

Odalisque

By [Shadow Cleric](#)

Chapter One

I used to enjoy getting mail. Long lost friends writing to say hello, get caught up with news and rehash old times. That was before winning the lottery.

Now my mailbox was flooded. The postman used to give me dirty looks when I'd see him. Once I explained the situation, he laughed and now does mail drops to my door (for a large tip, of course). If only mail was my biggest problem. The phone rings off the hook morning, noon, and night despite the fact that I've changed it 3 times. Every crackpot inventor, dealer, investor, and con-artist in the state has my number.

And then there are the women. At first I kind of liked it, then it became old hat. The subtle questions of marriage, fishing for presents and so forth. It's not that I'm opposed to the concept, it's just this was going too far.

Sighing, I resign myself to fate and shuffle through the stack of letters. About half-way through I find a ray of light. A maroon envelope from the Summer Blossom Inn. I sniffed the envelope and was rewarded with a familiar scent of roses. I eagerly tore open the letter and pulled out its contents: a letter and card key. The letter read:

M. O'Hara,

I've recently come into the possession of some international merchandise you may be interested in. The type and color are both to your liking. I feel you shall not be disappointed. The merchandise in question will be available for inspection and use at the usual locale, Wednesday at 3:00pm. This time is consistent with your previous purchases, if there is a problem and you need to reschedule, please call me immediately.

Yours most graciously,

Madame LaCroix.

The signature was sealed with a red kiss.

The next day, Wednesday, I arrived at the Inn. It was a large mansion, with ivy creeping up the sides. The bottom of the Inn was a bed & breakfast, often quiet and empty. The upper floors however were an upscale, honest to Joe whorehouse. I grabbed my bag out of my 4Runner and locked the SUV and activated it's alarm. I was early, anxious for what may be in store for me. The front desk was unoccupied, as usual, so I went upstairs and unlocked the door at the top of the stairs and went in. The second floor was comprised of

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smaller rooms, designed for a few hours use. Rounding the corner I found the second set of stairs and went up. The top floor had fewer rooms. They were larger, and much state-liner. They also contained the main office and Madame LaCroix's own rooms. I found my usual room, #1, and let myself in. The room was fantastic as usual. The double doors opened to a small antechamber. From there it split into the main bedroom, bathroom and sitting room. The room had a classy old colonial look. Dark reds and browns accented with whites. The bed was huge affair. Larger than a king, I have no idea where she got the bedding. It had large, dark cherry poles at the corners, spiraling up seven feet above the floor. The bathroom contained a massive Jacuzzi tub, shower, and bench along with a large marble counter sinks. The sitting room was posh and warm. Someone had decanted some red wine. I got a glass and poured myself some. I sniffed and swirled, if only out of respect for the vintner. I already knew it was Cabernet Sauvignon, 1988 from a small vineyard in Napa. I sat and sipped, recalling my first trip to the Inn.

It was about six months or so after I had won the PowerBall and I was related my woes to an old college buddy. He laughed at first, but then realized my dilemma. He gave me a number to call.

"Make an appointment with Madame LaCroix. When you see her, be as honest as possible."

So I called. The receptionist was friendly and helpful. She gave excellent directions and I had no difficulty finding the place. I arrived at the appointed time and found a young blonde attending the counter.

"Sean O'Hara?"

"Yeah. I'm here to see..."

"Just this way sir."

She lead me up the stairs, punched in a code and opened the door for me. We came to the second flight and went up.

"Through the double doors at the end of the hallway."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome, and enjoy."

Bemused I wandered down the hallway and knocked at the door.

"Entrez-vous!"

I pushed the door open hesitantly and walked in. The office was well appointed. A large desk dominated the room with a large plush couch in front of it. A small woman sat at the desk smiling. She was 50-ish but still very happy with life.

"Please sit, M. O'Hara." she said with an impossibly thick French accent.

"Thanks," I said sitting. I looked around nervously, unsure of what to do next.

"You have no idea why you're here, do you?"

"No clue in the slightest."

"Excellent!" she said, dropping the accent. "Then we shall both be honest with each other!"

"I guessed the accent was fake."

"You'd be surprised how many people that fools," she chuckled.

"So why am I here?"

She stood and walked over to me. She was only 5 foot 4, black hair, and full chest. She probably cut quite the swath a few years ago.

"Mr. O'Hara, I can imagine having as much money as you do and an unrequited libido can be difficult."

"You have no idea."

"Still, I can imagine," she smirked. "I don't mean to make light of your situation, that's why I want to help. We offer companionship. Short term, no strings attached. We offer five star services that are second to none. Our girls are clean, beautiful, skilled and a pleasure to have."

"You mean this is a...a..." I stammered.

"Go ahead, say it."

"A whorehouse?"

"Yes, but more. We customize each encounter to suit you. Our price and locale keep the scum out and we offer privacy and discretion."

"I don't know." I said. In truth the concept intrigued the hell out of me, but I was still nervous.

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"Have something to drink, Sean. May I call you Sean?"

"Please."

She offered me a glass of white wine.

"Now let's talk."

The conversation went on and on for a couple of hours. At first we discussed basic likes and dislikes. What hair color did I prefer, that sort of thing. After a while I was telling her deep personal fetishes, some I hadn't even admitted to myself. She kept a mental roster of everything I said.

When the conversation wound down, she stood and walked to the door.

"Well Sean, I think you deserve a demonstration. Come with me."

She led me down the hall to a room and showed me in. It was large and spacious. Not too extravagant but nice.

"Have some wine and relax. Nicole will be with you shortly."

I did as she asked and plopped down on a large chair. About ten minutes later there was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

"Mr. O'Hara?" came a voice as the door opened.

"Yes."

A tall brunette walked in. She was dressed in jeans, cap, sneakers and varsity letter jacket. She had long black hair, eyes that shone despite being dark brown. Her hips were full, but not too wide and her breasts were massively apparent, even through her jacket.

"I'm Nicole," she said as she offered her hand.

I took it. She had a soft and firm grip. She sat opposite me.

"First time, huh?"

"Well, not exactly."

"First time with a whore?"

"You make it sound so cheap."

"Sorry, I don't mean to. I love my job. Where else can a girl get all she can stand and get paid."

"I guess you have a point. So what do we do now?"

"Whatever you want. If you'd like me to start I can."

"Sure, whatever you think is..."

She cut me off by her springing forward and kissing me deep and hard. Our lips locked and tongues probed for what seemed like an eternity. She broke it off and stood, pushing the chair she was sitting on earlier out of the way. She walked over to the stereo and hit play. Soft jazz music began playing. She turned and smiled at me. Nicole pulled her hat off and tossed it aside, throwing her hair about. It was very long and she stared at me with those hot eyes through the random strands across her face. She unbuttoned her jacket, one snap at a time until it was open and hanging over her shoulders. Nicole let it slide over her arms and onto the floor. She had a white T-shirt on that did nothing to hide the D cup chest underneath. She turned away and bent over to untie her shoes, allowing her tight ass to press itself against the tight denim. Made quick work of the shoes, kicking them off like a trained gymnast. Working the buckle of her belt off, she slipped it out with snap. Her hands went to the buttons on her jeans and undid them slowly and individually. After the last one she stopped with her pants and pulled her shirt over her head and off. Her breasts were clad in a tight cream-colored satin bra and forced them into deep cleavage. Finally her pants went down, revealing matching thong panties. Leaving her socks on, she walked over to me and straddle my lap. My erection was so hard it was painful. We kissed again, her hips grinding down into mine. I reached around and undid her bra. Nicole breathed a deep sigh of relief as her breasts burst out of their prison. I grabbed them hungrily, squeezing them and kneading them and finally sucking them. I nibbled and licked her tits with wild abandon. I hadn't felt this free in a long time.

After several minutes, Nicole stood and walked over to the bed. She slid out of her panties and draped herself over the bed. I stood and dropped my clothing as fast as I could. When I was done, I went over to her. I laid myself on top of her nude body, my cock pressing into her wet opening. We kissed passionately as I felt myself slip deeper and deeper into her silky hole. Finally I found myself fully within her sweet folds. I rocked back, almost completely out of her and back in. She shuddered with pleasure, I could feel Nicole's socked feet wrapped around my waist, pulling me deeper into her. I teased her like this for a minute or so till I worked up some speed. Pistoning in and out, I worked her cunt into a frenzy. She bucked her hips into me giving as much as she took from me. Soon she clenched into orgasm, screaming my name. I rolled her over and began fucking her again. Doggie style always makes me feel powerful, and I fucked her just like I felt. She moaned and swore as my hips slapped her ass. I grabbed her ass cheeks as I hammered harder and faster. I could feel my seed building, the pressure mounting until finally I could stand it no longer.

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"Oh God Nicole!" I howled as my seed exploded from my cock. I shook with orgasm as she too was lost in her own pleasures. I pumped and pumped like a wild man, finally free from worry or recrimination. We both collapsed. I slid out of her and we embraced. I laid there with her, just enjoying the way her soft body felt against me. Finally I rolled away stretching and yawning. I drifted off to sleep. After a short nap I awoke with a raging hard on, and someone massaging it. To my surprise it was not Nicole, but rather the blonde that I had met earlier.

"My name is Beth, I just wanted to introduce myself properly, especially if you are going to be here again."

She was dressed in the same business suit I saw earlier. She had her hair in a bun, and glasses on. She slid over on the bed and ran her tongue from my foreskin down to my balls and back up again. Kissing the tip, she slowly took my shaft down its length and into her throat. Beth sucked and licked both hard and soft. My dick was on fire. I'd never felt it like this. The pressure alternating, her tongue everywhere, she began rubbing and churning my balls. I gripped her head as my cock exploded semen down her throat. She sucked and I pumped for an impossibly long time. Finally I went limp, smiling weakly.

"I've drawn you a hot bath. Enjoy it and see me at the counter on your way out. If I'm not there, please feel free to ring the bell. Would you like anything to eat?"

"I'd kill for a cheeseburger actually."

"I'll have one sent up immediately. How would you like that cooked?"

"Medium well."

"And how would you like that served?"

"Hmmm?"

"Served sir. How would you like it?" She smirked.

"Oh I don't think I could possibly..."

"I disagree," she smiled wickedly. "Something oriental I think. Enjoy your bath sir."

She left and I went over to the bathroom. The tub was full and smelled wonderful. I laid in it for quite awhile, memories of the past few hours brought my erection back with a vengeance. A knock came at the door.

"Room service."

"Come in please."

I caught a glimpse of someone come in, then I saw a robe dropped. Then the bathroom door opened fully and a young creature stood there naked with a tray of food. The woman that came in was short, Asian, and beautiful. Her hair was long and straight, her hips narrow and breasts firm and small. Her pussy was shaved completely and her expression was one of hungry desire. She introduced herself as "Ling," but was obviously not interested in talking. She sat the tray down and slipped into the tub with me.

Feeling my erection was already there, she slid down onto it, her eyes rolling back with delight. Her hips pumped mine with slow, steady motions. I ran my hands up and down her thin body, enjoying every wanton action. She moaned and screamed, most of it in a language I didn't understand. I fucked her back long and hard. She threw her head back, laying across the edge of the tub, and screamed, a massive orgasm exploding within her. I came shortly after, grunting and shuddering with delicious pleasure. We kissed for long moments as she lay across my chest. After a while, she rose and fetched my food and proceeded to feed me. When I was done she smiled and left. I got out soon after she left and dressed, giggling at the fact that I'd just had sex with three women today. Three *beautiful* women!

Beth was at the desk, smiling as usual.

"Dare I ask what the damages are?"

She handed me a bill, it was high, but worth every penny.

"Would you like a reservation for another visit?"

"Sure. Next week, Wednesday."

"Preferences?"

"Surprise me."

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Chapter Two

I was snapped out of my stroll down memory lane by a knock at the door.

"Come in."

I was very surprised to see the Madame, and not one of her girls.

"Personalized service?" I smirked.

"You wish," she laughed back. In truth I had some fantasies, but I was certain her days as a woman of the night were over and she was enjoying herself in other ways now, perhaps with a harem of her own. She sat down next to me and her face turned serious.

"Sean, I'm retiring."

"Really? Who's taking over? Nicole?"

"No one. I'm selling the place and moving away. Since you're my best customer and a close friend I wanted to ask you a favor and a business proposition as well."

Her inflection of the words "business proposition" really caught my attention.

"You want me to buy the inn?"

"No, no, nothing like that. I'm selling it to a nice couple. They're going to turn the inn into an actual respectable bed and breakfast. I've got a new girl, young, only twenty, fresh from Ireland. Her sister is Colleen, I think you know her.

I nodded, indeed I knew her. Strawberry blonde, nice build, stacked to no end.

"Anyway, she needs a new home. Her folks back in Ireland were a bit rough on her and Colleen. Colleen scraped together enough cash to get her over here, but now she needs a job to stay in the states. All my other girls from overseas have their citizenship except her. She needs an employer sponsor, that's where you come in. Do you need a maid for that big new house of yours?"

"Actually I do. But if she's Colleen's sister, how will I be able to keep my hands off her?" I was joking, but only slightly. Colleen was a very sexy woman at twenty-six, but a twenty-year-old version would be totally irresistible.

"Well, being Colleen's sister, she's no prude, but still a virgin. I've explained the situation and she's agreed to become your odalisque."

"Pardon?"

"It's an old word, typically meaning a member of a harem."

"You mean live-in love slave? I don't know about that. Isn't that sort of illegal?"

"Yes, but she'll be your maid and be paid room and board for it. She'll earn her monetary pay sexually."

"But, she's awfully young. Won't she want to experience the world or have other lovers?"

"She's a little shy, but Colleen and the other girls have gone on and on about your 'expertise.'"

I blushed noticeably.

"Don't be ashamed. All the girls are eager to be picked for your weekly visits. I've set up a trial period of a week. If it doesn't work out I'll try to find something else."

"It seems so complicated, I just don't know."

"Don't worry. I've had her tested for all the various sorts of things, she's completely healthy. She's also got a implant for birth control so you don't have to worry about that either. She just needs to work for you for a year, after that she can get citizenship and you can part company or stay together."

"Sounds too good to be true. Can I see her, meet her, talk with her?"

"Sure. I'll call her in. I'm going to stay with you two so I can help get things going."

Mme. LaCroix got up and got the phone, dialed a number.

"We're ready for you."

She sat back down and minute later the door opened. My heart dropped. The girl that stood in the doorway was out of my wildest fantasies. Her hair was long and curled. The color was flame red and framed her pale face perfectly. Her eyes were bright and green. Her nose small with just a few freckles. The Madame was messing with me I could tell, because she had the girl in a pseudo-schoolgirl outfit. She new it was one of my favorite fetishes and she was using it in full force today. The girl had large, full breasts that pushed at her white blouse. Her green plaid skirt was short and left some room to see her firm thighs just above her white knee-high socks. Her small feet were shod in black patent leather shoes that were twitching with nerves. I looked her up and down several times, each pass making my cock harder and harder in my pants.

"Sean, this is Shannon, Colleen's younger sister."

"N-n-nice to meet you." I stammered.

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"Hi." she smiled. Damn she was beautiful, and her Irish accent only enhanced the effect. I offered my hand and she took it. Her skin was soft and warm. My thoughts turned to what it would feel like to run my hands over her naked flesh. My erection grew painful. I took a deep breath to steady myself.

Madame LaCroix broke the silence: "Well this is going splendidly!" She laughed and so did we.

I offered Shannon a seat and started up some basic chit-chat.

"How do you like the US so far?"

"I love it! The shopping is wonderful, and the people seem so nice."

"I'm glad you like it. Have you had a chance to see any of the sights of the town?"

"Not yet. But I'm looking forward to it."

"Shannon's been running errands for me around town. She's become quite a help and a pretty good driver." Madame chimed in.

"Well," I said, finding some confidence, "I can see you're a nice a girl, and Madame's word is as good as gold with me, I think we can try this out. When can you leave."

"Shannon's already packed." Shannon looked a little shocked. "It's OK dear, but the sooner we get you moved in the better. Here's our card and call us whenever you need us. Your sister's got your bags in your room. Go see her and bring your stuff downstairs."

She trotted off quickly and disappeared through the door.

"I take it you like?"

"Do I ever! I may end up being her love slave not the other way around."

"You'll find she's fairly subservient, use her, but don't take advantage of her. I know you'll be good to her, I just gave her the card so she'll feel better. Colleen will be by next week Tuesday to check in on her and see how you two are coming along."

"Sounds good to me."

We headed downstairs and into the lobby. Her bags had been brought out so I grabbed them and tossed them into the 4-Runner. By the time I got back, Shannon was saying her good-byes. She had changed into a flannel shirt and jeans. Initially I was disappointed, but I quickly realized we had to be somewhat discrete, and the schoolgirl outfit was a bit much. Shannon had saved the biggest hug for Madame. The matron just

smiled and shooed her, telling her that she could visit anytime. I helped her into the truck, she was only five-foot-four, and got in myself.

The drive was quiet, despite its length. I offered Shannon her choice of stations on the radio, but she declined. I could feel my stomach growl, so I decided to grab some lunch on the way home. We pulled into a Taco Bell since it was one of my favorite places. Shannon hadn't the foggiest clue what to order, so I ordered for her. She loved every bite. We chatted some more. I felt uncomfortable mentioning her homeland, so I talked mostly about myself. I covered winning the lottery, my new role as an investor in all sorts of things, and my hobbies like camping and riding. Riding caught her attention. I mentioned the horses I owned and she asked all sorts of questions about them. We finished eating and headed home.

My place is a large 6-bedroom affair. One room being my master suite, another an office for myself the remainder, guest rooms. One guest room had its own bathroom so I figured that would be best for her. It was on one end of the second story and mine on the opposite. That would make everything look proper enough. We pulled into the garage and got her stuff out. I showed her to her room first.

"This'll be your place. I've furnished it myself, so if you have any requests, please let me know. It is a bit serious, I imagine you'll want something softer."

"This will be fine sir."

"Don't be shy, if you want anything, please tell me."

"Perhaps later."

"OK. How about a tour?"

"I'd love one."

"Well you know your room, there's a bathroom of your own built in to it. The first and third door on the right and the one on the left are guest bedrooms. They'll be mostly empty unless there's company. This door here," I said, indicating the second door on the right, "Is the guest bathroom. Most of these you won't have to worry about, since they're already done up. The door at the end of the hallway is my room. The bathroom is to the right and my office is to the left. Feel free to use the Jacuzzi tub or anything like that when I'm not around. I guess you'll be responsible for keeping that clean. My office is sort of off-limits. It's not that you're forbidden to go in, it's just there's an organized chaos to it, and if you straighten it up, I'll never find anything."

She chuckled at that. It felt good making her laugh.

"So my room and your room for upstairs duty?"

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"Correct. Now downstairs," I said as we reached the foyer, "is all yours to do. Mostly the kitchen. I love cooking, but hate the cleanup."

"So you don't want me to cook then?"

"I never thought of that. This is all new to me too. Unless I tell you otherwise, go ahead and start dinner, starting next week. I want to show you how everything works in the kitchen and get you accustomed to my favorite dishes. It's nothing personal, but I've had Irish cooking and I'd prefer to steer clear of it."

"I understand. Colleen's been having me study an American cookbook all week. I've been dying to try a recipe I found. If that's ok."

"That's fine. What is it?"

"Steak in burgundy sauce."

"Sounds wonderful. Now, on with the tour. The living room's through there. The TV and VCR work with the same remote. The fireplace works by this." I flipped the switch beside the fireplace and it roared to life. "The other rooms on this floor are the dining room, which rarely gets used, the library, feel free to get whatever you like. It's mostly classics and fantasy and so forth. Most of the books I've never opened, I just bought them for show. The PC here is a little older than mine upstairs, but I'll show you how to use it for yourself. Any questions?"

"I can read any of the books here?"

"Please. Otherwise they're just collecting dust."

"The basement is mostly for parties and such." I said as we descended the stairs, "The wet bar has a refrigerator and sink. The video games are all free, no quarters needed."

She marveled at the array of circa-1980 arcade games. They were all the games I grew up with and just had to have when I came into money. I reached over and pulled out a section of wall.

"Here is the wine closet. They're sorted alphabetically so if I ask for something, you should be able to find it pretty quickly."

I grabbed a bottle from the top row, a nice burgundy, and handed it to Shannon.

"This should be perfect for tonight."

She smiled, and so did I, this all felt right and comfortable.

"I think that's it. The pool is open, just unlock the gate and hit the switch to retract the cover. The spa is on too, just uncover it."

She suddenly got very shy.

"What's wrong?"

"I can't swim. Is that a problem?"

"Not at all. I was lifeguard in high school, I'll teach you sometime."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it. You can go unpack and get settled in. I'm going to get some work done. The phones are all interlinked with an intercom. Just pick them up and dial the room number. The rooms are listed under each phone, but you'll get them memorized pretty quickly. My room is one, office is two."

"Got it." she started up the stairs.

"Oh Shannon, we'll work on the details of pay and days off over dinner, so have some ideas in mind. Oh and welcome home."

"Thank you, sir."

I felt I should have stopped her from calling me that, but it felt so good. I guess there's a dominant streak in me yet.

A few hours later I had checked on my investments and everything seemed to be going well. I was no financial whiz, so I had hired a fiscal guru and had doubled my fortune in a matter of a few years. I had wanted to give Shannon some time to herself, I knew I'd want some if I were in her shoes, so I diddled around my room and office taking care of odds and ends. Finally I whipped out a sheet of paper and scribbled some notes. I worked out a fair weekly allowance for her and decided to give her Sunday's off. My phone rang around 5:30pm.

"Yes?"

"Dinner's ready whenever you wish to eat sir."

"I'll be right down."

I opened my door to the heavenly scent of dinner. I hoped the rest of her dishes were as mouth-watering. The dining room had been set with two places, one on each end. The plates were heaped with beef in a dark burgundy sauce. Brandy had been decanted for both of us and Shannon stood beside the table waiting for me. She'd changed clothes

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again. This time into a short dress, forest green in color. It was long sleeved with a deep 'V' in front to display her cleavage. She had black nylons and shoes that matched her dress. Her curly hair was pulled up revealing a long slender neck. I felt a little under-dressed.

"Smells wonderful."

"Thank you. I'm very glad you're pleased."

I pulled out her chair and had her sit down, then I sat myself. Dinner tasted even better than it smelled. I couldn't stop complementing Shannon on the job she'd done. She just smiled and blushed. I laid down the plan I had for allowances and days off.

"I know the allowance doesn't seem like a lot, but that's your mad money, if you want to buy things yourself. Anything you need, clothes, etc, let me know."

"I think it's fair, but I don't really need a day off."

"I insist."

"Ok. But I think a weekday may be better so you can work in peace."

"That's really good thinking. Is Monday ok? That's when I work the most."

"I think that will be fine."

Once we'd finished, I rose and grabbed my plate. Shannon cleared her throat and looked at me.

"Sorry, I'm new at this." and set my plate back down. I got my glass and went into the living room. Shannon had turned the fireplace on and laid out the newspaper. I relaxed in one of the larger chairs and read quietly as my new maid cleaned up in the kitchen. After she was done, I heard her come into the living room behind me.

"Sir will there be anything else?"

I turned to face her. "No, feel free to relax or whatever you want."

In truth I wanted to take her, but I didn't want to rush anything with my new redhead. She fidgeted a little.

"Nothing at *all*?"

I realized what she meant, "Are you sure? We don't have to tonight."

"No, I'm ready. I want it. Today's been so wonderful, I can't imagine a better way to end it."

I stood and led her upstairs. This was her first time, our first time, I wanted it to be perfect.

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Chapter Three

I opened the door to my room and tugged Shannon in. I flipped the switch to the fireplace and it sent a soft glow across the room. I turned to Shannon, the firelight dancing over her pale skin. Her dark green dress fit tightly around her hips, breasts and arms. Her legs, clad in dark nylon, were muscled and firm. She smiled innocently. Despite her revealing attire, her poise and demeanor resounded her virginity.

I took a seat on the edge of my bed, just staring at her beauty. I was going to go on her pace tonight, and I hoped it was slow and would last forever. Shannon took the pins out that were holding her hair in place and shook her long red curls out. They cascaded down to and over her shoulders. Next she took off the 3 inch heels, dropping her down to a short 5'4". Her feet were small and delicate, I could make out their perfect shape even through the dark nylons. The young thing walked over to me and knelt on the bed, straddling my lap. Our lips hovered near each other, I could feel her breath on my face. I reached up, cupping her head through the soft tendrils of hair and pulled her to me. Our lips brushed again each other, the feeling electric. I pressed closer and our lips locked into a deep passionate kiss. Her silken lips were warm and wet. I delighted in the feel of them. Our lips parted and our tongues probed and stroked each other's mouths. We kissed for what felt like hours, exploring and learning. My hands drifted down her back and pulled her body to mine, Shannon's heavy breasts pressing into my chest. Our lips broke contact briefly and my attention turned to her long supple neck. I licked and kissed every square inch of exposed flesh from her chin down to her deep cleavage. I could hear her moan with delight as I explored her pale nape.

Finally she stood up and turned away from me. I was so high on hormones it took me a second to realize what she wanted. I reached up and unzipped her dress from it's top down to it's end just above her tight ass. She turned back and pulled the dress off her shoulders. To my delight and amazement, I realized why she had long sleeves with a short skirt. Her body was clad in tight body stocking...and nothing else. The nylon covered her arms and legs, and formed a deep "V" at her chest. I could clearly make out the pink aureoles and pointed nipples underneath. Her pussy was shaved to an inch-high small triangle, just where her thighs and cunt met. There was an opening there in the stocking, so I could marvel at the bright-red color, matching her other hair perfectly.

She looked at me with apprehension and wonder. She was clearly nervous, but also very aroused.

"Shannon," I whispered, taking her hand, "You are by far the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I want to be with you, have you here and now and for a long time to come."

She smiled and kissed me deeply, more passionately than before. Shannon's hands went to work unbuttoning my shirt and pulling it off. She then dropped to her knees and made quick work of my jeans and socks. My erection was fierce and swollen. She stopped for a moment to look at it. She touched it gingerly, her satiny touch sending waves of pleasure through my organ and the rest of my body. She kissed the tip, then licked it, savoring the taste. She took the tip into her mouth and slowly eased it back

towards her throat. I ran my fingers through her hair as she worked her magic on my swollen cock. She was so gentle and I was so aroused, I nearly exploded mere minutes into her work. Shannon had obviously had some coaching because she had gripped my base tightly, keeping my climax at bay.

After several minutes of heavenly sucking she stopped and stood up. She walked around me to the bed and laid out, spreading her womanhood to me. I could smell it, sweet and strong. I turned to her and ran my hands down her thighs. She moaned softly and parted her legs further. My primal instincts screamed to take her and fill her belly with my seed, but I wanted it all to last. I laid down and lightly licked her open cunt, savoring the juices. Shannon twitched with surprise but groaned when I stopped. I went down again, this time digging deeper with my tongue, exploring her pussy and tasting her essence. The Irish virgin moaned louder and louder with each thrust of my mouth. I ran my hand up her mound and under the stocking, rubbing her belly. Shannon had gripped the edges of her crotch opening and was pulling it wider for my explorations. She groaned then gasped. I felt her tense.

"Oh God, I-I-I'm cumming! Yes! Yes! Oh more! Oh Yes! Ooooooooooh!"

She went quiet then drew a deep breath and screamed. It was a high-pitched scream of both pleasure and relief. I don't know if this was her first orgasm, but it certainly was memorable. I looked up at her and smiled. She was breathing heavily, her legs spread wide and eyes closed. She'd ripped her stocking opening up to her lower chest when she came and still had the ends gripped in her hands.

"Oh dear," she said, looking up at herself.

"Not to worry," I said, tearing it up further, releasing her breasts from their confinement, "I'll buy you a new one."

She just smiled as I finished splitting her outfit in two. My hands went to work feeling and massaging her large globes. They were firm and held themselves in place without the aid of a bra. I licked and sucked each tit for a long time. Her skin was so soft and supple, the nipples hard and erect. I pulled the remainder of the stocking from her arms and off her legs and tossed it aside. I sat up admiring her pale flesh in the firelight, smiling at her, letting her know I was pleased with what I saw.

I brought my body over her, my chest against hers. My cock found her opening instinctual, but I did not enter. I looked into her heavily-lidded green eyes, watching for hesitation. There was none, just primal, sexual, need. I pressed into folds, the tip stretching her open to me. She groaned as her cunt was deflowered, delighting in all the sensations that came with it. My cock finally slid in to its hilt, and I could feel its tip pressing into her upper wall. She was so small and tight, I couldn't believe it. I pulled out and pressed back in still stretching her once-virgin hole. She moaned my name over and over. I too was groaning her name, the pleasure too much for coherent thoughts or words. I fucked her

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tight cunt slowly and methodically, remembering how I wanted my first time to last forever.

She tossed her head back and forth as I increased speed. Shannon's thighs flexed as she wrapped her legs around my ass. She grunted in quick succession as another orgasm built and she screamed as it peaked. I had gripped her wide hips as I plunged deeper into her cunt. I began pumping her with wild abandon.

"Yes master! Fuck me! I want to be your slut! Master make your slut cum!"

Shannon's pleas drove me wild, and I rewarded her subservience with harder thrusts. I could feel my seed building, the pressure intense. She too was building, groaning, her ass bouncing on the bed as we fucked each other madly. Shannon's thighs clenched me, her pussy cumming. I drove my shaft as deep as it would go and released my seed into her waiting belly. My balls offered up their sacrifice, pumping and pumping. I'd never unloaded that much cum, I could even feel it pushing back out of her. I groaned her name over and over, praising her in word and action.

It was as if I'd made love to a goddess. So soft and delicate. More woman than I had ever thought possible. I knew this would work out. Shannon was perfect in every way. I never knew I'd need someone like her, but now I knew I couldn't live without her.

Chapter Four

Shannon had now been living with me for a little over two months now and nothing could be better. She was a wonderful housekeeper, an excellent companion and a wonderful lover. We were like horny newlyweds, there wasn't a horizontal surface in the house we hadn't used for lovemaking. It was wild and unbridled. Beyond anything I could have imagined. Shannon was fitting into my lifestyle in such a way that I had forgotten what it was like before she came along.

Then it all changed.

I was out doing some miscellaneous shopping for clothes, and then a stop over at my friend's wine store for a peek at his latest shipment. Good lord it was nice being rich. I was heading home when I'd spotted the cutest little Rav4 on a dealer's lot and pulled in to look at it. It was deep green, a color I knew looked good on Shannon. The little SUV was decked out and ready for sale. I fiddled with the manager on the price and then paid cash for it and the extra to have it delivered tomorrow. I laughed at myself on the way home, seeing as the Rav4 looked like a shrunk-down version of my own 4Runner.

"Maybe they'll have a little go-cart together." I joked out loud to no one but myself.

It was Monday, Shannon's day off so I crept into the house quietly. I had spotted Colleen's car in the drive. Her sister must be visiting or just checking in on us. I went up the stairs listening for them, I could hear her noises from Shannon's room, so I peeked in through the partially opened door to check out what was going on.

To my surprise both sisters were complete naked! On top of that, Colleen had her face in my housekeeper's crotch hungrily eating her out, while playing with her own strawberry-blond snatch. At first I was hurt, but as I watched, I became more and more intrigued, even horny at the site of the two Irish lasses making love. Shannon was moaning her praise of her sister's oral work, as Colleen drove deeper and deeper into my maid's pussy. Finally Shannon couldn't take any more and groaned out her orgasm, her legs trembling, sweat dripping from her firm voluptuous breasts.

It was then that she opened her eyes and spotted me in the doorway.

"Oh no! Sean, it's not...I mean....Damn!" and she fled to the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

Colleen, was trying to compose herself, collecting her clothes.

"I'm sorry Sean, this is my fault, I'll just go and leave you two."

"Hang on here. I think I need a little explanation. Besides, I'm all right. A little hurt she didn't say anything, but still all right."

"Well you see, we haven't done anything like this in a while, nearly four years."

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"I'd still like to know how this all started."

"Well ya see. Well, hold on." and she grabbed a robe, put it on and pulled me out of the room. She sat down on the top of the stairs and I did the same.

"Well it's like this. Father, he was, well, as we say back home, he was fond of the drink." I nodded, understanding, "One night he came home, just been laid off and drunk as can be. He went through the house like a holy terror, Shannon and I locked ourselves in our room. Father, tried to break the door in but passed out during the attempt. Shannon was shaken up in the worst way. Being only fourteen, she didn't know much of what was going on, and was holding on to me for dear life. Now I'm a few years older and a wiser, if you will, in the ways of the world. I had developed ways of dealing with the stress, namely masturbating. It's probably why I'm such a nymphomaniac now." She laughed quietly. "Any ways, Shannon was crying and crying, I couldn't get her to stop, finally, and I don't know why, I kissed her. It lasted a lot longer than I had intended, both of us sampling each other, probing, loving each other. We were soon naked in bed, licking and touching each other, Shannon had her first orgasm that night. Anyway, we kept up our secret life most every night, at first to drown the fear, then as lovers.

"It broke my heart to leave her, but I had to get out, and I swore I'd bring her over as soon as I could. And after I did, I saw she'd changed. She no longer wanted to be with me, not in the ways I'd wanted. So when the madame, mentioned her idea about her coming to live with you, I didn't object. I was happy for her, but I still wanted her. To her credit she was ever faithful to you. I think she may even be in love with you. Well any ways, things were settling down, at least I thought, until I got fired today."

"Oh Colleen. I didn't know, I'm so sorry."

"It's all right. Someone started a rumor that I was a whore before, just a nasty lie, or so he thought, until I lost my temper and admitted it in front of several high-profile managers. After that I was clearing out my desk. I was so upset, I just came over. Shannon and I talked and talked, finally one thing led to another and well, you know the rest."

"I see. Well I guess I'm a little surprised by Shannon, you I can picture being sexually adventurous, but not her."

"She really does care about you. I don't know what you guys have going here, but I'm sorry if I disrupted anything."

"Probably not permanently. Grab your clothes and get dressed. Then head downstairs and get yourself some lunch. I need to talk to Shannon."

"OK. Thank you for helping her. She means the world to me."

"Me too." I said, kissing her on her forehead.

Colleen grabbed her things and trotted off downstairs, tight ass bouncing all the way. I went into Shannon's room and closed the door. Sitting on her bed, I called to her.

"Shannon, I need to speak with you."

I could hear her sniffing and trying to compose herself. Finally the door opened and out she stepped, dressed in her black silk bathrobe. It was obvious she'd been crying, heavily. I motioned her over to the bed where she sat, hands on lap, eyes down.

"Shannon, I've talked with your sister, and everything's all right now. You haven't done anything wrong."

"I feel I've betrayed you sir."

"No you haven't. We've become very close now. You needn't hide anything from me."

"I didn't mean to. I thought I was over that phase in my life."

"Shannon, sexuality isn't ever a phase you go through, it's part of who you are. Never deny that. I'm not ashamed of you or anything like that. You too have a bond that runs very deep. Deeper than I think either of you will admit."

I paused, collecting myself.

"That's why I think Colleen would be an excellent addition to our household."

Shannon lit up. "Really? She can stay here?"

"Absolutely. I could use an...an...oh dear."

"Secretary sir?"

"Excellent idea."

"And I assume she'll be using the same terms as my 'employment' sir?"

"If she likes, though not if she doesn't want to."

"Oh I think she will. I've told her about life here and she's always said she's jealous. Funny thing is, most of the girls miss their lives at the house. Madame certainly picked the right girls for it."

"You don't have to tell me!"

We both laughed and kissed.

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"Are you going to be ok with this? Me with another girl."

"Sean, if you're ok with me and another girl, believe me, I'm ok with you and another girl."

"Thanks. Oh I almost forgot," I dug out the pamphlet for the RAV4, "It's an early birthday gift."

"Oh my God! You didn't! Oh wow!"

"Now you can get out of the house whenever you like."

"Like I'd ever want to leave you now," she kissed me again, "Let's go tell Colleen right now!"

"Go on ahead, I've got a little work to catch up on. I'll be down in a bit."

We parted, she running downstairs, and I to my office. I could hear a few girlish squeals of delight, and I safely assumed that Colleen liked the proposal.

Chapter Five

Things had begun winding down by December. Shannon and Colleen were great companions and a big help as my newfound wealth quintupled in the stock market. The solicitors had become almost too much and we were looking to move away from civilization completely. Colleen had suggested purchasing a small island where we could all run around nude 24/7. Sadly I didn't know the first thing about island buying.

Both girls fell into an easy routine, with Shannon running the house and Colleen keeping my business accounts in order. Colleen had a innate gift for numbers and found quite a few discrepancies in my accounts. After firing my accountant, she took care of most everything now and with great results.

One morning in mid-December my phone woke me up. It was my account manager from the brokerage firm. Bill had always been helpful and honest with me which I appreciated and kept me from moving my business elsewhere. He was calling to give me a brief update and invite me a holiday party they were throwing for some of their clients.

"Really? Why a party?"

"I think the senior partners want to give something back. You know, you give us millions in business, we give you a free dinner."

I laughed and accepted his invite and hung up. The girls were both out shopping or something like that, otherwise one of them would have gotten the phone first. As I got up to check my e-mail I realized I'd need a date. Specifically I could only take one girl, not both. It was technically a business function, so I should take Colleen. Also Shannon's really shy. That cinched it then. I felt bad though and would make it up to Shannon. Both girls were special to me, but I just couldn't describe the feeling that Shannon gave me. She would always have a special place in my heart.

Everything was set with work as far as I was concerned so I hit the shower and got dressed. As I came out of the room I could hear the girls chattering in the kitchen. I got a hint of a third voice, one without an Irish accent. I hurried down to see this mystery guest.

I recognized the tall black-haired girl almost immediately. It was Lucy Hyde-Pearce, wife of James Hyde-Pearce one of the richest old farts in the state. I'd met them both at the club. She'd struck me as a smart and beautiful person, different than most of the trophy wives I'd met since coming into my wealth. She was tall, and well-built. Her hair was a deep black, long and slightly curled. She sported a massive set of breasts, and full smooth hips. She had a small face, pretty nose and piercing blue-grey eyes. Lucy smiled as I walked in the kitchen.

"Morning sleepy-head!" chirped Colleen. "Look who we picked up."

"Hey Lucy. Getting into trouble with the sisters?"

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"Just getting all the latest gossip.

"Well don't let me intrude."

I smiled and left them to their fun. I hit my arcade in the basement for an hour or so, before surfacing again. Lucy had gone and Shannon was clearing up the kitchen. I slipped in behind her as she worked at the sink, nibbling her ear and running my hands around her waist.

"You know, I feel sort of sorry for Lucy." remarked Shannon. I already had her blouse undone and was beginning to grope at her large breasts through the thin satin of her bra.

"How so?" I inquired.

"Well," Shannon was undoing my pants and reaching in for my swollen cock, "Lucy's got the same living arrangement as Colleen and I do, but none of the freedom." I had reached up her skirt and pulled her thin panties to around her ankles. "She has to live with the pretense that she loves him and wants him." I moved her over to the table and bent her over it, lifting her skirt up over her tight ass. "We, on the other hand..." I pressed into her soft wet cunt. "Oh yes. We love being here. Love being with you. Love fucking you master. Yes master. Fuck your servant girl."

I began pounding the redhead with a vengeance, my hips slapping into her ass.

"Yes master...fuck me! Fuck me! Oh god yes...make me cum master...make me...oh fuck yes! Oooooooooooh!!!"

I could feel Shannon's vaginal walls clench around me as I exploded into her waiting vagina.

"Definitely feel sorry for Lucy." Shannon breathed softly.

I withdrew from my maid, turning her over for a long wet kiss.

"I think Colleen will need to help me clean up." Shannon smiled wickedly.

"Oh, before I forget, my investment firm wants me to come to a holiday party. I thought I'd take Colleen, if that's OK with you."

Shannon smiled contritely. "Why should that bother me master?"

And with that she wandered upstairs to share my seed with her sister no doubt. The moans and groans a minute later only confirming my thoughts.

The day of the party was a busy one with the girls sequestered in their rooms making ready. I'd bought a tux for the occasion and it didn't take me too long to get ready. As I

waited in the foyer, Shannon would come in and out with various accessories to try out on her sister. Finally the door opened and out strode Colleen. She was clad in a dark green silk dress. It was of oriental cut, high-necked and had no sleeves. It came down to her ankles but sported a long slit up both sides, nearly to her hips. She also had three-inch spiked heels to add to her already shapely legs. Her hair was done up nicely in a tight bun with a few stray curls down the side of her face. She gave her sister a long soft kiss and took my arm. I too kissed Shannon and we headed out. The limo I had rented was waiting there for us.

It was a fifteen minute drive to the party, plenty of time for Colleen and I to enjoy the limo, a first for both of us actually.

"Remind me to give your sister a raise. You look absolutely stunning."

Colleen could only blush at the compliment.

We got to the resort out in the countryside and went in to the party. It really was a posh affair: String quartet, gallons of champagne, and lavish decor. Colleen immediately spotted her new friend, Lucy and went to say hello. Lucy was in a similarly cut dress, her's being a dark red, almost burgundy. Her hair was done up as well. It was obvious that they had shopped together and swapped hair style ideas.

"Well don't you two just look adorable." I smiled at them.

"Thanks," smiled Lucy. "Your secretary's a whiz at fashion."

The way she inflected the word secretary made a little leery, but I brushed it off. A waiter got us each glasses of champagne and we proceeded to chat until Lucy's husband joined us.

"No O'Hara, I don't want you monopolizing my wife's evening," he snickered, but without giving me that glare I'd gotten used to. It was the sort of thing that told you, while you may be able to afford it, you don't really belong here.

James pulled his wife to the dance floor and twirled her around for a bit. I gestured to Colleen to follow me out to do the same. She held me close, soft skin against mine, full breasts pressing into me. The thought of taking her home and making sweet love to her and her sister tonight was quite intoxicating. I kept catching glances from Lucy across the floor, she'd blush, then look away.

I whispered to Colleen, "I think Lucy's flirting with me."

"Or me," whispered my secretary.

"Really?"

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Colleen nodded. "She's talked about being curious about lesbian experiences and told her I'd 'experimented' and liked it. She brings it up every so often so I know it's on her mind a lot."

"And?"

"And, I'm still thinking about it. I'm definitely interested though."

"How about tonight?" I smiled.

"You think?"

"Sure, I'll get a room upstairs and hide in the closet. Lure her up with a fashion emergency. Have your way with her and I'll watch."

"Deal!"

I left and went to the clerk's desk, got a large room on the upper-most floor. I slipped Colleen a key and then disappeared. The room was a fairly large affair with a walk-in closet. I drug a chair in and closed the door most of the way, I had a great view of the bed and anything else of interest there on.

I didn't have to wait long, the door opened and the two girls tumbled in. They'd had a few more glasses of champagne and were giggling loudly. Lucy sat on the bed while Colleen stood in front of her.

"Here, help me get this thing off." Colleen asked. "I can't get to the pin that's loose with it on."

Lucy unsteadily undid the dress. It fell away leaving Colleen nude except for her stockings and heels. The shoes came off soon after.

"Sometimes I just hate those shoes!" She stretched her feet on the bed, opening her crotch to Lucy's view. Lucy stared at it, then glanced away. Colleen stood up and modeled her body for Lucy's examination.

"Do I look Ok to you? I just don't know if I'm as trim as I should be."

"No, you look fine. Really you do."

"You think?" she sat down next to Lucy. "Thanks Lucy. You're a real friend." She gave Lucy a big hug, stroking her back and not letting her go. She whispered something into Lucy's ear, which she didn't react to, but lifted her head up to face Colleen. They stared for a long moment, then slowly, gently kissed. Lucy kissed Colleen back with some force.

"Are you sure?" whispered Colleen.

Lucy stood and unzipped her own dress revealing a black bra and panties. These Colleen removed with expert care and speed. Soon the girls with both naked, kissing and touching everywhere. Colleen did most of the work, and soon had Lucy's legs spread wide open and was digging her tongue into the brunette's trimmed bush. Lucy was moaning encouragements to the redhead and quickly had her first lesbian orgasm. Colleen gave her a few moments rest, then proceeded to lick each mountainous breast in turn. Lucy, pushed Colleen over and began eating her pussy in turn. She went slowly at first, then picked up confidence. Soon Colleen moaning in pleasure and urging her new lover on.

Colleen screamed with bliss as her body shook through her orgasm. The girls lay silent together in bed as I say with my uncomfortable erection. Lucy kissed her lover and whispered that she needed to go to the bathroom. I took that as my cue to leave. I silently snuck out of the closet. Winked at Colleen, she in turn blew me a kiss, and then quietly slipped out the door. I paused in hallway for several moments getting my erection under control, then went back down to the party.

Upon entering the ballroom, I immediately spied James Hyde-Pearce looking around for his wife. I managed to placate him with a story that she was fixing my secretary's dress and were probably chatting up a storm in the ladies room. He bought it completely and resumed his heavy drinking.

Without my date I was pretty bored, but I knew Colleen was enjoying herself. I tried calling home a few times from my cell, but it was constantly busy. I wondered who Shannon could be on the phone with, but it really didn't matter. She had her own life and friends and I wasn't about to deny her that.

After the head of the firm gave his obligatory welcome and thank you speech, my cell phone rang.

"Master?" It was Colleen.

"What is it?"

"Can you come up? I need to ask you something."

"Give me a minute." and hung up.

I was a little nervous now so I hurried out of the ballroom and upstairs. Upon entering the room I found Lucy wrapped in a hotel robe and Colleen laying nude on the bed. Both were pretty tussled, but in obvious rapture.

"What's wrong?" I muttered.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. We were just talking."

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I looked sternly at them.

"OK you see. Lucy isn't happy. I mean you've met the SOB she's married to. It just isn't fair."

"Yeah I have, and no it isn't fair, but what's the problem that needed me up here?"

"Lucy knows about us, all of us. She figured it out sometime ago. And the thing is, well, she wants in."

"In? As in..?" my head just couldn't grasp the concept.

"As in I want to be your slave as well." this time Lucy spoke for herself. "I hate my life as it stands now, but I want something more. I want to be with Colleen. And you and even Shannon."

"Why?"

"I'm just a whore now, but I have to pretend to be interested in him and his friends and his life. You all are clean, no illusions, no pretenses. I want to be a part of that."

"Are you sure? And what will Shannon think about all this?"

"I love the idea," a voice rang out from the Speakerphone. "Colleen and I both love Lucy as a friend and she'd be a great addition to the household."

I had to sit down. It was all too much for me to handle at the time. Three women? Why not? The house was getting kinda crowded now, but we were looking at moving soon. What about Lucy's husband. He was a wealthy and powerful man, he could make our lives a living hell if he found out.

"OK, I think we can work something out, but we need to be careful. Lucy, you need to break yourself away from James. I don't know how, but we'll think of something. In the meantime, we need to keep this all under wraps, otherwise your husband and thirty of his closest lawyers will make life really interesting for us all."

Lucy leapt up and hugged me, robe coming open as she did. Colleen whispered good byes to Shannon on the phone and hung up.

"Let me thank you properly," Lucy slithered down my front and undid my pants, pulling my still swollen member free and swallowing it whole.

Lucy did have a gift for blow jobs and she went to work quickly. All the excitement leading up to this moment had left me ready for release so it wasn't long before I was erupting my semen into her hot mouth. Colleen had joined her on the floor and french-kissing the cum out of Lucy's mouth.

As I lay there watching the girls I still didn't know how it would work out, but I knew there was a way.

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Chapter Six

I was stressed. Ever since I had become independently wealthy, I hadn't really been stressed at all and now I was.

Lucy spent nearly every waking moment at our house exploring her newfound sexuality. For the last month or so, she'd spend several hours a day with Colleen or Shannon, or both in their rooms giggling, moaning, and, occasionally, screaming. I wasn't being neglected either and soon I was able to satisfy all three girls at least once daily. My balls were achy for the first week or so, but soon they were up to the task. To their credit the girls kept things interesting for me. A quickie here, blow job there, and so on. Life was supposed to be good, but still, I was stressed.

Why? Lucy's husband was why. She still hadn't broken it off with him. This was primarily because we couldn't come up with a good plan. She'd signed a fairly restrictive pre-nump and we didn't want to leave her destitute after the divorce.

Finally it was Shannon that came up with an idea.

"How about I seduce the old fool and we record it for evidence?"

I stammered, "You mean set him up?"

"Sure! It'll be easy. That is, if we have your permission master."

"I don't know." The thought of my lovely Shannon with another man was unsettling to be sure.

Colleen spoke up next, "I'll do it."

"Any particular reason?"

"Master, we are all special to you, and we love you for that, but we all know that Shannon is your favorite."

I started to protest.

"It's all right, we understand. You two are special, different together."

Shannon and I both blushed deeply. Lucy and Colleen just smiled at us.

"Then it's settled?" Lucy asked.

I took Shannon in my arms, then gestured for the rest of the girls to join us. I kissed each in turn on the forehead.

"I guess it is."

The next few days I spent collecting the gear we needed. I've always been a tech nut so I had lots of fun getting what I needed. I didn't just stop at the essentials. A wicked thought crossed my mind and I bought three more sets of surveillance equipment. I also spent some time online house-hunting up state. I'd always wanted a place in northern California and we'd need to leave town to maintain our lifestyle with Lucy. I found a huge mansion that had been foreclosed upon, a victim of the dot-com bust. It had more than enough space, eight bedrooms, half with bathrooms of their own. It came with a huge garage, pool, grounds, even a barn. I'd have to find some use for that. I contacted an agent and made some inquiries. I set an appointment to view the house next week. I figured I'd make myself scarce when the fireworks started.

Colleen spent that week finding excuses to bump into Lucy's husband James. At the club, restaurants, stores, you name it. Lucy had copied his schedule so wherever he was, so was Colleen. As it turned out the seduction came easily. Lucy had arranged to be "out-of-town" on Saturday night. James invited her to dinner, at his place. Ballsy shit. We'd set up cameras in all the right places, then waited in the 4Runner for show time. Lucy, Shannon and I sat quietly watching the remote monitor as James laid on the 'charm.' He was fairly transparent as to what he wanted, and Colleen just let him go. Dinner was only half finished when Colleen stood and walked over to her conquest. She kissed him deeply, letting her tongue dig into his mouth. All three of us squirmed uncomfortably as we watched our loved-one play Lucy's husband for a fool. He led Colleen upstairs where they kissed some more. Finally she pushed him to the bed and began a slow, steady strip-tease for him. He undressed and stroked his member as she removed article after article of clothing.

"I can't let him have her." It was Lucy from the back seat.

Our plan was to have her walk in while they were having intercourse, but she fled out of the truck and into the house. Shannon and I exchanged uneasy glances as James took up position over Colleen, preparing to invade her. Just then the door flew open. Lucy stood there, seething with rage. Fortunately she composed herself enough to deliver the right lines.

"How dare you! After everything I've done for you. Everything I've given up."

"Lucy! Fuck!" he stumbled, trying to cover himself.

Colleen was a little surprised, but she too fell into her routine, and tried covering up as well.

Lucy turned on Colleen, "You bitch!" and slapped her across the face.

"That wasn't in the script." I whispered to Shannon.

Colleen withdrew, visibly hurt, got herself a little bit dressed while the married couple fought angrily. She ran out as soon as she was decent and went out the door. She cast

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us a quick glance, smiled and winked, then headed home. Lucy was just wrapping up her threats and stormed out as well, got into her car and left. Shannon and I watched as James put his head in his hands and wept.

"That's the first time he's ever lost, I'd wager."

Shannon nodded in agreement, "Let's go home master."

It didn't take long for us to get home. Colleen and Lucy were talking, Lucy was trying to apologize to Colleen for hitting her. I went to get the champagne bottles I'd chilled for tonight. When I got back, I could see from their smeared lipstick that they'd made up. Shannon grabbed four champagne flutes and proceeded upstairs. We all followed. Shannon had started a fire and set the glasses out. I opened the first bottle and poured out four glasses full. We all grabbed a glass and lifted them in toast.

"What shall we toast to?"

"To you master!" Shannon spoke up.

"To you master!" Colleen answered.

"To you master!" Lucy finished.

I smiled, clinked glasses and sipped. Lift my glass again, I spoke:

"And to you girls. The best thing that's ever happened to me."

We clinked again and drank. Soon the first bottle was drained. The second one soon followed. It didn't take long for Colleen to get Lucy's shirt off, and Lucy to get the other's off as well. Shannon, not wanting to be left out, also got topless. We found our way to the bed, touching, licking, nibbling our way around. I removed Shannon's skirt and panties, then the rest of Colleen's dress, and finally Lucy's slacks. I got up to look at the naked girls, writhing in blissful abandon. Shannon looked up and smiled. I smiled back. Colleen was tonguing Lucy's pussy into a frenzy. Shannon pressed her sister's legs open and dove into her pussy as well. After arranging themselves into a large triangle, Lucy found her way into Shannon's crotch, soon they were all lost in their wild orgy.

I stripped down, freeing my erection from their confines. Lucy came first, spraying Colleen with her juices. Then Colleen climaxed. Finally Shannon came, her wet cunt soaking Lucy's face and the sheets of the bed. They all sat up, composing themselves. Colleen whispered to her friends and they all giggled, got out of bed and leaned over the edge, giving me a full view of each one's ass and cunt.

We'd done this before, the sisters and I that is, I'd take turns fucking each, coming wherever I wanted. Tonight I had three pussies to have, since I'd forgone vaginal sex with

Lucy, for fear her husband might find out. Tonight I would have all three, but I was most looking forward to cumming in the brunette's deep, wet hole.

I started with Shannon, fucking her slowly, deeply. Her cunt was perfect, tight and soft. Her sister was next. Colleen was a master at controlling her vaginal muscles, flexing and massaging. Finally I penetrated Lucy, she was tight, her cunt, like Shannon's, tight, making me work for every inch I could jam into her. Shannon had taken position in front of Lucy, french kissing her lover. Colleen was behind me, stroking my ass, chest, balls and then Lucy's ass, legs and clit.

Colleen whispered in my ear, "Fuck her master, fuck her hard. Fill her with your seed. Cum master, I want to watch you cum into your loving whore. Cum hard so I may eat it out of her pussy. Fuck your slutty wench, make her yours, yours forever just like me and my sister. We are all yours. No man may ever possess us, never again, only for you. We are your slaves, your servants, your whores."

I couldn't take much more. I banged Lucy's cunt with wild abandon. She bucked and swore until she came, screaming my name. My seed exploded in her, spilling into and around her hole. I grunted with each pulse of semen, squeezing every last drop of my essence into her. Making her mine.

Chapter Seven

Lucy's divorce went smoothly. James wanted nothing to be public, so he paid her a massive settlement and let her go. I figured that she was now independently wealthy, she travel the world or something like that. My worst fears involved her taking the girls with her. Fortunately nothing of the sort happened. The house check out wonderfully and I bought it, in cash. I was pretty excited about it. The girls were too. Moving day rolled around and I called the girls into the kitchen for a surprise.

"While I get everything shipped up the coast, I wanted you three to have a nice vacation."

Shannon spoke up first, "Without you master?"

"Yes. It'll be easier to move everything without a house full of people, and I wanted you all to have some girl time up in San Francisco."

They all smiled. I gave them their reservations at the all-women spa I'd been recommended to by a friend at the club. I also gave them several thousand dollars in spending cash.

"And I don't want to get any of that back. Get some clothes, trinkets, whatever. The RAV4 is all gassed up, go hit the road!"

Lucy asked, "Can't we pack?"

"No, just buy whatever you want as you go. It's a spa, so clothing is little more than robes any ways. Go have fun."

They all gave me long kisses and ran out to the car. An entire week alone. I hadn't thought of it from my point of view.

"Oh well." I sighed to no one buy myself.

The girls had already packed their individual things, Lucy hadn't really even settled in. The packers and movers worked quickly and within a day the household was transported up to the new house. I had all the girls' stuff moved into their rooms, but left the unpacking to them. It was fun getting everything in order for our new lives together. Spring was approaching and I soon discovered the house was built to take in as much natural light as possible.

I dug out the extra camera's and mikes from spying on Lucy's husband. Correction, ex-husband. I mounted one in each of the girls' rooms. It wasn't that I didn't trust them, I was just feeling controlling. Each lead ran into my office and attached to the TV set there. I hid all the wires and set the controls in an inconspicuous place. This was going to be fun. On seeing how easy everything came together, I expanded the project, mounting cameras in the kitchen, living room, basement, porch, barn, and finally the pool. The last two were

the hardest, but I figured they would be useful, not only for sneaking a peak at my girls, but also it would be easier to find one of them if needed.

Several times, especially at night, I'd been tempted to masturbate. I resisted the urge, reminding myself that I would soon have three pussies to satisfy at week's end. I did enjoy the peace and quiet of the house. It had a tranquilizing effect.

Friday rolled around and I busied myself finishing up odds and ends. I heard Shannon's RAV4 pull up to the house around noon. I walked out to greet the girls. They all glowed. They looked rested, relaxed and very happy. I greeted each warmly with a hug and kiss. They each hugged me back, warmly and eagerly. I walked them all inside to show them the house, fully furnished. They all giggled with delight. It was then I noticed the bandages on each of their left hands.

"You all have an accident?"

"Of course not master," Colleen smiled, "We've all...bonded. That is we're all now blood-sisters."

I smiled, they did look closer. Time alone to chat and gossip and whatever.

"We have something for you master." Shannon handed me a stack of papers.

The first items I noticed in the stack were legal documents of some kind. It didn't take long for me to figure them out. There was one for Shannon, Colleen, and Lucy. They had all changed their last names to O'Hara, my last name.

The next sheets of paper were handwritten. The first one went like this:

I, Shannon O'Hara, do give myself completely and without question to you, Sean O'Hara. I am your's master. I was your's from the day I came into being, and shall be your's till the end of time. When I was lost, you found me. You have made me happy and for that I will be forever grateful. You are my master, and I am your servant. There need be no other words between us. I love you master, my life exists only to serve you.

Your's forever, Shannon O'Hara

The next was from Colleen:

I, Colleen O'Hara, do give myself completely and without question to you, Sean O'Hara. Master, I owe you so much. All that you have done for me and my sisters is beyond description. Thank you master.

*I am your lover
I am your servant
I am your slave*

Odalisque by Shadow Cleric

*I am your whore
I am your toy
I am your slut
I am your wench
I am your bitch
I am yours*

I live to be fucked by you and only you. No other cock shall enter me. No one else's semen shall fill me. No other man's seed shall touch me. No other man shall look upon my naked body. I am your possession. Do with me as you please. I love you.

Until I die, Colleen

The final sheet was Lucy's

I, Lucy O'Hara, do give myself completely and without question to you, Sean O'Hara. I love you Sean, my master. Spending time alone has made me realize this. You are so much to me, redeemer, savior, friend, all these and more. I only hope that I, your humble servant, can someday, repay you for your kindness and love. I have never been so happy as I am now. I live to be your slave. None shall come before you master!

Yours eternally, Lucy

"I really don't know what to say. I didn't know..."

Lucy walked up to me, "Neither did we until we were away from you. Shannon explained how she feels about you, and Colleen and I realized that we felt the same way, we just had too many cultural bias in our way to see it. That's why we're bonded. Bonded together over you. You brought us together, a force more powerful than fate. We are yours all of us."

"We do have one request though," It was Colleen, in an unusually submissive voice.

"Yes?" my curiosity piqued.

Colleen and Lucy looked at Shannon, obviously the ringleader in all this.

"Master, we want to be a part of you. We want share a part of you, we..." Colleen and Lucy urged her on, "We want to have your babies."

My jaw dropped.

"All of you?" they nodded, "Seriously?"

"It's our final submission to you, master," Shannon came up to me, holding me close. "Let us have a part of you inside us, let us love you and serve you."

I had to think. Or did I? It sounded good. Sharing a life with each girl would be special, and we could truly give each child love and affection and every advantage in life.

"OK, when do we get started?"

The girls jumped for joy, alternately kissing me, each other and crying with happiness.

It was several months before their various birth control wore off and cycles adjusted. Colleen told me they'd all be 'in heat' at the same time. They'd arranged for a special night for the big event. Each girl would be in their room and I would be with them, one at a time.

I'd abstained from any sexual activity for a few days. Shannon had made a spectacular meal that night. After she cleaned up, she went to her room and asked that I give her fifteen minutes to prepare.

After what seemed like an eternity, I went up to her room and knocked on the door.

"Come in," Shannon's sweet voice rang through the door.

Shannon had arranged some sweet-smelling candles around her room, softly illuminating everything. Shannon was actually in the bathroom, with the door shut.

"I hope I'm not too early, I didn't want to rush..."

Shannon strode out of the bathroom and stood for my appraisal. She wore a white negligee that ran down to her ankles. Her hair was down, long tendrils of red hair partially covered her face. The top of her lingerie pressed her large DD breasts into a large line of cleavage. Around her neck she wore a jade statuette shaped like a well-endowed woman. Shannon looked, if possible, more beautiful than our first night together. She walked barefoot over to me and sat down.

"Master, thank you for everything. I love being your's and your's alone. You are the only man I've known, and the only one I will ever know.

She kissed me softly, then stronger, her nerves soothed by the sexual heat coming from our bodies. My hands strayed to her full breasts, massaging the massive globes. I undid the tie holding her bosom in place, springing her breasts free. Shannon stood and stripped her garments away. Standing nude, save for her necklace, I pulled her to me, kissing her belly, licking the button.

Shannon laid down for me, as I undressed. She didn't want anything fancy, just to be loved. I laid atop her and she put a hand on my chest. She took her statuette off, kissed it, and showed it to me.

Odalisque by Shadow Cleric

"We met a shaman in San Francisco. He knew about all of us. That we all belonged to one man. He gave us these totems for fertility. He said you'd have a lot of work ahead of you."

I chuckled and she rubbed the totem over her breasts, then her belly, finally her cunt. Then she rubbed it over my cock and balls. Finally she tied it around my neck. Smiling, she opened herself up to me and penetrated her soft, wet folds. I don't know why, but she felt different, eager for me. Her arms grabbed at my ass cheeks pulling me deeper into her. Her body begging me for my essence. She came, softly, quietly. She whispered into my ear:

"Do it now master. Impregnate your servant girl."

And I did, semen rushed from the very depths of my loins to fill her, each thrust squirting into her womb a million sperm waiting to join us together, forever.

We laid there for several quiet moments, kissing each other. Finally she spoke.

"Master, Colleen is awaiting you. Give her this," and she kissed me. "Don't think me silly, but I feel something, something deep and profound within me. Thank you master. Thank you for loving me this much."

I kissed her on the forehead, "Thank you."

I rose, grabbing my clothes. Shannon shook her head, indicating I should go on naked. I blew her a kiss and left. I took a moment to rest a bit, get a drink of water and then I knocked on Colleen's door. After a moment, I heard an invitation to enter.

Colleen was laying nude on her bed, except for a totem, similar to her sister's. She too had candles spread around the room. She stood up and kissed me deeply. I returned her affections, cupping her ass and pulling her crotch to mine. She indicated that I should lie down on the bed which I did, but she rolled me onto my back. I heard a click and soft music filled the room. I felt a cool compress gently laid against my balls. It was cold, but not uncomfortably so.

The next sensation was one of slick hands on my back and neck. I could feel her massage every crease in my back. She worked her way slowly around my ass and legs. After twenty minutes or so, she indicated that I roll over, which I did. She continued rubbing my muscles, chest, stomach and then to my legs and feet. Lastly she took the compress away and began rubbing my swelling member. With expert care she soon had my erection full, but she didn't stop, she began teasing me with her hands, breasts, and tongue. Finally she removed the totem from around her neck, kissed it and rubbed it against her body, then mine. Then she put it around my neck, next to her sister's totem.

Straddling me, she pressed her moist cunt down onto me. Pulsing up and down she massaged my aching member, her body, like Shannon's, begging me for its white gold.

Oily hands grabbed at my chest. Grunting she squeezed at my loins until, with a sharp cry, she came.

"Master please...Fill me with your seed, show me your power."

With a grunt I came again, it felt impossible, but it seemed as though I had as much for her as I did for Shannon. Wave after wave pulsed out of me until I was spent.

Colleen rolled off of me, closing her legs and enjoying the warmth I had placed inside her. We dozed for a few minutes, then she returned to massaging me, getting a new compress and finding new kinks in my muscles. When she was done, she left for several minutes, then returned. She had a third totem in her hands.

She repeated the kiss and rub from earlier then placed the totem around my neck along with the other two.

"Lucy awaits. Give her what you have shared with Shannon and I. Give it to her and show her your strength, your might, your power." and with a final kiss I left.

On Lucy's door was a note:

Master, my greatest fantasy awaits us. Impregnate me at all costs. Ignore my screams and pleas, I need you to fuck me like the whore I am. Nothing I say is meant to be real, only for our fantasy. The girls are aware of the charade, so they won't disturb us. Your whore, your slut, Lucy.

I smiled at the letter. We had role-played before, but never this rough. If this was Lucy's fantasy, I would do everything in my power to make it come true. Her room was much darker than the others, just few candles here and there. Lucy was tied to the bed on her stomach, naked. Her hands were bound to the top, her legs below. Her long black hair was tied into two pig-tails. She was wearing fake glasses with dark school girl rims. The whole effect made her look fifteen since her breasts weren't visible.

"What the..? Let me out please! I don't want to daddy. I can't. Please, my boyfriend will be so mad. Mommy will be jealous."

I ignored her, sticking a finger in her cunt and whipping it out, tasting her juices. My erection was full again and I went to use it.

"What are you doing? Please no daddy. No please don't fuck me. I'm still a virgin, I don't want to lose it this way. Please don't...no no noooooooooo!!!"

I plunged into her wet hole. I rocked back and forth into her, pummeling her pussy with savage force. The whole time she screamed and moaned for me to stop. These screams only drove me wild. I pulled my full length out and the rammed it into her again.

Odalisque by Shadow Cleric

"Fuck! Fuck! Help! You can't do this...Oh God no...no I don't want to cum...but I have to. Oh God, no I don't want to but I am. Please daddy, stop. I'm cumming! Fuck! I'm cumming! Ooooooooooooooooooh fuck! Mommy said I mustn't cum!"

I could feel her twat convulsing around me. She was cuming hard. I too was nearing the edge.

"You good for nothing whore. You feel so good. I'm going to fill your slutty hole with my spunk!"

"No you can't. I'm not on the pill, you'll get me pregnant! Please, Mommy will be mad."

"Mommy's already fucked out in bed. Time for you to take your place in the family. Need your hole raped good. Go ahead and cum again, show daddy what a whore you are."

I redoubled my efforts, eliciting a second orgasm out of Lucy.

"That's it whore. Scream all you want, but tonight you are daddy's mate, tonight you are mine!"

I finally couldn't hold it any longer. With a long groan I blew my load into the brunette's waiting belly. I filled her up, pumping deep into her cervix.

"Oh god that was kinky." I whispered to Lucy, "Really sick shit."

She just smiled and kissed me. I got up and undid the ties at her feet and hands. She pulled the covers up over her naked body and blew me a kiss. I left her to her own dreams. I wanted to check on my girls, but didn't want to disturb them. I grabbed my robe and went to my office. Firing up the screen I found Shannon laid out nude in bed, just stroking her tummy absent-mindedly. She was whispering something about "Boy or Girl? Boy or Girl?"

Colleen was laying on her side. She was rubbing her tummy as well, smiling brightly. Lucy was in the same position as when I left her, curled up in a ball, smiling wickedly.

The house, huge as it was, just felt a lot smaller tonight.

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