

Quaranteam: North West

Chapter 30 (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.

Returning Dramatis Personae

House Black

- Harrison '**Harri**' Black - Sheriff of Black County, 'Jason Momoa-looking motherfucker' mountain man (mixed heritage), former Army MP
- **Erica** LaCosta - Fiancee of Harri, Italian Tattoo Artist, Leo's sister, Dark Brunette
- **Kara** Swiftwater - Harrison's high school sweetheart, former community leader of the local Native band, Gerty's second cousin, Raven hair

Referenced Characters

- **Kyla** Bautista - Trained dancer, Phillipino Spy, Harri's Deputy Sheriff, Raven hair
 - Gertrude '**Gerty**' Swiftwater - Kara's second cousin, Tribal police on the Rez, Voluptuous Native, Raven hair
 - **Ivy** Gauthier - Quebecoise stripper, half-tattooed, Dirty Blonde anal queen
 - **Vanessa** Peters - Construction Forewoman, Daughter of Brent Peters the head of the construction project, Brunette
 - Lt Col **Miriam** Abarbanel - Military friend of Harri's, Air Force Lt Col, Jewish heritage, Commanding Officer for Valhalla Hills construction and the Oregon Quaranteam research project
 - **Tanaya** Airington - Former rodeo barrel racer and native relay rider, petite and stoic native
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It turned out that walking up a partially deforested hill in the late evening with just a bit of a glow from the setting sun still in the sky was a little harder than my fiancee and high school sweetheart thought it would be. We ended up needing to bust out our phones as flashlights, and I heavily considered insisting that we turn around to get proper ones. Along with a rifle.

We *were* still out in the country, construction site or not, and we were more likely to run into something that was curious at night. Bears, wolves, cougars. Big Foot.

I decided, or really let myself get seduced into not doing that because I was going with the flow. Or at least I told myself that - there was a part of me that was struggling with the practical side that my father had fostered in me since I was young. A part that was decently arrogant enough to think I could fight off a bear, or a wolf, or a cougar. Protect my land, protect my women.

It was a fucking *stupid* part of me, and I had no fucking clue how it was getting so loud.

Still, I didn't turn us around and we hiked our way up the cleared space that would eventually become the street that would lead to our future home, then across our lot that already had the stakes out and ground marked for where the cement foundation for the main house would be going in, and finally into the serene, brush-lined area around the spring pond.

"Get naked," Erica ordered me with a grin in the light of our phones.

I laughed at the blushing, excited look that Kara gave me. There were nerves there; I could see it in both of them. But the thrill of love, and lust, between me and both of my women was fresh and sparking with electricity. I had Erica, the woman I'd been crushing on, turned partner, turned fiancée. And I had Kara, the woman who'd set the bar for what I thought of as a worthy partner to begin with. The one who'd gotten away.

Pulling my shirt off, I let it drop to the ground and started working on my belt. Both of them weren't moving, shining their lights on me as they watched.

"I don't remember selling tickets to a show," I chuckled. "I'm hoping this is at least interactive."

"I dunno," Erica said. "It *would* be kind of fun to watch you take care of yourself solo. You stroking your big, hard cock, grunting and sweating. What do you think, Kara?"

"I think that's definitely something I could get behind," she replied. "Though it kind of feels like a waste, too. At least if what everyone keeps telling me about the orgasms is true."

My pants dropped to my knees and I started pulling my feet from them as I shook my head.

"Shit," Erica said. "That's right, you had a totally fucked-up imprinting. Kyla said it was kind of brutal."

"I can barely remember it," Kara sighed. "And I kind of wish I did. I'd like to have that memory out of everything that had happened the 48 hours previous."

"And that means that you and Harri haven't *really* had proper sex yet either..." Erica said. "Damn. OK. I know we said-"

"It's fine," Kara quickly said. "I don't- I'm sure Harri and I will have alone time, but what I said down at camp still holds true. You're part of him, so I'm intending to be with both of you."

I was down to my briefs, my cock already chubbed up a bit and hanging heavy in anticipation of what was to come. "We haven't really had a chance to talk about that side of things," I said. "Are

you into women, Kara? That wasn't something that came up back then, even jokingly, and I sort of thought the situation with Tanaya was more of a support thing."

"Jesus fucking Christ, Harrison," Erica cut in before Kara could respond. She was staring at me again.

"What?" I asked.

"You look like... You goddamn mountain man," Erica said, her eyes travelling all over my body. "You look like if Jason Mamoia had a love child with Stephen Amell. *Fuck*, Harri, whatever that regeneration thing did to you... God, you look even more fucking yummy than before, somehow.

"So it wasn't just us then," Kara chuckled, also eyefucking me. "Seriously, Harri. You're in better shape than way back when we were teens and you were on the starting lineup for the football team."

I blew out a breath, not sure how to take the ogling and compliments, so I shucked off my briefs and let it all hang out as I stood back up. "You ladies going to join me in the pond or not?" I asked and stepped down into the water. It was wonderfully cool even though the night wasn't particularly warm, to begin with. After the last few days, it felt good to have those smooth stones under my feet, and the familiar soft movement of the water.

Kara and Erica looked at each other, shrugged, and both started stripping after setting their phones down. The flashlights weren't pointed at either of them, the ambient light not spotlighting anything but at least letting us all see, and boy was I happy to be seeing what I was.

Erica, with her colourful tattoos and her moderately curvy body. She'd lost the top spot of 'voluptuous partner' to Gerty now, but that didn't take away from how every feminine curve, every inch of skin, could make me groan happily. As she pulled her top off, her perfectly big breasts came spilling out, bouncing with her movements as her soft pink nipples stiffened in the open air. She started pushing down her shorts and thong, stopping and smirking as she pivoted to be side-on to me and made a little show out of it.

And Kara, an equal height with Erica but a little more slender. Her warm, tan skin tone was like a sepia memory flashing from back in the past. Her fantastic tits came out just as perky, bouncy groan-inducing. Her nipples were hard as well, stiff little brown nubs just begging to be sucked out. Her thinner build made them look almost larger than Erica's, though it was an optical illusion and the reverse was true. She glanced at me, that nervous/excited smile on her lips as she pushed down her shorts a few moments after Erica did, revealing the close-cropped and carefully trimmed pubic hair I remembered noticing briefly during our frantic imprinting sex.

"If either of you think *I'm* the ogle-worthy one of the three of us, I'll fight you to the end," I said, shaking my head. Shoes had already come off, and they both came towards me and the pool with Erica gesturing for Kara to go first. I helped them both down, pausing briefly to pull Kara

closer to me so I could kiss her - she responded by pressing her body to mine, her breasts teasing against my side as our lips met, but she didn't go further. Erica came next, coming at me more face-on, and my cock brushed against her hip and her tits against my chest as we kissed.

"To be fair, he's right," Erica said as we slid deeper under the water, finding the seats that some family ancestor of mine had installed in the pool. The flat, smooth rock seats didn't fully ring the pool, so in the dark it was difficult to find them sometimes, and I got an ass-cheek of mud before shifting onto mine fully. "You are fucking *stunning*, Kara. Did you do modelling at all? Because I could see you in a Sports Illustrated calendar or something. Bikini special."

"No, I never would have considered it," Kara shook her head. "But *you're* really pretty too. Especially when you're smiling and looking at him."

Erica flashed that exact smile that I knew Kara was talking about as she glanced at me. "Yeah, well, I'm learning to love no-makeup me," she said. "Because the Mountain Man here likes me natural *and* all done up. I will say, though, we need to get you some ink, girl."

"I've... thought about it, in the past," Kara said. "I wasn't ever fully set on something though, and didn't know how to start looking for a good artist."

"Well, you've got me now, unless you don't like my art style," Erica said. "And if that's the case I can refer you to somebody who more fits."

"I'll think about it," Kara said. Then she turned to me. "What do you think, Harri?" she asked, and sat up higher out of the water, her breasts breaking the surface as she smiled, knowing exactly what she was doing. "Should I get some tattoos?"

"I'm sure Erica would do a great job on whatever you want," I said.

"What he's not saying is 'Just don't do anything on your chest or tits,'" Erica smirked. "First, because you have fucking *perfect* tits. And second, because he doesn't particularly like that look. Ivy's seriously considering getting one of her tatts lasered in the future because of it."

"She is?" I asked, as that was news to me. "I didn't ever ask her for that, or say anything."

"She's back and forth on it," Erica said and trailed a finger from between her breasts to about halfway to her collarbone. "Just the one from her sternum that arcs here - it's purely decorative and doesn't have any meaning, so taking it off for you wouldn't be taking anything away necessarily."

I sighed, shaking my head. "She doesn't need to do that. Her tattoos are part of her."

"She doesn't *need* to, but she might *want* to," Erica said. "So if she *wants* to, you shouldn't try to talk her out of it."

I bit my tongue for a moment, knowing that arguing with Erica over it wouldn't lead anywhere, particularly at the moment with the three of us naked.

"To answer your earlier question," Kara said, changing the subject tactfully. "I'm less bisexual, more... bi-comfortable? I've fooled around with a couple of women over the years, a couple of friends, but only because we knew it was just for fun or blowing off steam. And we definitely weren't telling anyone."

"Well, since we're being open, I'm fully bisexual," Erica said with a grin. "Though I've only ever had romantic feelings for dudes. And *never* like with Harri before."

"Never like with Harri since," Kara said with a touch of sadness in her own smile.

"I'm... blessed," I said, not sure how to express the complicated things I was feeling. "Fucking blessed."

"Ain't that the truth," Erica chuckled. Then she turned to Kara. "Are we bi-comfortable enough to fool around for the pleasure of our man? Because he's too chivalrous to say it out loud, but he loves watching when I'm kissing and touching on Ivy or Vanessa."

Kara left her seat, bobbing across the pond towards Erica. "I think to know for certain, I'll probably need a bit of a sampling."

"Oh, a sampling, huh?" Erica smirked.

"A sampling," Kara nodded with a grin as she closed the last bit of distance, shooting a look towards me with an erotic, knowing smile. Their chests nudged together, breasts meeting at the edge of the water and below like perfect fleshy iceberg bumpers, and Erica reached up and ran a hand up the side of Kara's neck, her thumb stroking the Native woman's jawline.

They kissed. Lightly, at first. Their lips barely meeting and quickly separating. Experimental. Tasting. Just a tease. Then they did it again, and again. On the last one, Erica shot me almost the exact same glance that Kara had a moment before. Then their kissing deepened, and while Erica kept holding Kara softly, Kara's hand came up Erica's side and brushed over her side-boob.

I was *fucking hard* under the water. In all honesty, I wasn't quite sure if anything could have stopped me from being rock-hard like that. This was a fantasy come to life.

Every once in a while, in between kisses, one or both of them would smile over at me, checking in. Not checking in to make sure I was OK with what was happening, more like they were assuring themselves I was paying the rapt attention I was.

Then things shifted slightly. Erica pulled Kara backwards until Erica was perched back on her stone seat, and Kara ended up straddling her legs and sitting up a little higher out of the water. This gave Erica better access to trail kisses down Kara's neck to her chest, and then lower still until she was kissing the Native woman's cleavage, and finally gently teasing her little brown nipples. Erica licked them playfully, circling them repeatedly before sucking them between her lips and popping back off. This led to the first gentle moans between them, and Kara looked over at me with another of those glances like she was taking pleasure from knowing that I was watching and enjoying their display.

Part of me - admittedly a very small part - wanted to tell them to stop. We had shit to talk out. Things to put on the table. How did Kara feel about me and Erica being engaged? What about the pregnancy announcements? How did Erica *really* feel about Kara joining our family? Sure, she'd pushed for me to make it happen, but that had been more about me than her. What new balance were we going to need to find?

Both of them were commanding presences. Organisers. Managers. Leaders. Sex wasn't going to lay down boundaries that we needed to start understanding, or help emotions change when it came to stuff like Kara's recent history of protesting literally against *me*. I knew, before Kara had been a serious possibility of joining us, Erica and Vanessa (not even starting to mention Miriam) hadn't had a great view of her. That stuff needed to be cleared up.

The other part of me, the same one that unreasonably thought I could fight off a wolf if I needed to and that getting to *this* part was more important than grabbing a proper flashlight, started to repeatedly bash the metaphorical other part of me over the head with a wrench.

Erica left Kara's nipples and grabbed the Native woman by the ass, picking her up in a display of her moderate strength, and set Kara down a little higher on the rim of the pond, ushering her to lay back as she started kissing her toned and tanned stomach. Then up higher towards her breasts again. They both looked at me at the same time, both smiling the same way with hooded eyes and toothy grins, hungry and sexual and primal. Erica started to lavish even more attention on Kara, kissing and nibbling at her nipples as she slid a hand up Kara's chest to her throat, giving her a playful squeeze as they both chuckled quietly. Then she raised higher, back to them making out, but Kara only let that happen for a lingering moment before pulling her lips away to shift lower, catching Erica's hanging tit and starting some nipple-sucking of her own.

"Mmm, yeah, do that," Erica moaned with a little smile, closing her eyes for a moment. Then she turned back to look at me from the side where I was still sitting in the cool water. "She's definitely no sapphic virgin."

"Never claimed I was," Kara said, releasing Erica's breast with a little pop of her lips and then kissing her again.

"Mmf, OK," Erica said, pulling from the kiss. "Scootch back a little more. I want to watch him *destroy* your pussy, but first I want to devour it."

Kara shifted back a bit more onto the grass, just her ankles dangling over the edge into the water, and Erica knelt on the stone seat and leaned over the edge of the pond. This gave me an angled view of her ass and tits, a peak at where her cheeks pressed against Kara's thigh as she dropped her mouth to the other woman's pussy, and Kara's chest as she arched her back and groaned at the first few licks and kisses. Kara grabbed her breasts, kneading them hard as she received Erica's teasing and pleasing.

Despite the erotic view, I was tired of being patient and wanted to get involved. Rather than just rushing things, though, and mounting Erica from behind I climbed out of the pond and knee-walked over to Kara until I was kneeling next to her head. She opened her eyes and looked at me lustfully, then turned her head and opened her mouth as she went for my cock, but I stopped her by shifting back and leaning down to kiss her.

I liked kissing all the women in our weird team relationship. Kissing was *fun*, and a form of communication I was still discovering the subtleties of on a daily basis. It was emotional and raw, and playful and intimate. Doing it with any of my partners, even the tentative ones I'd shared with Tanaya so far, were high on my list of things I'd be happy to do every damn day.

Right now, though, I really couldn't get enough of kissing Kara. It was history and nostalgia. Young romance come back around. It was a comfortability, and excitement, that I hadn't felt since I was a teenager. Not this flavour, not this specific vibe. Kissing Erica sparked the same stuff, the same excitement and *rightness*, the same fulfilment, just different.

I kissed Kara, and she kissed me back with a groan and a growl behind her lips. She reached up and held me then, making out as she received her oral pleasure from my fiancée. Then, when we both needed to gasp for breath, I sat back up and just marvelled at how beautiful she was for a moment, running my fingers up from her clavicle to her jaw, then trailing my thumb over those lips that I'd missed so damn much. She took my thumb between them, biting it gently as she squinted playfully, then sucking on it more lewdly, treating it like my cock for a long moment and I couldn't tell if she was trying to convince me to bring that into play, or was just making the most of every touch between us.

"Mmm, fuck, Kara," Erica groaned as she raised from her position, "Your pussy tastes fucking good but this rock is *not* easy on the knees." She climbed out of the pond, crawling up Kara's body and tossing her hair to the side before leaning down and kissing Kara again. I knew that she knew what she was doing as she shifted again, pressing her chest down against Kara's as they continued to kiss but raising her ass in the air and giving it a little wiggle and bounce.

I rewarded her, palming the closer cheek and giving it a squeeze, making her moan a laugh into Kara's kiss. She pulled her lips from the other woman and looked at me with a little grin, reaching back with one hand to peel her ass cheek open a little, flashing me her perfect asshole and dripping pussy. And she was practically dripping, and not from the pond. When Erica was

turned on like she was now she got wet as hell. And flashing me all that, she grinned and went right back to kissing Kara, daring me silently to do something about it.

“Come here,” I growled, finally reaching the point where I was tired of the teasing and was ready to take charge. I took Erica by the waist and pulled her up and over away from Kara, giving the other woman space to move, until Erica was kneeling next to me with her breast squished to my chest. She raised her face to the trees above us as I kissed her neck, feeling the smooth warmth of her pale skin, then turned to Kara. “You really want this to be our dynamic?” I asked. “Not *us*, but us three? Because if we do this, we’re *doing* this. You’re all equals, but you two - I need you two to be equals among equals. I need you to be balanced, in and out of bed. For each other, for the others. For me.”

Kara had already sat up, and now she leaned in and kissed me softly. “I can handle that,” she said.

“That’s not enough, Kara,” I sighed, running my fingers through her inky black hair as I held Erica to me with an arm around her waist. My fiancée was watching me silently. “We’re not going to be a family that-”

“I want you to myself,” Kara interrupted. “That’s what I’ve dreamed of for over a decade, Harrison. My fantasy, the deep ones that I’d dream about at night when I was alone and I had time to really think about what the fuck I was doing and what I wanted to be different in my life, was that you and I would find our way back to each other somehow. Some magical way. But it was a fantasy, and that ‘magical way’ was always ephemeral instead of pragmatic. I needed to apologise. I needed to ask- no, I needed to *beg* for forgiveness. And admit I was wrong. And hope that I hadn’t done too much damage. And honestly, it was that last part that I couldn’t ever get over. It was easier to leave things a fantasy than to really confirm for myself that I’d ruined the best relationship I could ask for with the best guy I’d ever met. And now that fucking ‘magical way’ came around like a fucking genie granting a wish with all its twisted, fucked-up cruelty for my greed and we’re at the end of the world as we know it. And I can’t believe I’m saying this but the fucked-up, twisted parts aren’t that you’re already engaged to a gorgeous woman with bigger tits and a better ass than me, or that you’ve apparently got a little French anal queen in your bed, or- God, I don’t even know how to comprehend and compete with the women around you, honestly! Vanessa is so driven and goal-oriented, like you. Miriam, sharing your military history. And Kyla? Jesus Christ. Younger, more athletic, prettier than all of us. And a complete, stone-cold badass. *All* of that, plus Gerty and Tanaya, that I’m grappling with and figuring out, so when I say I’m going to handle it, I mean I’m still trying to wrap my head around it, Harri. I’m in - I’m *all the way in*. I jumped, and I’d jump again and choose this every day, choose you *every day*. I’d choose this life. This relationship. And maybe that’s the genie irony or whatever, that the world wouldn’t have needed to end for me to choose this, I just needed to get over my own fears and my own ego. And Erica isn’t just a great set of tits and ass - do you know how much goddamn side eye I was giving you guys at the funeral, girl? I could see you showing off, but I could also see how *right* you were for him, and I kind of hated you and respected you at the same time for it because you were getting to do what I should have been doing for years. And

then letting him help us, letting him be who he is... I love you for that, and I'll always owe you, Erica. You let this happen, and I know that. God, I do. So I'm handling all of this emotion, and you're going to need to be OK with that answer right now, Harrison. Cause it's a *fucking lot* on top of everything else outside this little special place that I don't want to start talking about or I'll start crying, probably. I need to handle *this*, process *this*, not that. Not right now. So-

"Kara," I said, interrupting her sharply, and she stopped mid-sentence and then gasped in a breath.

"You know, maybe we should-" Erica started, but this time Kara cut her off and did it by kissing her. Then she pulled away and grabbed my hand.

"No, we shouldn't," she said. "We *need* to do this. *I* need to do *this*. I need to make love to you both because if I'm in love with Harri, I'm going to be in love with you too, Erica. I'm *never* making the same mistakes and trying to separate Harri from his family, and you're his family. They all are. My fantasy was to have him, I just didn't realise how limited that fantasy could possibly be until the world upended itself. So I want this. I want to *handle* you." She emphasised that by letting go of my hand and cupping Erica's tit, lifting it and giving it a lick. "And I want to *handle* this." She let go of Erica's tit and reached down, giving my cock a stroke. "And I want to *be* handled by both of you."

"Then stop ranting, you beautiful bitch, and get handling," Erica said, snaking a hand behind Kara's neck and pulling her down to start lavishing attention on her breasts. Kara went to it with gusto, working Erica's nipple with her lips and tongue, as Erica turned her attention back to me. "Time out over," she said. "I think she wants this dynamic, babe. And I do too."

I kissed her, and then slowly trailed my kisses down Erica's neck and back up again before dropping lower and joining Kara at my fiancée's breasts. I caught her outside cleavage between my teeth, humming as I gave her a gentle nibble and teased her with my tongue, before slowly kissing my way to her nipple and giving it a hard suck. My hand slid from her waist to her ass, grabbing her meaty cheek. Kara seemed to want to make sure Erica was getting as much attention as possible and replaced her lips with her hand at Erica's breast, kissing her way up to her face. I followed suit, and soon we were both licking and kissing Erica's throat and then up to her lips.

Just before we met in a three-way kiss, something that Erica and I already knew from experience was kind of an ineffectual kissing event, I pulled away a little and reached over to run my fingers through Kara's hair again, moving the silky waves out from her face before I got a front row, up close seat to the two of them starting to make out, their tongues sliding between their lip as they both gently moaned. And then, as if they were communicating the timing through the kiss, they both reached for me at the same time and their hands landed on my thighs within a split second of each other.

I wasn't done loving on Erica though, and neither was Kara. Soon I was wrapped up in kissing my fiancée while Kara's hands had wandered.

"Wow," our Native partner murmured. "You are *horny*." Her fingers had found Erica's pussy.

"Honestly, I'm always like that when it's sexy time with Harri," she said. "Every damn time. I don't know if it's because I fucking love him and had my own fantasies about him that I'm living out, or it's partially the serum, or what. I've always been a dripper when I'm *really* horny, so maybe it's just the fact that Harri does and says all the right things to keep me falling harder and harder for him."

"I totally get that," Kara murmured and started matching my kisses on Erica's neck again as I groped the brunette's chest and Kara went to work on her pussy.

Erica enjoyed the attention thoroughly, not reaching an orgasm but groaning and arching her back, thrusting out her breasts and humping her hips in little circles as she was teased and pleased with lips and fingers. Finally, she pulled back, pulling Kara more towards me until we kissed in front of her. I fell into that as much as I had fallen into raining my love onto Erica, and soon Kara had a hand on my chest for stability as she leaned forward and I cradled her head with my hands on her cheeks and we kissed over and over, no tongue but every one passionate and meaningful.

"Your turn, babe," Erica murmured, patting Kara's ass. "Equals among equals, so you're getting the same treatment."

I wasn't really sure how we got into the position we ended up in, since we all started moving at once and there was a lot of groping and kissing involved. For a moment I had Kara's breasts full on in my face, and that was a spot I wouldn't have minded staying for a while, but the movement continued. I ended up sitting on my ass with Kara kneeling between my legs, her torso passing under my arm so that her hip and the side of her ass were pressed to my chest as I cradled her body. Erica was kneeling right next to us and I kissed her deeply before we went to work on Kara's exposed part. Her cute, firm butt was fully available to us, and I slid two fingers between her thighs to start teasing her pussy while Erica was even more direct and brought her face low, pressing her cheek to Kara's ass cheek and slithering her tongue across Kara's asshole.

"Oh!" Kara moaned in surprise.

"Please tell me you aren't scared of taking him back here," Erica chuckled. "Because I'm not *stopping* anal just so we can be equal."

"I'm- not," Kara gasped. "With lube, at least. And some prep. I've only had a couple of fingers up there before."

“Oh, babe,” Erica laughed, rising back up and giving the small of Kara’s back a little kiss.
“Absolutely on the lube. I’m not some insane girl like Ivy, taking him raw with just a little spit.”

“She does *what?*” Kara asked.

“To be fair, I’m also amazed constantly, but she *is* the anal queen,” I said, then gave Kara’s butt a smack. “Now are you going to accept your teasing or not?”

Kara scoffed playfully and smirked as she rolled her eyes. “If I have to.”

“Oh, you have to,” Erica grinned, pushing Kara’s head back down before dropping her lips and tongue back towards her ass.

We really didn’t spend *that* much time teasing Kara; less than teasing Erica, definitely, but then it was more directly pussy and ass related instead of being more about kissing.

And they weren’t the only ones who were going to be teased.

I was ready to fuck - I had been for most of the encounter. That didn’t mean they didn’t want to give me a blowjob though.

We moved back to the pond, with me hanging my feet and shins into the water with my legs spread wide while Kara and Erica got between them, leaning in and grinning at each other before starting to share my cock.

They worked as a team, and I could have sworn they’d planned things out ahead of time. First, one would lick up my shaft from root to tip, swirl her tongue around the head and give it a couple of little sucks, then lick right back down to kiss or tongue one of my balls. Then she’d make space for the other one to do the same. Then back again, but with a different variation. It was like they were playing goddamn Bop-it with my cock, except instead of ‘Twist it, flick it, bop it’ it was ‘lick it, kiss it, suck it.’

Then I realised that they were sharing fucking intel with each other. Erica knew what I liked now; the blowjob tricks gathered and disseminated among her, Ivy, Kyla and Vanessa. What could make me shiver, groan, or make my cock swell stiffly. And Kara had the deep lore, the old magic. The stuff that we’d discovered and developed as young lovers, too horny for our own good and too happy to experiment with the weird and wild world of sex. She had the ‘I was there when it was written’ cock-sucking knowledge.

When they switched it up, I could have died right then. Imploded. Dissolved into mist. Thanos snapped. It wasn’t something I hadn’t had happen before, but the change-up of who was doing it, the fantasy booking of two sexual partners in a threesome, was almost too much.

They kissed around the head of my cock, their tongues and lips trying to cover every part of it while still meeting each other.

And then the *real* double blowjob started, and I lost track of who was doing what as they traded off being the primary with my cock between her lips, and the secondary kissing and licking around the lower half of my shaft. I was enraptured, watching it happen like I was disassociating a little, the only thing keeping me anchored was their eyes as they would glance up at me from their sexual labour of love. Their eyes as they beamed lust and love and desire and passion into my brain.

If I hadn't have fucked Vanessa and Ivy that afternoon, I would have come. Easily. Instead, I lasted.

Eventually Erica sat up higher, adjusting her hair behind her shoulders in a way that made her tits wiggle excitingly. Then she put a hand on Kara's shoulder. "You keep going," she said. "Show him you missed him." After a moment of watching Kara start to bob on me a little faster, a gentle slurping noise starting to emanate from the suck-and-blow, Erica leaned forward and made out with me as she stroked Kara's back with one hand and my side with the other.

My hands travelled, finding their breasts, sliding over their smooth skin and through their hair.

"I want to watch you fuck her," Erica murmured. "I want to watch you make love to her for the first time in over a decade. You guys didn't get it the way either of you wanted, and I want to be here for that."

Kara moaned and came off my cock, unplugging her lips so that the last part of her moan was full and loud. "One more thing first," she said, catching her breath. "You suck our man, and I'll lick you. Equals, and I haven't tasted you like you've tasted me."

They swapped positions first, Erica bending low to start slurping on my cock, running her lips up and down the shaft as she lavished her love on me, and Kara leaned up to kiss me briefly before standing in the pond and moving over behind Erica to immediately give the paler woman's ass a playful bite, and then a long lap of her tongue that must have gone from clit to asshole. I couldn't actually see what she was doing due to the angle, but I could definitely feel the impact as Erica started to moan with my cock in her mouth.

Then Kara settled in, lapping at Erica and driving her tongue into the other woman, and looked right at me with big eyes that were somehow intense, and innocent, and needy, and generous, and every doubt I had flew away. Every worry that things would get weird, or awkward. That their personalities would clash.

I'd heard her words and believed them. Now, with that look, I had faith in them.

No matter what happened, she was with us.

Things escalated when Kara got her fingers into play.

“Oh!” Erica moaned, coming off her quick cocksucking motions to moan. “Oh, fuck. *Fuck*, Kara.”

Kara just grinned, teasing what had to be Erica’s ass with some tongue as she worked fingers on both hands at Erica’s pussy.

“Oh my God, babe,” Erica groaned. “Holy fuck. Holy fuck! I swear, if you do that long enough, I’ll- Oooh, God.”

I laughed and took Erica’s chin in my hand pulling her up to kiss me as she moaned and groaned. She crawled closer to me until her chest was pressed to mine, Kara following and not letting up. Erica’s hands both stroked my cock as we kissed, and I could feel her super hard nipples grazing my chest.

My limit was reached on patience, hearing and feeling her getting close to an orgasm.

I wanted to fuck.

I pulled away from Erica, pressing a finger to her lips as I did it. “Enjoy,” I told her firmly.

She rolled her eyes, but the sarcasm melted as Kara did something back down at her lower half that made Erica involuntarily shudder with another long, low moan. I got up and re-entered the pond, sloshing through the cool water until I was behind Kara. She raised her ass, tilting her hips, and I used my fingers to feel her in the dim light, errantly wondering how much battery the phones still had.

“Hold on, hold on,” Erica groaned. “I want to see this.” She flipped over onto her back, perching her ass at the end of the pond and spreading her legs, guiding Kara right back to her pussy with both hands. “OK,” she said. “*Now* give her the cock she’s been dreaming about, babe.”

I pressed the head of my cock between Kara’s thighs and slid it up to press against her pussy, feeling her clit hood as a little nub against my shaft before I pulled back and let the top of my cock slide across it. Then my cock head pressed through Kara’s labia, finding them slick and more than ready. Warm. Inviting. Wanting.

“Harrison, please,” Kara begged quietly, looking back at me over her shoulder. “Please, I need you. I’ve always fucking needed you. I’m-”

I pressed into her, feeling her around me again.

The last time had been animalistic. Savage, even. I couldn’t remember half of it myself, and Kara couldn’t even grasp that. She’d been in the throws of a vaccine-induced attack, and I’d

been - I still wasn't sure. I'd turned primal, fucking her in that state. And Kyla had caught the tail end of that when Kara had been worn out.

This time it was love. This time it was lust fulfilled in full.

This time we were going to take our time.

"Oh, God, yes," Kara moaned as I carved into her. "Yes!"

"So good," I murmured, stroking her sides with my hands as I slowly thrust in and out, both of us getting used to each other as I worked to get fully rooted in her depths.

"Here's a question," Erica said with a little smirk. "Is he bigger now than you remember?"

Kara laughed and nodded. "He didn't have some major growth spurt or something, but it's definitely a little bigger. Thicker."

"I love that thickness," Erica grinned.

"Oooh, my fuck," Kara moaned. "I- Oooh- I think I'm going to, too." Then she buried her face in Erica's pussy, and the only sounds in the little pond clearing were our moans, the soft lapping of the water around our thighs, and the occasional pleased chuckle or grunt.

I fucked Kara slow and firm. Not *powerful*, like I often did with the others. Now wasn't the time for that. I made love to her, while she made love to Erica. I explored her depths, changing my stance or hers subtly with small movements, testing different angles. Stirring her up.

"God, you look so pretty taking his cock," Erica crooned, reaching out and running her fingers through Kara's hair. "And you look so fucking hot fucking her, babe. I swear, if you get any hotter you'll be the brooding protagonist of some werewolf smut fiction."

That one got a barked laugh out of Kara, who then hung her head and murmured something quietly.

"She's going to come," Erica translated for me. "Fuck her good, babe. Make her come."

"I'm going to," Kara panted, high and tight. "I'm going to come. *God*, you're making me come, Harri. You're making me come. I've- I- UUuuunggh."

Her release came with louder sloshing of water and the clapping of her butt against my pelvis as we both sped up, her slamming back at me just as much as I thrust firmly at her. I grabbed her upper arms, knowing what would be coming unless her entire physiology had changed, and I held her tightly as she started to roll up into her orgasm.

“O-o-o-oh, ye-e-a-a-ah,” she stuttered, her legs and shoulders shaking as the waves of pleasure cascaded through her nervous system. Her voice rose in pitch as she panted, and I knew her eyes were rolling back a bit as her brow furrowed. I fucking *loved* that look on her face, and knew I’d be seeing it soon enough that I didn’t need to worry about missing this one.

“Mmmhmmhmm,” she continued to shake, a giggle stuck somewhere in her chest as she bent and twisted a little at the waist like she was trying to wriggle away, but I wouldn’t let her and I continued to slow-stroke into her deeply, extending the orgasm for as long as I could.

“So pretty,” Erica crooned as Kara leaned forward, pressing her cheek to the other woman’s thigh.

I wasn’t ready for Kara to be done with her orgasm though, and I pulled her back up to almost standing as I doubled the speed I was fucking her at, the clapping of skin and sloshing of water picking right back up as I carved my essence into her.

“O-o-o-oh, so-o-o-o goo-o-o-o-d,” she stammered, fucking back at me as she tossed her head, her black hair falling to one side.

“That’s it, babe,” Erica said, sitting up and running her hands up Kara’s stomach to her tits. “Get it. Get it all. Lose yourself in it.”

Kara and I lost all semblance of speech as I started to grunt and pant, and she moaned and whined. The fucking wasn’t animalistic, but our minds were devolving, losing coherent thought as we fell into the pleasure of each other. I pulled her back further by her upper arms and she arched her back, turning her head for her lips to meet mine in a soul-searing kiss that didn’t mute us so much as create a direct line between our sounds. And all the while Erica got her mouth on one outthrust tit, one hand on the other, and her second hand down and diddling Kara’s clit as she passed the threshold and started rolling through a second orgasm in quick succession from the first.

I fucked her throughout it and tasted every sound of pleasure that leaked out from her lips.

Eventually Kara needed to pull away and I let her go. She turned and sat heavily on one of the stone seats, panting hard as she tried to find her balance and centre after the two big orgasms. Erica wasn’t about to let the action stop though and stood up, leaning over Kara and bracing both hands on my waist as she started to suck my cock like she was on a mission to get every ounce of taste off of it. Either not wanting to be outdone, or not wanting to be out of the action, Kara sat forward and dipped her head to start sucking on my balls at the same time.

“Fuck!” I quickly grunted, the wave of pleasure from their two mouths hitting me like a baseball between the eyes and stunning me for a moment. They continued for a long moment, and then as Erica brought in a hand to stroke me as she rubbed my cock over her lips and stared up at me nastily, Kara’s mouth left my sack and she started to suck on Erica’s dangling tits just in my eye line, leaning backwards to get her mouth in the right spot.

“Your turn,” I growled, not wanting to lose myself to oral when I had more fucking to do. I made Erica stand up straight and picked her up by the waist, holding her to me tightly as I pivoted a little to the side and put her back down on the grass beside the pond, laying her down on her back. She spread her legs, knees wide as she readied herself for me by using both hands to spread her cunt lewdly. She was already leaking a little trail of her natural lubrication and I was tempted to spear into her, but again I managed to show patience and instead, I leaned down and dropped my mouth to her. She tasted of every good thing I could think of, and my face was quickly covered in her juices as I drove my tongue into her pussy and she continued to hold it spread open as she moaned loud and long.

Kara had climbed up out of the pond and came to kneel next to us, but instead of getting involved she spread her knees wide and started to play her fingers over her pussy. “I want to see you two together,” she said breathily. “Let me watch?”

I came up for air, pressing forward until my cock was notched in the crook between Erica’s thigh and torso, and leaned over to kiss Kara. She accepted, her tongue messily tasting Erica off of my lips and cheeks, and then I pulled back. “I love you and I always have, Kara. That never stopped, even if we didn’t like each other much for a while.”

She bit her lower lip, just one side, and nodded as she furrowed her brow.

I turned my attention to Erica. “And I love-”

“Yeah, yeah,” Erica said. “Love me with your cock, babe. I’m fuckin’ dyin’ here.”

I laughed and used my hips to pull my cock into the right general position, and she took it with both hands and brought it to her opening. I pushed in, her slickness letting me find her core in one smooth stroke as she accepted me home.

“Yeeeeaaaass,” she groaned loudly. “Now fucking fuck me, hubby. You already knocked me up, now knock me the fuck out. I want Kara and I to be fucking dick-drunk by the time we get to bed tonight.”

I took her forearms in my hands, and knowing what that meant she grabbed my forearms with hers. We both pulled, bracing against each other, and I started to fuck her hard and fast. This position, what was basically missionary, could have a variety of effects. Like this, pulling ourselves at each other as we both used our hips to fuck, meant that I was treated to the glorious view of her stomach writhing and her tits wobbling and bouncing in a steady, beautiful rhythm that could have hypnotized a snake.

“Yes, Harri, fucking yes!” Erica groaned. “Use my cunt like a fucking fuck toy. *God*, I’ll never get tired of this. Holy- Yees! Use me, hubby. Fucking use me.” She rolled her head back, reaching out as she let go of my hands to claw at the ground. I let go of her as well and leaned forward,

pressing my body to hers as I wrapped my fingers behind her neck and into the hair at the back of her skull, pulling her into a kiss that would have curled my toes if they weren't already dug into the bed of the pond for gription to keep fucking her.

"So hot," Kara breathed out, watching us fuck.

I leaned back up, breaking the kiss, and I grabbed Erica by the waist. "Beg me again," I grunted.

"*Please*, use me, Harri," she moaned, laughing almost hysterically as she said it. "I'm your fucking three-hole fucking love slave wife. Use my fucking pussssss- Oh fucking *mother* fucker, do my clit like that! Yes, oh-ho-ho-hoooo, you bastard, you know that'll make me- Fuck! Harri, I'm your goddamn wife-slut-whore-cunt-bitch-I'm-what? Hahaha. I can't even- Fuck! I'm going to come, Harri. I'm going to come and it's going to be big. I'm gonna-"

"Do it," I growled, pounding into her, still holding her waist tightly with one hand as I worked my thumb on her clit. "Come for me, Erica. Right now!"

She inhaled sharply and her body clenched, her legs trying to close and meeting my waist, and then she shot a hand out and pushed on my chest and I pulled away and out of her as she drove two fingers to her clit and pumped her pelvis up and she squirted in a gush, her juices spraying around her fingers in the flashlight. Her moan was long and shaky as it happened, and she had to suck in another breath noisily as she came down, her hips relaxing.

I wasn't going to let her relax though, and I pried her legs back open and stepped back up to the plate, directing my cock into her. She wasn't about to stop me, and I speared into her again before scooping my arms behind her back and lifting her up on the ground, spinning us around and sitting my ass down so that she was straddling me in cowgirl. As soon as her feet found the ground on either side of me she started rocking and bouncing on my cock, her arms scooped behind my neck as her tits bounced against my upper neck and chin.

"I love you," she panted in a mantra. "I love you, I love you, I love you." I wasn't even sure she knew she was saying it. She dropped her jaw then, stopping the bouncing up and down and just focusing on the back and forth rocking, riding with my cock stirring in her until she shuddered into another orgasm, no squirt this time but pleasing nonetheless.

That, somehow, seemed to energise Erica instead of sap her energy though, and Erica fell off of me to the side and dismounted from me, rolling onto her hands and knees and forcefully pushing Kara from her kneeling position to sitting on her butt. "You've been watching too long, and I want that taste again," Erica growled playfully and drove her tongue back into the Native woman.

By rights, I probably should have swapped to Kara, but her pussy was busy and Erica's was bobbing there in doggy position. A hand on her ass, a slight adjustment of her knees for balance, and I was back inside her and fucking her in slow, prolonged strokes to give her time to

work over Kara. My mind clouded a bit at that point, falling into the lust, focused on the feel of Erica's pussy as I claimed it once again as *mine*, and I didn't notice that I slowly sped up our fucking, eventually leading to us crawling up Kara's body. I was shocked out of the peaceful, rhythmic space of the sex when Kara was hugging Erica fully, resting her chin on the other woman's shoulder as she looked at me with those eyes that I had been haunted by in my dreams for years. Eyes that held such intense love, and admiration, and awe. Eyes that were perfectly content, but also hungry for me to return to her.

"Make her come again, Harri," Kara grinned at me. "And then I want another turn."

I did just that, reaching around and grabbing Erica by her tits in a bear hug as I drove deep and hard into her pussy, fucking her with short, rapid-fire thrusts.

"Rub her clit," I grunted to Kara.

She must have done it because Erica rolled into her orgasm and did that tightening-up thing with her limbs where she tried to curl into a ball, but as a wave of that ended and she inhaled hard she let out another warm wash of her girl juice as her body relaxed.

"Good girl," Kara was crooning, stroking Erica's face with the hand that wasn't on her pussy. "Good girl, take *all* that from your husband."

It was weird, hearing those words from her and how accepting she seemed of it.

Erica fell forward toward Kara, and Kara caught her and they ended up both on their backs, cradled towards each other a little bit. I fell forward as well, my lungs working like bellows after the fucking, and based purely on the fact that I'd drifted right and ended up beside Kara, I spooned up behind her on the grass.

"Mmm," Kara groaned, lifting her leg and reaching between us, pulling my cock into position. I hadn't intended to be initiating that fast, but I wasn't going to argue either. She got me into position and I pushed into her again, feeling Kara's pussy ripple as her core muscles engaged and squeezed. "Yes, Harri," she moaned, reaching one arm back to cradle my head to her as I kissed her jaw where it met her neck. "Fuck."

Erica watched us like that a little bit, smiling with her whole face as she caught her breath. Then, feeling herself again, she shifted and sat up, gently stroking Kara's breasts for a moment before slithering down to her stomach and encouraging Kara to lift her leg higher. That was how she wedged her face into the right position to tease her tongue over and around Kara's clit and along my shaft as I fucked our partner while spooning.

Apparently, her goal wasn't to get Kara off though, just to tease her higher in the right direction, because after about a minute she pulled away and climbed down into the pond, sighing happily as she watched us. "Fuck her into oblivion," she told me.

I decided to try to do just that.

Spooning wasn't my favourite position, but it was working well so far and there were a few variations we worked through as I helped Kara keep her leg up, finding different angles. The really *good* thing about the position was that I was able to fuck towards the front of her pussy, which meant with the right angle I was glancing my cock over her G-spot. Three successful thrusts like that were enough to have my gorgeous Native partner gasping and squirming, humping back at me for even more as she twisted her torso to kiss me.

We ended the spooning with the both of us fully on our sides, my arms around her and palming her warm, sweaty breasts as I short-stroked her for a bit. My hand slid down her stomach from her breast to her labia and flicked the side of my forefinger over her clit rapidly, sending her into another orgasm.

Another orgasm where I couldn't see her face.

When she came down I kissed her ear. "Ride me?" I asked her.

"If I can," she laughed breathlessly, but then eagerly separated from me and scampered up onto her knees, quickly straddling my waist as I rolled onto my back. She sunk back down onto my cock with a moan, and leaned forward, using her hips to start the fucking motions.

I held her ass as she pressed both hands to my chest, leaning forward as she popped her hips, but I guessed she wanted more motion than that because she adjusted so she was in a crouched position, found her balanced footing, and then *really* started to ride me, bouncing up and down the length of my cock hard enough for a soft clapping sound to happen between her ass and my thighs. Her hair was cascading down around us so I gathered it up and held it in my fist at the top of her head, and she leaned forward even more as just the corners of her lips curled with a smile while she focused on the athletic effort she was putting on to ride me. Our lips were inches from each other, our breath mingling. My world became her pretty face as her smile slowly got bigger and bigger.

"You're going to come soon," she said and then kissed me hard.

"I am," I nodded. I hadn't even been aware of it, like my body had been trying to ignore the end goal of sex completely, but it was building. And building. And Kara wanted to drive me to the fucking edge as she rode me hard and fast. "God, baby," I moaned. "Fuck! I'm fucking close."

"Don't come in me," she gasped. "Come for *us*. Come in our mouths so we can share it."

I had to push her off of me when it was time, and she and Erica both laughed in near unison as I grunted and held my cock tightly. Kara just had to spin to get her mouth on me, but Erica had to climb out of the pond to join her.

They kissed sweetly, both holding my cock in a hand, and then they both started suckling on one half of the head.

I'd experienced plenty of different kinds of orgasms before. Some felt like they started in my toes, others in my head. Some were shocks, some thrills, some waves crashing through me.

This one started in my balls, and the rest of my body and especially my head felt light as a fucking feather, only anchored down by the heavy, thick, almost painful weight in my balls. And then the weight was shifting, rushing faster and faster through biological passages in my body until it hit my cock like a thermometer, slowly rising up the shaft until at the last possible moment it *stuck* for a moment.

"Coming," I grunted.

Erica pushed Kara's mouth onto my cock.

I erupted, and all I knew was the release of that weight, and the pleasure bashing around my airy head, and the feeling of Kara's mouth and tongue teasing and milking every last orgasmic ounce of cum out of me.

My eyes opened in time to see Kara come off my cock with an entire mouthful of cum, turn to Erica and push it into her mouth through a kiss. They kissed hard and long, their tongues pushing the taste back and forth as they each had a hand on the base of my cock, and another bracing each other, because they were shaking through the hyper-strong, chemically induced orgasm of the vaccine.

This time I didn't give one flying fuck that the vaccine was able to do that to them - I'd given them several orgasms each, no vaccine necessary. Why should I be mad or worried about a last-hurrah moment to cap things off?

I ended up back in the pond, sitting with my arms spread wide and my legs stretched out in front of me. Kara was sitting next to me on one of the extra wide seats, squeezing in close under one arm with her head leaning back against the side of my chest. Erica was sitting on my lap, her legs over Kara's as the other woman held them loosely, and her head also cradled against my chest.

"Yep," Erica said. "That, I think, was the *proper* way to welcome someone to the family."

"Not sure if Tanaya or Gerty will go for that, wifey," I grunted.

"Definitely not Tanaya," Kara shook her head lightly. "Jesus, that was a lot."

"Best sex you've ever had though, huh," Erica said with a smirk.

"Weeeelllll," Kara said, but then snickered and shook her head. "No, there wasn't anything else close to that."

Then it went dark.

"Uh oh," Erica said.

"Shit," I sighed.

".... Fuck," Kara said.

The three of us sat in silence for a long minute.

"That was all three of them, wasn't it?" I asked.

"I noticed one went out a while ago," Kara said.

"We must have missed the second one going out," Erica said.

"Fucking. Balls," I sighed.

And we couldn't even call one of the girls up to bring us a flashlight.

It was going to be a long, slow walk back down to the camp in the middle of the night.

".... Do you guys remember where we put our clothes?" Kara asked dubiously.

"....*Fuck.*"