

Part Nineteen

Esme Santiago – 3/8/2017 – Thursday – 5:23 pm

The whole house had gotten quite the audio performance, as despite the heavy soundproofing they'd put on the walls of the bedrooms, Gwen had been shrieking in pleasure loud enough to overcome that, and much of the building heard her pleading to get a cunt full of Max's cum over and over again. Maybe that had been part of Gwen's gameplan, trying to establish to all the other girls in the house that Max was giving her a solid fucking that nobody else had the right to ignore.

“Shit,” Esme thought to herself when she saw them walking out of the bedroom, “she's walking a little bowlegged. He must have pounded the *fuck* out of her. Lucky bitch.” Even though she'd already had one go at Max, she was eager for more.

There was something genuine and kind about the man that she hadn't anticipated when she'd first heard Mrs. Churchill's pitch. She'd described him as “a nice guy,” but in Esme's own personal experience, anyone described as such rarely was. Sure, Mrs. Churchill had given a long list of accolades and events that had made Max seem too good to be true, but the more she'd talked to him, the more he'd just seemed like a great guy who'd been dealt a *lot* of bad hands, and had grown increasingly paranoid because of it.

Max had hopped through a shower and was headed back to the truck to start in on the evening shift. Dana's plan of keeping runners coming and going had worked spectacularly, so much so that there was even a waiting list, in case anyone canceled an order. Whatever mojo the woman had done to ensure that Max would be in constant demand here, so much so that Max had even speculated he might be willing to station the truck at Ironwood on Fridays as well moving forward, although *not* tomorrow, as he still had a contractual obligation for the week to fill with one of the food truck collectives. But getting him dedicated and on site two days a week sounded like a good start. Dana had even mentioned to Esme that after a few weeks, she was going to try and convince Max to open a second food truck, staffed by the brothers who already worked his main truck on the off days, and for the first truck to just live at Ironwood Estates. It sounded like a bit of a risky proposition for Esme, who cautioned Dana not to move too quickly, but Dana assured her she would back off at the first sign of trouble.

What *Esme* was worried about was when Delta Group came steamrolling in, an event that was only a few hours away. Too many women and not enough men was going to make the whole place seem way too suspicious, so Esme had shot out an email to all active players in the game:

Look, if you've got male friends who are local, brothers, uncles, anyone who you can trust to follow the rules – no unwanted contact, no sex without a condom, no talking about how long they've been members or how they got invited – get'em over here.

For the next three days, any time we can get Max at Ironwood, it needs to feel like the Playboy Mansion in its heyday, with beautiful, friendly half naked women everywhere, and a handful of men who look like they're luckiest son of a bitches in the world. And ladies, these men need to have some attention paid to them.

I know we're all here for one thing and one thing only, but if the game's up, then the game is up and we're all fucked, and nobody wants that to happen now do they? That means a couple of you are probably going to have to take a shot or two in the mouth or on the face to sell the illusion. Remember, it's just sex, and you can have as much or as little fun with it as you want, as long as Max buys the fantasy we're selling him. This is a sex club, so he can't be the only one having sex around here. Do whatever you have to make sure that wherever he looks, there's people having a good time, getting busy. That also includes if you ladies want to get frisky with each other – nobody's going to judge what

you do here, and the Bay Area is extremely welcoming to all members of the LGBTQ+ community. I suspect there are even a few lesbians who are just going to lay back and think of England to get a kid from Max, with no personal enjoyment of the process whatsoever. You do you, ladies.

But so far, we've been doing really well, so keep it up, ladies. And a loud Ironwood welcome to our incoming sisters in Delta Group. Happy hunting, ladies!

She hoped the message would draw some more men into the club, as she fully expected the ladies of Delta Group to come storming in right around the 7 pm allowed entry window. Esme had already seen how impatient some of Charlie Group had been, and she expected it was only going to get more and more difficult to wait for each later group moving forward, even if they did get more time at the end.

That was the big problem she saw in trying to go for the grand prize – leaving Max alone without her for nine days surrounded by gorgeous willing women, trying to leave the final lasting impression on him. And even if just a tenth of the women in the Brand Game were looking at trying to get Max to consider them for potential brides, that would mean at least nine others to contend with, were she to try and go for that spot.

She didn't have to decide now, thankfully, but Esme felt like the longer she waited, the more likely someone was going to get a claim well staked and her odds would dwindle. From the way the girls had been talking, both Jenny and Brooklynn had tried setting down some longer term expectations with Max, although they'd also been very careful to encourage him to sow his wild oats for a while, to learn what he did and didn't like.

“I think I've got it partially figured out why Max's dating history is so difficult to get a bead on,” Jenny said to the table. Esme, Jenny, Brooklynn, Erika and Yael were sitting around one of the round tables alongside the pool, well out of earshot of Max. “He's just super shy.”

Brooklynn shook her head, sending the copper locks dancing in disagreement. “Nope, not buying it. I mean, duh, yeah, he's a *little* shy, but there's some definite *trauma* there. Either a girl who broke his heart, who cheated on him, who friendzoned him for a million years, who didn't know what she wanted and strung him along, who abused him, who shouted at him and called him worthless... I don't know what particular stripe of bad bitch he ran into, but there are someone's bootprints on that boy's ass and he's still gunshy about trusting anyone. I mean, shit, I had to basically *tell* him I wanted to fuck him, and I haven't had to do that since I was, like, in high school. He's not completely oblivious to subtle cues – he just doesn't *trust* them, or he's paranoid that he's misreading them. It's a classic confidence issue. I bet this'll get him over that, though.”

“Was he a good fuck for you girls?” Erika asked. The Asian-American girl exuded positive energy in droves, a wide smile that never seemed to fade or even shrink. “He's a little older than I'd go for, but Kelly was telling me earlier that once they got him going, he was way more concerned with them getting off than himself, and that she'd never really seen a guy like that before.”

“The good guys are like that,” Jenny said, “and yes, he was a *great* fuck. Attentive, caring, playful, almost impossible to embarrass, and willing to work with me to find a position and a tempo we could both get off to. I aim to see if I can get a second go around today or tomorrow.”

Brooklynn offered her opinion next. “He was so kind and gentle, and absolutely not at all starstruck, which was a nice change of pace. My last few boyfriends, I dunno, I've felt like I was a trophy to them, something to be conquered and then put in a glass case and shown off to friends. But I got the impression that Max didn't care all that much that I'd been nominated for an Oscar or a Golden Globe. He was just looking to make me smile for a little while.” She blushed a little. “I didn't meant to get so sappy, but he's just not at all what I expected from him, you know?”

“How do you think he's going to take the money?” Erika asked them. “It's not just a *lot* of money. It's an *obscene* amount of money, and I know money can change how people are. One of the people I wrote a song for was such a nice girl when nobody knew who she was, and then she blew up overnight, and she turned into a real *bitch*. Like, she pretended that she'd written all of her songs herself and that the other people on the song credits were just 'consultants' that she was being generous and sharing songwriting credits with because she felt 'sorry' for us. I mean, can you fucking believe the nerve of that?”

Brooklynn nodded. “I knew bitches like that. Girls who were humble right up until they got their big break, and the minute they found it, they dropped everyone who helped them get them there. Those girls found themselves surrounded by sycophants who were just leeching onto them for their cash, and some of them found their way back into the light and some didn't.”

“Like you've ever had trouble with money before recently,” Jenny said, rolling her eyes a little. “I remember seeing pictures of you and your sister living the big luxury life all the time. Watching games from the owner's box. Going to the Met Gala. Fashion Week in Paris. Penthouse apartments in the most prestigious buildings in Los Angeles. I don't think I would ever describe you as humble, Brook.”

“Yeah, okay, that's a fair critique, but the last few years have been something of an eye opener for me and my sister, as we've learned who's been around us for our money and who's been around us because they liked us as people,” Brooklynn sighed. “Both me and Gwen lost long time boyfriends who we could've sworn weren't as shallow as they turned out to be. We sold basically everything we could except for the bare essentials—”

“You mean your high end homes?” Jenny said.

“I mean, we're *sharing* a single house in Los Angeles now, and it's not what anyone would call a deluxe house,” Brooklynn said. “No penthouse. No trips. Certainly no Fashion Week. We *were* spoiled princesses, no doubt Jenny, but we aren't any more. And even back when we were, I know *I* at least tried hard not to show off or revel in what we had. The press liked showing it off, but I worked as hard as I could to still play the game of an actress trying to promote the projects she's working on without rubbing the public's face in the rich life.”

“Well,” Esme offered, “maybe keep trying with that. And I don't think Max is going to want to show off his wealth. I mean, he'll probably use some of it to get a handful of very nice things – a place to live, a great location for a restaurant, taking care of his Frankie and the brother – but beyond that, I think he's not going to abuse it all that much.”

“Speaking of Frankie,” Yael interjected. “Has *anybody* gotten *anything* useful from him so far? To me, he's felt like he's just a guy who's hung around Max forever, not really his *friend*.”

“No, they're definitely friends,” Esme said. “I think the problem is that Max is just sort of a private individual, and Frankie isn't the kind of guy to push, so he doesn't always get the most indepth analysis of what Max is thinking. But he and Max have been talking a bunch today while they're working, and that means Frankie'll have a bunch of information for us to pry out of him after they're done with the day's shift.”

“Let's hope, because I want to get a read on how he and I are doing,” Jenny said. “I felt like I was starting to establish a rapport with him, but considering how many women are throwing themselves at him these days, it's hard to trust those feelings, you know?”

“Just play the game,” Esme said. “And may the baddest bitch win.”

Mrs. Churchill – 3/8/2017 – Thursday – 6:52 pm

“So how are we looking, Jacinda? Delta Group ready to enter the picture?” Mrs. Churchill asked her assistant.

“Looks like it, boss,” Jacinda replied. “This is our first group that has more international players than it does US citizens, so it should shake things up a bit, give it kind of a touristy vibe for the next day or so.”

“Are they more or less thirsty than Charlie Group was?” Maia asked.

“Less? Maybe?” Jacinda smiled and shrugged a little bit. “With this many women in play at once, it's extremely hard to tell who's going to bounce off whom and how they're going to interact. They all want a piece of Max, and there's never going to be enough of him to go around. For the most part, we tried to stick to women who would understand and respect the rules, and would definitely still go for what they wanted, but wouldn't blow the whole fucking thing up in our faces.”

“Cover our own asses above all else,” Lynne said. “I hear that.”

“I'm not sure the cover stories some of these ladies are going to spin on how they're here in the states, or how they belong to this fictional international ring of sex clubs Dana's invented, but I guess that's their problem, and not ours.”

“They're resourceful women,” Mrs. Churchill said. “I trust they'll do what they have to, to make sure their covers aren't blown.”

“That's not the only thing some of them will be blowing,” Lynne muttered with a smirk beneath her breath.

“Esme's also put the word out that the club is going to need more men around tonight, so a couple of the girls are sending in their brothers to be window dressing for the time being,” Jacinda added. “We're hoping that'll give enough cover and make it look like it isn't just endless women parading for Max's attention.”

“Excellent,” Mrs. Churchill said. “Send Dana a message, letting her know I'm coming by.”

The silence in the room was so loud it could've deafened God.

“Uh, what?” Jacinda said, being brave enough to speak first.

“I want to get an up close and personal set of eyes on the matter—”

“—but the cameras!”

“—and so I'm going stop by and size the whole thing up in person.” Mrs. Churchill laughed a little. “Lighten up, ladies. It isn't as if I'm making a play for Max myself, but I want to have him at least comfortable enough with having seen my presence around that it doesn't send him into a tizzy any time he catches me near by.”

“I thought the idea was that we weren't exposed, boss.”

“Yes, well, we still won't be. But I want to take stock of how Max is handling this all with my own skillset, and, to be frank, it isn't something any of you are capable of. No offense, Doctor.”

“None taken,” Doctor Williamson chuckled. “I'm here for Max's physical safety, not his mental state of affairs.”

Mrs. Churchill moved over towards the door, grabbing her coat, a strange smile on her face. “Oh, just relax would you? Everything's going to be fine.”

MRS. CHURCHILL'S NOTES (Cast of Characters):

The Mark (& Company)

- **Max Brewster** – *The Mark* – 42, Caucasian, doughy, with mostly black (although with some gray) hair pulled back into a ponytail, sleeved with tats, tanned skin, brown eyes (near sighted), owner of the Constant Rotation food truck, and long lost grandson and only living relative of the late billionaire Max Brand. Seems like a nice enough guy, but a bit shy and a touch socially awkward. The more women I can get him to knock up, the more me and my team get paid. He had a restaurant go up in a fire and through a loophole, didn't get any recompense from either the building owner or the insurance company, and started the food truck as a way to get a fresh start.
- **Monty Brand (deceased)** – *The Bank* – Died at 102 about three months ago. Established the Brand game before his death, whereas his only living relative (Max), gets his inheritance after he's spread their genetic lineage to at least 10 women, although he can't know about the game until after it's over. I feel a little sorry for Max, but he's going to be having so much casual sex that I can't muster up too much sympathy for him. Monty wanted to make sure that both Max sowed his wild oats and also punished him for waiting so long to do so. Monty was a tough old bastard, but he's leaving Max over a hundred billion dollars, so I guess he's entitled to be.
- **Frankie Yen** – *The Inside Man* – 38, Asian American, Max's best friend, and his coworker at the Constant Rotation truck. Frankie also owns the house where Max lives in an apartment above the garage. Frankie's been a wonderful resource for us to use, and is in on the game, although he's also a little bit flaky, and doesn't always have the information we want. Doing our homework on the people Max had dated was exceptionally difficult, and I still feel like we're missing some key details that will make the whole puzzle make sense.
- **Carlos & Joey Hernandez** – *The B-Team* – The two Hispanic brothers who man the Constant Rotation food truck on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, so that Max and Frankie get two days off but the truck is still earning. We're going to have to find some way to convince Max to let these two take more shifts on the truck so that we get more time with him, but Jacinda's got a few thoughts on that, and some of the girls in the game have already coopted one day of the truck's schedule, so maybe it won't be as big a problem as anticipated.

Mrs. Churchill's Team

- **Mrs. Helen Churchill** – *The HBIC (Head Bitch In Charge)* – Me. 59, short cut white hair, no nonsense business-like attitude. I've been told I resemble Dame Judi Dench, which I take as a compliment. I'm the woman in charge of the Max Brewster Project, contracted by Monty Brand.
- **Jacinda Acosta** – *The Heir To My Throne* – My right hand woman. 29, from Madrid. Black hair, brown eyes, brown skin, could stand to eat a sandwich. Only has about seven months with the team. Stresses out easily.
- **Maia Brown** – *PR* – 44, former Kentucky television station manager, in charge of social smokescreens and making sure we don't draw any attention to our operations.
- **Lynne Jefferson** – *Tech* – 28, heavy set, African American. Our technical manager, who handles all our cameras and internet connectivity. The newest member to the team, brought on about six months before the start of this project.
- **Carmen Vasquez** – *Graveyard Shift* – 37, our late night set of eyes, the one I trust to watch the camera feed when the rest of us are getting our good night's worth of sleep in.
- **Doctor (Rachel) Williamson** – 44, our staff doctor whose entire job it is to keep an eye on Max's health, to make sure he's not being overtaxed or exhausted beyond his capabilities.

- **Danny Garney** – *The Muscle* – 34, ex-Delta Force, chiseled and ridiculously good looking, head of security and Max's personal bodyguard, even if Max doesn't know about it. If there's anyone I'm going to lean on if shit gets out of hand, it's Danny, who's been part of my operations for about three years now, after an injury cut his military career short.
- **Liane Jing** – *Muscle Adjacent* – Danny's girlfriend, 26, 6'6" Asian American, gorgeous and playful, knows what Danny's up to, but doesn't mind being used as cover considering it gives her a front row seat to the madness. Liane's been with Danny long enough that I have her under NDA, and if he does the right thing and puts a ring on it, I may even consider bringing her into the team, since she seems to have good instincts at crisis management.
- **Heather Bickers** – *Midnight Muscle* – 31, ex-Army Ranger. Danny can't be awake all the time, so Heather's doing nightwatch duty for him, as she has on and off for gags we've been running. Heather's smart, capable and an excellent person to serve as Danny's second.

Alfa Group

- **Zoe Hitchens** – *The Planner* – 36, business analyst, light blonde, Nordic, 5'7", glasses, blue eyes, expensive tastes, the smartest in A group, wants to organize for success, from DC. So far, Zoe's been instrumental in making the group time spent with Max feel natural and organic. I don't think she's after Max for the long haul, but she's definitely invested in making sure the game is a huge success. Might even be a candidate for my team at a later date, post kid or if she doesn't get knocked up. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Dana Weismann** – *The Socialite* – 32, heiress/investor, brunette, 5'9", had nose job/boob job, brown eyes, doesn't care about the money only wants good DNA for her kid. Is presenting herself as the owner of the Berkeley chapter of the Ironwood Estates sex club, something the girls made up to try and sell Max on the story. She's whip smart and seems to enjoy the challenge the game presents. Definitely not wifey candidate. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Michelle Stenson** – *The Joker* – 24, pharmaceutical rep, 5'4", dark blonde, ex college cheerleader, the ultra flirt, mostly just here to get in, have a good time, get knocked up and get out, from Texas. Seems to enjoying the girls' company more than Max's, but definitely wants to get her cut. No chance of going for wifey. **Attempts:1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Rachel Munroe** – *The Intellectual* – 27, redhead, psychiatrist, 5'2", wants to keep everyone on the rails, protective of the girls' feelings. Haven't decided if she's going to try and go wifey or not, but is another smart put early in the game, as she's helping sell the story well. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Kelly Coleman** – *The Damaged Student Athlete* – 21, brunette, native Californian, 5'7", 120, in phenomenal shape except walks with a slight limp, was a rising up and coming tennis star until an accident injured her too much to ever play again, has a chip on her shoulder and something to prove. Definitely not wifey material, but will be a good touchstone for the younger girls in the game. Took one in the mouth and one in the ass to sell the story, so definitely willing to play the game as needed. Has potential to run long in the game. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Mai Liang** – *The Banker* – 30, investment banker, 5'6", slender, 2nd gen Chinese American, tired of feeling like a walk on in someone else's story, does NOT intend to keep Max around. She's got a bit of a chip on her shoulder, but I think she's going to be another get in, get knocked up, get out candidate, and won't care about upping the pool after she's gone. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Jenny Westinghouse** – *The Undercover Cop* – 33, strawberry blonde, 5'10", Oakland detective, keeps strange hours which makes it hard to have a relationship, on 3 months administrative leave following difficult UC assignment, dependable & accomplished liar. I knew Jenny was going to be a key player in our game, but she's taken to it like a fish to water. Might be wifey candidate. Certainly seems like she wants to go for the long game. One to watch closely. Her

- and Zoe are my current odds on favorites, although it's early. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Cara Bianchi** – *The Tourist* – 25, brunette, 5'11", business owner, visiting from Rome, wants a non-Italian father, in need of money, doesn't want to ever talk to Max. I was pretty impressed with how Dana and Esme handled Cara's incredibly specific demands, and I'm hoping it took so we can just get her out of here, as she's a massive pain the ass. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
 - **Blake Brown** – *The Party Girl* – 19, 6'2", blonde, Berkeley student, sees this as an opportunity to have a kid early in life, have the day care and her tuition paid for, studying to get into IP law. She's nowhere near mature enough to stick with Max long term, but she'll be a fun dalliance for him to dip his dick into, assuming she doesn't put him off with her flippant attitude or her incessant textspeak. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
 - **Esme Santiago** – *The Team Player* – 24, 5'4", Latina, up from Texas, wants to have a child but dislikes everyone in her small town, intends to go back home after the competition and help her parents run the family business. Doesn't seem like wifey potential, but is working well with Dana to sell the Ironwood Estates story, acting as “manager” of the club. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**

Bravo Group

- **Zelda Fujikawa** – *Doctor Wifey* – 34, 2nd gen Japanese immigrant, oncologist on sabbatical from a Miami hospital, wants to stay with Max past the game. Extremely pragmatic and determined. Could be a contender. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Anya Petrov** – *The Eye Candy* – 25, Russian model, blonde, fit, definitely in it just for the money, literal zero chance of being wifey material. Am a little worried about her being too passive for the game, but I suspect we'll see the competitor come out in her after a few weeks of Max's head not being turned. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **LaTonya Jefferson** – *The Investor* – 27, African American, restaurateur from Chicago, not looking to stick around but wants to amp the game to get as many girls pregnant as possible. I like how this girl thinks, in that she's in it to make sure the prize pool gets as big as possible, and doesn't give a fuck about anyone's feelings along the way. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Diane Wilson** – *The Deadender* – 26, brunette, diner owner from small Kentucky town, needs the money, wants the kid. She seems nice enough, too passive to be wifey material, but is definitely going to make sure she gets her oven filled with a bun, as she's up to her eyeballs in debt, and the money to take care of the kid stretches a whole lot further in the Rust Belt than it does in the Bay. Could get cutthroat if the rest of the girls don't give her her shot. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Janet Flowers** – *The Unrealistic Clockwatcher* – 33, nurse from Oklahoma, convinced her clock is ticking despite the fact that she's still got the better part of a decade. Strikes me as overly excitable, and not wifey material, but is definitely not going to throw away her shot. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Olivia Castle** – *The Realistic Clockwatcher* – 41, TV exec from LA, knows her time is running out and that a viable pregnancy is going to be difficult for her if she waits too much longer. Can't tell if she wants to be wifey contender or not, but she's in TV, and that means she will cut a bitch for getting in her way. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Song Min-a** – *The Foreign Starlet* – 25, actress from South Korea, wants a baby completely removed from the press of her home country. Nobody knows who she is here, but she's a massive star in her home country. She had to duck the press leaving, but the longer she's in the game, the more attention her presence might bring. We're hoping to keep her presence in the Bay quiet, but it's not something that we can completely control. Doesn't want to be wifey, so won't be, but wants the father of her child to be a non-issue. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**

- **Lisbeth Rodriguez** – *The Fugitive* – 23, Latina from Arizona, wants a father for her child that her bad ex can't track down. I feel for Lisbeth, I really do, and I decided if she gets pregnant, we're going to give her a “signing bonus” to help her relocate after the game, to get away from a particularly vindictive ex-husband. We'll get her settled somewhere in the Northeast with a new name and a new life, away from that asshole. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Yael Getschmann** – *The Bohemian* – 31, Jewish, artist/sculptor, split between just wanting the kid and wanting to go for the brass ring. Could be wifey material, but also may not be motivated enough for our boy, who seems a bit of a hustler when it comes to work life, whereas Yael's pretty much had everything handed to her on a silver platter. One to watch. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Charity Morrison** – *The Kind Soul* – 38, blonde, professional caregiver, just doesn't have time to date but wants a kid. I don't know that I've ever met a more aptly named woman. Charity wants a kid, but hasn't got a great social support system for dating, and her work makes meeting new people a giant challenge. No chance at wifey status, but one of the ones I'm personally rooting for to get her fill. **Attempts: 0.**

Charlie Group

- **Marta Youngquist** – *The Nutritionist* – 33, personal trainer, yogi, cook and dietitian. Blonde, slender, pretty in a kind of naturist way. She's been offering advice on what kinds of food to give to Max to keep his sexual appetite and energy up, as well as to increase his virility, although I don't know how much of that is actual science and how much of it is pseudo mumbo jumbo. No way in hell she makes wifey. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Brooklynn Travers** – *The Fallen Older Sister* – 36, actress, heiress to nothing, from a somewhat shattered family. Redhead, sporty, talented, a little conniving maybe. She and her sister were the heirs to the Travers fortune. You know, the one that disappeared just a few years ago, when the patriarch died and it was revealed that the family “fortune” was purely paper fiction. She and her sister are earning decent money acting, but they're used to living large, and I suspect the game is just as much about the money as it is the kid. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Guinevere “Gwen” Travers** – *The Fallen Younger Sister* – 33, actress, also an heiress to nothing. Brunette, thin, very pale. If Brooklynn is the populist actress, Gwen's the arthouse rebel. She's also had a long list of disastrous relationships. The two sisters are both interested in having kids out of the spotlight, and so they're doing this for themselves, although I think *both* have aspirations of turning wifey. Their chances? Not entirely sure. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Keisha Jefferson** – *The Attorney* – 37, lawyer from NYC. African-American, highly accomplished. If there's anyone who read every single line of our NDA, it was Keisha, who's here just to get herself a child without the hassle of having a father who wants to be involved in the child's life. She's going to get in, then get out, but she's also going to make sure the game does well and her paycheck is solid. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Erika Lu** – *The Songwriter* – 31, professional songwriter from LA. Asian-American, ex-choir girl, ex-cheerleader, cheery and positive as all hell. Erika's been working with lots of very well known performers, and has probably co-written a number of songs you know and love. She's hard to get a read on, so maybe she's going for wifey, maybe not. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Felicita Rodriguez** – *The Architect* – 35, one of the architects from Rodriguez & Sons construction company from Mexico City. Latina, should've been a model. She's got a bit of a chip on her shoulder that her father didn't rename the company to include her when she joined the company. Just wants the anonymity and the money. Not going for the brass ring, I think. **Attempts: 0.**

- **Nina Hanson** – *The Stylist* – 24, a beautician and hair stylist from Cleveland. Blonde, BBW, charming and personable. Needs the money, wants the kid. Feels mostly like a seatfiller, but might surprise us, considering she's remarkably easy to talk to. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Angel MacDonald** – *The Hard Sell* – 27, looks *much* younger. Blonde, slender, dresses to play into her extremely youthful appearance. I think Angel's going to have the hardest time with Max because she just doesn't appear old enough, so she's going to have to very much play into the “no one takes me seriously” angle, rather than the “I'm a cute little Lolita” shtick she's been using with boys her entire life. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Danielle Fox** – *The Fashionista* – 24, brunette from Dublin. She's a fashion Instagrammer TikTok model, and we had a *personal* talk with her about how much shit she'd be in for blogging or getting *any* of this on social media. She's gorgeous and savvy, and is used to looking pretty, but her boyfriend is impotent, and they want a child, so he's given her permission to do this crazy thing while he's uploading prerecorded stuff for the three months while she's away. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Hana Tanaka** – *The Shut-In* – 28, from Nikko, Japan, two hours north of Tokyo up the mountains. Hana is painfully shy, so I'm hoping she's going to pair up with someone else who can get her into Max's bed. She wants a child, but doesn't want to have to find a husband to do it. **Attempts: 0.**

Delta Group

- **Sunshine White** – *The Hippie* – 29, “maker” and metalsmith. You know, I've heard about people like Sunshine for years, how they would spend time at Burning Man in tutus and fairy costumes while welding steel onto the side of an old schoolbus, but I always believed that was sort of a myth, until I met Sunshine, who is *so* that person. Is local, but way too out there to be wifey material. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Aisha Janson** – *The Comedian* – 34, professional stand up comedian from Oakland. She's been a writer and a stand up for the better part of twenty years, and while she's made a great career out of it, she's had some bad run ins with male comics that soured her on long term relationships. She knows not to make material out of this. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Kayla Denver** – *The World Traveler* – 28, a travel writer/blogger who graduated from college and went on a world tour that she's never really come down from. Is best known for her article on how to travel nonstop on frequent flyer miles for basically nothing. Seems like she's mostly in it for the experience. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Tisha Brady** – *The War Photographer* – 33, a photojournalist from Jordan who has spent the last decade in every war zone she can find, which has already won her a Pulitzer. She's a little embittered by life, so she's hoping bringing a life into the world will shock her out of her ennui. Will be a little heavy for Max, but will be a good contrast. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Aiko Cabrera** – *The Small Town Peruvian* – 26, works at a roadside motel in Huaraz, Peru as both desk clerk and maid. She's never been out of Peru before now, although her English is excellent. She's mostly here to see the world, and get outside of her little comfort zone. She's not in it for the long haul, but definitely wants a kid. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Delphine Trudeau** – *The Fashionista* – 25, an up and coming fashion designer from Paris, she's so heavily immersed in the fashion world that she doesn't see many other ways to meet a man outside of that world. I'm mostly intrigued to see how high fashion runs into... Max. But she's French, so I'm sure she'll make it work. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Daisy May Price** – *The Deep Fried Southerner* – 22, works on her parents' farm in rural Georgia, and wants to have a child but knows her parents would never approve without meeting the man, and they have *hated* all her boyfriends. Daisy May is loud and boisterous and is going

to bring volume to the competition. Let's see if Max knows what hit him. **Attempts: 0.**

- **Eliza Sims** – *The War Widow* – 25, still trying to recover from the loss of her husband, Nick, who was KIA in Afghanistan last year. Her whole world fell apart, and she's still sort of grasping at straws, but feels like being a mother will be the first step on her road to recovery. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Rose Whitcombe** – *The Athlete's Daughter* – 20, from England, daughter of professional soccer legend Max Whitcome. Rose has been trying to find a place for herself, competing in international dressage competitions, but right now, she's mostly just eager to do something to rile her father up. Something of a firecracker. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Ali O'Halloran** – *The Mountie* – 29, from far northern Canada, Ali's been working for Canadian law enforcement since she was old enough to be admitted, but the job hasn't left her room for starting a family. Very friendly and approachable, and hopefully won't get shoved out of space for Max's attention. **Attempts: 0.**

Echo Group

Foxtrot Group

Golf Group

- **Shu Yeoh** – *The Legacy* – Daughter of Gemma Yeoh, one of the Oversight Trio.

Hotel Group

India Group

Juliatt Group

- **Isabella** – *The Apocalypse* – God help us when she arrives... Perhaps the most unpredictable and dangerous player in the game.
- **Adette Schwartz** – *The Late Addition* – Dieter's grand daughter, an entry to the game after it's already started, something I wouldn't normally do, but saying no to Dieter would make things a whole hell of a lot more complicated.. Dieter's not to be trusted so who the hell knows what this girl's real agenda is.

Other figures of note

- **Christine DeSilva** – *The Reporter* – God. Dammit.