I personally hadn’t even fully processed yet -- the fact that I had living brothers.

That my father had other sons he planned on speaking to this Saturday...

Shit, I didn’t know how to feel about that.

The man’s dark brown eyes narrowed again at all that, pausing for way too long as he considered how he might respond, before sighing heavily.

“I hate females who don’t know their place. Bitches like you make for the perfect guard dog, but as far as I’m concerned, the only place you belong is under my boot.”

Natalie’s eyes widened at that, alarmed by his words.

Did he know?

That she was a werewolf?

Or was he speaking metaphorically?

Didn’t matter, because she didn’t have time to respond, before he focused on her more intently, giving out a command verbally, even as his eyes flashed yellow, his tone suddenly full of anger.

“Come here and grovel before me,” he snapped with intense bile.

Natalie was instantly alarmed, though not for the reasons she was afraid of.

In response to his glare...

She felt *nothing*.

Her alarm instantly transitioned to confidence.

Because she truly only had one alpha, and her love’s hold on her was *absolute*.

Even more absolute than being beneath that more heinous alpha she’d suffered under for nearly a full year.

Thus, she stood up straighter, squaring her thin shoulders, her husky tone firm.

“I refuse,” she snapped back. “I only have one master.”

The man’s gold eyes widened in sincere shock at that, only to look...

Excited.

He quickly began sounding giddy. “Do my ears deceive me?” he said with a widening grin, straightening up. “How in hell’s name did that brat procure such a priceless servant? Are you a witch? Or I suppose they prefer ‘sorceress’ nowadays, don’t they? But you can’t be a blood sucker, not out in the sun like this. Do you have a mind stone hidden away? Surely, you’re not one of the Fae, are you? I sense no concealment spells, so this must be your true form.” He laughed then. “Oh my, what are you?” he added curiously, taking a step closer. “It’s been a long time since I was forced to break a bitch *with my hands*, instead of eyes.”

Natalie’s body tensed, as she held her hand up. “You’re not welcome here,” she said flatly. “If you don’t leave, then you’ll leave me no choice but to make you.”

His eyes narrowed again at that, looking sincerely irritated a second time. However, he didn’t respond, instead his gold gaze flicking upward slightly, beginning to focus past Natalie...

At the house.

Unexpectedly, the door opened up, an urgent voice coming from within.

Gabriella’s voice.

“Mom! Stop! What are you doing?!”

Natalie focused back on her in alarm, seeing that she almost looked drugged as she stepped off the couple of steps and headed directly in their direction.

A boisterous laugh reached Natalie’s ears then, prompting another wave of aggression to boil from within, causing her bones to begin popping softly, her fingernails rapidly becoming midnight claws as both she and I quickly tried to process what should be done.

Because even if this man wasn’t my father, it was obvious he might know my father, and I didn’t know what consequences might exist for killing one of our kind. Not to mention, while Natalie was terrified to continue transforming, she would absolutely do it if necessary...

But *there was no going back* once she did.

The moment she shifted fully, *murder was on the menu*.

A decision that might have long-lasting consequences for all of us, which meant she had to give it one last-ditch effort to make him leave, since allowing him to take Rebecca was *not* a viable option to avoid bloodshed.

Without thinking, Natalie abruptly stabbed an inch-long claw into her left wrist, tugging downward to draw a profuse amount of blood as she severed deep into her flesh, abruptly thrusting her bleeding left arm out as if she was trying to halt the redhead MILF from passing, only to splatter an excessive amount of blood onto the ground with her motion, flinging crimson fluid nearly a dozen feet away.

The man's eyes widened in alarm and confusion at the unexpected injury, only to take a step back the moment Natalie barked out an order.

One that seemed to come naturally.

Instinctively.

From *my mind*, a spell was unexpectedly shared between us.

"Burn my enemies, protect my kin!"

Instantly, a thick tower of orange flames erupted from her to the edge of her last blood-splatter, creating an impenetrable wall, blocking off Rebecca's immediate exit and preventing her from approaching, even while Natalie stared her enemy down.

However, she didn't give him a chance to respond, immediately flinging her arm forward, causing more gushing blood to splatter across the distance, finally prompting him to jump away in alarm as some almost hit his fancy shoes.

"Curses!" he snarled, taking yet another step back. *"An Ifrit!"*

Natalie ignored him. *"One drop!"* she snapped, beginning to feel lightheaded as she held up her bleeding wrist. *"One drop of blood, and you'll cease to exist! And if I get a drop of your blood, then not even your soul will survive!"* she added, just trying to sound as threatening as possible before she passed out.

The wound was rapidly closing up now, but she'd held nothing back digging into her flesh, and had definitely lost a substantial amount of blood in those precious few seconds. However, even as her eyes began to droop slightly, the sensation actually caused another wave of aggression to wash through her, not wanting to be defeated by this weakness.

A weakness that pissed her off -- an anger that instantly turned into *strength*.

Natalie stood up straighter, a wall of orange flames still burning to her left side, touching her without burning her flesh, even as the guy finally jumped into his vehicle and gunned it, racing straight backward down the driveway, away from the perceived threat that was Natalie.

Watching him swerve onto the road, he again gunned the engine and began racing down the street away from the house.

Yet despite the effort, my blue-haired companion didn't feel fatigued anymore, or even drained.

Now, fueled by her sense of *defiance* against her own weakness, she felt strong.

Powerful.

She felt ready to fight, even though this battle was clearly won.

As the flames finally died down, she turned to face Mrs. Rebecca, seeing that Gabriella and Michelle both had apparently rushed after her, each of them grabbing an arm as if attempting to hold her back, even though it was obvious the mature redhead had snapped out of whatever trance she'd been in.

More than that.

She looked mortified.

And ashamed.

Because she clearly couldn't help it.

I didn't know who this guy was, or what possible relation he might have to my biological family -- shit, I didn't even know if he was only part-incubus, or if he might actually be full-blooded -- but I knew one thing for sure. He had not come with peaceful intentions, and I was both paranoid that killing him might result in severe consequences, while simultaneously concerned that letting him go would be a huge mistake.

Dammit, what should I do?!

Focusing up at the road when Avery made a hard turn, I realized we were just pulling onto our street, which didn't see much traffic to begin with, making it plainly obvious who was in the heavily tinted black car speeding our way almost a mile down the street between the thick trees.

Which meant, this was a chance to do something, but *what*?

'*A show of force,*' Natalie unexpectedly announced in my head, feeling *more than* strong. For the first time in her life, she felt *empowered*. '*Not from you,*' she continued, abruptly beginning to strip naked right there in

the driveway. *'Since we can't reveal your secret. But from me. He won't know I'm the same person. The same creature.'*

Natalie was still raring to go.

To do more.

To *be* more.

She was just waiting for permission to do so.

I decided to give it to her.

"Stop the car," I instructed Avery, even as I sensed Natalie's mind succumb to her inner monster, the animal unexpectedly desperate to escape. To be free.

For the first time ever, there was desire, craving, and *pleasure* in the snapping bones and reshaping flesh.

The beast rapidly began growing larger, spurred on by the unexpected screams of the unsuspecting women standing nearby, teeth snapping shut in anticipation of the chase -- excitement for the *hunt*.

And then, a vicious growl erupted out of her throat as wired muscle sprang forward to leap over a car in her way, landing on still-morphing paws even as she dug her massive claws into the earth, rapidly bursting into the thicket of trees at an accelerated speed.

She felt unstoppable.

Invincible.

The strongest she'd ever felt in her entire life.

She was more than powerful.

She was *POWER ITSELF*, coursing through every fiber of her being, rippling muscles propelling her even faster through the thinning brush.

Popping open my car door the moment that Avery stopped, I jumped out and ran around to the other side, standing in the middle of the street as the black car barreled toward me, unaware of the wolf monstrosity charging in our direction, only continuing to *grow in strength*.

Only continuing to *grow in speed*.

The onslaught of a *predator*, chasing down its prey.

The black car began slowing down quickly, finally coming to a complete stop after pulling up closer to where Avery's car was stopped, making it clear he had no intention on trying to run me over, not that I'd been concerned anyway.

Surprisingly, he popped open his door without hesitation, looking entirely composed now.

“Ah, Cairo, my boy,” he said warmly, as if we were best friends, definitely looking only about five to seven years older than me, but having an air about him that was much more mature than that, like someone closer to middle age. And he definitely looked a lot more middle eastern than I first realized, his tan skin having an almost olive hue to it, though that was assuming his entire appearance wasn’t all just an illusion.

At the very least, in person, I was picking up something unnatural about his gold rings with inset jewels.

“Who are you?” I demanded seriously, suspecting I already had an idea of the answer, just based on being in front of him face-to-face...

This man...was immortal.

And somehow associated with me, even if only indirectly knowing about me.

He bowed his head in acknowledgment, almost seeming respectful now. “My real name is Jonadab Mikloth, a relative of your father Absalom. I’ve come to invoke the Right of the Progenitor. Or as you might know it, the Ancestral Right of Ownership.” He scoffed then. “I was just going to enjoy a few of your females, but after what I experienced at your place of residence, I think I’ll take them all.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

Couldn’t comprehend the arrogance and gall.

Rather than angry, I was just baffled.

“And what makes you think you have the right?” I demanded.

He laughed at that, seeming especially smug now. “I’ve already told you. Your father has forfeited his right, which gives precedence to any other man of his lineage. As human men, we were cousins, but as immortals we are brothers.”

I scoffed at that. “And you’re claiming to get along with my father?” I said in disbelief, as if I knew otherwise, hoping to get him to admit it.

He scowled at that, looking annoyed at my disrespectful tone. “You’ll watch your tongue, *boy*. The Right of the Progenitor is mine all the same, and if anything, it is because of our mutual loathing that I invoke it.”

That was all I needed to know.

Feeling completely calm now, a cold determination having settled in my bones, I casually kicked off my shoes, reaching down to unbutton my pants.

I could sense that Serenity was already hiding in the bathroom back at work, having prepared herself for this possibility.

A possibility where she might uncontrollably transform in response to my actions.

Natalie was bolting through the trees at an impossible speed, almost upon us, spurred on even faster by the decision I'd just made.

The immortal incubus just looked at me in absolute confusion as I tugged off my shirt, now only in my boxers, with me deciding to strip those off too, so that I was completely naked in the middle of the street.

"What in hell's name?" he said in disbelief. "Are you mentally disturbed?"

I didn't respond, instead looking to his side, prompting him to look too, just in time to see a behemoth of a vicious wolf, covered in midnight fur, burst through the trees and onto the road, an almost eerie unnatural silence accompanying its movements.

Like a massive horrifying ghost.

More than silence, her fur was almost shadowy, as if it was made of a black mist engulfing the canine predator in a shroud of darkness, her slitted eyes a vibrant glowing gold. And within the fur-like darkness, I saw hints of blue, not from hair, but from something else entirely igniting in and out of existence from her heat.

As she licked her jowls, blue flames flickered out of her mouth.

Twin tongues of azure fire began to illuminate at the edge of her gold eyes.

The man screamed.

"WHAT THE FUCK?!"

My horns sprouted as I rapidly ascended to seven feet, continuing to grow to my full height, quickly towering to double the height of the puny man before me.

"CALL IT OFF!" he screamed. "CALL THE HELLHOUND OFF!" he shrieked, focusing at me, only to realize he was staring at a gray muscled stomach instead of a face.

All color drained from his expression as his terrified brown eyes focused up at the monster standing before him, enormous wings beginning to fan out from my back, massive horns crowning my white hair in their midnight glory, the thick black spikes igniting with blue flames as I stared down mercilessly at my prey.

He didn't even have time to react.

Didn't even have time to defend himself or try to fight back with his own magic.

With a speed that seemed to contradict my size, my wings folded in and I lunged forward to grab him by the head, my entire hand encompassing his skull, only to spin around in a complete circle, hearing his neck snap as I tossed him toward the equally large hellhound.

Without hesitation, the shadowy behemoth lunged for the puny humanoid body, sinking her dagger-like fangs into its flesh, only to rush into the trees with her prey, dashing at impossible speeds several hundred feet away from the road, before beginning to shred into the flesh with vicious movements of her head, rapidly turning the warm corpse into a pile of blood and gore.

But that was only *for the fun of it*.

In barely thirty seconds she was standing on a bloody mess, the heat having risen in her throat, seemingly fueled by all the blood spilled before her, until finally she released it all at once.

Instantly, the world around her was filled with a blazing azure inferno that was bright enough to see through the dense vegetation, incinerating everything with an unquenchable burn, until there was nothing left but charred dirt in the large spot where she stood.

I enjoyed every second of it.

She enjoyed every second of it.

It wasn't until I heard a car in the near distance that I calmly began to return to my normal size and dress, only to brush off my clothing briefly and step forward, intending on slipping into the open car door of the still-running black vehicle of my enemy.

Without looking at Avery, who was uncontrollably trembling from what she just witnessed, knowing she understood what I intended to do, I slipped into the driver's seat of the luxury car. The scent of brand-new

leather filled my nose, along with an unexpected *familiar* scent, and I promptly closed the door, calmly putting the vehicle in gear...

To finish hiding the evidence, of my latest kill.

Of *our* latest kill.

Natalie included.

For the sake of those we loved.

For the sake of our family.

Now, we'd just have to hide this secret from the world, and most importantly...

We'd have to hide this secret...from my father.

Great.

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(14) Chapter 89: Cleanup

Knowing that all evidence of my enemy's mauled body had been incinerated, I didn't want my victim's vehicle anywhere near my house, or even near the very city where I lived in. Which meant, I decided to drive it as far away as possible, having no idea how far would be 'far enough' to avoid any kind of suspicion. Not when the drive to meet my father was going to be almost four hours long in a currently undisclosed direction.

In the end, I decided I didn't want to chance it, and thus *just kept driving* for hours, until the sun was finally setting about five hours later at right around 8:30 PM in the evening, thanks to it being the end of April.

Yet, I still just kept driving, knowing Serenity, Michelle, and Avery were about an hour behind me in Serenity's car, slowly catching up.

At first, I'd just planned on flying back once it got dark, but when Serenity got home from work, having left early shortly after the fight, she quickly decided that they would follow me and pick me up the moment I was done getting rid of the car.

In the meantime, I drove in complete silence, feeling a little numb about the situation after-the-fact, the scent of brand-new leather filling my nose, as well as something else.

Something familiar that I couldn't quite pin down.

The engine also sounded strange too, a couple of rhythmic sounds accompanying its rumble, with this particular vehicle not sounding as quiet as I would have assumed, almost seeming like it had some of the features of a sports car, including an interesting and somewhat elaborate instrument panel just behind the steering wheel.

I didn't focus much on it though, instead finding myself deeply worried about another issue entirely.

Miriam.

And her potential feelings about the situation.

Unsurprisingly, from the moment that a strange woman pulled up to me in the school parking lot, Gwen had been keeping her updated on what was going on, the maid only observing and not otherwise attempting to interfere with my decisions.

But now I was worried, not because I was afraid that the short succubus wouldn't approve of my decision to end this threat while I had the chance -- one that could have affected her own life too -- but instead because...

I'd enjoyed it.

In the heat of the moment, with my mind almost entirely synchronized with Natalie's werewolf psyche, the two of us had sincerely enjoyed the act of killing. Enjoyed the rush of crushing, shredding, mauling, and incinerating our prey, *as one*.

And that's what bothered me.

Because Miriam didn't know that part.

Gwen hadn't informed her about how I actually felt when doing it, and thus Miriam was simply under the impression that this time had been much like the other serial killers I'd murdered. Done only out of a sense of justice.

But it *wasn't* the same.

Or it at least, it hadn't been in the moment.

It was true that I felt dirty now.

My soul stained and guilty.

Even though *I'd do it again*.

I wanted to shower, and to scrub my hands, much like I'd done after killing the serial killer who tried taking Gabriella's life. But never before had I actually enjoyed the act itself.

This was different.

And knowing how much Miriam valued life, I was afraid of how she'd react to that difference.

I mean, shit, even just realizing that she might be bothered by it, really made it clear how much of a good person she was. Truly, she was a *good person*, loving all people, cherishing all life, taking absolutely *no joy* in anyone's death, even if they deserved it.

And here I was becoming exactly what she feared.

She was the one who cautioned me that power corrupts.

Always.

The one who pleaded with me to always remain good -- to at least love others as much as I love myself.

The one who was concerned about the kind of monster I might become if I lost sight of my values, and who warned me that becoming evil would be like a thief in the night, if I wasn't careful...

The one who truly loved me, and just wanted what was best for me, much like a mother would.

Of course, the others loved me too, but Miriam was the one who had the *wealth of experience* and *foresight* to know how this type of problem might progress into something else over time.

She was the one who could see far ahead to the endless pit at the bottom of that slippery slope, which only seemed like a slight incline to those of us who had only lived a normal mortal life.

Gwen at least didn't seem to have any negative opinion about it, but she didn't focus on it either, or otherwise offer any opinions on how her mistress might respond to the truth. A truth she would not share until I was ready to share it myself, with me knowing we wouldn't get to Miriam's place until after midnight at this point, assuming I decided to go straight there, but with me also feeling like I needed to let her know as soon as possible.

To kneel before the much shorter woman and reassure her that I wanted to be good.

And to reassure her that I both wanted *and needed* her approval.

Unfortunately, my own concerns, and Avery's initial reaction to it all, made Natalie a little depressed, who had stayed behind with Mrs. Rebecca and Gabriella at my place, feeling like she'd allowed herself to get too carried away and inadvertently influenced me negatively, having truly become bestial when transformed, her mind matching her inhuman appearance. Avery especially had been really shaken up, not because she didn't approve, but just because she'd witnessed such a violent act happen right in front of her eyes, being able to witness Natalie's killing even after the man was out of sight. Of course, my blonde classmate had done her best to get a grip on her own reaction and try to reassure her blue-haired girlfriend, but it didn't help much. Not when I had my own regrets now too.

Oddly enough, despite the transformation, Natalie was entirely back to looking normal, including her dyed hair, something that even she admitted wasn't normal. Because, in the past, whenever she transformed on the full moon as a werewolf, her hair was back to its dark brown coloring when she

finally woke up. She would then usually have to dye her hair based on whatever color her previous alpha decided on.

But this time had been different.

Not that she put too much focus on it right now, since she was mentally beating herself up so much, for losing control.

Of course, no one actually blamed her, with Avery and me *both* having spent time reassuring her in our bond that she had nothing to be sorry for, but it honestly didn't help much. Especially not when Mrs. Rebecca was likewise depressed about what happened, feeling absolutely miserable to the point of tears, leaving two of the three people back home dwelling under a cloud of sincere despair.

From what Natalie could tell, the man's compulsion hadn't been quite like how Rebecca described mine. Sure, it was true that he had caused her to 'want' to go with him, but it didn't erase her desire to stay. It didn't erase the knowledge that this man was a threat to me, as well as the rest of us, and that she shouldn't go with him.

But she couldn't help but do as she knew his eyes demanded, and that alone made her feel forced and violated. She both wanted to go and didn't want to go, and yet she only had one choice -- or rather, there was no choice, despite the conflicting desires. Her freewill had been taken away by a forceful desire not originally her own, a sensation not unlike what Natalie experienced underneath her former alpha.

Although, that information actually seemed to help a little, with Natalie sharing her own experiences with Mrs. Rebecca, not as an attempt for pity, to suggest that her situation had been far worse than what my busty MILF was crying about, but to instead share in the heartbreak and horror of not having control of one's own body and actions.

As a way to simply say, '*I understand, and I'm sorry.*'

I was pretty sure Mrs. Rebecca spent as much time holding Natalie's hand as she did her own daughter, the two young women working to reassure the older one that they were there for her, no matter what.

But...*at the very least*, we did have one thing to be sincerely happy *and relieved* about.

One thing to *shine a light* on this otherwise dark moment in our lives, while half of us were still in the process of working together to finish hiding the evidence of our most recent transgression.

One major thing, to even give Mrs. Rebecca hope back at the house.

Out of the four women who had been home when the incubus named Jonadab arrived, *only one of them* had been compelled...

Because only one of them *could be* compelled.

Gabriella, Michelle, and Rebecca had all been glancing out the window when he finally tried to take control of them, and only one had been affected by his gold gaze.

Only one of them had marched out of the house without hesitation.

Because only one was compelled.

All this time, I'd assumed that I could still accidentally compel any of my women, but I was only beginning to realize that might not be the case anymore. Not only had I made four of my women like me, but I might have also inadvertently given them immunity to the one power that made incubi so dangerous.

And that reason alone, was enough to make me want to press for all my other women to receive my blood too.

Gwen, Rebecca, *Miriam...*

I had a way to protect them now.

A way to allow them to make their own decisions, no matter what.

And I desperately wanted to give that to them.

To Mrs. Rebecca, who was understandably upset about what might have happened had Natalie and the others not stopped her.

To Gwen, even though she admitted it might not be possible to truly compel her, due to the powerful wards tied to her existence, the ones that wouldn't even allow *helpful* magic to be used on her.

And most importantly...

To Miriam, who I knew had already suffered so much. Far more than I could probably even imagine.

Out of everyone, she was the one person who I desperately wanted to offer this gift to, so that she could be free from the possible shackles of compulsion, so that she could also possibly be free from the bondage that was her 'need for lust,' and so that she could be convinced without a doubt that I only wanted what was best for her.

The desire to give her all that almost made me want to stop now, dispose of the vehicle and immediately head back, but the conflicting fear of telling her about the incident from my own experience, and fear to have

this murder come back to bite us in the ass, propelled me onward. It wasn't so much that I couldn't stop, as much as I just felt numb and couldn't help but continue to drive.

But I knew I probably would be stopping soon either way, since I'd been on backroads for a while now, just aimlessly driving further and further away from the nearest city, much of the streets surrounded by fields and patches of trees.

Yet still, I just wasn't ready to stop yet...

At least, not until I finally heard a disturbing noise coming from *inside the vehicle*.

A quiet whimper.

Unexpectedly alarmed, I focused more intently on my hearing, suddenly shocked when I realized one of the rhythmic noises I'd been hearing all this time wasn't coming from the engine at all.

It was coming from the trunk!

It was someone breathing!

So even and quiet that I could barely hear it over the sound of the engine. Over the sound of the AC gently blowing.

But when I focused, I realized I could also hear the sound of a heartbeat.

A heartbeat that had finally picked up speed.

Breathing that was beginning to become panicked.

Holy shit, there was someone in the trunk!

Immediately stopping the car in the middle of the road, already being in the middle of practically nowhere, the sun having set fully and twilight rapidly transitioning to pure darkness, I quickly jumped out and went for the trunk, only to realize there was no way to open it from the outside.

Hurrying back to the open driver's door, the interior light causing me to notice a cellphone charger and bottle of water for the first time, I looked for a button or lever that would open the trunk, only to find it and quickly hit it.

The person inside the trunk immediately whimpered again when the trunk lid popped open just a little, beginning to sound even more panicked, even while I was passively directing my thoughts urgently to Natalie.

'I know you probably don't want to go back to where you killed him, but we need to make sure that he didn't have a cell phone on him. I'm pretty

sure your flames burned everything, but we need to double-check.'

'On it,' Natalie agreed without hesitation, a bit more collected now after five hours, quickly informing Gabriella and Mrs. Rebecca of her intentions, who both immediately agreed to use their own phones as flashlights and go with her.

In the meantime, I was reaching the back of the black car to pull up the lid, still so shocked that there was a person inside to even worry about them possibly seeing my face. Honestly, the thought hadn't even crossed my mind...

Until I opened the trunk.

"Oh my God," I exclaimed in complete disbelief, immediately recognizing the girl.

Dressed in jean shorts and an overly fancy pink shirt that had frills at the bottom to almost look like an impossibly short mini-skirt, the skinny platinum blonde sincerely looked terrified as she focused up at me.

Only for tears to immediately begin filling her green eyes when she recognized me.

"Claire," I said in disbelief, unexpectedly realizing that she was also the source of that familiar scent I'd noticed earlier. "How..." My voice trailed off when I realized she was beginning to hyperventilate, her skin drenched in sweat, with me realizing she was actually soaked...

Because it was hot!

It was hot in the trunk!

Oh shit, all this time I'd been driving, the late April sun beating down on the black car, I suddenly realized it was a miracle that she was even alive right now, suspecting that the AC from the car *did* cool the trunk at least a little, enough so that groceries didn't bake in the summer, but it was still probably over a hundred degrees!

Way too hot for a person!

Enough to nearly suffocate someone with enough time!

Claire was a bit of a bitch, but she didn't deserve this!

Even if she said a lot of shit and spread 'mostly harmless' rumors, she didn't deserve to suffer like this for it! But when in the hell had this happened?!

I recalled Avery saying Claire disappeared from school early, not showing up in her last class for the day, but never in my wildest dreams

would I have thought she'd been kidnapped by this guy!

And why *her*?

Recalling the barely touched water bottle in the cup holder of the center console, I quickly ran to grab it, returning in record time, and then set it down briefly to scoop Claire up in my arms to help her sit up, her hands tied behind her back with a zip tie, her ankles likewise tied up.

She was now sobbing hysterically, clearly identifying me as her savior instead of captor.

"K-Kai," she whimpered, her chest hitching repeatedly.

Letting go of her briefly, I grabbed the water bottle, smelling it briefly as I opened it, to verify it was safe, and then held it up to her trembling lips.

She drank without hesitation, gulping it down as fast as she could, even as her body still shook with sobs she was trying to control.

She finally started coughing once one sob got through, uncontrollably spitting water on the interior carpet as she tried to suck in a desperate gasp for air. I used the opportunity of her being distracted to grow out my black claws, reaching behind her back to slice through the plastic tie, only to quickly go for the one around her ankles before she noticed she'd been freed, realizing it was actually two or three zip ties linked together down there.

There were red marks in her skin from how tight they'd been.

Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if she ended up with bruising.

When Claire was unexpectedly able to pull her arms forward, and then when she realized her legs were free too, she started sobbing even harder and abruptly threw her arms around my neck, her heated upper body conforming to mine as she cried against my neck.

"*Oh Kai*," she whimpered again. "Please get me out of here. Please don't let him take me."

I wrapped my arms around her thin waist, holding her tightly against me, but made no effort to pull her fully out of the trunk since there was no longer a threat to begin with.

"You're safe," I whispered reassuringly, giving her another tight squeeze when she sobbed even harder. "You're safe, Claire. He's gone."

Her body was trembling, she was crying so hard.

I decided to try to get her to calm down by attempting to get her to explain to me what happened.

“How did you end up in here?” I asked seriously. “When did you leave school?”

“T-The office c-called. Said m-my mom had come to p-pick me up,” she stammered. “B-But it was t-that man.”

I was so confused. “But why you?” I asked seriously.

“S-Said something about m-me being the p-prettiest girl in s-school. Like, someone told h-him I was. He t-told me to get in, and...” She whimpered again. “I don’t even k-know why I did. I’m so s-stupid.”

“You got in the trunk at school?” I asked in confusion.

“N-No, I was up front at f-first,” she whimpered again.

I gave her another gentle squeeze, pulling her warm body fully against mine, having a general idea of what must have happened now. Enough to not need to ask any more questions at the moment.

More than likely, the man had compelled someone in the office, possibly the administrative secretary, and told the woman to call for the prettiest girl in school. Of course, it would have been based on the woman’s opinion, but clearly that man didn’t disagree when Claire showed up. More than likely, he had her get into the passenger’s seat, but then not long after, once they were away from prying eyes, he pulled over and put her in the trunk instead, possibly drugging her as well, considering she’d been seemingly calm all this time.

Either that, or it was possible his compulsion had worn off after a few hours, which might be indicative that the compulsion of an incubus wasn’t permanent. Or at least, the compulsion of a *dead incubus* wasn’t permanent.

Either way, at least she seemed alright...

Or was she?

Shit, Claire had been picked up *before seventh period*, which meant she’d been with that guy for *well over an hour* before he showed up at my place.

Shit!

“Claire,” I said urgently, finally reaching up for her shoulders to look her in the eyes. “What happened after he took you? Did he do anything to you?” I asked seriously.

She sniffled, her green eyes tearful. “H-He actually a-asked me about y-you,” she stammered. “A-Asked where you lived and...he assumed you and I were...” Her voice trailed off and she averted her gaze.

“Dating,” I realized, everything finally making sense.

Assuming this guy didn’t know much about my current situation, he’d kidnapped the prettiest girl in school, assuming that she was probably one of the women I was with, or that she would at least be enthralled enough with me to have information, and he’d unfortunately been exactly right...

Because *apparently* she’d known everything he needed to find me.

“Kind of surprised you know where I live,” I admitted.

She grimaced, her gaze still averted, shifting her weight slightly on her rear more, still kind of sitting with her legs to the side on the carpeted trunk floor.

My tone was more gentle. “Did he do anything to you though?”

She grimaced more. “N-Not...not yet,” she whispered with a sniffle.

“Can I trust you?” I asked seriously.

She looked up at me in complete shock and confusion. “W-What?”

“Can I trust you to keep this a secret? To not tell anyone that you were kidnapped or that I saved you? You’ll have to come up with some other story.”

She seemed stunned. “I...I won’t tell. I promise I won’t say anything, Kai. But...what about that man?”

“He’s gone,” I said simply.

Her green eyes, sharply contrasted against her tan skin and platinum blonde hair, widened at that. “Y-You mean?”

“You’re safe now,” I replied firmly. “But it’s very important you not tell anyone what happened.”

Her expression became emotional again, as she nodded adamantly with a sniffle. “I won’t. I promise, Kai. I’ll think of something to tell my mom.” Her face scrunched up even more. “Thank you so much for saving me,” she whimpered, reaching out for my shirt again, clearly beginning to fall apart a second time, prompting me to return my arms around her thin warm waist.

She buried her face against my chest as she started crying again, more controlled this time, but obviously feeling both distressed over what happened and simultaneously relieved for it to be over with her unharmed.

In the meantime, I was silently communicating with Serenity and Avery, having no reason to leave this spot just yet, especially since we were

on such an obscure road already, but knowing it was likely someone might eventually drive down this way.

Serenity was advising that I burn the interior of the car some, just to ensure that no evidence of my or Claire's DNA were left behind, but ultimately the only way to hide it for a long time was going to be to take the approach I'd done last time -- shove it into a random body of water, making it look like someone had just had an unknown accident.

It might be found eventually, but not for years.

Between that and burying the license plate in a random forest, we shouldn't have anything identifying this man's death in connection to us, even if it did eventually become known that he was missing.

It wasn't until Natalie directed her thoughts toward me that I paid attention to their group searching in the darkness around the burnt area of blackened dirt.

'Kai, there's no sign of a phone, but those rings he was wearing are here. They aren't damaged at all.'

'How many are there?' I silently asked, recalling that I'd seen at least four, two on each hand, all of them with different gemstones.

'Four,' she said simply, already knowing it was the correct number that I'd seen.

'They might be dangerous, so make sure no one tries putting one on. Have Gabriella call Miriam and...' My thoughts trailed off when I realized I could just tell her maid. *'Never mind. Gwen, can you ask Miriam to meet in the field? I don't want to bring something dangerous to her mansion.'*

'Yes master,' she thought simply, immediately doing as I asked, since Miriam was with her. *'We will leave in a few minutes,'* she then added.

'You may have to send directions to Rebecca, since I don't know if Gabriella or Natalie remember how to get there.' I shifted my focus to Natalie. *'If you're sure there's nothing else, then get ready to leave to meet them. After we get rid of this car, we'll probably go to Miriam's mansion, so you can follow them there, if the rings seem okay.'* I shifted my focus again. *'Gwen, make sure Miriam knows she's free to do whatever she wants with them. If they're just regular jewelry then she can dispose of them, and if they're something valuable, then she can have them.'*

'I will, master,' she thought simply, relaying my message.

I wasn't sure how long Claire had quietly cried and sniffled against my chest, but I knew Serenity, Avery, and Michelle were a lot closer now. Maybe only twenty minutes away. Which meant it was probably time to get rid of the car.

Giving the platinum blonde a reassuring rub on the back, I finally pulled away, prompting her to look up at me with a pained expression.

"Here, let's get you out of there," I said gently.

She immediately nodded, moving as if she was going to try to climb out, only to yelp in surprise when I reached underneath her armpits and hoisted her out effortlessly, being careful to set her down gently on her feet.

She quickly reached out for the taillight to steady herself, even as I pulled out my phone to look at a map in search for a nearby body of water. However, we were so far away from regular civilization that I barely even had cell service.

It was technically enough to pull up a map, but it was loading super slow.

Finally, while it took a few minutes to find a large pond nearby, I did find one, with Claire being surprisingly patient as she waited for whatever was next, beginning to tremble slightly as if she was now cold. However, once I stuffed my phone back in my pocket, she spoke up.

"N-Now what?" she whispered.

I sighed. "The less you know, probably the better. Obviously, I need to get rid of this car, so I need you to get in the passenger's seat. We need to drive a few more miles."

She grimaced at that before nodding, obediently moving to do as I asked, still seeming unsteady.

I used the opportunity of her being turned away from me to focus on getting the license plate off, only to realize it had some kind of weird antitheft screws that made it look nearly impossible to remove normally. Thus, figuring I might just muscle it off, I was surprised when the license plate itself began to tear, rather than the bolts, until I'd yanked the flat piece of metal hard enough to separate it from the vehicle.

Just tossing the plate in the trunk for now, I then slammed it shut, and then got back in the driver's seat. Claire was noticeably shivering a lot more now, but I ignored it as I put it in gear.

She spoke up after we'd driven barely a mile down the road, her hands stuffed between her thighs, seeming really tense. "Umm, h-he...asked me to turn off my phone and drop it out the window." Her voice became more pained. "I...I did. I don't even know why I was so stupid, but I did."

"Do you know where?" I wondered.

"N-No. And...I don't know what I'm going to tell my mom. She'll be pissed. And..." Her voice trailed off.

I glanced at her, realizing her green eyes were filling with tears again. Reaching over, I gently rested my hand on her wrist, causing her clasped hands to tighten between her thighs. "Hey," I said softly. "If your mom really knew what happened, then she'd just be thankful to have you back. She wouldn't give a damn about the phone."

Her tears started brimming over as she sucked in another sob, nodding weakly in acknowledgment.

I sighed, removing my hand from her skin, prompting her to reach up to wipe her eyes.

We were then both quiet, until I made another turn, knowing it was probably best if she not see the actual disposal of the car. Deciding to stop in the middle of the road, I focused on her confused expression.

"I know you probably don't want to do this, but I need you to get out for a few minutes. I need to ditch the car, and I don't want you to see what I do with it. That way, if you're ever questioned, you won't have to lie."

She immediately focused out the window at the darkness, looking really nervous.

"Kai, I'm scared," she whispered. "Please don't make me get out."

I sighed. "Then maybe I could blindfold you or something, but you have to promise not to look."

"I promise," she said sincerely.

Taking another deep breath, I decided to just use my shirt, easily reaching down to begin tugging it off since I hadn't bothered with the seat belt. Claire's tan face immediately flushed as she focused on my torso, only to stare at my shirt like I was handing her gold, almost seeming confused as to what she was supposed to do with it.

"Go ahead and turn a little, so I can tie this around your eyes."

"Oh, o-okay," she stammered, twisting in her seat to do so.

A shirt was kind of bulky to use as a blindfold, but it was long enough to get tied, and once I had it in place, she confirmed that it was fine and that her eyes were also closed. Not wanting her to think I was being overly weird, I decided to apologize for being so dramatic about it, only to be surprised by her response, speaking more confidently.

“No, it makes sense. As you said, if anyone ever asks me, I won’t have to lie, even though I have no idea where we are to begin with. And if there’s no evidence, then there’s no reason for this to end up becoming a problem.”

“Yeah, pretty much,” I said simply, beginning to continue down the dark street again, and finally pulling off the road into a small field that preceded a large pond.

Stopping the car again a good distance from the water, I had her wait as I got out, and then walked around to her side, opening her door to help her climb to her feet. Then, once she was out, I scooped her up in my arms, not wanting her to trip, and carried her back closer to the asphalt street.

Setting her down, I tried to reassure her again.

“You’re just by the road. I’m not going too far away. I can see you just fine. You’re safe, okay? I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“O-Okay,” she stammered, nervous all over again, but obeying.

Leaving her to run back over to the car in the darkness, I put it in neutral before turning it off, planning on letting it burn for a few minutes, before eventually pushing it into the water manually, hoping to be able to pick up enough speed through my own strength to get it submerged.

Worst case and I could just grow larger and get into the pond myself to push, to ensure it was far enough in.

Knowing Serenity, Michelle, and Avery were much closer now, I popped open the trunk to get that ready, and then created a blue flame on my finger underneath the seat, waiting for the foam to catch fire...

Only to be dismayed when it started melting, but didn’t actually catch.

‘Must be flame retardant,’ Serenity commented in my head.

‘Yeah, must be,’ I thought simply, realizing I was going to have to put a lot more effort into it.

Taking a step back, I glanced over at Claire to ensure she was still blindfolded, and then held out my hand, an azure blaze immediately ejecting out of my palm and rapidly beginning to melt the leather seating, orange flames finally appearing as it grew hot enough to burn on its own,

prompting me to move to the trunk to grab the license plate and do the same there.

Unlike movies, I knew it was unlikely the gas tank would ignite anytime soon, since modern vehicles had safety features in place to prevent a car fire from spreading to the fuel, though I wasn't planning on letting it burn for long either way.

It was obvious Claire had noticed the fire though, turning more in this direction when it became brighter, though when she spoke up again, it wasn't about that.

"H-Hey," she finally stammered.

"What?"

"H-How are we going to get back?"

"Serenity and Avery are almost here," I said simply. "And Avery's mom too."

She seemed sincerely stunned by that, falling silent for a few seconds as she processed that information.

"Oh," she finally managed. "A-And Serenity's your..." Her voice trailed off.

"Yeah," I said simply, knowing pretty much everyone I'd gone to school with since middle school had a general understanding of my situation. "Now, if you don't mind, please turn the other way. I'll be done in just a few minutes, and then we can get out of here. Okay?"

"O-Okay," she agreed, slowly turning around to face more toward the street.

Deciding the growing blaze had done the job needed of destroying any DNA evidence, I moved toward the smoking trunk, which hadn't quite caught but had been burned thoroughly with my initial blast of blue flames, and dug my feet in the dirt and gravel.

Giving it a firm push, the flaming car began moving with ease, allowing me to pick up some significant speed just before it hit the water.

However, sure enough, it slowed down a lot the moment it began submerging, prompting me to keep up the pushing, ending up knee-deep in the pond before I finally let go, the momentum still carrying it another five or six feet, before it slowed down to a halt as the fire died out.

I actually was barely a couple feet away from dry land, but the bottom of the pond clearly dropped off steeply, making it perfect for submerging

the car.

Figuring that was good enough, I trudged back out of the water with the license plate in hand, and made my way over to Claire, clearing my throat just to make sure I didn't startle her.

"Keep the blindfold on just a little longer," I instructed, again picking her up so she didn't trip and just carrying her in my arms, being careful not to cut her with the metal from the plate. I was well aware that carrying her like this was making her heart flutter and her breathing pick up in nervousness, but my intention wasn't to seduce her or otherwise be handsy with her.

Something that Serenity, Avery, and Natalie all understood.

Rather, I was just taking the easiest approach possible, which was to be able to walk as fast as I wanted without having to worry about her keeping up or asking questions as to how I was moving so quickly.

Thankfully, Claire was silent and didn't ask questions, just keeping her arms loosely around my neck, until she noticed headlights through the blindfold, her entire body tensing.

"That's them," I reassured her.

"A-Are you sure?" she stammered nervously. "How do you know?"

"It's them," I repeated simply, only to come to a stop and begin setting her on her feet. "Here, let me help you get the blindfold off."

Claire allowed me to slip my shirt off her face, and only ended up staring at my torso for a brief second, before looking nervously at the headlights again. I got the knot untied and put my shirt back on by the time they were stopping, with Avery jumping out of the car without hesitation the moment she could.

Claire froze solid when she saw her.

The two of them were *supposed* to be friends, and Avery had certainly believed as much all this time, but it was obvious Claire couldn't help but feel guilty about the rumors she'd spread earlier that day. Rumors that I was beginning to suspect were truly out of jealousy -- a jealousy that might actually have stemmed from her perceiving Avery as staking a claim on me, by sitting with me at lunch and otherwise trying to be near me, even though Claire had known me much longer.

And possibly *liked me* for much longer.

For the record, Claire was *not* one of the kids who bullied me in middle school, but she was also female, which meant I had avoided interacting with her like the plague just the same as most other girls.

But it would at least explain why she spoke with so much disdain in the past when calling Avery pathetic for her behavior. Especially since Claire was normally the kind of girl who thought it was the guy's job to do the pursuing, potentially frustrated with me when I wouldn't pursue her, no matter how much she flaunted herself around me.

That wasn't necessarily to say that she was completely shallow, even if she generally was too heavily focused on superficial things, but it was obvious she had a particular perspective on how the world was *supposed* to work, and had been fairly inflexible in that worldview for a long time now.

Needless to say, even despite everything, Avery walked right up to the platinum blonde and wrapped her arms around the girl's tan shoulders.

"I'm so glad you're okay," Avery said sincerely. "And...I forgive you for spreading the pregnancy rumor," she added.

Claire's entire body tensed, probably not realizing until now that Avery actually knew.

"I...I..." Her face scrunched up in obvious guilt and agony as she finally returned the hug, squeezing her friend tightly. "Avery, I'm so sorry," she sobbed. "I'm so sorry. I'm such a bitch, and you don't deserve that. *I'm so sorry*. I'm such a stupid idiot."

"I'm just glad you're okay," Avery repeated in a whisper, holding her tighter. "Now, let's get out of here, and we'll figure the rest out later, okay?"

Claire sniffled, nodding adamantly against her shoulder. "Okay," she said in relief, seeming more than happy to do so.

(15) Chapter 90: Plans

The trip back home was a long one, considering I'd driven for over five hours to hide the 'vehicle evidence' belonging to the slain incubus who had threatened us, with it being almost 9 PM by the time Serenity, Avery, and Michelle were picking me and Claire up.

On the way, we made a stop at a random location so that I could bury the license plate, with me deciding to roll it up like a burrito and then just stomp it into the ground deep in a patch of trees.

Even if it was ever found, I doubted someone would take the time to unroll it, instead just leaving it or tossing it, assuming it was someone's old unused plate.

By that point, Natalie, Gabriella, and Mrs. Rebecca had all met with Miriam and Gwen at the field halfway between her mansion and my house, confirming that the rings were in fact valuable magical artifacts, with one of them being used as a catalyst for an illusion spell that hid the guy's otherwise gray skin and gold eyes, causing him to look like a normal human since incubi didn't normally have wings or other nonhuman features to begin with.

Miriam was well familiar with the method, since that was exactly how she used an illusion spell on Gwen to hide her nonhuman features when they went out. Except, instead of a ring, Miriam had a sort of metal bracer that slid over Gwen's tail and down to the base, having an embedded diamond infused with magic that was also enchanted with the illusion spell -- to put it on, was to have the spell take its effect, much like the diamond ring they'd found.

Alternatively, Miriam just cast the spell on herself, not being required to use such an object.

The bracer was fueled by Gwen's own magic, with the maid not having the capacity to create a magical artifact like that, but having no problem refilling it with her own magical energy. Similar to how she probably couldn't create her own gun, but had no problem shooting one.

In general, Gwen was impervious to all forms of magic used on her actual body, but an illusion spell was an external magic that functioned just

fine to conceal her tail and horns, causing even her legs to appear normal to an onlooker.

Miriam wasn't sure what purpose the other rings served on first glance, but could definitely sense they were all infused with magical energy, suggesting that using them would be the most reliable method to determine their effect. Thus, she agreed to take them back to the mansion for safekeeping, while also inviting the other three to follow.

Of course, it was obvious that Gabriella and Rebecca were always welcome to come over, so I suspected that the offer was made for Natalie's sake. However, the blue-haired model then surprised them by asking if she could ride with Gwen and Miriam.

To which Miriam agreed.

Of course, while I didn't know the reason at first, I found out soon enough.

Natalie was hesitant to speak once she was sitting in the backseat of the large vehicle, partly afraid of upsetting me with her intentions, but once I confirmed she was allowed to do what she wanted, she began explaining what happened...

And ended up trying to take the blame for influencing me, when she became drunk on her own power.

Gwen willingly clarified on my behalf that I didn't fully agree and wasn't exactly regretful of our decision to kill him, but did feel bad that I enjoyed it in the moment.

Shockingly, Miriam asked her maid for her personal opinion, specifically for her own assessment.

And Gwen gave it without reservations.

"I think whether he enjoyed it or not, he wants to do what is right, and intends to do what is right. To not let his bloodlust cloud his judgment. And not only because it is right, but also because he wants to be good for you. Specifically you, mistress, since it is obvious you are a sincerely good person. He seeks your approval, just as much as you seek his, and has spent the last few hours depressed over what you specifically will think of his actions."

That left Miriam pensive for a painfully long few minutes, and I was thankful Gwen was a mind reader, because I was reassured that the short woman's thoughts weren't negative. If anything, she was possibly most

surprised that her approval was so important to me, when I otherwise was the 'least addicted' male she'd ever interacted with.

But that only caused her to realize that my concern for her approval validated my feelings toward her, as being 'real love,' when I was otherwise fully capable of resisting her charm if I so desired.

I didn't want to be good for her because I was addicted and wanted sex.

I wanted to be good because *her opinion of me mattered*.

Because I loved her.

By the time Miriam echoed her thoughts, I already felt reassured.

And before long, they were all arriving at the mansion, safe behind the domain's three barriers, moving to the massive dining room when Natalie admitted that she was really hungry after losing so much blood and healing.

Surprisingly, Miriam hadn't scolded her for using blood magic despite her warnings, probably because Natalie had done so to protect Rebecca, and was more than happy to get her as much to eat as she wanted, although there was still no meat available.

Plenty of refried beans though, since Mexican had apparently been on the menu that day.

Between bites of tacos, beans, and rice, Natalie recounted details of the interaction, including the guy's name, as well as what he'd called her just before dying -- a hellhound.

Something that Miriam found surprising, since such creatures had long since been banished from the human world. Never mind the fact that my blood may have turned a werewolf into a hellhound was crazy sounding to her as well. Because, while both species were seemingly similar to wolves, they were fundamentally different in terms of traits.

For one, the idea of a human transforming into a hellhound was unheard of, since that was actually a unique species of demon, not originating from cursed humans.

I was only partially paying attention to their discussion though, more so engaged in silently communicating with Serenity and Avery, since we had our own little problem to figure out.

The fact that we had Claire with us.

Avery had let the platinum blonde borrow her phone to call her mom, only for all of us to be somewhat shocked that the woman had already

called the cops, due to her disappearance. However, there wasn't actually a full-blown search yet, since Claire was eighteen, even if still in high school, and the police had indicated that it was preferred they wait a full twenty-four hours before labeling her as truly missing.

I knew from Serenity's head that it was standard practice, since people that age were less likely to be kidnapped compared to a younger kid, and more likely to have just gone off and done something with friends without telling their parents.

Needless to say, it was obvious her mom was pissed.

Like, *super pissed*, yelling and screaming at her over the phone, and telling her she was grounded forever. Claire took it like a champ though, appearing to have anticipated a similar reaction, and simply apologized over and over again, saying '*I'm sorry*,' whenever she could get a word in.

Eventually the woman calmed down long enough to demand when she'd be home.

Claire tried to request to stay with a friend, since that was going to be our initial plan, with us thinking maybe we could meet up with Mrs. Rebecca so that Michelle and Avery could take our classmate to their house for the night, while Serenity and I went to Miriam's mansion.

However, Claire's mom wasn't having it.

Which only escalated the situation again when Claire admitted she probably couldn't be home until 2 AM at the earliest.

Still, her mom wanted her home, no matter how late.

And it sounded like she expected a full story when she did get home, considering Claire had been vague thus far about where she was in the first place. I mean, Claire hadn't even admitted to what happened to her phone at this point, just claiming that it was dead when her mom briefly asked about it.

But after finally suggesting that she had to get off, due to the current phone being about to die, they finally hung up and we began to formulate a different plan entirely.

Serenity spoke up first.

"Maybe she can just say she met a guy online or something," she suggested, still at the wheel, with me in the passenger's seat beside her. "It would be a logical reason for not telling anyone. Possibly she realized he

wasn't who she thought, and changed her mind about essentially running away with him."

Avery chimed in then, from the backseat, Claire sitting between her and Michelle. "Possibly even claim that he stole her phone."

Michelle shook her head. "No, theft is a crime and could cause her mother to officially get the police involved. I know I certainly would. I think it's better if there's no perceived crime involved. Just bad decisions that resulted in no harm."

"Oh right," Avery agreed, seeming pensive as she leaned back in her seat more.

Claire spoke up, seeming determined now to have a solid story. "I could just say that I called Avery to let her know where I was, and then maybe that I tripped afterward. I didn't realize my phone had disappeared until later, and that we looked, but couldn't find it. Could also explain why we're out so late."

It was only a little before 11 PM at this point, and we still had nearly three hours ahead of us to get back, so I suspected that possible excuse could work. However, I was still concerned that the missing phone was going to end up being a huge deal, once that fact came out.

Why?

Because, despite how Claire dressed and acted, I knew that she and her mom weren't doing super well financially. Not that they weren't able to pay their bills or anything, but Claire didn't have her own car, usually riding with a friend, and sometimes got dropped off at school by her mom, being completely against taking the bus.

Which meant, a missing phone, and the high price tag that came with it, was going to be potentially a huge deal for a family that essentially lived paycheck-to-paycheck. Claire's father certainly wasn't in the picture, and she had three younger siblings, which meant a lot of mouths to feed on a single-mother's income.

Thus, I began to formulate an idea. Something that would at least take the edge off the consequences of what happened.

Especially since the monster we'd slain had really been after me to begin with, even if it wasn't directly my fault any of this happened.

Deciding to silently direct Serenity to pull into a supermarket parking lot, the abrupt stop only left Michelle and Claire confused about our

intentions, since Avery was ‘in the know.’

I decided to keep it vague for now.

“I’m going to grab some snacks for the rest of the trip home. Any requests?”

Unsurprisingly, Michelle immediately declined, with Claire not speaking up at all, as if she assumed that she wasn’t included in that question. Which kind of made sense considering she seemed so appreciative about me saving her in the first place, likely not wanting to seem ungrateful by assuming that I’d be asking her such a question.

Serenity played along as she began to park, by requesting something sweet, such as cookies, while Avery requested chips. None of them volunteered to go in with me, all of us knowing that Claire partially felt safe right now specifically because she was literally surrounded by everyone.

Thus, I went inside, grabbed a few packages of cookies, a couple bags of chips, and then grabbed a prepaid card at the checkout and loaded it with a thousand dollars, which should be enough to cover the cost of a new phone no matter what she got.

I knew that the money could raise its own questions, depending on how Claire handled the situation, but I was less worried about that at the moment, since at the end of the day she could just lie or neglect to share any information on where the money came from.

I then went back out and climbed into the passenger’s seat to hand off a bag back to Avery, only to then hand the card to Claire, who just looked at it in complete confusion, like she couldn’t comprehend what was in my hand.

“And this is for you,” I said simply, finally causing her to carefully begin to accept it.

It was obvious she just couldn’t grasp what I was handing her though, or why I’d be handing such a thing to her in the first place.

“I put a thousand on it, to replace your phone.”

Claire instantly looked at me in alarm, only for tears to start filling her green eyes as she tried to hand it back.

“W-What?” she exclaimed in disbelief. “I c-can’t take this.”

I turned around in my seat, hoping that the gesture would make her stop trying to give it back, wanting to try to lighten the mood.

“Consider it hush money,” I attempted in a lighthearted tone.

“K-Kai,” she stammered, sounding more emotional. “I...I can’t...”

She sobbed then, prompting me to look back as she bowed her head, holding the card limply in her lap.

“I-It’s my fault,” she whimpered. “I...I was stupid.”

I grimaced at that, Serenity and Avery having the same unpleasant reaction.

No doubt Claire felt crazy right now -- literally crazy -- still seeing the world as black and white, where the supernatural didn’t exist and where the only explanation for her behavior was that she had just been extremely stupid for reasons even she didn’t understand.

The safest thing would be to just let her believe that maybe she was a little crazy, but Avery was sincerely concerned about what that might do to her long-term. It was possible she might get over it and bounce back without a problem, but it was also possible that, once we dropped her off at home and she was around her family, that she would start doubting her own sanity.

Which felt like gaslighting her, by withholding the truth.

The alternative was telling her, but that came with its own problems.

For one, while she’d know she wasn’t crazy, she might be terrified that such things were possible -- that there were people out there who could do impossible things, including take away her freewill...

That could possibly be worse. At least, unless we decided to invite her into our lives, not necessarily as a girlfriend for me, but to at least give her protection from what went ‘bump in the night.’ Problem was, if offering my blood did, in fact, give her the capacity to change another person, then no way in hell would I do it.

However, I did need to seriously consider how I might extend this gift to others outside my relationships, or otherwise I might not have the strength to fight back against a massive force similar to that werewolf army, something we’d really only survived thanks to that old vampire and his ridiculously powerful obliteration attack.

Claire sobbed again, visibly trying to collect herself as she responded. “You shouldn’t have to...I was...” She sobbed again. “I was just really... stupid...”

We all sighed, Avery finally speaking up quietly as she lifted her arm to gently rubbed her classmate’s back.

“Claire...” She paused. “I think you *know* it wasn’t really your fault,” she whispered quietly.

Claire immediately froze, completely silent for a long few seconds, only to reach up to cover her eyes with her hand, holding her breath as her entire body started jerking with uncontrolled silent sobs.

It was as if that *simple statement* of truth -- that it wasn’t her fault, that she wasn’t stupid -- had hit her harder than any of us were expecting.

Finally she let out an uncontrolled whine, followed by a gasp for breath, prompting Avery to wrap her arms around her and hold her tightly as she truly fell apart. Michelle also gently patted her leg reassuringly, her expression pained as she watched Claire violently cry even harder than before.

Serenity and I exchanged a glance with grimaces, only for her to finally put the car into gear to pull out of the parking space and head to get back on the road. At first, I wasn’t focused on anything in particular, absentmindedly deciding to open up the cookies to hand a few to Serenity, but then I realized through Natalie and Gwen that they’d begun to discuss the very subject I’d only thought of silently -- changing others.

They were still in the dining room, with Gwen sitting on Miriam’s left side, like usual, while Mrs. Rebecca was on her right side. Gabriella was then sitting across from the devil maid, while Natalie was sitting across from the short succubus.

But most importantly, at the moment Gwen was volunteering to get an injection of some of Natalie’s blood, which Miriam was immediately against, directing her words more toward the blue-haired vixen.

“I’m already nervous about Kai doing it, but at least there’s a good chance she’ll be fine. We have no idea what your blood will do to a person. I understand his desire to potentially have allies, who share in his power but can’t replicate it, but I really don’t want to use Gwen as a Guinea pig.”

Natalie frowned at that. “I understand. Really, I do. But if I tried on some random person, and it worked, then we’d probably have to ‘off them,’ or something, to avoid them becoming a problem. Unless you want to volunteer one of your human maids? Either way, we have to be okay with that person becoming like Kai.”

Miriam sighed heavily, knowing she was right.

Mrs. Rebecca spoke up. “What if Gabby gives me some of her blood?” she suggested.

“That’s definitely less risky,” Miriam agreed. “But I’d never forgive myself if something happened to you. Again, we know what to expect with Kai’s blood, but not with anyone else’s...” Her voice trailed off as she seemed to glance to the corner of the room.

Gwen immediately tipped me off to the reason why, whereas Natalie was shocked to realize a certain blonde vampire was there, having been lurking in the shadows of that side of the massive room all this time. Certainly, Natalie had noticed an improvement in her senses and strength ever since I’d given her my blood, but she still hadn’t picked up on Rosa being in the room. Gabriella and Rebecca seemed surprised too.

As if prompted, the blonde vamp chimed in, her voice quiet, her English perfect but accompanied with a thick Italian accent that only showed up in her tone.

“I will do it.”

Natalie was immediately shocked, and almost appalled, as she focused on Miriam, straightening up in her seat. “That doesn’t seem safe at all!” she exclaimed. “Aren’t werewolves and vampires like archenemies or something?! We can’t use her as a Guinea pig!”

“Natalie,” Miriam said gently. “Please calm down, you’re misunderstanding entirely. It’s actually much more safe for her. For one, vampires and werewolves are more similar than you may realize, originating from the same overall type of ritual. The whole ‘archenemy thing’ is just something people came up with, but its not based in any kind of reality, other than werewolves generally being a threat to any creature on the full moon. And second, a vampire’s body loves human and demon blood, no matter how it is received, whereas we have to worry about ‘blood types’ with everyone else.”

Gabriella chimed in. “You mean, like how mom and I are different blood types?”

“Exactly right,” Miriam agreed, giving her an approving look. “If your blood doesn’t transform her like Kai’s would, then you could actually make her a little sick by injecting a different blood type into her body. But that isn’t a problem for Rosa.”

Natalie scoffed, her tone frustrated and sarcastic. "So this was your idea the whole time, *wasn't it?*"

Miriam frowned. "Why the attitude?" she asked seriously.

Natalie immediately grimaced, giving her an apologetic look, abruptly reining her emotions in. "Sorry," she said sincerely, taking a deep breath. "It's just the idea that you'd volunteer her, as if she's *expendable*, kind of rubs me the wrong way. Maybe because she and I are so similar -- neither of us wanted this, to become monsters."

Rosa's crimson eyes focused on Natalie in surprise, but she didn't respond.

Miriam's expression was reassuring. "I'm not heartless," she said gently. "And I wasn't going to actually volunteer her. I intended on letting her volunteer herself, if she wanted, as she did. Because, you have to understand, she has her own reasons for wanting this. In her current state, the sun *does* burn her, like pouring acid on her skin, and she's already aware of how becoming like Kai changed *you*, in particular, by breaking your curse." She paused. "But yes, when you brought it up, I quickly came to the conclusion that Rosa receiving blood from either you or Gabriella would cause her no harm. Worst case, and you'll basically be feeding her."

Gabriella interjected. "And what if she does change? Do you think it matters who gives her blood? Like, would she become part-succubus if it was my blood? Or part-werewolf if it was Natalie's blood?"

"I honestly have no idea," Miriam admitted. "This is just as new to me as everyone else. But at the very least, if nothing happens to her from your blood, but then she *does* change after receiving Kai's blood, we'll know for sure only he has the ability."

Gwen frowned. "Mistress, it may be best to test Serenity and Michelle too, in the event Rosa doesn't react to Natalie or Gabriella's blood. Just to ensure it's truly only him. If it depends on the person, then it would still be risky to change just anyone."

"Good point," Miriam praised, focusing back on everyone else. "Honestly, the only way this little experiment would turn out unfruitful is if even Kai's blood has no effect on her. And if it turns out that your blood does have an effect on her, then we'll likewise confirm that we all need to be very careful who we share this gift with."

Most everyone nodded, falling silent then as they all processed that, only for Rosa to slowly begin walking closer, which Natalie only noticed in the corner of her eye, otherwise hearing no noise accompanying her movements.

The blonde vamp was dressed in regular faded jeans and a black t-shirt, looking just as skinny as the blue-haired model was, Rosa's only prominent nonhuman feature being her bright crimson eyes.

"I am ready," she said simply.

Natalie was immediately focused on me in our bond. *'You okay with this?'*

'Yeah,' I thought simply. *'But maybe just do a little bit of blood at first, to ensure she's not going to have a negative reaction.'*

'Good idea,' Natalie agreed, only to speak up to everyone else. "I guess if you want to grab some syringes, then we'll go ahead and try a little bit of blood. Kai thinks we shouldn't do much at first, just to make sure she doesn't have an adverse reaction."

Gwen immediately stood up. "Mistress?" she said simply.

Miriam nodded. "Yes, please retrieve a handful from the lab, since we may need some later."

"Very well, mistress," she replied, heading off immediately to the darker side of the room, where a stairwell leading to the lab was, to get the supplies.

Even though Natalie was well aware Gwen was a maid, and viewed Miriam as her mistress, she was still briefly surprised by the interaction, largely because she'd almost forgotten that the relationship wasn't by any means 'pretend' for either of them -- especially Gwen.

Much like her relationship with me, as her alpha, wasn't pretend.

Although Natalie had begun feeling less and less like a servant, especially once I'd classified her as my wife, even if she still desired to serve me in that role.

When no one else said anything, Natalie glanced at Rosa, seeing her determined expression.

"This is what you really want?" she wondered sincerely. "Even if it could be dangerous?"

Rosa seemed surprised, only for that determination to return, her crimson eyes firm. "Yes. It feels like I have lived my entire life in darkness.

I barely remember the warmth of the sun, and I hope I might be able to return to God's light."

Gabriella's brow furrowed. "What exactly happens if you go out in the sunlight? I know Miriam said it was like acid, but do you catch fire, or is that just a myth?"

"It does burn," Rosa agreed. "No flames, but it burns flesh quickly. If you placed your hand on a...umm, stove, I think it's called, the burn would be similar. In less than a minute, my bones would be seen. I can heal, but there is no enjoyment being exposed to the sun. It is very painful."

"Oh my God," Mrs. Rebecca exclaimed. "That truly sounds awful, sweetie."

"Very bad," Rosa agreed. "I miss God's light."

"Just remember," Miriam said gently. "We honestly have no idea what will happen if you do change. The sun might still burn you."

Rosa nodded. "Yes. I know. I am still willing. I wish to repay the man who saved me. I am happy to do this for him."

Everyone turned more toward the other side of the dining hall then, when Gwen's clacking hooves could be heard upon her reentering the room, the oscillating eavesdropping spell causing her steps to be more noticeable compared to when she left.

Seeing that Gwen was moving to the side of the table where Gabriella and Natalie were, the blue-haired vixen sighed heavily, before rising to her feet, more than willing to do this, but unable to help feeling a little apprehensive, being well aware there was probably nothing anyone could do if this turned out badly.

Gabriella rose to her feet as well, pulling up on her sleeve in preparation to have some blood drawn.

Initially, Rosa moved out of Gwen's way, but then followed her, seeming perfectly ready to do this. Both Rebecca and Miriam chose to stay seated, even as Gwen moved a chair out of the way with one of her hooved feet, setting down some syringes and proceeding to open one.

"May I?" she then asked, focusing on Natalie.

My blue-haired wife immediately nodded, holding out her arm. "Yeah, of course. Couldn't be in better hands."

Gwen's glossy purple lips turned into a smile at that, but she didn't respond, carefully reaching out for the blue-haired vixen's pale arm and

gently inserting the needle in the crook of her elbow.

“Just a little,” Natalie said quietly. “Just in case.”

“I know,” Gwen replied sincerely. “I will always do what our master wants.”

Unexpectedly, Natalie’s heart filled with warmth at that, specifically at the word ‘our,’ causing an unanticipated longing to spread within her, briefly overshadowing what was currently going on. Gwen remained focused on what she was doing, but felt it too, a desire to draw nearer, not for the sake of any kind of pleasure, but for the pure craving to be intimate - to know one and another, as sister servants to the same alpha.

Wives to the same master.

Once Gwen was finished drawing a little bit of blood, she turned toward Rosa, who immediately held out her pale arm.

The maid spoke as she began inserting the needle. “It’s not much, but I’ll still go slow. Tell me immediately if it hurts.”

“I will,” Rosa said simply.

Gwen nodded, beginning to inject the blood.

Rosa uncontrollably licked her pink lips and swallowed. “Umm, it is good. Warm. Feels like feeding.”

“Just warm?” Natalie asked seriously. “It should make you sleepy if it’s going to do anything.”

“I feel fine,” the blonde said simply.

Everyone was then quiet for a handful of seconds, just waiting to see if anything would happen after all, before Gabriella spoke up, beginning to step closer past Natalie.

“I guess let’s try my blood then.”

“Okay,” Rosa agreed as Gwen pulled away to grab another syringe.

The busty redhead held out her arm for the maid the moment she was ready, with her drawing a larger amount of crimson fluid this time. Gwen then turned back to Rosa and held her arm to inject the part-succubus blood.

Rosa uncontrollably licked her lips and swallowed again, as if the blood in her system prompted the reflex. “Umm, it is good. The same as before.”

Miriam sighed from where she was still sitting at the table, her cheek in her palm, her elbow on the table. “Well, I don’t want to call it before we

try Serenity, Avery, and Michelle's blood too, but I think this is pretty indicative. It might really be that only Kai can have this effect on people."

"Could also be that we aren't done transforming," Gabriella considered. "My back has been itching again."

"Yeah, but I'm done transitioning," Natalie countered. "I think I was done the moment I first woke up. Still, I agree that the others should try first." She focused on Rosa, giving her an appreciative look. "And thanks for doing this."

Rosa seemed surprised. "Oh. Yes, I wish to. Err, you are welcome," she added.

Having seen what I wanted to see, I focused more out the window as Serenity drove down the highway now, Avery having opened up the bag of chips at this point and begun offering handfuls to everyone else. At first, Claire declined, but then accepted when Avery pointed out that she'd obviously skipped dinner, simply making it clear that we all knew she was probably hungry.

I thought about recommending we stop through a drive thru to grab something quick, but then realized that the fact I'd already made a transaction this far away from home could raise red flags.

Dammit, why hadn't I thought of that sooner?

I should have waited longer to stop at a store to buy something.

We had been nearly two hours away from the submerged vehicle when we made the stop, but the fact that we'd driven so far away from home on a random weekday could seem suspicious. Especially if someone made a connection between the missing incubus and our activities. Hopefully it was a transaction that would go completely unnoticed, but I definitely needed to be more careful if something like this happened again...

It was obvious that Serenity was focused on my thoughts, because in response to that idea, she pushed a message through to reassure me that, while she agreed it wasn't ideal and she should have thought of it too, banks usually didn't disclose private information like that unless the government was involved, something that was unlikely to happen.

And while, technically, the store might share that information more freely, the police would first have to figure out that we had gone to that store in the first place, something they should never discover unless they had some kind of tip to investigate that location.

Which meant, we should be fine.

Much like no one was probably ever going to come speak to us about the serial killers I slaughtered, similarly it was doubtful there would be anything to make a connection to this guy. Especially if his own actions were something he was trying to hide.

Although, the very fact that I could now make a body completely disappear, by incinerating it to ashes, did make me realize it might be a good idea to go track down those other kills and burn even the bones down to nothing. It would be a smart way to ensure there was never any body to rouse suspicion of the murder.

Shit, I definitely did need to do that, and the sooner the better.

Not tonight though.

At this point, the realization that I might not even get three hours of sleep was causing me to wonder if there was any point in going to Miriam's place tonight. I mean, we were trying to avoid suspicious activity, so missing school for Thursday, especially when I'd already missed the previous Friday, Monday, and Tuesday, would likely cause us unwanted attention. And while we would be getting to Miriam's place around 2:00 AM, possibly 2:30 AM after we met up with the other half of our group to ensure Claire was taken home, I had no doubt that I wouldn't actually get a chance to sleep until well past 3:00 AM in the morning, if not much later.

Which meant, it might be better to just count our losses, since the day was pretty much spent at this point due to this unexpected encounter, and instead hold off until after school tomorrow to talk about what happened, and potentially begin training to use magic more effectively.

That at least felt like the 'responsible' thing to do.

After all, a big reason why I figured I might be up until the early hours of the morning was because I'd probably end up having sex if I went to Miriam's mansion, and while I was well aware it was truly a need for me at this point, I felt like I was doing fine in the magical energy department right now -- for a reason I didn't even fully understand -- and would be fine if I went another twenty-four hours without...

Unexpectedly, my phone started vibrating in my pocket, causing me to focus in confusion on my bonds with Serenity and Gwen, as well as Avery and Natalie, wondering if I'd missed something while deep in thought. And

trying to understand who would be calling me so late, even as I pulled my phone out of my pocket.

However, I figured it out pretty quick from both Gwen and Natalie's minds, almost at the same time that I saw on the screen for myself.

It was Miriam.

Answering the call, I spoke up in concern. "Hey, is everything okay?"

Miriam's tone was surprisingly firm and almost accusatory. "Are you seriously thinking about not coming over?"

My eyes widened in surprise that she sincerely sounded almost upset, exchanging a glance with Serenity as I realized Natalie's thoughts were extremely apologetic, with my blue-haired wife having commented on it in passing, in response to something that Gabriella had said about the timing of when they would have to leave to pick me up, so Avery and her mom could take Claire home.

But really, it wasn't that big of a deal.

It wasn't like it was something I wanted to keep a secret, and honestly I did want to be truthful with everyone, especially Miriam. Really, this only caused her to find out sooner than normal, while I'd still only been considering it as a viable option.

I took a deep breath, trying to remember that Claire was present, which meant I had to at least be careful with my half of the conversation. Serenity, Avery, and probably Michelle too, could only hear Miriam due to their improved senses.

I sighed. "I mean, if I do come, then I probably won't get much sleep. Probably not even three hours."

Miriam scoffed, her tone serious. "Kai, I would have thought you had realized this, but *everything* is different now. You're skipping school tomorrow. And I might have you skip school on Friday too. I've got basically two days to give you a crash course on...certain subjects," she said vaguely, her tone a little frustrated now. "I figured we'd have more time, but clearly that time has run out. Forget what 'school' will think, or your peers. This is much bigger than any of that."

My eyes widened, realizing she was right.

Why hadn't I considered how serious this was?

I mean, fuck, I'd already come under attack.

And why hadn't I realized that I might come across the individual who cursed that black stone, assuming it wasn't the incubus I just killed, or that I at least would be coming into contact with another immortal incubus who might have...a 'certain perspective,' on his control over my life?

I mean, my father's letters seemed to indicate he was fine with me living how I wanted, but what if he changed his mind? Or what if he at least expected a certain level of submission while I was around him, essentially expecting me to be okay with him doing whatever he wanted, even if that involved Serenity? For example, he might view me 'keeping her' as something different than him 'enjoying her' whenever she happened to be around.

And even if that didn't happen, I still knew he had at least one woman on his side who could use fire magic. Was it possible she was a true Ifrit, or whatever that deceased incubus had initially called Natalie? For all I knew, I might really be walking onto enemy territory, surrounded by an army of magically adept individuals, all of who could give me a run for my money in combat, mainly due to my inexperience.

And even if there wasn't a fight, there still might be other dangers I was currently unaware of, such as subtle ones like the charm of a succubus - - I might be currently familiar with that *particular* type of effect, but there might be other means to influence another.

Or even other means to monitor or harm someone.

Still, I had to ask. I wanted to know her opinion.

"Do you think I'll really be in any danger?" I asked seriously, figuring that was vague enough for Claire to not know what we were talking about.

"I think *it doesn't matter*," she nearly spat, sincerely sounding frustrated. "*I personally* don't want to take that risk, and I'm *not going* to take that risk." Her tone lightened some. "Sorry, but I'm playing the seniority card here. You're grounded, mister. Avery should go to school, and Serenity can go to work if she absolutely has to, but you and I have got some serious topics to cover in way too little time."

I sighed. "Okay," I said simply.

"Good," she retorted. "Now please let Gwen know when you're close enough for Rebecca to come pick you up, so they can be there in the field to meet you. And definitely send Avery home, because she really should go to school. Reason one, to avoid extra rumors spreading, but also reason two,

so that she can give an excuse for why you're missing. You ate something bad, and got food poisoning. *Something.*"

I took a deep breath, choosing again to just keep it vague.

"Okay," I replied simply.

"Good," she retorted, sounding somewhat appeased. "And yes, in case you were wondering, when you get here, *we're going to fuck*. I need you to sleep well and be at a hundred percent tomorrow, so that we can get some subjects covered."

A smile tugged at my lips, and I just shook my head in disbelief, amused now. "Sometimes I feel like I'm being irresponsible to want that, but I guess it's actually the responsible thing to do."

"Very responsible," Miriam teased, sounding much more playful and lighthearted now, only to switch subjects abruptly. "Oh, and we also need to confirm if Avery and Michelle have an...*influence* on Rosa. I'll send Gwen too, along with supplies, to collect what we need from them."

I realized she was being intentionally vague on that part, wanting to grab a vial of their blood before they took Claire home for the night.s

"Right," I agreed, knowing in our bond that Avery was at least completely fine with all of this, her main priority to just do what she needed to do in order to help me out -- in order to make my life easier, or to otherwise accomplish whatever necessary task was needed. Which included her being perfectly fine with going to school tomorrow, to avoid extra headaches for me.

Miriam sighed. "Okay, I guess I'll get off for now. See you soon, okay?"

"Sounds good," I replied, stopping myself from saying 'I love you,' since that would certainly bring up questions for Claire.

"Bye for now."

"Bye," I said simply.

Once she hung up, I sighed and grabbed myself a cookie from the package, popping the entire thing in my mouth to chew on it as I stuffed my phone back in my pocket. Using Avery's thoughts to pay attention to Claire, I saw that she was quietly reaching into the bag for a few more chips, her expression reserved, her lips compressed as if she was stopping herself from asking questions.

Which was good, because at this point, we really didn't want to answer too many of them.

It also told me something about her personality.

As far as I knew, Avery and Claire had become sincere friends before I had that group project with Avery at the end of Sophomore year. And also as far as I knew, Claire hadn't become jealous until Junior year, when Avery made it clear that she was staking a claim with her nonverbal behavior around me. Which meant, a lot of the platinum-blond's behavior probably stemmed out of pure jealousy, a luxury that was partially afforded to her because she otherwise had an 'okay' life.

No 'real' troubles to worry about.

However, the introduction of a real scare kind of sobered her up, and prompted her to drop the ditzy act, in favor of being serious and respectful toward those who saved her.

Granted, I wouldn't be surprised if she did start asking questions once she was alone with Avery, and at this point I wasn't sure what we should or shouldn't tell her.

But putting that aside, at least we had a solid plan now.

More than likely, I'd be spending the next two days with Miriam, my other women possibly coming and going as needed. And during that time, she'd teach me whatever she thought I needed to know about magic.

How to use it efficiently, how to get more of it, possibly even how to defend against it.

There'd probably be a lot of sincere lecturing, memorizing, and studying.

There'd also probably be a lot of hot passionate sex, largely so I could recharge my magic.

But most importantly, there would be sincere preparation for this unexpected encounter I was about to have with my biological father, as well as all the potent magic users he might have under his control, whether that be through compulsion, or sincere loyalty.

Either way, despite my apprehension, I had to admit that, now that decisions had been made...

I was really looking forward to tomorrow.

In fact...

I could hardly wait.

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