

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Aurore gets everything she wants~

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Aurore Cassel squirms as she waits rather impatiently for V and Alt to show up. Fortunately for her, she doesn't have to wait much longer. The door suddenly opens and the two of them step inside as Aurore quickly settles herself and crosses one leg over the other, smirking as she leans back in her chair.

"Hmph, sure took you two long enough."

Alt gives her an amused look while V rolls his eyes. Funnily enough, after enough time to get a handle on things, Aurore wasn't so terrified of the two of them anymore. Sure, one was still the AI remains of one of the greatest Netrunners to ever do it and the other was still the man who somehow had said AI on a leash... but at this point, it was all copacetic Aurore figured.

After all, if they were going to do something like kill her and her brother (or worse) they would have done it by now! She and Aymeric had thoroughly outlived their usefulness after all.

"We were handling your brother's memories. I suppose we could have rushed things and risked leaving him a vegetable so we could get to you sooner, but since you asked for us to handle the two of you separately and then asked for us to handle Aymeric first, I assumed you would want us to do so... safely."

Aurore huffs and puffs out her cheeks at V's matter-of-fact tone. Then, she smirks a wicked, seductive smirk and runs a hand down her body as she hums.

"I suppose, yes. Everything went well with Aymeric then? He's... out like a light?"

“Indeed. He’ll be down for the count for the next several hours, but when he wakes up he’ll have a message from himself to listen to which will tell him he agreed to this and inform him that the stack of data discs we left with him are the memories he lost previously.”

See, and that was how Aurore knew there was nothing to fear from V and Alt so long as she stayed on their good side. Her brother hadn’t even thought to ask for his stolen memories as part of the deal. They’d just offered them anyways as a gesture of good faith. A couple lost days in exchange for YEARS of lost time. Well worth the trade.

Aurore though... well, she had another idea in mind.

“Before we get started, I want to negotiate a change to our arrangement. Just the three of us~”

V raises an eyebrow at Aurore’s sultry lilt, while Alt just looks more amused. If Aurore didn’t know any better, she’d say that the AI already knows exactly what she’s going to suggest. There’s no way though, right?”

Well, neither of them is actually speaking, so Aurore plows ahead, full speed.

“First, I don’t want you to wipe my memories of this. I want to remember everything that’s happened here in full.”

V’s other eyebrow lifts up and Alt grins, but still neither of them speak. Not even to deny her outright. That was a good sign, right?

“In exchange, I’ll let Alt have a backdoor into my cyberdeck. Basically, she’ll be able to see into my head at any time she wants, so she’ll know long before I can betray you... and she’ll be able to stop me outright.”

That gets more of a surprised reaction, Aurore is pleased to note. Now Alt is the one who raises both eyebrows, while V just looks between her and Alt for a moment, contemplative. In the ensuing silence, Aurore figures she might as well go for broke.

“And finally, the reason I don’t want to lose any of this... I want you both to fuck me silly. Treat me like a fucking whore. Use me and abuse me however you like and leave me all tingly and wrung out from the experience.”

She tries to keep her tone seductive and sultry as she describes what she wants from them, but truth be told it’s difficult for the red haired French Netrunner to keep the excitement and arousal out of her voice entirely. Especially when Aurore has been fantasizing about this shit ever since she realized V somehow had a leash on Alt, that he was in charge despite all of the terrifying AI’s power.

That sort of thing was super fucking hot... and Aurore was nothing if not a maverick who liked to live dangerously. Being a fuck buddy to an AI and her handler sounded like a lot of fun, but it would be a lot less fun if she couldn’t even remember it happening...

Of course, their reactions are... not quite what she’s expecting. V lets out a sigh and rubs the bridge of his nose with his fingers while Alt... Alt crows in delight.

“Hah! Knew it!”

... Huh? Aurore looks between the two, a little baffled even as V gives Alt a fond smile.

“Yes, yes. You win. Though we didn’t actually bother to set any prizes for this bet so all you really win is a spiritual victory.”

“Eh, I’ll take it.”

Pouting now, Aurore clears her throat to get their attention back on her.

“A... bet? About lil ole me?”

She intensifies her pout, though it doesn’t have much of an effect. Alt is as smug as ever while V just rolls his eyes.

“Alt here was confident that you would proposition us before the end of all of this. I think your offer to give her a backdoor into your wetware in exchange for keeping your memories threw us both for a loop for a second... but you got there in the end.”

Tch. She wasn't that predictable... was she? Then again, this WAS an AI on the wrong side of the Blackwall that Aurore was dealing with here. Maybe it wasn't that she was predictable, maybe it was just that Alt was really that scary.

Shifting from side to side for a moment, Aurore ultimately straightens up and decides that none of this changes anything.

“So... what do you think of my proposal then?”

V and Alt exchange another glance and Aurore's heart begins to pound in her chest as she waits for their verdict. Finally, V nods.

“We accept.”

Far from stopping the pounding of her heart, hearing them agree actually makes it pound harder. At the same time, Aurore clenches her thighs together as a spike of aroused excitement flashes through her. Licking her lips, her eyes dance between the two of them.

“So... where do we begin?”

Alt starts them off, stalking forward and grabbing Aurore by her short hair.

“We begin with you getting out of that chair. The only person in this room deserving of a throne... is V.”

Aurore flushes but lets Alt drag her up out of the chair with only a single involuntary yelp. Then, she's moaning as the beautiful blonde slams their lips together, kissing her deeply and with plenty of tongue while at the same time using her other hand to begin groping Aurore's chest.

Damn, Gemini FBCs were good work. She couldn't even tell that those weren't real lips. They felt as warm and wet as the real deal.

Also double damn, she'd really intended to at least have some level of control over this encounter using her seductive wiles. But then again, she had all but told these two to treat her like some worthless two-bit joytoy, didn't she? Rather, the word she'd actually used had been *whore*.

Alt certainly takes her up on THAT offer as V takes a seat where she'd been previously. The AI also takes Aurore up on her other offer, pulling out a cord and connecting the two of them physically rather than just remotely. Aurore's breath hitches as she FEELS the AI all but pour into her systems, sliding into her cyberdeck and other cyberware as she gets deep, deep into her head.

It's kind of like being brain fucked, but without all of the problematic shit like personality death and literal death, Aurore can't help but think to herself. Well, without the personality death so long as Alt plays nice.

... God she's a freak, that idea should not turn her on as much as it does.

Regardless, they're still physically connected as Alt strips Aurore naked, exposing her rock hard nipples, perky tits, and glistening wet pussy lips. And they're still physically connected when the AI finally ends their lip lock and spins Aurore around, pushing her down to her knees in front of V and joining her there.

In fact, the cord connecting their ports wraps around Aurore's throat rather delicately from being spun to face away, choking her gently as she kneels and stares at V's big fat cock. It's... completely natural to her surprise and delight. This man, who somehow is capable of taming a fucking AI who existed from before the damn DataCrash, has a big, fat, all natural cock. And she's going to suck it.

Not like she has much of a choice, given Alt all but shoves her forward onto V's dick. But even as her lips, coated in black, slide over V's cock, she doesn't mind one bit. Looking up at him, Aurore stretches her jaw as far as she needs to,

sliding her tongue along the underside of the man's shaft and moaning and gurgling in equal measure.

V just watches her, while Alt coos in her ear.

"That's a good girl. You're ready to be... 'of use to us' aren't you, Ms. Cassel?"

Damn straight she is. Moaning an affirmative, Aurore wiggles her hips and does her best to suppress her gag reflex. Good that she does too, because Alt is face fucking her upon V's cock a moment later. Unfortunately, even Aurore's best efforts aren't enough to keep her from choking on V's dick as Alt really starts to get into it.

"Hulghk... Hulghk... Hulghk..."

She doesn't mind though. 'Use and abuse her', that's what she'd asked for. That's what she fucking wants. She wants to come out of the other side of this completely and utterly used up. She wants to feel like she just got RUINED by these two. And she wants to be left excited and hopeful that their next time together will be *just as good*.

Alt thrusts her head up and down V's cock for a good while, until Aurore is full on gagging on his dick and her saliva and drool are starting to coat her lower lip and chin. As well, the lipstick from her lips is transferring over to V more and more, and she takes a little bit of pride in glancing down and seeing that the black smears of lipstick go all the way to the base of V's delicious dick.

"Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!"

Even if she is having help in that department...

All of a sudden though, Alt yanks her head back and Aurore gasps as she comes all the way off of V's cock for the first time in several minutes. His twitching, throbbing member almost seems to point up at her, but the load of hot sticky cum she's anticipating doesn't come. Instead, Alt pulls her all the way to her feet and spins her back around.

The physical cord connecting them wraps around Aurore's throat a second time, further choking her off just a little bit. And yet... from the glint in Alt's eyes, Aurore can tell that that's on purpose... and that she knows it only turns Aurore on more too.

With a smirk, Alt proceeds to push Aurore backwards... and V's hands on her hips guide her so that when she falls, she lands exactly where they both want her... impaled right then and there on V's cock.

The explosion of sensation that comes from being so thoroughly stuffed with dick, combined with the temporary sensation of falling backwards, is enough to take all of the air from Aurore's lungs. She chokes on her own spit as well as the cord wrapped around her neck, gurgling as she cums on the spot.

Humiliating. She should have been able to hold her first orgasm off for longer than that. And yet, she doesn't. She climaxes explosively for V and Alt, shamefully and embarrassingly quickly... and that's just the start.

Alt has to lean forward too or risk disconnecting them. She's still in Aurore's systems, still setting up a home base in the back of Aurore's cyberware. She's basically given herself over to the AI, making herself a carrier for Alt's fuckery. And honestly? That's super fucking hot. Aurore loves the idea of spreading Alt's particular brand of insanity wherever she goes next.

Her pussy walls clamp harder around V's cock at the thought, even as his hands move from her hips to her chest, his fingers dancing expertly across her breasts and nipples. At the same time, Alt's hands are on Aurore's shoulders and her mouth is back on Aurore's mouth, the two of them making out aggressively once more.

Fuck, she loves it. She fucking loves being sandwiched between them. She loves being their little fuck toy. She loves knowing she's in extreme danger and if they wanted to, they could do whatever they fucking wanted to her and there's nothing she could do about it~

Aurore loses track of how many times she cums for V and Alt as they fuck her silly. Truth be told, might have been dozens... that's how good it is. She can't say how long it all lasts either, not until she checks much later. But fucking hell, it's all so fucking fantastic she doesn't care.

They fuck her, they use her, they wring her dry. Everything she asked for, Aurore gets. She gets to keep her memories. She gets to fuck V and Alt in a threesome she'll never ever forget. And she gets to have Alt in her head, always.

When all is said and done and Aurore is laid out between the two of them, barely even conscious still... she nevertheless goes for broke, licking her lips, which at this point don't have an ounce of lipstick left on them, and looking to Alt. They're not physically connected anymore... but Aurore can still feel that the AI is there.

"So... hey... any chance I could get your help from time to time if you're not busy?"

Alt smirks, as though she'd seen right through and knew this ulterior motive of Aurore's the entire time as well. Reaching out, the AI flicks one of Aurore's sensitive nipples, making the red head moan in response.

"I suppose you are an asset now, aren't you? So we'll see if we can't keep you alive in spite of your reckless behavior~"

From her other side, V just snorts derisively even as Aurore blushes but also grins. Fuckin' score!

Heh, and to think Aymeric had had a bad feeling about this whole gig. He'd even told her he feared they were going to get themselves killed this time around. But nope, they both came out the other side richer in eddies and experiences!

In the end, the Cassels stayed winning!

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!

