

Quaranteam: North West

Chapter 8 (Beta)

By BreaktheBar

The following story is based on the fantastic [Quaranteam](#) series by CorruptingPower over on Literotica. You can continue to expect general themes of light Mind Control, bonding and Harems from the original, but with a slightly edgy and alternative cast. In this chapter you can expect some lore developments and some sneaky oral and sex.

This Beta draft won't be official until it receives the approval of CorruptingPower to make sure falls in line with the core timeline and setting. As a Beta draft, it may see small or large revisions before final posting. If any major revisions are made, I'll make sure to let the Patrons know!

“There is no official precedent for this yet, Mr Black, so we’re just going to go ahead and keep you in the loop,” Dr Charlotte Varma said. “In short, you and Ms Peters show all the signs of having gone through the vaccination bonding process.”

I nodded slowly, letting out a long breath as I tried not to think about the ache of my black eye.

The office I’d been left in was little more than a whitewashed box of walls with a few chairs and a little round table. The plain walls were only broken up by the single door, which I hadn’t bothered to check was locked or not, and the big flatscreen over which the doctor was talking with me.

“I don’t understand how though, Doc,” I said. “Vanessa didn’t get the vaccine shot, and everything my current partners were told about the vaccine was that our... activities should have been safe.”

“And that’s the concern we have,” Doctor Varma said. “My husband is currently running further numbers on the blood samples that were sent down to us. But even the early tests done up there are showing the markers for the imprinting process occurring in Ms Peters body. It *shouldn’t* have happened. That’s why I requested this chat with you. The report on the matter that we received was somewhat... vague in certain areas.”

I flushed but nodded. I’d hoped this wasn’t where we were going, but had figured we’d end up here eventually no matter what.

When I made the call, Miriam jumped into action. She’d remained calm on the phone, but the speed with which she organized the helicopter to come and pick up Vanessa had told me this

wasn't just her concern for me or concern for a woman she had met in passing for a couple of minutes. While Erica and I had waited for the helicopter to arrive we'd done our best to get Vanessa cleaned up - she'd been soaked in the squirt that Ivy and Erica had sprayed her with, so we used a wet cloth to wipe her down carefully, and then got her dressed again in everything except those steel toe boots she always wore. Then we'd had to just wait.

I'd been expecting a doctor or two on the helicopter wanting to come to check her over, but we got a couple of air corpsmen instead who immediately began to strap her to a gurney for transport. Getting her from the compound to the helicopter was a bit of chaos - there were construction workers gawking, and the other foreman who had taken over the site for Vanessa's day off had demanded some answers. I'd just told him she'd come to hang out for the day, and I needed Brent Peter's number to let him know what was going on. He'd given it to me, and said he needed to call the site General Manager himself.

Erica and Ivy had both wanted to come with us on the helicopter, but the airmen had only allowed me to travel. I kissed Erica and Ivy, trying to reassure them in a rush, and hopped onto the helicopter.

I didn't get any answers from the crew other than that we were heading to Portland, and I couldn't make a call with the noise of the helicopter engine and blades, so it was pointless to answer when Brent Peters called me. I texted him instead, telling him where we were headed and that Vanessa seemed OK, but was unconscious and needed medical attention.

We'd landed on the roof of a building in downtown Portland that looked like it had been retrofitted for the helicopter pad. We were met by a quartet of labcoats in full hazmat gear, which seemed to put the airmen who had only been wearing medical masks on edge a bit, and Vanessa was wheeled in one direction after we stepped off the elevator while I was escorted in the other.

Looking back over my shoulder at her getting taken away on that gurney was heartbreaking in a way I wouldn't have expected.

The labcoats interviewed me and took blood samples a few times. The only reassurance I got was when Miriam stepped into the observation room I'd been placed in, her Command facade dropping for a moment as she pulled me into a quick, tight hug and she told me Vanessa was fine, and we weren't in trouble. She couldn't stay though, and had to leave back to work.

They'd taken my phone when we entered the building for security reasons, and I spent what I had to guess was several hours in that observation room, mostly alone and with nothing to do but think.

When I was finally escorted out of the room and down the hall to a nicer waiting room, I assumed because they decided I wasn't infected or contagious or something, I saw Brent Peters through the waiting room door. I steeled myself for the conversation I was about to have,

but when Brent saw me he jumped to his feet and rushed me. It was chaos for a long moment. Brent landed a solid punch to my face, leading to the black eye that was now throbbing, and I didn't fight back. Several airmen kept us separated, and I was brought back to the observation pod without even being able to apologize to the man.

"How detailed do you want me to be?" I asked Doctor Varma. She was an attractive woman, even looking haggard from work and lack of sleep. I could only assume if she was a specialist with the vaccine that she was working some pretty heavy overtime hours. Her french accent, different enough from Ivy's that I could tell she was French and not Quebecois, didn't help with downplaying her attractiveness.

"As detailed as you can," Doctor Varma said. "Let's start at the beginning. You woke up this morning and initiated a sexual encounter with your partner Ms Lacosta, correct?"

"That's correct," I said.

"What was the nature of the encounter? Oral? Vaginal?"

"Vaginal," I said.

"And did she orgasm?"

I blew out a breath, trying to control my embarrassment. "When I finished, she did."

Doctor Varma nodded and took some notes, seemingly unphased by the nature of the conversation. "And where did you finish?" she asked.

"Uh, vaginally," I said. "Inside her."

She just nodded along and kept prompting me. I explained about Ivy initiating a second round, beginning oral sex on my penis. She asked if I had been cleaned between encounters, which I hadn't. It hadn't seemed important at the time, since Ivy and Erica liked to play with each other as much as they did me.

Then it got worse, as I was prompted to explain in detail the nature of the sexual encounter between the four of us. How Ivy and I only did anal by her request. How Erica was particularly wet when aroused. How Vanessa had eaten her out and been squirted on. Then I was answering questions like 'Approximately how much of the female ejaculation did Ms Peters ingest compared to being exposed dermatologically?'

And that, of course, led to explaining the 'female bukake' scenario. And fucking Ivy's ass while the squirting was going on. And finally, *finally*, we got to me engaging directly with Vanessa.

“To the best of your ability, Mr Black, please consider the events as carefully as you can. When you entered Ms Peters vagina with your penis, did you clean yourself off at all?”

“I... did,” I said. “I had just been having anal sex with Ivy, so I wiped my penis with a wet washcloth.”

“Mmm,” Doctor Varma nodded, still scribbling her notes. “And when you penetrated her, did you notice any particular emotions or events occur with Ms Peters?”

“I think- yeah,” I said. “Before penetration, I had encouraged an orgasm with my fingers and some, um, light choking and dirty talk-”

“You digitally manipulated her vagina, or something else?”

“Her vagina,” I clarified. “So she had only just orgasmed when I penetrated her, and I believe she had another one almost immediately.”

“Mmm,” Doctor Varma nodded and held up a finger to ask me to wait as she scribbled an extra-long note to herself. “Alright, continue. Once the initial orgasm from penetration had occurred, does anything she did or said stand out?”

“All of us had been pretty vocal with dirty talk,” I said. “She, um, you know. The usual? Directing me to have sex with her in a specific way. Complimenting me on how it felt.”

“Anything else? Particulars may be important,” Doctor Varma prompted me again.

“Um, she offered me anal sex as well, but I told her I wanted to take my time if we were going to do that and I was close. That excited her, and she encouraged me to ejaculate inside of her and got kinky in that demand.”

“Kinky in what way?” she asked.

“Well, she’d told us before about having a hysterectomy as a young teen, and she was talking about how she wished she had a womb I could, ah, fill. It got a little primal at the end, encouraging me to take her and make her mine. Caveman kind of stuff.”

“I see,” Doctor Varma nodded again, taking more notes. “And I assume you did? Ejaculate inside her, that is.”

“Yes,” I nodded. “She orgasmed again at that point, pretty hard, and when she didn’t respond to a compliment I paid her I realized she wasn’t awake and was mumbling.”

“She was repeating ‘imprinting,’ correct?” Doctor Varma asked.

“Well, yes and no,” I said. “I’d heard the ‘imprinting’ thing when I bonded with Erica and Ivy. Vanessa wasn’t as clear, it was like she was saying it over a choppy connection if you know what I mean.”

“Hmm, interesting,” Doctor Varma frowned. “You didn’t happen to record this, did you?”

“No,” I shook my head. “That wasn’t really the important thing on my mind at that point.”

“Understandable, Mr Black,” the doctor said. “Alright, hold tight. I need to consult with some of my staff here.” And she cut the video call.

I was alone for a bit, left to my own thoughts. I should have known, or seen it, as it was happening. Vanessa had been horny, but was she ‘I’d let you get me pregnant if I could’ horny? Erica hadn’t dropped that, our first time together, but she’d said other things that were similar. ‘Take me’ and ‘make me yours’ and that kind of stuff. And so had Ivy, though she’d been babbling in french half the time so it was hard to say for sure.

Erica had gotten a mental flag on the play, though. She’d heard it more than I had. Heard the tone of her voice, or the words. Maybe one or the other had echoed in her, and she’d remembered how she’d felt. She hadn’t tried to stop me, stop us, but maybe it had been too late at that point.

The TV flashed, losing a digital telephone ring, and I grabbed the remote from the table and accepted the call.

“Hell, Mr Black,” said the man on the other end. He was another labcoat, and as best I could tell from the blurry background he was likely in the same facility or even the same room as Doctor Varma had been. Unlike her, he was of Indian descent with a dark complexion and a well-trimmed but thick black beard that made me a little self-conscious of my own. Erica had wanted me to grow mine out a bit so she could decide if she liked it longer or shorter, and Ivy didn’t care, so I was looking even more like a mountain man than usual. “My name is Doctor Varma, but you can call me Dev,” he continued.

“You’re the last woman’s husband,” I said, putting two and two together.

“I am,” he nodded. “I apologise that I wasn’t the one to do the follow-up interview. We’ve both reviewed the content and I’m sure it wasn’t a comfortable conversation to have with her.”

“No, please. I’m sorry,” I said. “I never thought I’d be having a conversation like that with someone’s wife.”

He got a wry grin at this and held up a hand to ease me. “Believe me, Mr Black. Since joining the vaccine team we have had more than a few of these sorts of conversations considering the

nature of the vaccine. Yours was certainly a novel case of details, but it's personal for you, not us."

I just nodded, not knowing what to say. I hadn't considered how often sex must come up in their day-to-day work if they were specialists.

"Now, I have - well, I can't say it's good nor bad news," the doctor said. "Interesting for us, certainly. As I'm sure you're aware, as you have two partners already, the vaccine is supposed to only be transmissible from women to men for the purposes of diluting the effects on men. To be frank, no one here on the team had considered the possibility of transferring and initiating a bonding process from one woman to another through female ejaculate. It doesn't help that the general science community, those that would even think of it, haven't exactly spent time cataloguing and studying female ejaculate to begin with. But, I digress, your situation wasn't tested for, but as far as we can tell it still shouldn't have been able to happen."

"So what does that mean, doc?" I asked.

"It means that you, or one of your current partners, or some combination, integrated with the vaccine and imprinting process in an exceptional way. A variant response is how we're categorizing it at the moment, and to be frank not even one of the most surprising ones we've encountered as the testing continues to broaden. As best we can tell from your interview, it is likely that Ms Peters was vaccinated through the oral ingestion of the female ejaculate - all the markers of a normal imprinting process occur when you began coitus together.

"Now, the truly interesting part of this is obviously the fact that this happened at all, but following the results of the blood tests from the Testing facility up where you are, and the preliminary tests we've completed on the samples that got flown down to us here, we've found that it isn't likely to be a phenomenon that is worth pursuing. Unfortunately, while Ms Peters is certainly going to be imprinted on you to some degree, it also seems that the efficacy of the vaccine in her system will be well under our current rates. Right now our projection is that she will only have an efficacy rate of about thirty-five to forty per cent, while a woman who has undergone our current best practices has an efficacy of somewhere around the eightieth percentile."

I had to rub my forehead and close my eyes for a long moment as I tried to parse everything he was saying. "So what does that mean, Doctor Dev?" I asked.

"It means that Ms Peters is now part of your 'Team,' he said. "That's what I've been calling the groups of imprinted people colloquially around here, anyways. But where your other two partners have a high likelihood of staving off the Duo Halo virus, if Ms Peters is exposed she is about half as likely to resist initial infection or gain serious aid in fighting off an infection she catches."

"So we've put her at risk by having casual sex with her," I said. "Fuck me, this is exactly the kind of shit that I was worried about when she asked to join in with us."

“Yes and no, Mr Black,” he said. “To be frank, it is entirely possible that her integration with the vaccine will grow and normalize over time with repeated exposure to you. One of the many things we are trying to understand about the vaccine is how sexual intercourse bolsters imprinted partners. Generally, we haven’t seen that occur for women, since they cannot have more than one imprinted male partner, but the more partners men are in contact with the more efficacy their own levels seem to incur.”

“So you’re saying she’s stuck with me,” I said. “She asked for no-strings-attached, and she got trapped into a sexual relationship.”

“You could certainly look at it that way,” he said. “But-”

“But,” his wife said, coming into view on his end and hovering over his shoulder. “I would remind you, Mr Black, that she *did* choose to initiate a group sexual encounter with you and your partners. And once she is awake from the imprinting process, I would not be surprised if she feels content with the overall situation following any initial panic or shock.”

I leaned back in my chair and started at the ceiling for a moment. “You know, when I first heard about this from Erica, I told her it sounded like some sort of brainwashing mind control shit. I couldn’t believe she’d gotten the vaccine. But then everything was going so well that I stopped thinking about it. And Ivy was happy, and Erica’s brother was partnered and they were both extremely happy. But this-” I sighed heavily and looked at the two scientists on the screen. “This is some fucked up, B-movie super villain kind of shit. You guys realize that, right? Like, where is James Bond in all of this?”

Doctor Dev frowned, but his wife smirked. “Yes,” she said. “We are aware of how inappropriate many of the factors of the vaccine are, Mr Black. It is a marvel of modern medicine, but we are still grappling with the necessities that come along with it.”

“Also, and I say this only because I’m feeling somewhat dirty in my own right at the moment,” Doctor Dev continued from his wife, “Neither Charlotte nor I were part of the initial design of this vaccine, Mr Black. We’re just here trying to untangle the mess.”

Together they ran me through what I should expect moving forward. Vanessa was going to be monitored until she woke up, so I was going to spend the night where I was at. She’d get a complete physical, and they’d take more blood for testing before she’d be released into my care and we were brought back home. Then, depending on what she wanted, she would either be able to live with Erica, Ivy and I, or she could maintain some distance for the time being and only come to see me for the sexual encounters she would require. We would both receive follow-up check-ins from someone on the Vaccine testing team to draw more blood periodically to check if Vanessa’s efficacy was changing, or if mine was.

The Varmas signed off, leaving me alone in the little meeting room again. Not knowing when I would be able to leave, I decided to try and fall back on one of my old military instincts - sleep when you can. So I got comfortable in the chair, closed my eyes, and let myself drift into a fitful, not-quite-soothing sleep.

“Harri,” someone said, and I woke with a start as my shoulder was touched.

“Mmf,” I grunted, and sniffed in a breath as I blinked rapidly and looked around. I was still in the room, and Miriam was smiling at me. She was dressed in fatigues here in the military office complex instead of her service dress blues and her hair was up in a standard military bun hidden beneath the standard issue cap.

“Just like a grunt to take any reason for a nap,” she grinned at me. “Come on. We can talk in my office.”

I stood, yawned and stretched, feeling something pop in my back and my shoulder from the uncomfortable position I’d been in. “Lead the way, Lieutenant Colonel,” I said.

She rolled her eyes at me a little but didn’t say anything, just opening the door and walking through. I followed her back into that hallway where Brent had clocked me. He wasn’t in the waiting room at the end of the hall. “Is Brent-” I started to ask.

“He’s waiting on another floor,” Miriam said. “Refuses to leave until he sees his daughter is alright. It’s making operations slow down over at the construction site, but I can’t blame him.”

“Neither can I,” I said, touching the tenderness of my black eye.

Miriam led me through several very plain corridors lined with doors. None of them had windows to see in, and most had nameplate mounts but lacked names, and instead were labelled with numbers. It struck me as secretive, and that meant I was probably in the Air Force part of the building and not the Vaccine Test Center part. If they were trying to make people feel at ease joining an experimental program, these plain walls and doors forming a maze were not the way to do it. Confounding an enemy trying to sneak through this part of the building, though? It was perfect.

I followed Miriam until she stopped at a seemingly random door and opened it, leading me into a large office. It had a large bank of windows, but extra-heavy curtains had been hung over them and were drawn shut to the point I wondered if they were nailed in place. One wall was entirely covered in a whiteboard with all sorts of coded writing on it. There were two desks in the room; the main desk was scattered with papers and a computer terminal, with a plush office chair tucked in behind it. The second desk had more stuff on it, but in neater piles, and Captain Bloomberg was sitting behind it at work. She glanced up at us as we entered and gave me a slightly judgemental look, before going back to the printout she was reading. The rest of the

office space was dominated by file shelving units, a gun safe, and a leather couch that looked uncomfortable but was probably soft as hell.

“Captain, could you give us five?” Miriam asked.

“Of course, Ma’am,” she nodded, set down the papers face-down and stepped around her desk to the door. She shot Miriam a quick look, and Miriam gave her one back, and the Captain left. If I had to guess it, had to do with the fact that this office was probably full of classified material and information and the Captain was silently reminding her superior officer not to let me poke around or leave me alone in there.

“Sit, please,” Miriam sighed once the door was closed and we were alone, gesturing at the couch. I did, instantly sinking into it, and she sat on the other end and turned to me. “So, now that we know it’s not life-threatening, you feel ready to get teased yet?”

I snorted a little and scratched at my beard. “It’s still a little raw,” I admitted.

“Just like how you fucked her?” Miriam asked with a grin. “Sorry, that’s the only one.”

I shook my head and chuckled. There were few kinds of people who could be as morbidly crude and insulting, and mean it in the best way, as a military friend.

“Seriously, Harri,” she said. “I got a briefing on it. She’s fine, you’re fine. No one is in trouble.”

“Tell that to her father,” I said. “And I can’t blame him for probably wanting to kill me.”

“Yeah, well, tough shit for him,” Miriam said. “We’ve expanded his Need to Know status and gave him some more info on the vaccine to calm him down. He’s not happy, but he’s not worried any more. Seriously though, did you have to go and fuck my lead civilian contractor’s daughter?”

“We were friendly with her,” I said, and let out a long breath. “Erica said she thought Vanessa might be a little interested. I don’t think either of us expected her to show up on our proverbial doorstep and ask for a foursome.”

“I always did think Erica was a smart woman after we met,” Miriam said. “Though I figured you’d lost a few brain cells since you weren’t dating her at the time.”

“There’s a whole story behind that,” I said, waving her off.

“I’m sure there is,” Miriam smiled. “Doesn’t mean it’s a good excuse though.”

“Well, Vanessa seems to think *you* have a crush on me after she met you for all of two minutes,” I shot back at her.

Miriam flushed for a moment but didn't look away from me, still in command in her own office. "Vanessa might have been doing a bit of projecting," she said. "I'm not into hillbillies with bushy beards and big guts."

"Ouch," I laughed, holding my stomach. Sure, I wasn't in the peak physical form I'd been in coming out of the military, but I hadn't gone that soft.

Miriam and I continued to chat and laugh for a few more minutes until the Captain came back and then Miriam let me borrow some sound-cancelling headphones and hang out on their couch while they were working. They had food ordered in and Miriam and I ate lunch together while Captain Bloomberg ate while she kept working at her desk. It wasn't until I noticed that the faint bit of light leaking around the edges of the curtains was dimming that it had been a long day and I hadn't been able to contact Erica and Ivy.

I asked Miriam if I could have my phone back just to update them, and she and the Captain had to discuss it for a long moment before they decided they could probably do the texting for me, but for security purposes I couldn't be given control of the phone. When my phone powered on it took a long moment for it to connect to service, and then it started buzzing like crazy and a bunch of messages came in. Miriam was holding it, and her eyes went a little wide as the message notification scrolled by. "Um," she said. "Well, it looks like you and your partners are... happy together."

"Oh no," I groaned. "What did they send?"

"Well, you have a whole bunch of messages from Brent Peters chewing you out, so there's that," Miriam said. "But, uh, well, there are photos from your partners."

"Sorry," I shrugged, once again finding my face heating up at the exposure of my sex life.

"It's fine," Miriam said. "It was my idea to do the texting anyways." She tapped around on the phone for a moment. "Alright, I'll just say 'Harri isn't allowed to use his phone right now. This is Miriam Abarbanel. He is fine, no trouble. Vanessa is also fine and healthy. They will return tomorrow.'"

"That's fine," I said with a nod. I would have liked to tell them more, and that I loved them. And that they shouldn't have been trying to send me whatever scandalous photos they had considering I was in military custody at the moment.

Miriam hit send and a minute later another text came through and she opened it, immediately rolling her eyes and setting my phone down.

"What?" I asked.

“Erica sent another photo, and I think it was for me,” she said.

“What? Really?” I asked.

Miriam opened the photo again and turned my phone around to show me. Erica and Ivy were both sunbathing in the chairs, topless. The third Adirondack had a name tag written on a piece of paper and taped to the back of the chair that read ‘Vanessa.’ Beside it, they had put out another lawn chair and had quickly put another nametag on it that said ‘Miriam.’

I couldn’t help the little snort of laughter that came out, and I covered my mouth to try and stop from giggling a bit. “I’m sorry,” I said.

Miriam laughed once and set my phone down. “You know, Erica is the right kind of trouble for you I think,” she said.

“You haven’t spent enough time with Ivy,” I countered. “That girl is mischievous. I bet the Vanessa one was Erica’s idea to try and cheer her up, and the other one was Ivy.”

“If you’ve got any pictures from that Danielle woman, I wouldn’t mind checking those out,” Captain Bloomberg said from over at her desk.

“Laura,” Miriam said, a little shocked.

“What? I told you when we first saw her, that woman could turn a bigoted granny gay,” Laura said.

“That’s fair,” Miriam said thoughtfully.

“Hey, no arguments from me,” I said.

Miriam and the Captain ended up finishing their work days, though Miriam told me that she was on call 24/7 anyways and they stayed in apartments lower in the building. She offered to try and find me a free one to rest overnight, but I asked her if I could see Vanessa and stay in whatever medical room she was in. I didn’t want her to wake up from the process and be alone. This started a silent conversation of sharp looks between Miriam and Laura, until Laura sighed.

“She’s not alone. Her father hasn’t left her side since we let him see her. This is... let’s call it a legal grey area at the moment. Technically you’re not even extended family, so he would get precedent on deciding who can be there,” she said. “But under the circumstances of the Vaccine imprinting, there’s been some debate going around the legal circles of what constitutes a civil union. The matter’s still up in the air, but there’s a case to be made that you and she are now more intimately connected than she and her father. So I guess the question is do you want to push the issue?”

“Oh, fuck,” I groaned, and had to massage the bridge of my nose. “On the one hand, yes I want to see her. On the other, Brent deserves to be pissed at me and worried about her. Can I just talk to him?”

“Honestly, Harri,” Miriam said. “I think you should probably leave that whole conversation to Vanessa and how she wants to have it. Doesn’t matter how much you defend yourself, you’re still the guy that fucked that man’s daughter in a pretty... degenerate seems too strong, but pervy is too weak. Anyways, you fucking her like that brought her here, and he’s now aware that she’s going to be intimately connected to you for a while.”

I puffed out my cheeks and let the air blow out slowly, unsure of what to do.

“I can try talking to him,” Laura offered. “But honestly, I don’t know if it would do any good.”

“It’s fine,” I finally conceded. “He can be there, just find me another room where I can crash, and let me know when she’s awake?”

“I’ll leave a standing order with the nurses,” Miriam nodded.

So as Miriam and Laura finished up for the day, they sent for the night sentry who patrolled the floor and let him know I would be in the staff break room and was allowed to eat out of the cupboards and use the washrooms. Once the airman was gone, Laura excused herself and left me with Miriam.

“It was nice having you around, Harri,” she grinned, dropping her command facade again. She put her hand on my upper arm and grinned, giving me a wink. “And I was joking when I called you fat.”

“Yeah, well, you really hurt my feelings,” I fake-cried, making her laugh.

“I’ll see you tomorrow before you leave, alright? And I still expect that beer next time I’m up at the site,” she said and gave me a peck on the cheek.

“You got it,” I said, and pecked her back. “And thank you for all of this today, by the way.”

“Happy to help,” she said, and then escorted me to the room where I would spend the next seven hours.

The sentry woke me up around four in the morning. I had Cheeto dust on my shirt and fingers, the bag I’d found in the staff room cupboard almost empty and crumpled up on my chest.

“Sir, I’ve been asked to bring you down to the medical wing,” he said.

“Fuck,” I said, blinking awake and standing up. “Uh, give me a second.” I went into the men’s washroom and quickly washed my hands and my face, and tried to get myself straightened out. Looking in the mirror, I could tell that I’d been running on empty for a bit, but I didn’t look as bad as I might have if I hadn’t been getting in some light napping at least.

The airman brought me to the elevator and punched a button for about a dozen floors down, and when we stepped off of it, it was clear that we were in a more public-facing area, though the number of armed airmen on guard was actually higher. The floor was still quiet, this early in the morning, and generally featured a lot more *stuff*. There were glass panes and windows everywhere and the place looked like what I would picture a medical bay would in a not-too-distant future medical show. There were a few nurses around, and most of the rooms and beds were empty. We passed by one room that was sealed up with a little yellow light near the handle flashing ‘Quarantine Active.’

That got me gulping and moving. We turned a corner and I saw her.

Vanessa was sitting up in a hospital bed, an IV drip hooked up to one arm. She was in a hospital gown and didn’t have any of her usual makeup on, so she looked... sick wasn’t the right word. She looked different enough that I noticed it, but it was like seeing Erica without her makeup that first time. It was different but I liked seeing the natural her.

“Vanessa, I’m-” I started, but then she threw a magazine at my head.

“Harri, I swear to God if you try and apologise to me, I’ll throw another one,” Vanessa said. She had a stack of a few of them on a little rolling bedside stand, where she also had a tray from a shitty cafeteria meal.

“You look good, Vee,” I said, changing my mind.

She blushed and smiled. “No, I don’t. Liar.”

“OK, you look as good as someone in a hospital bed can,” I said.

“Come sit, Harri,” she said, shifting herself in the bed and patting beside her. I did, and she took my hand in hers. “The night nurse told me what happened when I woke up.”

I opened my mouth to apologise again but remembered what she’d said and clicked it shut.

She smirked and squeezed my fingers. “Good, you’re learning.”

“So you’re not pissed off?” I asked.

Vanessa leaned her head back on the pillows propping her up, taking a deep breath. “Maybe at the world, a little. But at you? Or Erica and Ivy? No. I went in there knowing what I was asking

for, and you told me the risk. I decided getting off with your three was worth it.” She broke into a small smile. “And from what I remember, it was pretty fantastic.”

“It was,” I chuckled. “I mean, wild and filthy, but fantastic.”

She was looking at me, searching my face for something. I couldn’t tell if she found it or not. “I spoke to my Dad. He told me he decked you pretty good.”

“He definitely got me,” I said, touching my eye. “Wasn’t as bad as I felt I deserved.”

“Yeah, well I told him if he does it again I’ll deck him,” she said. “And that if he tries to take any revenge on you, he’s just punishing me.”

“Does that mean what I think it means?” I asked.

She brought my hand up to her chest and put it over her heart. “Harri, I’m stuck with you no matter what at this point, but if you guys will have me I’d like to move into your crammed RV life. I thought you and Erica were cool since we met, and we know we’re sexually compatible. The way I see it, I can either fight this thing just for the sake of fighting, or I can get on board the Harrison train and enjoy the ride.”

“Vanessa, I- God, I wish I had my phone right now,” I said. “There’s a picture the girls sent that you’ll want to see.”

Vanessa rolled her eyes and her smile grew. “Oh, I got several pictures,” Vanessa said. “I’ve already seen them. Why don’t you have your phone?”

“I was up on a secure floor,” I said. “Lt Col Abarbanel was actually the one to see them when she helped me message back that we were OK.”

“Then you have some surprises waiting for you I think,” Vanessa grinned. “But for now, you’re all mine.” She pulled me towards her and guided me into a kiss. Then she whispered into my lips as our noses rubbed against each other. “Pull the privacy screen around us.”

“Here? Really?” I asked.

“My nurse actually encouraged it,” Vanessa said. “She just said we need to try and keep it down.”

I stood up and went to the curtain built into the rolling track around Vanessa’s bed and pulled it around us, blocking out the rest of the room, and the hallway beyond the glass observation doors. When I turned back to her, Vanessa was shrugging out of her hospital gown, her cute little tits jiggling. I kicked off my shoes and got up on the hospital bed with her, picking her up a

bit and sliding her down into a laying position and tucking my head down to suck on one of her nipples.

“Oh, Harri,” she crooned, her hand running through my hair. Her nipples got hard quickly as I played my tongue over them, feeling the little boob around it tug and pull as I moved around. I popped off and raised my lips to hers again, giving her a kiss.

“I didn’t get to spend that much time telling you how beautiful and sexy I think you are,” I said between kisses.

“Harri, you don’t need to lie,” she said. “My boobs are tiny. I’m used to- Ah, fuck!”

I cut her off by grabbing the breast I hadn’t sucked on in my hand, squeezing it hard enough to make her hiss a little bit. I’d seen she liked a little rough pawing and play during the foursome, so I used it now. “If you ever tell me these aren’t perfect, I’ll spank you so hard you’ll have my handprint on your ass for a week.”

“Fuck, Harri- Fuck,” she groaned as I let my grip on her tit loosen, and then bent down and took that nipple into my mouth as well. “Fine. You like my breasts. I believe you.”

“Don’t just believe me,” I said. “Vanessa, you said you thought Erica and I were cool when we first met. Well, I thought you were fascinating. This gorgeous, tough woman who knew how to take charge and make things happen. Beautiful from head to toe even when you were trying to downplay it for work. Now, you’re going to lay back so that I can explore every inch of your gorgeous, perfect body.”

She looked like she was somewhere between beaming happily and crying, but she nodded.

I started back up at her lips and kissed around her jaw and down her neck to her collar bone. Then down to her chest, where I teased her nipples some more, rolling one between my fingers while I tongued and lightly nibble don the other. Once they were both standing proud and weren’t about to go down, I helped her pull the hospital gown off until it was hanging from the arm with the IV in it, revealing the rest of her body to me. I kissed down her stomach to her bellybutton and pressed my forehead against her, kissing her fit stomach softly, then moving lower. I got to the point between her belly button and her mound where her scar was, and the Strength tattoo.

I took my time here, kissing it, and tracing my finger along the letters of the tattoo. I turned back to look up at her face and she was pensive, staring at me with this worried look like I was going to change my mind about her. “Perfect,” I told her again, “And strong as hell.”

My lips went further, down onto her mound where a smattering of hairs were poking out. She’d obviously shaved herself in the past, but not as recently as I bet she would have liked. But I didn’t care, and I kissed along the stubble of her pubic hair, letting it play against my lips as my

beard played against her skin. She spread her legs for me, and I slipped around on the bed so I was laying between them on my stomach, looking up at her.

“Do you want me to do this here?” I asked her.

“Harri, I want your cock inside me like nothing else,” she said.

“We’ll get there,” I grinned, and began to explore her pussy with my lips and tongue. I took my time, softly kissing and licking, exploring every nook and cranny of her outer and inner labia. Then I did it again, sucking a little harder, nibbling just a touch, finding the sweet spots that made her legs quiver or her breath catch in a hiccup or gasp. Then I went deeper, peeling her open with my fingers to see the soft pink of her hole, and tasted and teased her.

She mewled for me, clawing at the bed. I kept needing to move her leg back as it came up and wanted to curl in towards me until I just planted my hand on her thigh and pushed her open, holding her leg wide. Then I did the same to the other leg, pushing them back further, and I slowly licked from her hole up her lips to her clit hood, teasing the tip of my tongue under it before pushing it back with my upper lip and prodding her clit softly.

“Making me... ungh!” Vanessa grunted with a girlish tone, gasping for air.

I did it again and watched as another little orgasm rolled through her, her cunt flexing a little as her abdominal muscles clenched.

Moving lower I kissed the inner curve of her ass check and looked up from between her legs to meet her gaze. She watched me, a little surprised, as I practically buried my nose in her pussy so that I could drive my tongue against her asshole. Her brow furrowed as I did it, and one eye twitched as I teased the outer ring, then centred on it and nudged the tip of my tongue a little deeper.

“Not here,” she gasped suddenly, and I stopped. “I- not here,” she said again.

“OK,” I said, moving up from her ass and kissing the crook of her thigh.

“Just like that?” she asked.

“What kind of guys have you been seeing that don’t stop when you say no?” I asked back.

She blinked. “The kind who don’t eat ass, and rarely eat pussy,” she said. “So the wrong kind.”

“Then let me ask you; what do you want me to do now?”

She closed her eyes and blew out a long breath through pursed lips, before opening them. “Get your pants off and fuck me while we make out. I want to feel you on top of me.”

I grinned and slipped off the bed, undoing my belt and kicking my pants off. I was already hard, and she was wet from my exploratory oral, so I got back up on the bed and got into position over her in a standard missionary position. "Like this?" I asked her.

She reached down and got my cock in position, and wrapped a leg around my waist and ass to pull me into her. "Like this," she said with a grin as I slowly penetrated deeper into her. Vanessa was hot and clenched my cock in a rippling sensation as I drove deeper, slowly fucking into her until I was buried to my root. She grabbed my beard in her hand and pulled me into a kiss as we stayed still and connected.

"Ow," I muttered into the kiss.

"Sorry," she laughed, releasing my beard.

"It's fine," I said and kissed her deeply.

We made out, our tongues doing more work than my cock for a long moment, until we started grinding against each other. The rhythm built up slowly, less a pounding than a sensuous back and forth that felt more like dancing. Well, the best kind of dancing where my cock was inside of a beautiful woman.

Our kiss broke as we panted against each other. "More," she gasped.

"More what?"

"More weight," she said. "I want to feel you."

I lowered myself from my elbows, letting my body press down against hers like a too-heavy weighted blanket,

"Mmmmmgh," she groaned somewhere at the back of her throat. Her body felt tense under mine but slowly loosened. I kissed the side of her neck, and she ran the heel of her foot down my leg and back.

The soft whoosh of the glass door opening made us both stop moving.

"Vanessa, you good in there?" asked a woman.

"Yep," she said. "So good. Perfect."

There was a long moment of silence, and then, "Oooh. Sorry for interrupting. If you and Mr Black can finish up, your Father was hoping to see you. I can stall him for ten minutes?"

"Thanks," Vanessa called back, biting her lips. Two soft footsteps and the door whooshed again, settling closed. "Oh my God," Vanessa groaned.

"I can do a lot in ten minutes," I said with a grin.

"No, we have less than that," she sighed. "I need to get cleaned up and dressed first, and you need to be out of here before he gets here. But first I need you to fuck me hard and fast and give me your come."

So that's what I did. I raised up higher again to gain the leverage I needed, and I started pounding into her with hard, steady strokes. Vanessa gasped, and soon we were back in that rolling rhythm of our hips except it was way more fucking than dancing. Our eyes never left each other, and when I went in for another kiss she bit my lip as she started to come. That pushed me towards my own edge, and I got myself there by reaching down and strumming my thumb against her clit just as she was coming down, pushing her right back into a second wave of orgasm as her body clenched and I released.

"Fuck," I growled, thrusting my hips forward and emptying my balls into her. "Fuck, Vanessa!"

She arched her back, silently screaming before she exhaled hard and released the tension.

We both lay there panting for a long moment.

"I really want to fuck you again," I said. "Right now. I'm still hard as a rock for you."

"I can feel that, you fucking cave man," Vanessa laughed, cock drunk for the moment. "But I need to clean up and you need to go."

"One more thing," I said, and kissed her again.

I got my clothes on first and then helped her find and put on her pants. She hadn't worn underwear when she had come to visit us the morning before and this whole thing kicked off, so now she was going to be leaking my cum into her jeans. Her shirt was there as well, but she was still hooked up to the IV, which meant I had to leave the room and send a nurse to help her.

I stopped at the edge of the privacy curtain, looking back at her.

"Go," she motioned to me. "I'm not leaving. You can see my tits any time you want."

Maybe I was pussy drunk, but I wanted to tell her I loved her. I just grinned and blew her a kiss and a wink before slipping out. Once she couldn't see me, I shook my head. *I thought orgasms were supposed to give you post-nut clarity*, I thought. I almost blurted that out, and no matter how compatible we were sexually I knew *that* wasn't the right thing to say.

I found the nurse, who went to help Vanessa, while another one brought me back to the elevator where I was met by the Sentry again. He brought me back up to the waiting room I'd been in before, and I flopped onto the couch.

"Harri. Harri, we need to stop meeting like this," Miriam said, and I blinked awake again as she was standing over me and smirking.

"Fuck," I grunted. "What time is it?"

"Just past 0600," she said. "We've got a couple of cars ready to drive you back home."

"A couple?" I frowned.

"Brent left earlier in his own vehicle," Miriam said. "But we're sending you back with two more partners for your friend Leo. I already spoke with Vanessa and she said she wanted to ride with them to try and help them stay calm through their vaccination."

I closed my eyes again as I parsed what she was saying. "OK, hold on. Leo is getting two new partners?"

"From what I read they are a bisexual couple who wanted to stay together," Miriam said.

I wiped the sleep from my eyes and sucked in a big breath through my nose. "Well, at least mine isn't the only RV that's going to be packed to the gills."

Miriam brought me down to the underground garage for the building and handed my phone back to me. Two black SUVs were idling, the windows all tinted to the point that I couldn't see a single thing inside including the drivers. I turned back to Miriam. "Just another day?" I asked her.

"Hell no," she smirked. "You, Harrison Black, as the biggest pain in my ass since I took this posting." Then she pulled me into a hug. "But I wouldn't change a God damn thing about it. I'll see you once our on-site office is up and running."

"I'm looking forward to it," I said, giving her a squeeze back. "Lieutenant Colonel."

"That's Miriam to you, soldier," she said, pulling back with a smirk and kissing me on the cheek.

The elevator binged and I was shocked, or really mildly surprised, to see Agent Sourpuss leading two women bundled up in hooded jumpsuits with masks on. Sourpuss took one look at me and sneered, directing the two women to the front SUV and climbing in with them.

"What was that about?" I asked.

“Oh, she’s pissed off because she keeps getting seconded to us for transportation detail,” Miriam said. “I have no idea why, but she isn’t happy about it.”

“No- Technically I’m pretty sure that was me, actually. But I meant the whole bundled up get up.”

“First, why am I not surprised you’re a pain in the ass for other people as well? And second, it’s new protocols coming up from California and the first testing area. I guess there have been some questions around whether vaccinated but unbonded women could contract or become carriers for the virus. It’s the latest back and forth between the scientists.”

“Speaking of which,” I said. “I know why I don’t need to be all bundled up, but why don’t you? Are you imprinted on someone?”

“Me? No,” Miriam said. “Not yet, anyways. I’ll do it when they push the order out, for now we’re still technically in the testing phase for a bit longer. Everyone who leaves the building and re-enters without being vaccinated is getting tested and quarantined - it sucks, but it leaves us able to work functionally instead of talking to each other through hazmat suits.”

The elevator binged again, and this time it was Vanessa who stepped out as a Sentry gestured her towards the front SUV. She saw me immediately and veered off course, coming to me. I wrapped her up in a hug and noticed Miriam giving me a hard-to-read look.

“Hey,” I said to Vanessa. “I hear you’re playing therapy animal for Leo’s new partners.”

“They asked me to,” Vanessa said. “From what I understand, the nurses don’t think the woman who is supposed to be doing it does a very good job at calming nerves.”

Miriam snorted a little but covered it with a cough, looking at me.

“Well, I feel like I’m missing out on some more alone time with you, but I understand why,” I said. “Do me a favour and try and feel them out a bit, see what they’re like.”

“I will,” she smirked and went on her tiptoes to give me a peck on the lips. “They’re going to be our neighbours, after all.”

“Yes they are,” I grinned and patted her butt. “See you at home?”

“Fuck. Home,” Vanessa said, backing away from me. “I haven’t had one of those in a while. It’s gonna be weird.”

She turned and strode to the SUV and got in the back.

“That one might be trouble,” Miriam said.

“They’re all trouble,” I laughed. “See you sooner than later?”

“Sooner than later,” she grinned and winked.

I went to the back SUV, which was apparently my personal chauffeur for the sole reason that Agent Sourpuss couldn’t find an ounce of empathy in her. *Hopefully there’s a partition between the front and the back*, I thought. *I can check those pictures Erica and Ivy were sending me.*

When I opened the back door of the SUV to get in I had to stop. “Ah,” I said. “That explains a lot.” I slid in and shut the door. “Agent Greerson.”

The craggy-faced Agent smirked and nodded. “Harrison. When I heard there was an anomalous vaccination issue, I decided to check it out and low and behold, it’s my favourite redneck.”

“Did you come to check-in, or are you looking to offload some more government cash on me?” I asked.

The SUVs started moving, pulling out of the garage and into downtown Portland.

“Kid, you know I don’t need to come to see you to check in,” he said. “And I don’t have the time to just come shoot the shit, no matter how much I’d enjoy a good fuckin’ day off now and then. I’m here to ask a favour.”

“Well now you’re just being coy,” I said. “You know that I know you didn’t have to let that Lease thing through instead of a Purchase, so you’ve got me cornered.”

“Well, the good news is that I’m not asking you to do anything underhanded,” Greerson said. “I noticed you’ve recently taken on a security consulting contract and your clearance has been restored. I’m going to open it up a little bit here, if that’s alright with you.”

“Playful, then coy, then asking my permission? Jesus fuck, what are you about to ask me to do?”

“Alright, kid. Here’s the deal,” Greerson sighed. “In a few days, you’re going to get a new partner delivered to you. What I need you to do is keep an eye on her. She’s the daughter of the Ambassador from the Phillipines, and officially we’ve run her through the Oracle matching system as a diplomatic courtesy. What no one else knows, including people in that building we just left, is that her Oracle results didn’t matter. I’m placing her with you, and a few other Filipino nationals in other places around the country, as a deal with the NICA.”

“Wait, that’s the...” I had to wrack my brain going back to my Military Police training. “Isn’t that the CIA of the Phillipines?”

“A much lesser version, yes,” Greerson said. “On the official unofficial paperwork, it’s a spy deal. We’re going to take care of some of their valuable people who are here, and they’re going to take care of some of our valuable people who are over there. The *unofficial* unofficial deal is that we don’t have anyone over there, and the government of the Philippines is going to let us stage our latest espionage attempts into China from their shores. There’s a fucking information blackout coming out of China right now, and other than satellite images we’ve got nothing on what’s going on in there.”

“OK, hold on,” I said. “So am I taking in this Ambassador’s daughter as payment for the US Government?”

“No, you’re taking her in because Kyla Bautista is also secretly a spy who just graduated from the University of Southern California with a degree in dance, and while she was there we suspect she turned at least four different Professors and research assistants into assets for NICA for Intellectual Property espionage. I’m scooping her up and putting her with you because you’re so far off the radar that no one would think you’re keeping an eye on her, and so that the Chinese can’t find her if they figure out what’s going on and want some revenge. But most of all, I’m putting her with you because, despite your record and stupid career choices after you left the military, you have the mindset to keep an eye on her without her or anyone else knowing that’s what’s going on.”

“This is all well and good, Greerson,” I said. “But I’ve got three women imprinted on me already, one of them by mistake. How the hell am I supposed to add a fourth woman into the mix?”

Greerson snorted. “Kid, I got news for you. By this time next year, I’d bet all that money I just put into your bank account that you’ll look back and think what a naive question that was.”

I sighed and shook my head slowly. “What does her father think of her getting matched off like that? Does he even know?”

“Oh, he was pissed until he got cut in on an early vaccination as well for his wife, along with his long-time second in command who he’s been having an affair with, and his additional American mistress who is very black and very formidable, neither of whom the wife knows about. He seems to think it’ll be fine.”

“Jesus,” I sighed, shaking my head. “So what, is the OGA offering to pay me for spysitting?”

“No,” Greerson said. “But there is an upside.”

“What’s that?”

“Like I said, Kyla Bautista graduated with a degree in dance. If I wasn’t too fucking busy being ethical, I’d have just put her in my house. The woman is something else.”

“That’s gross,” I said, my face twisting in mild disgust.

“It’s reality, kid. Game it out - people need to fuck to save their lives. Even before this shitshow people put a value on beauty over pretty much anything else. What do you think it’s going to be like when the entire country is getting matched up?”

“I don’t know,” I sighed. “That’s- I don’t even want to think about it.”

“And that’s why they pay me and my people the big bucks,” Greerson said. He tapped on the glass partition that separated us from the front seat, and the SUV began to pull over. “I’m not asking you to do anything you wouldn’t have anyways. Just keep an eye on her for me, alright?”

“Fine,” I said. “But if she takes one look at me and asks for someone else, I can’t do anything about that. I’m not forcing some woman into this.”

“Won’t be a problem,” Greerson said. The SUV came to a stop, and he stepped out.

“Greerson,” I said, and he turned back. “Miriam said someone pulled some strings to get her assigned where she is. Was that you?”

“What?” Greerson raised an eyebrow. “You think I like you that much, kid?”

“That wasn’t an answer,” I said.

“Well, if it was me, I think maybe you owe me another one still,” he said, then shut the door. Another car had pulled up behind us, which he got into, and it pulled a big U-turn in the middle of the empty street and drove back the way we’d come.

The driver of my ride pulled back onto the street and sped up to catch the other SUV in our mini convoy, and I was left to my thoughts.

I sighed and opened my phone. I didn’t want to think about this Greerson thing. If it happened, then it happened and we’d deal with it. I went to my messages and opened the ones from Erica and Ivy.

“Fucking hell,” I sighed, looking at the lewd pictures and knowing that Miriam had seen them. “What am I going to do with three women?”

Or four? Or more?

I was going to need a bigger bed, and quickly.