

Quaranteam – Chapters 1-10

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(Anyone want to send feedback or encouragement? I'd love to hear it – corruptingpower@aol.com)

Chapter One

Around day eighteen of the quarantine, Andy was starting to lose his damn mind. The governor of California had gotten on the television and announced that everyone who wasn't essential was under house arrest, essentially. Sure, the grocery stores were open, but restaurants were only doing delivery, and every bar in town was closed. The most time he'd spent outdoors in the last week had been walking out to the mailbox cluster for the complex down at the end of the street.

Despite the fact that both of them had decent paying jobs – Eric as a software engineer and Andy as a marketing writer – neither could afford an entire place to themselves, so Andy paid rent to Eric, who owned the condo (or at least was paying it down).

Andy also had a side hustle as a novelist, and was getting frustrated as hell that the quarantine was keeping him in place meant that his newest book was being pushed back. There was a warehouse full of fifty thousand copies of his next novel, and they were all just sitting there.

“They'll come out eventually,” his agent had told him, but the whole thing felt very much like a death sentence to his literary ambitions. Andy even had a box of copies sitting on their kitchen table, along with a movie poster styled promotional in a frame.

“Did you get the mail today?” Andy asked his roommate.

“Nah,” Eric said. “Didn't see the point.”

“Fair enough.”

Wham wham wham.

“You order food?”

“Nope. You?”

A voice came from outside their front door. “CDC. Open the door, please.”

Eric moved to the door and peered through the peephole. On the other side, he saw a man in a biohazard suit, covered completely from head to toe. He raised one covered hand and waved. “I'm perfectly safe, as you can see. We're going door to door and testing people for the virus.”

Eric looked back at his roommate and shrugged. Andy grabbed his two cats, scooping one up in each arm as Eric opened the door. It was like something out of *The Andromeda Strain*, seeing the man in the yellow hazmat outside, a small box in one hand. “CDC?”

“Yeah. I'm Dave. Invite me in?”

Andy shrugged and Eric laughed. “Sure, c'mon in. We just need to close the door behind you so the cats don't get out.”

“Sure sure, I get that. I'm here to test if you guys are clear. Is there some place I can set up?”

“Go ahead and use the kitchen. You want us together or one at a time?”

“The test only takes fifteen minutes and I can run up to four of them at a time, so come on. I can run you both.” He lugged the kit with a world weariness, as if he'd been doing this thirty times a day since the lockdown had started. “Paperwork says you've got two guys living here – Eric Yang and Andrew Rook. That you two?”

“That's us.”

“Nobody else in the condo?”

“Nope. Nobody else.”

“Cool,” Dave said as he set the kit down on the kitchen table. He glanced up at the movie poster promotional on the wall above the kitchen table. “Oh hey, you guys are fan of the *Druid Gunslinger* books too? I fucking love those things.”

Eric laughed a little bit, sitting down in one of the kitchen chairs, rolling up his sleeve. “I mean,

you could say that, I guess. He writes'em."

"What? No, they're written by some guy named Blake Conrad." He glanced at Eric and grinned. "I don't need blood, man. Here, just rub this swab on the inside of your cheek for a bit."

Andy smiled a bit sheepishly, putting the cats down. "Yeah, that's me. It's a pen name."

"Why the hell would you want a pen name when you've got an awesome last name like Rook?"

"I'm friends with Arthur McStevenson. You know, the guy who writes all those thrillers you see on sale in the airports? Anyway, he told me that he wished he'd have taken a pen name before he got started, so people just couldn't look him up and track him down at home."

Dave took the cotton swab that Eric handed him and put it into one of the four slots on the little machine he carried with him. "Oh hey, I'm sorry man. I don't want to bother you about it."

"Nah, you didn't come tap on my window in the middle of the night or anything. What do I care?" Andy waved his hand before taking a cotton swab from him, rubbing it along the inside of his cheek, and then handed it back to the man in the biosuit.

"While this is running, I just gotta ask you guys a few other questions. Do you guys each have a twin bed?"

Eric rolled his eyes. "Are you kidding me? Ask him about his bed. Just ask him."

Andy crossed his arms over his chest, as if this was a discussion they'd had a number of times. "Eric's got a queen sized bed and I've got a California king sized bed. Even though I've got the smaller bedroom. But what can I say? When I got out of college, I bought a big ass bed, so I'd always be comfortable, and never wanted to give it up."

"Why do you ask?"

"They're starting to force people to house additional people in their places, so we can keep the uncontaminated together, at least for a while."

"What?" Eric said, his face scowling. "There's no way that's legal."

"It's temporary, and we're doing everything we can to make sure people are at least okay with it. At this point, we're just doing what we can to get people through it. But the death toll is starting to stack up. I mean, have you seen the footage coming out of New York City?"

Andy nodded. "Trailer trucks stacked full with body bags. It's terrifying."

"Besides, it's not all that bad. The virus seems to be targeting men a lot more than women, so guys are scoring with women way out of their league. And the women seem to be a little friskier once they've developed an immunity to the virus. I'm sure you'll see eventually."

Andy arched an eyebrow in the man's direction. "That sounds ominous."

The man in the biohazard suit waved a hand dismissively in their direction. "Not at all. Just relax and enjoy the ride. That's all I should say about it. So when's the next Druid Gunslinger book coming out? It's really soon, isn't it?"

Andy stepped over to the fridge, opening it to take out a can of soda, using the fridge to hide his sigh, although he wasn't entirely successful. "It was supposed to be out in three weeks, but because of the virus, the publisher's pushing it back to the fall. I mean, I understand. I get a lot of additional sales off of in-store appearances and whatnot. I get it. And I'm already working on writing the next one. But it's always rough having a book release pushed back."

"Man, that sucks. I was really looking forward to reading it during my downtime when they're driving us between locations."

"Y'know what, you're a fan, so let me do you a favor. I better not see this show up on eBay or the internet though, otherwise I'm gonna know who it was." Andy moved over to the box on the kitchen and opened the top of it, taking one of the books out. "They call these advance reader copies. They send me a few boxes of them so I can sell them at appearances or give them away to friends and such. I haven't even sent my family copies yet. I think the only other person than my agent and my editor who's read the book is Eric here."

Eric nodded. "It's not as good as 'Have Totem, Will Travel' but it's one of the better books in the

series, I thought. Way better than 'The Trouble With Werebears,' but then again, that's not hard."

"Everyone's a critic," Andy said, grabbing a pen from near the box. "Fair, though. I had to bang that one out in five weeks because the publisher just wanted to cram another one onto store shelves while it was hot. I wasn't satisfied with it either, but it still sold okay. You said your name was Dave, right?"

"Yeah," Dave answered.

Andy opened the front cover of the hardback ARC and wrote in the front of it, "For Dave, Jake thinks you're one of the real heroes. Yours, Blake Conrad." He blew over the ink for a second, making sure it was dry, before closing it up and offering it to Dave. "There you go. Autographed, personalized copy months in advance of when you can get it in stores."

"That's awesome, man!" Dave said, genuine enthusiasm in his voice. The machine on the table beeped, a cheerful tri-tone medley. "You guys are both 100% virus clear. And let me pay you back for this," he said, patting the book on the table next to him. He flipped a little toggle switch on the machine and then pushed the large green button on the side. A small little printout scrolled out of the machine. He tore it off and then pushed the green button again. "Okay, this one is for you," he said, holding out the receipt to Eric. "And this one is for you, Mr. Conrad," he said with a laugh, holding out the second slip to Andy. "You need to go onto the website today and fill out the questionnaire. I know it's going to seem weird, but just answer the questions honestly and openly, and go through the whole thing. You'll be very glad you did later, okay?"

"What's it for?"

"It'll help you be happy with your pair ups when we bring them by in a few days. You know that giant condo complex a mile or two over?"

"What, the 30 story skyscraper?"

"Yeah. That's being converted into a triage hospital, so all the tenants are being evicted. Lots of people who are going to be relocated. There's a range of five possible questionnaires that uninfected men can get, and it's at the test giver's discretion. Most people, we just give them level one or two questionnaires."

"What did you give us?"

"Welcome to level 5, fellas. It's mostly reserved for medical professionals and high rollers, but it's my discretion, and this little baby's going to keep me from losing my mind for the next few weeks, so I gotta make sure we're square," he said while patting the book. "This should more than even us out."

"It makes that much of a difference?"

Dave smiled like a Cheshire cat beneath his biohazard helmet and nodded. "You'll see. Just trust me on this. Go fill it out right away, though! They'll probably have someone here tomorrow or the day after, and you want to be ready." The scientist picked up the book in one hand and his testing kit in the other. "And with that, I'm off! I won't be able to get started on this tonight, but I'll see if I can swing by on one of the dropoffs and let you know what I think of it."

"Hey, it's always nice to meet a fan," Andy said. He moved to scoop up the two cats into his arms again before he and Eric walked him to the door.

Dave shuffled toward the door, as Eric opened it for him. "Remember guys, the questionnaire is completely confidential and no one's going to judge you on any of it, so be completely honest. Got it? Completely. Honest."

"With all the hyping you've been doing, I can't wait to see this questionnaire," Andy laughed. "Go on, go! You've got more people to be saving, I'm sure."

"Take care, fellas!" Dave said.

Eric closed the door on him, then flipped the lock, and then the deadbolt before putting the chain on. He liked to make sure it was secure. "So I suppose we both better go take this thing, huh?" he said to Andy, who was putting down the cats again.

“Guess so.”

Eric's desk was in the living room, while Andy's was part of the adjacent dining room. They'd been known to politely yell at one another from their desks. Andy typed in the website on the slip and hit return. A rather bland looking government website popped up. There Andy entered his name, his address, his social security number and address.

“He wasn't kidding when he said this quiz was unorthodox,” Eric called over to him, clearly ahead of him in the process. “These are *not* the kind of questions I expect a government website to be asking me.”

“Oh yeah? I can't wait to find out.” Andy typed in the personalization code at the bottom of the slip. It was a long series of characters, a mix of numbers and letters, both capital and lower case, with a variety of special characters mixed in – 25 characters in all. Andy had to enter the series twice because the first time he hadn't realized it was case sensitive and the site had rejected it.

The first question immediately surprised him. “Are you attracted to: Women, Men, Both?” It wasn't at all what he expected, but he checked “women” and the site moved onward. There was a small button marked back, in case he made errors, obviously.

The next page asked him what ages of women he was attracted to. There were two little slider bars, with the low end going as far down at 18 and the high end going up to 70+. Andy was nearly 40, but the words of Dave rang through his head. “Be honest.” Andy shrugged, leaving the low end set to 18 and brought the high end to 35.

He was a more than a little caught off guard by the next question. “Would you consider yourself: Monogamous, polyamorous, no preference?” He had to think about it for a long moment, but eventually clicked “no preference.” If he was truly honest with himself, if he found himself with a girlfriend who had another girlfriend, he wouldn't have been bothered by it.

For the next twenty minutes, Andy continued to work through the website, filling in all the options about what he was and wasn't attracted to. Height, weight, race, hair color, hair length, eye color, nationality, education, physique... the questions went on and on and on. After he went through any given category, he was then given a follow up page to rank all of the things from most attracted to at the top down to least attracted to at the bottom.

Towards the back half, he started to understand what Eric had found so surprising. The quiz had a page with a seemingly limitless collections of fetishes and kinks. At the top was the message “Click all that apply.” Following that, all of the things Andy had clicked on were in another list he was expected to order.

When he had to order all of his turn ons, he became more than a little aware how at odds with each other some of them were. In fact, he had aggressive women and submissive women next to one another in the ordered list. He wondered what the algorithm would make of that.

The last page was the same fetish and kinks list presented again with a different message at the top. “Click all those that are hard turn offs for you. Be thorough.” It was this page that Andy found himself clicking a *lot* of buttons.

He also had to look up a handful of the terms that did not include clarification. He was sure there were people out there who liked pissing on each other, but he certainly wasn't one of those. He also had to make sure to reject women who were allergic to cats. He wondered if all this information was just going to ensure no one showed up.

All in all, the whole thing felt a little like a thing he'd taken in college called the Purity Test, a thousand question party game where people who had been drinking would compare sexual histories.

The final page was all the information he'd entered presented in an ordered list, with a message in large friendly red letters at the top. “Review all the information below for accuracy! Once you hit submit, you cannot revise this information!”

After a final pass to make sure he hadn't marked anything incorrectly, he hit submit. The screen went blank for a second before a confirmation message popped up. “A copy of this has been mailed to

the email address you provided. Thank you for helping us keep California safe!”

Andy closed the web browser and rose up from his seat, heading over to talk to his roommate.

“Okay, yeah, that was definitely weird.”

“What did you say to the polyamory question?” Eric asked him.

“I put no preference.”

“Really? Man, I couldn't click the monogamous button fast enough. Last thing I want is a girlfriend who's shacking up with another guy.”

Andy smirked. “What if she was shacking up with another girl?”

“Ah shit, I didn't even think of that.”

He shrugged at Eric with a wry smile. “Like it's going to make any fucking difference anyway. I'm sure the whole thing is just an optimistic pipe dream. When was the last time our government brought any real change with a website?”

“Heh. Guess we'll see.”

“Yep, suppose so.”

And that was the last they talked about it for the rest of the day. But it certainly wouldn't be the last time they talked about it.

Chapter 2

It was a little past noon the next day when there came a knock at the door. “Open up! CDC!” the voice on the other side shouted at them. “Delivery and I don't have time to fuck about so let's go.”

Andy was in the living room working on his laptop, and glanced over at Eric, who was hip deep in a conference call. “Don't worry, I got it. They probably just forgot some questions yesterday or something.” Eric waved his hand as Andy set his laptop aside, carrying on with his conversation with his coworkers.

Andy rose from the couch and made his way over to the front door, opening it without thinking to look through the peephole. The cats were both upstairs asleep, so he didn't worry about them. When he opened the door, there were three people outside of it, not the one he'd expected. The person in the middle looked a lot like Dave had, except for the face. The man inside this biohazard suit was a black man in his late forties. He looked a lot less jovial than Dave had.

To the left and right of the man in the biohazard suit was a woman covered from head to toe. From the clothing, it was almost impossible to make out any details other than the woman to the left of him was short and the woman to the right was tall. Both of them wore hoodies with the hoods pulled up. They wore ski visors over their eyes and scarves over their noses and mouths. Both wore long sweatpants and had those fuzzy lined boots he'd never thought were fashionable. He couldn't see an inch of skin from either. Each of them had a small roller suitcase with them, the kind of travel bag someone takes for a holiday no longer than a week. They also each had a large bag under their arm, an oversized purse maybe, or a laptop bag. The whole appearance was almost like Berkas by Gucci.

“You Eric or Andy?” the man in the gear asked him.

“Andy.”

“Copy,” the man said, tapping at his little pad with a stylus that dangled from it. He let the stylus drop and then opened a pouch on the outside of his suit, unholstering a bottle of Lysol. He sprayed the surface of the tablet for a few seconds then held it out to Andy. “Just use your finger to sign on the line. Any day now. I've got another seven deliveries to make today, and people are on the bus waiting so let's go.”

Andy lifted a finger up and signed an approximation of his name on the tablet's surface. “So how long is this for? That these people are staying with us?”

“Which room is Eric's and which room is Andy's?” the shorter of the two women asked.

“Upstairs and turn right for Eric's room and left for my, uh, Andy's room,” he said, as the two women immediately brushed past him and ran upstairs. “How long?”

“The fuck should I know, pal? I just deliver them.” He took the tablet back from Andy and glanced down at it. “Anyway, that’s it for this batch. I’ll see you again in a few days, maybe a week or so, with the next one.”

“The next one?” Andy asked, but the man had already turned and started walking back to a school bus that was idling in the street. “What do you mean the next one?” But the man had already moved on, and either didn’t hear Andy or didn’t care. Andy suspected it was the latter. Behind him, up the stairs, he heard both his and Eric’s bedroom doors shut.

He closed the door and locked it, then turned the padlock and put the chain back on. Andy looked over his shoulder, then glanced at Eric, who shrugged. He moved upstairs and knocked on his own bedroom door. “Uh, hello?”

“Five minutes please!” a voice on the other side of the door said to him.

Andy sighed, turned around and walked downstairs. His roommate looked over at him, having just wrapped up his conference call. “She wants five minutes.”

Eric laughed. “We’ve been kicked out of our own rooms. Great.”

Andy moved back over to the couch and picked up his laptop, sitting back down and starting to write again. He was curious, though. Insanely curious about what was happening in his own room. Neither of the cats were complaining so he imagined it couldn’t be too bad. His roommate had wrapped up his conference call, but had clearly turned on his music, because Andy could hear the tiny noise flareups, even through Eric was just wearing earbuds. He did love his death metal loud.

He spent a while trying to work but trying to focus felt damn near impossible. He popped into his company’s Slack channel, to let them know what was going on.

-your partner showed up?- his boss typed. -take the rest of the week off. you’re going to be busy-

-They said they’re going to be back later with another delivery. What the hell does that mean?- Andy typed into the channel.

-oshit- his boss typed back. -how big is your bed? queen sized?-

-King sized.- Andy replied. -California king, actually. Don’t know what difference that makes though. The news said one partner per person.-

-u have a king bed tho- his boss replied. -did the site ask u the polyamory question?-

-Yeah- Andy typed. -I put no preference-

-shiiiiiiit- came the reply. -okay take off the rest of the week and let me know when you get another partner and we can do the same again as many times as you get partners-

-Wait. What? How many partners can they give me?-

-depends on what level the tester gave you-

-He said level 5. He was a fan of my novels so I gave him a signed copy of the new one-

-oshit- his boss answered. -then u can be assigned up to 4 partners w/cali king bed-

-Now you’re just fucking with me- Andy sent back with a laugh.

-noshit my dude- his boss answered. -ok we play it by ear then but dont check out any new tasks until monday, k?-

-Am I still getting paid for the time?-

-new partner adaptation time dude its all covered-

-Okay then, I guess.-

-lvl 5 LOL u fucking suck- his boss typed. -u dont deserve that lvl of woman-

-Wait. What do you mean?-

-LOL u didnt read how the lvls system work fuck u go enjoy winning the lottery-

And with that, his boss set Andy’s status to Out Of Office.

From upstairs he heard both pairs of doors open, although he didn’t think either of them opened fully. “I’m going to take a shower if that’s okay with Eric,” a voice called down.

“He’s in the zone working, so that should be fine,” Andy called up.

“Thank you!” And then Eric's bedroom door closed again.

“Okay Andy, come on up,” a different voice said. “But close the bedroom door behind you, okay?” And then his own bedroom door shut.

His work day was done. He found himself a little nervous at the idea of going into his own room, but he realized waiting wasn't going to make it any easier. Time to face the music. He pushed his laptop back into his laptop bag, zipped it up and set it on the coffee table.

Andy walked up the stairs and came to his bedroom door. It was odd, staring at this side of his bedroom door. He knocked on the door, and a soft giggle came from the other side. “You don't need to knock, silly. It's your room. Come on in.”

He wasn't entirely sure what he expected to find behind the door. But he did as he was told to do, opening the door, stepping in and closing the door behind him.

Sitting on his bed was a lovely redheaded woman in her mid to late twenties. He suspected the coppery color of her hair was natural as he could see a generous dusting of freckles on her cheeks and arms. She had it done up in a sporty ponytail that hung down to the small of her back. Instead of all the layers he'd seen her in just a few minutes ago, she was dressed now in simply a sports bra, a pair of booty shorts and a pair of thigh high leather boots. She had her hands behind her on the bed to thrust her perky tits up in his direction. She was fit, pale, strikingly beautiful, and had a playful smile on her face.

“Hallo Andy,” she said, an Irish tinge to her voice. “My name's Aisling. It's pronounced Ashling, but spelled A-i-s-l-i-n-g. I'm from Dublin, but after I finished uni, I got a job out here working as a graphic designer. I'm your new partner. I hope I'm to your liking.”

“Oh!” Andy said, as if the whole situation was just dawning on him. “Oh, I'm-”

Aisling couldn't contain herself any longer and sat up and rushed him, throwing her arms around, clinging to him firmly. “We can touch,” she moaned into his ear. “Touch! It's been so fucking long since I touched anybody. And I'm going to touch the fuck out of you nonstop, you beautiful bastard.”

He was slightly taken aback at how tightly she was holding him. “I mean, you don't have to-”

“I don't have to do any fucking thing I don't want to,” she whispered into his ear. “But it is taking every bit of willpower I have not to drop to my fucking knees and rip those pants right off you. Because that's what I desperately want to do right now.”

Andy could feel her nipples pressed firmly against his chest through the sports bra, and her breath was hot against his skin. “W-why?”

“We've been in isolation for months,” Aisling said as her hand grabbed onto his ass through his jeans. “They gave us injections to help us build our immune system against the virus, but they said it was going to stoke our libidos a bit. God, wasn't that a fucking understatement.” She nibbled on his earlobe for a moment. “They showed me twenty pictures of men with a bit of description beneath each of them on what they wanted and didn't want, and I picked you.”

His hand moved along the small of her back, trying to keep it from going anywhere inappropriate, but she reached behind herself to grab his arm by the wrist and push his hand down onto her ass, which invoked another moan from her. “Why did you pick me?”

“You like gingers, which I am obviously. I'll be sure to show you it's natural in just a smidge,” she said with a smile. “But you like both submissive and aggressive women, and I can be both. You're open to polyamory. I like both men and women, and I know that polyamorous men with large beds get multiple partners, so that's something to look forward to. I consider myself a switch, so I'm looking forward to having another girl to play with, one I can order around a bit.” Andy started to try and pull his hand upward a bit, and she rubbed her hips forward a bit more insistently. “If you're lifting that hand up, it'd better be to slip it under my shorts onto my bare ass.”

“Is... is that what you want?”

“For an appetizer,” she purred. “But you know what made me want you most of all?”

Andy lifted his hand just to the top of her booty shorts, hesitating for just a second before he slid his fingertips beneath the hem of them. He realized he must've been hesitating a bit too long, because she reached back and pushed his hand down firmly until he had a full handful of toned butt in his grasp. "What's that?"

"Out of that long, *long* list of sexual turn ons and offs, the thing you put that turned you on the most... was dirty talk," she practically moaned at him. "I fucking love dirty talk. I am an absolutely filthy little slut. No," she giggled, licking her tongue along the shell of his ear, "I'm *your* filthy little slut now. I am going to beg you to fuck me stupid over and over again. I can't wait to suck on that cock of yours, to make you fuck my face until there are tears rolling down my eyes and I can't breathe. God, that makes my little pussy clench. It's tight, too. I've only fucked two guys before, and each of them only a couple of times. But you are going to fucking plow that gash of mine so much I may have to etch your name into it. You are going to fuck your little whore so much that you fall asleep inside of my cunt more often than not, and wake up to me sucking your dick clean to get you ready for another round." She turned around in his arms, which made his hand slide up to her stomach, her head leaning against his shoulder. "Here," she said, taking his hand on her belly, pushing it down the front of her shorts. "Feel just how sopping wet a bitch you own now, sir. Should be it sir? Master?" She giggled a little, wiggling her eyebrows. "Daddy?"

Andy stuttered for a second, as his fingertips pushed through a small strip of hair before reaching the most drenched snatch he'd ever felt. "Fuck, you are soaked..."

"Mmmm," she said with a nod. "So I'll just use all three then."

"Not..." Andy sputtered, "not in front of my roommate."

"The other guy? Oh, he's going to be more than a little distracted. I talked with Lily a little bit on the way over here – Lily's the girl waiting for him in his room – and she's more worked up than I am. And your roommate likes them to be a little dominant with him, so I don't think he'll have time to say anything, but if it makes you feel better, sir, I'll just call you Andy when we're out in the common areas. Or honey or baby. Something innocuous. As long as you're going to hold up your end of our deal."

"My end?" Andy said, as he pushed a fingertip inside of Aisling's drenched pussy, feeling her clench down on it as she shivered slightly.

"You owe me one load of spunk every fucking day," she said, grabbing his other hand to push it up and under her sports bra to cup her tit, feeling how hard her nipple was against his palm. "I don't give a shite where you put it – on my face, down my throat, across my tits, up my cunt... you can even stuff it up my virgin asshole, something I can't *wait* to feel the first time – but you don't fall asleep at night without making sure I got my daily dose of your jizz. Think you can live up to that?"

"God, I hope so," he said, lifting her bra up to her collarbone, as her hands moved to pull it up and over her head, tossing it aside. "You really want that?"

Aisling giggled again, a sound that sent shivers up Andy's spine every time. "I honestly can't wait to get started, Master. I want you to fuck me so bad, I can feel it trickling down my thighs. You've got yourself a needy little slut on your hands. How do you want our first time to be?"

Andy's hand slid up from her shorts and brought his fingertips to his lips, licking them clean, seeing her nuzzling her face against his neck, so he offered his pointer finger to her, which she wrapped her lips around and suckled hard on before letting it pop from her mouth. "You were going to prove to me you were ginger, weren't you?"

"Mmmm... I'm sure you can see the freckles all over my tits," she said, crossing her arms at the wrists in front of her to push them together and up towards his eyes. "But you want to be sure you've got an honest slut on your hands, hm? Boots off or on, you think?"

"The boots are dead sexy, but let's have them off."

"You like them though, yeah?" she asked as she put one foot up on his bed, and started unzipping one of the boots.

“Oh yes, they're fantastic. A lot of forethought in thinking to bring them.”

“We were allowed to make a list of things to get packed up for us, so I've got all sorts of little surprises in my wheelie bag, but I'll tell you one... I've got a plaid skirt in there, back from my days at Mercy College. Every man around the world loves a schoolgirl.” She pulled her other boot off and set it on the floor next to its companion. Then she unbuttoned the front button of her jean shorts, unzipping them before bending forward over the corner of Andy's bed. She pushed the shorts slowly over the curve of her ass and down her thighs before stepping out of them, leaving her in a tiny silky red thong. “Like the view?”

“God you're fit. I feel like a bit of fat man in your presence, I'm afraid.”

“Don't you worry, lad,” she purred. “You and I are going to be doing a lot of exercise.” She slid on her belly further onto the bed and then rolled onto her back. “I'll fuck you back thin, daddy.” Aisling pulled her thighs back to her chest, reached down and drew her thong up along her legs. As soon as she lifted the fabric upward, Andy got his first view of her pussy, and she was glistening. With her ankles to the side of her head, she drew the thong off and tossed it to the side before spreading her legs wide. True to her word, there was a neat shaved triangle of copper curls just above her snatch. “See? Ginge minge. Now what're you gonna do about it?”

“Aren't you sweet as candy?” Andy slowly crawled onto the bed next to her. He didn't have shoes to kick off – he'd barely put them on since the lockdown began. “You're down for anything?”

Aisling rolled onto her side. “You want the first time to be something particular? How sweet. What did you have in mind?”

“Something simple. So you can show me what you like. You on top. That okay?” Andy said as he pulled his shirt up and over his head.

She giggled a little bit, reaching a fingertip over to brush it along his chest. “Tattoos? You're full of surprises. I wouldn't have pegged you as a man with ink.” Andy had a tattoo of a griffon starting on his right pectoral going down to his stomach, done in an elaborate and detailed style. It had been the better part of two days worth of work ten years ago. “I like the look of it, though. And if you want our first time to be me riding you, I say giddyup partner. Any other surprises down here I should be looking forward to?” Her fingertip moved to smooth down over the swell of his cock through his jeans.

“You can have a looksee for yourself after you do one more thing,” Andy said, with a little laugh.

“Tell me what it is, so I can see the thing that's going to change my life.” She was rubbing the palm of her hand firmly against that buldge now, her eyes looking down at her hand before bringing those green eyes up to meet his gaze, a girlish smile on her lips. “Stop teasing and tell me.”

“I've never shown my cock to girl I haven't kissed before,” he said with a wry smile. “I don't intend to st-”

Andy didn't even finish getting the sentence before Aisling had crawled all over him, pressing her lips to his. The kiss was intense, more intense than he'd ever remembered before. It came on strong and kept getting stronger, her lips parting after several seconds to let her tongue slip into his mouth and spiral around in a hungry dance. After a few minutes of making out like a couple of teenagers, she pulled back just an inch or so. “God, I hadn't realized how much I missed kissing someone. You're a great kisser.” She pressed her lips against his once more and this time didn't wait to push her tongue in. After a few more minutes, she pulled back again. “That what you wanted?”

He laughed softly. “You really want to see it, don't you?”

“See it, touch it, taste it, fuck it. I want to do everything you can think of with that cock, and once we're done with all of that, we can do it all over again.” Her fingertips plucked at the button of his jeans, popping them undone. “Can I see it now, daddy?”

“I'm no porn star, Aisling, so I wouldn't get your hopes up,” he said. “But yes, you can see it.” He felt her drawing down his zipper and lifted his hips up so she could tug his jeans down and off, but she made a point of grabbing his boxers with them. “See? Not any longer than the average man.”

“Jaysus,” she said quietly, “maybe not any longer, but certainly thicker. A lot thicker. That is a great big fat ol' cock you got there, Master.” Her voice was one continuous purr as her slender fingers wrapped around the base of his dick and started to slowly stroke it. “Thicker than any cock I've ever had inside of me. Can I?”

“Hop aboard.” The whole thing felt vaguely dreamlike. He wasn't sure she was real, wasn't sure any of this was real. He half expected to wake up and for everything to disappear at any moment. But that didn't happen.

“Gladly,” she said, as she straddled one leg over his hips. She snaked a hand between them to grab the base of his cock, angling it properly, setting the tip against wet snatch before sinking down onto it with one continuous motion. As soon as her hips touched down against his, his cock bottoming out inside of her pussy, he felt her entire body slump forward atop him in a colossal shiver, her cunt spasming and clenching on his shaft. A tiny moan bubbled from her lips, one that bubbled over into a breathy laugh against his neck, desperate and delirious. “Fer fuck sake. I've never cum that hard in my entire fucking life, and you just put the fucking thing inside of me. Nothing more. Just from putting him in.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“Are you out of your fucking mind?” she giggled, placing both of her hands on Andy's chest. “I haven't gotten my daily nut yet, daddy. And your girl wants what's coming to her. And by hook or by crook, she will fucking having it.” Her arms pressed together to push her tits out even more, as she started to snake her hips backwards only to thrust them forward again. “It's been two years since I got properly fucked last. How long's it been for you?”

“You'll only laugh at me,” Andy said with a slight frown.

“I promise I won't,” she purred. “Has it been longer?”

“A lot longer.”

“How long?”

“Over a decade.”

She leaned down and kissed him again, this time a bit more softly and tenderly. “Well, you're never going to go a day in your life without fucking ever again, so it'll be alright.” She had a magical way of swaying atop of him, shimmying back and forth on his cock. Her body ground down onto him over and over, sweat glistening off her freckled pale skin.

His hands latched onto her hips, trying mostly to hold on. His fingertips clenched onto her smooth skin, pressing her down a little more than she'd been trying to push onto his cock, as if he felt like he wanted to contribute something to her effort.

“C'mon. Make me your girl, claim your whore, daddy,” she whimpered, her face looming over his. “I wanna feel it. Gimme that cum. Own me. Own me. Cum in her tight little cunt. Paint it. Take it. Fucking own me, Master. Own. Me.”

Just outside of his room, he heard Eric's door open and then slam shut again, but it was only a momentary distraction, as Aisling continued to bear down on him, her ass slamming against the top of his thighs.

It wasn't long before he could feel that release building up on him, and much sooner than he'd have liked, his body was shuddering in the throes of an orgasm as he started to spew hot cum inside of her tight young twat. As soon as he started to orgasm, however, it was almost like Aisling had been struck by lightning, her whole body violently shaking as a guttural sound was wrenched from her throat, primal and whorish, before her body collapsed on top of him, her body trembling for a long moment before she lay still atop of him.

After a few minutes, he slowly moved her to one side of him so he could slip out from under her. She was completely unconscious, and he was almost certain he could hear her whispering high imperceptibly the word 'imprinting' over and over again.

He didn't want to wake her, so he went and showered, then headed downstairs to grab himself a

bit of dinner. The two cats sat at the foot of his bed, peering at the unconscious redhead in his bed, wondering what the hell was going on.

The madness had barely even gotten started.

Chapter 3

When Andy woke up the next morning, he was almost certain he'd been dreaming yesterday. But he felt an odd sensation and lifted his head to look down. There he saw Aisling's coppery ponytail bouncing over his crotch. And he could feel her lips sealed around his cock, as she continued to face fuck herself on his shaft.

Andy had never woken up to being blown before, and it certainly was a delightful experience. He tried to pull her head up, to give her a break, but she reached up and pressed his hand away with her own, a delightful little giggle rolling from her lips onto his dick.

He thrust his hips towards her face because it seemed like the thing she wanted him to do, and sure enough, she kept pushing her head down again and again. She wasn't letting up until she got what she needed.

In the end, resistance was futile.

His body tensed up and his back arched as he felt her lips around the base of his cock, the head lodged in her throat as he started to spew cum. When he did, he could feel her body shake and quiver against his thigh.

A few minutes later, both of them had regained their composure, and she'd snuggled up alongside him, her face nestled in the crook of his neck as she laughed almost deliriously. "It's actually true. The taste of your cum gives me an orgasm. Each and every time, harder than I'd ever known before I met you," she purred. "You really do fuckin' own me, daddy."

"You say that," Andy said, "but eventually you'll get bored of me, and you'll come to resent me, resent being attached to me like this."

She rolled over a little bit, pressing one of her arms against his chest as she shook her head, a crooked smile on her lips. "I woke up in the middle of the night and looked around the room while you were asleep. There are bookcases everywhere. My first boyfriend was a footie player who dreamed of going pro when he could barely get up in the morning. My second boyfriend? He was a shitty musician who claimed he was being artful when he couldn't carry a tune. You're surrounded by books. Have you read all of them?"

Andy shrugged a little. "Maybe half of them. But I like having books around, knowing that when I'm ready for another, it's right there."

"See?" she giggled. "I've never been with anyone so smart before. And I've never been with someone who'll let me be myself and not force me to hide it."

"Hide what?"

"What an absolute slut I am," she said, kissing his neck. "Your absolute slut, if I'm honest." She wasn't trying to wind him up, just more of delighting in learning all the nooks and crannies of his body. "And I don't have to pretend I'm a good Catholic girl who'd never let a boy put his hand up her skirt when I'd rather be bent over getting my tight young gash plowed. You'll have to do that next, have me on my hands and knees, your good little proper bitch."

Andy laughed. "You sound rather eager for that."

"Mmmmm," she mumbled, nibbling on his ear, "you want me to beg again?"

"Let me do it later," he said. "We should get up, shower, and we should meet our new roommates."

"I talked to Lily a bit on the ride over. I'll tell you about it in the shower."

Each of the bedrooms in the condo had an attached bathroom so they didn't even have to get dressed to get up and move to the bathroom. She scooted ahead of him quickly, and he could see the inside of her thighs were damp as she climbed out of the bed and moved into the bathroom.

It was the first time he'd had a woman in his bathroom in a decade, and so he was a little embarrassed about the state of it. "Of course you don't have a hair dryer," Aisling giggled, as she ran her fingertips over Andy's shaved head. He'd started developing a bald spot in his mid twenties, so he'd been shaving his head every since then. "Don't worry, I've got one in my suitcase. Speaking of which, you're going to need to give me one drawer in that dresser to myself. That okay?"

"You're really in this for the long haul, aren't you?" He turned on the water in the shower as he closed the top of the toilet.

She leaned in and folded her hands behind his neck, pressing her body up against his. "What did I tell you? You. Own. Me." She kissed him briefly in between each of the last three words. "But that means you belong to me as well. Whenever you go, I go. And I need to take care of you. And you need to take care of me."

"I can clear out a drawer for you, no problem, Aisling."

"See? It's not that hard to pronounce, is it?"

"But hey, this is your bathroom now too, so feel free to make it home."

"Oo!" she said suddenly and darted back out into the bedroom. Andy could hear her unzipping her little suitcase before she sprinted back in, a giant tricolor beach towel which she set on top of the toilet. It didn't even take him half a second to recognize it was the colors of Ireland's flag. "Little bit of the home country. Now let's get wet. I've never taken a shower with another person before." She lifted her fingers and pressed them against his hair chest, almost shoving him back into the shower.

It was rather a long shower, where they got dirty before they got clean again.

About forty minutes later, they'd both gotten dried off and dressed and headed downstairs, Aisling bringing her laptop bag with her. Sitting on the couch was a Japanese woman dressed in sweatpants and a baggy t-shirt typing away on her laptop while Eric was sitting at his desk on the other side of the room.

"Andy, meet Lily," Eric said to Andy as he walked down the stairs. "She's my new partner."

"S'up," Lily said, not even looking up from her typing.

"She's kinda in the zone right now. She's a coder with DoorDash."

"We talked a bit on the ride over here," Aisling said. "Hi, I'm Aisling. I'm Andy's first partner."

"First?" Lily said, stopping typing and looking up and over her shoulder at them as they reached the bottom of the stairs.

Andy scowled. "She didn't mean it like that. I wasn't a virgin."

Lily snickered a bit. "I know. I'm fucking with you," she said, looking back down to her laptop. "So how was he Ash?"

"Fucking amazing," Aisling said. "How about yours?"

"I have a name you know," Eric said.

"Good but not great," Lily said. "But I'll train him to be the best ever. Best for me, anyway."

"Hi Eric," Aisling said, shaking Eric's hand. "Nice to meet you."

"I cleared off the dining room table behind Andy's desk to give you a bit of work space, Ash," Eric said. "Lily said you're an artist?"

"Graphic designer for Alphabet."

Andy cocked his head as he and Aisling started to cross the living room, heading towards the dining room. "I didn't know you were a Googler."

"I'm a contractor for them, so they don't really consider me a Googler," she sighed. "They might move me from contract to full time at some point, but it's just as likely they're going to just keep giving me new contracts over and over again."

"Welcome to life in Silicon Valley," Andy laughed. "Everything's forever, for exactly five minutes."

Aisling pulled her laptop out of her bag and set it on the table, noticing the box pushed off to one side. "Blake Conrad, huh?" she said, taking a book out from the box. "My older brother loves these

books, but I've never read any of them. Are you a big fan?"

From the other room, Eric couldn't help but laugh. "Go on!" he yelled at Andy. "Tell her."

Andy rolled his eyes. "Look inside the back flap."

Aisling took the hardcover and opened to the back of it, looking at the inside flap where Andy's picture peered back at her. "Wait, are *you* Blake Conrad?"

"It's a pen name."

"Oh my god! I'm shagging Dermot's favorite pen!" she giggled. "I can't wait to phone him and tell him."

"Mmm. I can even autograph a copy of the new one for him and you can mail it out to him, as long as he's not going to be mad that I'm sleeping with his sister."

Aisling pulled out a Wacom tablet from her laptop as well as a power cord, plugging it into the wall. "Andy. You're a bloody hero to him. He'll be over the moon."

"He's not going to be upset that you're shacking up with a guy you just met? Or that he's going to have... other women?"

Aisling kissed him for a long moment, soft and tender. "You're sweet, Andy. But this is the way the world works now. And you're a good man, so Dermot'll be happy that I didn't end up with someone crazy or ugly."

"Oh, you don't think I'm ugly?" Andy grinned impishly, as Aisling pushed him back down into his desk chair.

"Look fella," she teased. "If I thought you were ugly, I'd have said so. Now don't you have work to get to or something?"

Andy turned on his computer and the two monitors on his desk sprung to life. "Well, yeah, but theoretically I'm on new partner leave, so I don't really have to be working."

She stuck her tongue out at him. "Well, I don't get any such luxury as a contractor, so I need to get some work done today. How does a novelist get partner leave anyway?"

He sighed a little. "That's just my side hustle. My day job is as a marketing writer for Netflix."

Aisling's face scrunched up in cute confusion. "The books don't pay enough?"

"Not until they get optioned, which my agent seems to think will happen eventually, but hasn't yet."

"I'll have to read them then." Andy tried to mask the look of surprise on his face, but apparently wasn't great at concealing it. "What? I said I hadn't read them, not that I didn't want to read them."

"Fair enough!" Andy grabbed his headphones and pulled them onto his head, clicking on iTunes to bring up his music. He wasn't allowed to check out new tasks for his day job, so he figured he might as well get a bit of writing in on his next novel.

After a few minutes, Aisling tapped him on the shoulder, so he pulled the headphones off.

"What's up?"

"What're you listening to?"

"Right now? Post rock band called God Is An Astronaut, but I usually just put my music on shuffle and let it ride."

"Can I listen too?"

Andy nodded. "Sure, as long as you've got headphones with a long cable and a USB plug."

"Certainly do!" she said, holding out the cable.

He plugged her in, did a few clicks on his computer, and then they were both listening to his music, just a few feet apart.

Andy found it a little hard to focus on his writing, so he decided to take a bit of time to read up on the level system. His boss seemed to know a lot more about it, so he figured it didn't hurt to see what was coming down the pipeline.

The virus, it seemed, was hitting the coasts hardest, with NYC being the biggest disaster area, but the Silicon Valley wasn't far behind. Isolation was the best path, but the bodies were still piling up,

so the country was looking to build some stability into people's lives. That meant pairing the single people up. Men were dying at a significantly higher rate than women to the virus, so protecting them had become extremely important. The virus had a mortality rate that was fifty times higher in men than it was in women.

Because of that fact alone, it had been determined that virus free men would be ranked on a scale of one to five in terms of their importance to society, and that the higher a man was ranked, the more that person's personal needs would be tended to. So level 1s, which it seemed like was most people, would simply be given the barest amount of effort to find someone to pair with their basic desires. 80% of the men were classified as level ones. Level twos were essential, low risk workers such as construction engineers, clerks, judges and the like. Level three was law enforcement. Level four was figures of high impact. Mark Zuckerberg would've supposedly been a level four if he wasn't already married, one article said. Level five was the front liners in the fight in the virus and those who had made extraordinary contributions to society. They made up a fractional amount of people in the pool, less than half of one percent.

A kind of hushed up mythology had been built up around level fives from what Andy could find on the internet. There were stories of emergency doctors who were on the best of days a six in any woman's estimate getting partnered up with women who would never be any less than a ten.

Andy scoffed a little bit until he started looking at some of the pictures, and noticed that there were endless pictures of ER doctors and genetics researchers with women way, way, way, way out of their leagues.

It was on the fifth collection of photos he spotted a familiar face. There was Dave, the man who'd tested them just a few short days ago, with his arm around a Hispanic knockout who couldn't have been pressed closer to him. And in the group shot with Dave, there were nearly a dozen other similar pairings of schlep and stunner.

Once paired, men were being kept in isolation for an indeterminate amount of time. They were allowed to go out for walks, but had to keep fifteen feet away from anyone else. They weren't even permitted to go into stores to go shopping. Andy and Eric had been living on food delivery for weeks now. They'd even had groceries delivered and left on their doorstep. The receipt said the person who delivered them was named Silva, but neither Andy nor Eric had seen them. Andy wondered which of the two women would volunteer to go and get groceries first.

During the middle of the day, Eric wanders over to take their orders as he placed a food delivery, but none of them had any chance to talk until dinner, which they also had delivered. Lily got free deliveries working for DoorDash, apparently, so both lunch and dinner had been brought that way.

"So how did you guys meet?" Lily asked as she was bringing in the bag of food that had been left on their doorstep.

Eric laughed. "You want to tell them or should I?"

Andy waved his hand, turning his desk chair around so it was up against the dining room table. "You're looking forward to it, so you tell them."

Eric grinned as Lily started to take the food – cheesesteaks it seemed – and put it out on the table. "He was trying to bang my sister."

"I was trying to date your sister," Andy said as Aisling giggled. "There's a difference."

"Date her so you could fuck her, let's be clear."

Andy rolled his eyes. "That was over a decade ago, so it's probably time to let it go."

"She's married and lives in Florida down with her husband and their four kids, so we never really see her much anymore," Eric said.

"But Eric needed a roommate and I needed a place to live, so I moved into his spare room, and we've been flatmates since then," Andy said. "Aisling's from Dublin, but are you local Lily?"

"Second generation Bay Area native," Lily said as Eric set a beer in front of her. "My parents live up in Petaluma these days. Are your parents still around here, Eric?"

“They retired and moved down to Santa Cruz, although they spend half their time out in Florida with their grandkids. I'll introduce you to them over Facetime when they call next.”

“They going to be happy you hooked up with a Japanese woman?”

“They'll be happy I'm happy,” Eric said. “Beyond that, I don't think they care.”

“What about you, Andy? You got local family?”

Andy shook his head. “I'm from Ohio originally, but I've been out here for longer than I was there. My dad died a few years back, but my mom's still out there, as is my older brother with his wife and their son.”

“How old's your nephew?” Aisling asked.

“Conner will be 11 in July. I generally go back every year for Christmas, but this year seems like that's probably out.”

The Irish girl cocked her head slightly. “How much older is your brother?”

“Nine years older than me.”

“No siblings in between?”

“Nope,” Andy said. “You said you have an older brother named Dermot. That your only sibling?”

Aisling almost snorted she laughed so suddenly. “Jaysis no. Dermot's the eldest, then me, then my sisters Aoife and Niamh, and the last one is my baby brother Colin, who's about as old as your nephew. What about you, Lily?”

“Only child, thank fuck,” she grumbled. “So, Andy, I understand Aisling's not going to be your only partner. What makes you think you deserve more than one partner, hm?”

Andy raised a hand defensively. “Hey now, I never said I deserve anything.”

“She's fucking with you, love,” Aisling said, poking him with a grin.

“Spoil sport,” Lily said, sticking her tongue out. “I don't really care as long as you're not going to take a pass at me.”

“You're Eric's partner, Lily. I'm going to respect that.”

“Good, and I'll make sure he keeps his hands off your girls.”

“I would never—” Eric started to say before Lily raised a finger in his direction and he felt silent.

“Good boy,” Lily said with a smirk. “I'll get him trained yet.”

Andy had never seen Eric get cowed quite so severely before, but he could swear his flatmate was blushing a little.

“I'm actually looking forward to seeing who else we get to play with,” Aisling said.

“How many names should I expect to have to learn?” Lily asked.

“It's a fookin' huge bed, Lil,” Aisling giggled. “So I expect a few more.”

“What I was reading about on the internet says I'm supposed to share my bed with four partners,” Andy said, “but that can't possibly be right can it?”

“Mmmm. I can't wait,” Aisling purred.

She didn't have long to wait.

Chapter 4

Three days later, the calendar claimed it was a Saturday, but at that point, Andy wasn't sure any of them really knew. During the evening after dinner every day for the past three days, Lily and Eric had retreated to Eric's room immediately as soon as dishes were in the dishwasher, and Andy and Aisling were in Andy's room not long after.

The walls between the two bedrooms were thankfully fairly thick, and each room was generating enough noise to drown the other out if there had been any spillover.

If anything, Andy actually felt a little sore. Aisling hadn't been lying about fucking him thin. Each day had been a new and interesting work out, and she'd been true to her word – he hadn't gone to sleep without giving her at least one load for the day.

They'd also spent a bunch of time all getting to know one another. Andy knew within just a few minutes that Lily was a good match for Eric – she knew exactly how much to push him around and how much to let him get his way. Aisling also seemed an ideal match for Andy, and they'd spent much of the Saturday upstairs just in bed, cuddled up watching movies on the television in his room.

Late in the afternoon, Andy had starting making dinner for the four of them when a knock came at the door. Aisling was in the living room talking with Lily while Eric has helping him by chopping vegetables. “Who is it, Ash?”

Aisling picked through the peephole then opened the door. “Looks like you should make that for five,” she called back.

“Delivery for Andrew Rook?” a man inside a bio-hazard suit said, holding out a tablet. A woman stood next to him, dressed much as Aisling and Lily had been when they'd showed up.

“I'm Aisling Blake, his partner,” she said. “It okay if I sign?”

The man glanced down at his tablet, frowned at it, clicked a few things, then nodded. “Sure, looks like that's okay. Sign here.”

Aisling took her fingertip and scrawled her name on it, as the woman moved into the room and started heading up the stairs, carrying her little roller suitcase with her. “The door on the left!” Aisling called up. “I'll be up in just a second!” She turned back to the man with a broad smile. “Anything else?”

“Nah, I'll be back again soon enough,” he said, and Aisling closed the door behind him, turning the deadbolt to lock it.

“I'm going to go up and talk to her, Andy, so just hang out for a bit down here, okay?”

“I'm cooking anyway, Ash, it's fine.” Andy hadn't even gotten a glance at the new woman, but his curiosity was certainly getting the better of him. Still, he also found himself more than a little nervous.

Aisling darted upstairs and then a few seconds later, he heard his bedroom door close again.

“You've been kicked out of your own room again,” Eric teased.

“Meh, it's not even my room anymore.”

“Oh get over yourself,” Lily said. They all knew she was joking, even as dry as her humor was.

Ten minutes later, dinner was close to done, and Andy was tempted to call upstairs to her when Aisling came down the stairs alone. “Is she not joining us?” Andy asked.

Aisling shook her head, and Andy could hear the sound of the shower turning on in his bathroom. “She's already eaten, so she's going to take a shower. After dinner, I'll bring you up to the room.”

“What's her name?”

“Lauren,” Aisling said.

“You going to tell me anything else about her?”

“Nah,” Aisling grinned.

“So how's the new girl?” Lily said as Aisling moved to sit at the table while Andy went to dish out his cooking – a spicy chili over rice – into four bowls before putting the fifth bowl back into the cupboard.

“New,” Aisling said.

“Oh come on, Ash,” Eric said. “Surely you can tell us more than that.”

“Of course I can, but I'm not going to, and don't call me Shirley.” For the next few minutes, Lily and Eric peppered her with questions, but Aisling dodged them before she finally just rolled her eyes and stared at them. “You can make your own mind up about her tomorrow, alright? Let her tell you about her rather than me. Now can we talk about something else?”

After dinner, Lily and Eric had agreed to clear up the dishes and get them into the dishwasher, so Andy could go upstairs and meet his next partner. Andy was more than a little nervous as Aisling took him upstairs. His own bedroom door was closed and as they stood outside of it, Aisling moved to

stand between him and it. "Look, Andy, do you trust me?"

He cocked his head to one side then nodded. "Of course, Ash. Why?"

"Then just go with me on this, okay?" She reached into her pocket and pulled out a blindfold. "Put this on."

"Are you serious?" Andy looked down at the blindfold as she handed it to him. "Really?"

"Please trust me?"

Andy sighed, his shoulders slumped a little bit. "Alright. Alright." He lifted the blindfold up and put it over his eyes. "I feel a bit silly."

"It'll all make sense tomorrow, I promise," she said as she made sure the blindfold was covering his eyes properly so he couldn't see at all.

"Wait, tomorrow?"

"Daddy," she said again, this time a bit more comfortingly. "Trust me."

"Ok, Ash. Don't let me regret it."

"You won't," she said, as Andy can hear her opening the door to his bedroom. She pushes him gently into the room, stepping with him, closing the door behind them. His room wasn't very empty, so he knew he had to watch his step. Move too far forward and he'd hit a bookcase, or his armchair over in the corner next to his electric guitar and his arm. "Okay, now step back and lean your back against the door."

Andy took a few steps back and felt his back press into the door, as he felt a hand smoothing along his chest. He thought it was Aisling's, but he couldn't be sure. "Hello, I'm Andy," he said, hoping there was someone else in the room besides him and Aisling.

"Shhhh... don't say anything, Daddy," Aisling whispered into his ear. "Just listen, and feel." He could hear the sound of Aisling moving, and felt her hand on his waist, unbuttoning his jeans. "You're going to learn to love this," he heard her say, although he was fairly certain she wasn't talking to him.

He could hear the sound of Aisling getting down onto her knees, but he thought he heard a second set of knees hitting the carpet, as he felt a hand tugging his zipper down then reaching beneath his boxers to fish out his cock. As soon as it sprung free, he heard a gasp and then Aisling giggling.

"Go on, taste it," she said. "There's a droplet there waiting just for you."

Andy felt a tongue lash against the tip of his cock for a second before pulling back, an unfamiliar throaty moan erupting from somewhere beneath him.

Aisling giggled again. "Give her just a second, Andy."

"Take all the time you need."

After a minute or so, Aisling's voice cut through the darkness again. "Well, if you're not going to..." And he felt Aisling's mouth, or at least he thought it was Aisling's mouth, wrap around his cock once more and push down until her lips were wrapped around the base of it, holding there for a long moment before pulling back again. "At least one of us is gonna be an eager little slut, and if you're not gonna—"

She was in the middle of the word when Andy felt another mouth pushing down hard onto his cock, lodging it right into the back of her throat before coughing a little, drawing back, gasping for air. He started to reach forward, but he felt a hand on his wrist. "No no, Daddy," Aisling's voice said. "Let your new slut work."

Not being able to see was heightening his other senses, putting them into overdrive. And yet, even as he felt her mouth sliding up and down his dick, he couldn't tell anything about this new girl who had entered his life. Anything other than the fact she loved his cock.

"She's thirsty, daddy," Aisling purred up at him. "You can't see her, but I can, and she's giving you such sloppy head, I think she's desperately trying to get you to cum for her."

"I'm not far off," Andy admitted.

"One second then," Aisling said as she pulled Lauren back for a moment. She whispered something to the other girl, and then they both moved for a second, and he could hear the sound of one

of them getting onto the bed. Then he felt a pair of hands on his hips, pulling him forward. "C'mere, you're going to fuck her face, daddy."

"I'm going to what?" he said, as he slowly shimmied forward until he felt like he was near the edge of his bed. He felt a hand around the base of his cock, as Aisling stood behind him, and she moved him around a bit, then her hips pushed forward against his ass, forcing him to thrust into an open mouth that groaned eagerly around him.

He tried to pull back a bit, but Aisling pushed him forward until he felt his balls brushing against what he thought was Lauren's nose. That meant, he assumed, she was on her back, maybe with her head hanging just off the edge of the bed. "That's it, daddy, feed her. Feed your newest slut a hot load of your cum. Claim her. Let her taste you." Aisling moaned into his ear. "This is so fucking hot, sir. But you gotta do it. She's yearning for it," she said as her hips moving with his pressed his cock in and out of the unseen girl's throat. "Make her your slut, daddy. Cum in that fucking throat..."

Andy could feel Aisling's fingers closing around his balls as they drew up, and before he knew it, he was spurting a hot load of jizz into the throat of a woman he'd never even seen before. While his orgasm was strong, he could feel Lauren trembling beneath him like they were in the middle of an earthquake. The bed was jittering and he tried not to push forward or back until he felt Aisling's hands pulling him back a little bit.

"God, this is such a fucking sexy image," Aisling said. "Now just wait here a moment, okay?"

Andy nodded, and felt Aisling move around him before sliding up onto the bed. He could hear the sound of Aisling moving Lauren around on the bed. He also thought he could hear someone whispering the word "imprinting" over and over again very quietly. He remembered Aisling doing the same thing the first time she'd gotten a load of his cum inside of her.

After a minute or two, Aisling slid off the bed again, and giggled, leaning up to kiss him for a moment. "I think you've earned a treat, Daddy, so give me just one minute more, okay?"

"You're driving, Ash," he laughed.

He could hear her opening the drawer she'd stored all her clothes in, even as she was stripping out of what she was currently wearing, tossing it into the clothes hamper. Then she pulled on whatever clothes she'd pulled out. Then he heard the sound of what sounded like a lotion bottle opening and then felt a cool liquid dripping onto his cock before the cap snapped back on. He felt her fingers sliding up and down his shaft, smearing the lotion onto his dick for a moment before her hands pulled away as she moved up onto the bed once more.

"Okay, daddy, you can take off the blindfold now."

Andy reached up and pulled off the blindfold and let his eyes adapt to his room, the lights set to low. On the far side of the bed, there was a body entirely covered by a sheet, which he assumed had to be Lauren. But his eyes only looked over there for a moment before turning to see Aisling in a Hogwarts outfit, on her hands and knees on the corner of the bed. "Let her rest, Andy. You've got to enjoy your treat now."

Andy licked his lips as he reached down and pushed his jeans to his ankles before stepping out of them. "It's a hell of an outfit you're rocking there, Ash."

She giggled again, looking back at him over her shoulder. "Oh, this is just for a laugh," she said. "No, your treat's something else entirely."

"Oh is it?" he said pulling off his socks and his shirt before pushing his boxers down to the floor, then scooping all his clothes up to toss them into the hamper. "Then what is it?"

"I've had your cum down my throat and up my cunt, but there's one hole that you haven't had a go at," she whispered. "That nobody's had a go at, other than me, of course. I've had fingers and toys up there, but I'm ready for the real thing." Her fingertips pulled on the skirt, tugging it up higher and higher until it exposed her ass. "Claim all of me, daddy."

"Are you sure, Ash?"

"Mmmm... am I not being explicit enough for you?" She brought her shoulders down to the bed

as both hands reached behind her and pulled the cheeks of her ass apart. "I want you to take that thick dick of yours and shove it right up my virgin asshole, daddy. I wanna feel you buttfucking my untouched hole until you toss a load up it and claim that last bit of me that no man's ever had a go at. So you truly fucking own every millimeter of me. I got it, and you, nice and slick. Just... just don't go too fast to start, okay?"

"I'll stop the minute you tell me to."

"Oh, I won't tell you to stop," she moaned. "Just pause for a second. Now let me fucking feel it already. Take my freckled ass for a fucking hard ride."

Andy stepped up to the corner of the bed and rubbed the mushroom head of his dick along that crack, pressing it against that rosebud that she had indeed greased up well. "Don't hold your breath," Andy said, and pushed the tip of his cock through that ring.

The moan that Aisling surged into the mattress was carnal, intense and almost overwhelming. Andy kept his hips steady, not giving her any more than that tip, even as he felt her asshole clenching a bit on his shaft, butterfly spasms. "Fffffffuck that's so fucking big, it feels like you've got a telephone pole up me arse."

"Want me to—"

"Give me more."

"Are you?"

"Fucking more, goddamn it. It feels so fucking good, I fucking need it. Take my virgin ass and stuff it full, you motherfucker."

Andy tried very hard not to laugh, and placed his hands on her hips, holding her steady, as he leaned forward while pulling her back, until his cock was nearly hilt deep in her ass. It felt ridiculously tight and hot, like a grasp around his dick. He kept his hips still at that point, just lodged up her as his hand smoothed along her back through the uniform. "In your own time, Ash."

"So. Fucking. Full," she moaned. "Jaysis, I feel like such a whore. I fuckin' love it. Now plow me, you bastard. Give it t' me."

His hips drew back, sliding most of that shaft out before thrusting forward again until his balls slapped against her pussy, feeling exactly how soaked she was. He held motionless a moment again before he repeated the motion.

"Harder," she groaned.

"What's that?"

"Fuck my virgin ass harder, you beautiful boy," she whimpered. "Fuckin' use your bitch."

He reached forward and his fingertips grasped a handful of her copper mane right by the root so he could pull her back up onto her hands, and he heard her squeal and felt her shiver as he did. "A bitch should be on all fours."

"Fuck yes. Hammer me, daddy. Rail your slut in her virgin shitpipe until you've carved your fuckin' name into it."

He started to piston pump in and out of her, knowing he wasn't going to last long. She was mercilessly tight, but after four or five thrusts, she was leaning back into him with as much force as he was drilling into her.

"Do it, daddy," she moaned. "Give me my load... your slut needs it... she fucking needs it, daddy. Give her your cum so she knows who she belongs to... claim that fucking ass... oh god... jaysis jaysis jaysis.... do it daddy... doitdoitdoitdoit... cum in my ass... cum!"

At her coaxing, he relented and when his cock was slammed down to the base inside of her ass, his balls drew up and he started to spurt a hot load into her ass. The minute he did, he felt a splash of wetness against his balls and it took him half a second to realize she was squirting, a stream of liquid splattering against his nutsack and the corner of the bed.

Her shoulders slumped back down against the sheets and she started to laugh, much more frantically than her normal giggle. "Omigod omigod omifuckingod, I fuckin' squirted," she said,

gasping for air between shots of laughter. "I've never squirted before in me life. That was so fuckin' intense." Andy slipped his softening cock from her ass gingerly, as she rolled over and sat up on her knees, her hands grabbing his face so she could kiss him harder than he'd ever been kissed in his life. She held him there for a long minute before she pulled back just enough for their lips to part. "Thank you so fuckin' much, Andy," she purred at him. "Now let's hop through a quick shower and get to bed. You can meet Lauren tomorrow."

"You okay?" he said, brushing a few rogue strands of her hair out of her face for her. "I wasn't too rough?"

"I." Kiss. "Fucking." Kiss. "Loved." Kiss. "It." Kiss. "If it's ever too much I'll tell it, but I loved it. I fucking loved it." She blushed a little bit, her eyes closing before they opened again. "I love you, Andy."

"I love you too, Ash," he said with a smile. "But let's get that shower. And you're the one who's sleeping with her feet in the wet spot."

"Meanie," she giggled, as they headed towards the bathroom.

Chapter 5

Not looking under the sheet was harder than it seemed, but after their shower, Aisling had made sure to put herself between him and the body concealed on the far side of the bed. She snuggled up firmly against him and made sure he didn't move too far over.

At some point in the night, he must've been accidentally tugging on the blanket because he felt Aisling's fingers pulling his hand up and placing it back over her breasts, a tiny little giggle burbling from her half conscious lips.

Andy drifted back off to sleep and slept through the night.

In the morning, he was half awake when he heard two voices talking from the foot of the bed.

"Does he always crack such a fat in the morning?" an unfamiliar voice said.

"A lot of men often wake up hard," Aisling's voice said. "You want to touch him, don't you?"

"God help me, I do," the other voice said again. "I really, really, really do."

"Then go ahead."

"I can hear you, you know," Andy said, reaching up to rub at his eyes.

"Ah. Well g'day Andy," the voice said. "I'm Lauren."

He opened his eyes and sat up a little bit, looking down at the foot of his bed. To the right of his feet stood Aisling, completely naked. She had a huge smile on her face, her freckled hair hanging loose over her shoulders and down across her perky tits.

To the left of his feet stood a huge woman. She wasn't heavy, but she was sizable, far taller than Aisling was, and more muscular. Not overly so, but fit, like an athlete. Statuesque. It was hard to gauge how big she was, but from his vantage point, and using Aisling as reference, Lauren had to be over six and a half feet tall. She was blonde, a long dark golden mane that hung over plump tits down to her waist. They were large full breasts with very obvious tan lines. In fact, he could also see tan lines forming a mark where he imagined a bikini bottom normally was. She had a small triangle of dark blonde hair over her pussy, with her toned thighs pressed firmly together. One of her nipples had a barbell through it, a simple silver adornment. She also had a silver hoop through her navel.

"Hope ya like the view," she said after what Andy felt like was far too long of him being silent. She was gorgeous, but she also looked nervous, maybe even shy, as her striking blue eyes looked down towards his feet. She was older than Aisling, maybe around Andy's age, in her mid thirties. The accent implied she was Australian or from New Zealand, although it felt like it had faded a bit.

"Don't just sit there silently, Andy," Aisling said, slapping one of his feet. "Say something."

"You're absolutely stunning, Lauren." He pulled his legs back to sit up, making room for the two girls to get onto the bed. "Far too lovely to be saddled with a wreck like me."

Lauren blushed a little as she moved to sit down. "Now don't say that. You're right handsome."

“What was yesterday all about?” Andy said, as Aisling slid up further onto the bed.

“I’m, uh...”

“Go on, honey,” Aisling said. “You can tell him.”

Lauren looked down, placing a hand on his thigh, before she drew in a deep breath and lifted her other hand up to push waves of blonde hair from her face, lifting her face to look up at him. “I’ve always identified as bisexual, but I’ve never been with a fella before, Andy. So while I told myself this is what I wanted, I was so afraid when I got here that I froze up.”

Andy frowned a little bit. “Lauren, if you don’t want—”

Her fingers gripped firmly on his thigh, as she looked up at him, her eyes almost ablaze. “NO. No, Andy. I do want. I so want. I’m just... I’m just nervous that I’ll be bad at it. Or that you won’t want me. I’m certainly not as young and pretty as Aisling is. I mean, just look at her. She goes alright, but I’m worried that I’m just a bit of a prawn.”

“Prawn?”

“Y’know, a dog.”

Aisling shook her head. “She thinks she’s what American dickheads call a butterface.”

“Oh god, Lauren,” Andy said, putting his hand over hers on his thigh, squeezing it tenderly.

“You’re beautiful. Whatever man told you that you were ugly was out of his fucking mind, stupid and blind.”

Lauren smiled shyly, licking her lips a little bit. “You think?”

“Jesus, Lauren,” Andy laughed. “You’re out of my league on the best of my days. I wouldn’t blame you at all if you didn’t want me.”

“I told Aisling I was nervous when I got here yesterday. I mean, I’d never gone a gobbie in me life, so I was worried that I’d damage yer tackle when I tried, but she told me...” Lauren trailed off for a moment. “She told me that I’d cum my brains out when I got me first load from ya, but I thought she was having a right laugh. And I didn’t want you to see me all fidgety, so she said she’d blindfold you and I could take me time. She’s a right keeper, that one is.”

Aisling placed her hand on Andy’s other thigh and leaned over his legs, lifting her free hand up to Lauren’s face, tipping her head up so she could press her lips against the giant beauty in a tender kiss, which started soft for just a second, then got heated quickly before pulling back. “And I was right, wasn’t I? Wasn’t the taste overwhelming?”

“Crikey,” Lauren whispered. “When he came in my mouth, I seized up like an ol’ Buick. It was like every nerve in my body was lit on fire. I woke up this morning ready for my next fix.” She glanced over at Aisling and smiled before looking back at Andy. “You don’t mind me snogging your girl, do you?” Aisling reached over and poked Lauren on the thigh, as if prompting her for something. “Sorry, you don’t mind, do you, sir?”

The shiver that ran up Andy’s spine had to be visible to both women. Their shared kiss only a foot or two over his cock had been one of the hottest things he’d ever seen. The word at the end only redoubled the sensation.

“Ah, you two want to have a go at each other and I can leave you to it?”

Lauren giggled, a mature laugh from a mature woman, as her hand moved a bit more up his thigh. “We had a bit of fun this morning before you woke up, sir, an’ I don’t imagine it’ll be the last time, but I’m ready for the main course, if ya follow me.”

“He likes girls on top, so maybe you should just hop on,” Aisling prompted.

“That true, sir?” Lauren asked, sliding a little forward on the bed, one of her thighs moving across his thighs, straddling them, rubbing his cock with one hand near one of her thighs. “You want me on top?”

“If you’ve never been with a man before, it might be best, so you can set the tempo and depth,” Andy said.

“I’ve been fucked before,” Lauren said. “A rubber cock can’t be that different than the real

thing.”

Aisling started giggling furiously. “Oh, bless. You sweet, naive child. Let me help you to the new world.” The redhead moved up on the bed behind Lauren, one hand reaching to grab her hip, the other reaching beneath her to grab Andy's cock, getting it lined up with the other woman's pussy.

“Ready?”

“It's not going to be that—”

With a sudden push of her hand, Aisling shoved Lauren's snatch down onto Andy's dick with one fluid motion. Lauren's head shot back, looking up at the ceiling, letting out a filthy, carnal moan, falling back against Aisling, who kept her propped up, her tits pressed against the taller woman's back while Lauren quaked like she was being electrocuted. The moan carried on for a long moment until Lauren sounded out of breath, and suddenly she gasped in another sudden inhale, one hand reaching behind her to grab a handful of Aisling's hair, the other smoothing across her own stomach.

“Oh FUCK,” Lauren babbled, “I was wrong, I was so bloody wrong, oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck I think I'm still fucking cumming...”

“That's it” Aisling said, one of her hands still holding onto Lauren's hip, the other moving up to cup one of the woman's heavy breasts in her slender fingertips. “I told you just putting it in was going to set you off.”

“It's not right, it's not fucking supposed to be like this,” Lauren whimpered. “I'm STILL fucking cumming shiiiiiiiiiiiiit...”

Aisling smirked at Andy who was watching on with awe, feeling Lauren's snatch fluttering around his cock. “And to think, once you cum inside of her, it's going to hit her even harder, daddy.”

“Fuckin' hell, Ash,” Lauren whined, “I don't think I can handle it. It's too much, it's too fucking much.”

The redhead pressed a kiss against the blonde's neck. “Either you're getting that load or I am,” she whispered to her. “Because I'm not lettin' it go to waste.”

“I'm not sure,” she mumbled.

“Then get off.” Aisling started to pull up on Lauren's hips before Lauren grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her hand off her hip and brought it to her belly. “Changed your mind?”

“I'm scared,” Lauren said, “but I'm excited too. It gets better than that?”

“So much better,” Aisling giggled. “Daddy knows how to reward his sluts.”

“Is that what I am?”

“Do you want to be?” Andy asked her. “You could just be one of my partners.”

Lauren's eyes finally rolled back down the back of her skull, turning those blue orbs down to look at him. “I want what you want.”

“No,” Andy shook his head. “This is a decision you make yourself.”

The tall blonde bit her bottom lip nervously, looking down at Andy's chest before looking up at his eyes. “Say it. I want to see how it makes me feel.”

“Say what?”

“That I'm, you know.”

Andy smirked a little bit. “If you can't say it, why should I?”

She licked her lips, swallowing awkwardly. “Call me your slut.”

“Is that what you want, Lauren?”

She paused then nodded. “I want to hear you say it.”

“Does it turn you on?” He reached a hand up to her face, lifting her chin a little. “The idea of being my slut?”

Her body shivered hard for a long moment before she nodded again. “Say it again.”

“You're my slut, Lauren.”

It was almost like waves of pleasure ran through her at the sound of the words. “More.”

“No,” Andy said. “Say it back to me.”

“Aaaaaannnnnddddyyyyyy....” she whined, like a child trying to get their parent to buy them a toy.

“You say it, and I'll say it again.”

Lauren mumbled the words so low even Aisling couldn't hear them.

“If I can't hear you, you daffy bitch, how do you expect Daddy to?” the redhead said.

“I'm your slut,” Lauren whispered.

“Again,” Aisling said, giving the piercing in Lauren's nipple a little turn.

“God, I'm his slut.”

“Who's slut?”

“Daddy's.”

“All together now.”

“God, daddy, I'm such a little slut for you,” Lauren said, the dam finally breaking in her. “I'm your slut, sir. All yours. Can I be your slut?”

“Of course you can, Lauren,” Andy said with a soft smile. “You're my good girl, my surfer slut.”

Aisling's hand slid down and started to rub against Lauren's clit tenderly. Those fingertips brushed across that flesh as the blonde writhed on Andy's lap. “How good, keep doing that,” Lauren pleaded. One of her hands smoothed along Andy's chest, while the other reached behind her to get lost in Aisling's coppery locks.

“You can't wait to feel it, can you?” the redhead laughed. “I remember my first day., my first time, sitting where you're sitting, praying to get a load up inside of me. Thinking it couldn't possibly be as good as they were promising it would be.” She leaned in to whispering into her ear. “But you know what? It is. And it's even better.”

Lauren was rolling her hips back and forth in his lap, trying to thrust down on him even harder. “I want it. I do want it. I need it. God, I must sound like a little junkie in need of a fix.”

“In a way, you are. We both are,” Aisling said, kissing at Lauren's neck. “But if you want it, you've got to ask him for it.”

“Please, Andy, daddy, master, whatever the fuck you want to be called,” Lauren begged. “I'll say anything, do anything, but you need to give it to me. Fill me up. Let me feel a man, my man, coming inside of my cunt for the first time. I want it, more than anything I've ever wanted in my life. Please? I need to know I'm yours. Cum in me. CUM.”

On that last word, all the resistance Andy had simply melted away, and his body let loose, spurting a load of hot jizz up inside of Lauren's throbbing pussy. She began to spasm and quake atop of him as she felt it before Aisling let the tall Aussie slump forward, laying atop Andy.

It was at least a minute before Lauren made any noise at all, before an almost mouse squeak of a giggle purred from her throat against his neck, her face buried in the crook of it.

“You okay, Lauren?” Andy said, his hand reaching up to stroke her hair as Aisling laid down next to them, nuzzling in against the other side of Andy's neck.

“Oh my god, it's just like being munted,” Lauren said. “I feel warm from the inside out, and kinda dizzy. But it feels amaaaaaaazing.”

“Right?” Aisling said. “Was I right or was I right?”

“Girl, I'm gonna be an addict for this man,” Lauren purred.

“You and me both, sister.”

After fifteen minutes or so, the three of them got up and took a shower together. Lauren was indeed taller than Andy was by several inches, not that he minded. He did think, however, he was going to need a bigger shower.

Later that day he found out that Lauren was thirty-five and she was originally from Sydney, having moving to the Bay Area about seven years ago for a job working for the '49ers as a personal trainer. Aisling and Lauren immediately hit it off, although they made it a point to ensure Andy didn't

feel left out. Late in the afternoon, the two of them had retired upstairs to have a little bit of fun together while Andy continued working on his next novel downstairs.

"Y'know, when I first saw Lauren," Lily said to him on her way into the kitchen to get a soda, "all I could think of was that Eddie Murphy line."

Andy arched an eyebrow at her, not catching the reference. "What Eddie Murphy line?"

"You know, in Beverly Hills Cop 2, when he sees Bridgette Nielsen for the first time." Lily looked at him, waiting for the spark of recognition, rolling her eyes when she didn't see it. "You know... 'God damn, that's a big bitch.' You sure you can handle her?"

He blushed a little bit. "Not in the least. I'm in way over my head, but I'm thankful for it at least."

Lily nodded, closing the fridge. "That's good. Stay humble, stay thankful. But I'll tell you one thing..."

"What's that?"

"Two down and two to go, but so far you have a Limey and an Aussie, so you damn well better get some American pussy, and you damn well better get some pussy that's at least as dark as I am." She smirked at him. "If the next bitch who walks through that door is French, German, Russian, any thing like that, I'mma cuntpunt her ass right outta here, you follow?"

"Letting you answer the door for the next few weeks, got it."

"Smart man," she said. "You wouldn't like me when I'm angry."

She started to walk back to the living room, but Andy just couldn't help himself. "Cuntpunt? Really?"

"It's when you..."

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure it's just what it sounds like."

"So keep in mind, I'm watching you."

"Watch the door!" Andy laughed. "You can decide who to let in or not!"

Lily would get the opportunity to decide very soon.

Chapter 6

The next few days around the house were mostly spent with everyone getting to know one another. Lauren, in addition to being a personal trainer, turned out to be an excellent cook. A few days after she arrived, it was decided that a grocery run was needed, but Andy felt strongly that he wanted to go as well. It wasn't advised, but it wasn't strictly forbidden any more either. The news had been quite clear about what he needed to do if he wanted to go out - not only was he required to wear a P95 mask, he also had to wear goggles protecting his eyes and latex gloves covering his hands. It felt burdensome, but he direly needed to get out of the house for a least a short period of time, so he, Aisling and Lauren resolved to make the grocery store run.

"I feel like Mad Max in this get up," Andy grumbled as he got out of the car in the Safeway parking lot. "Except for the fact that I'm unarmed."

"They won't let us in the shop if you're sporting an axe, love," Aisling said, comforting him. The girls were dressed up in their gear as well, although both of the girls were wearing his t-shirts. They'd taken to just going through his shirts each morning and tossing one on, not that he minded. Andy owned a lot of t-shirts. It was practically a uniform. "And we're going through supplies much faster these days with more mouths to feed."

"An' you need to let me get a bunch more healthy things in addition to your junk food," Lauren said. "And with five people instead of two, we're going through food a lot quicker these days. So you'd better get used to one of us going out for supplies every few days."

"Also, you're the one who wanted to come along, Andy," Aisling said. "You could've just stayed home and let us do all the work."

"I had to get out of the house before I went stir crazy. You know I haven't been more a hundred

feet out of the condo since April. We were told we were in a very high risk area, so we completely quarantined and just had food delivered, but it was starting to rack up quite the bill that way."

The trio headed into Safeway, keeping a good distance from everyone else. At the beginning of the year, if Andy had come into this particular Safeway on a Saturday, it would've been a madhouse. Instead, it felt like a ghost town. Some of the aisles were still desperately barren, with supplies like toilet paper down to only a few options, if that. Thankfully, Eric had been smart enough to set up a recurring order from their local CostCo to get toilet paper delivered when they had it in stock. Andy had been tempted to do a CostCo run as well, but as his first real outing in months, he wanted to stick to something where he felt like he at least had a little control. Their local Safeway was located up in the hills a little bit, so it didn't always get as much traffic as grocery stores closer to the freeways.

Andy started to move over to grab a shopping cart, only to get the mom armbar move from Lauren, who pushed him back a good step. "Oh no, Andy," she laughed. "We'll push the cart. You just pick things up and put them into the cart with your gloves."

"I don't understand what the difference is," Andy sighed. "But okay, okay, I do remember them saying that men weren't supposed to touch shared objects in public spaces, so I'll keep my hands off."

"It's like you haven't been trained properly," Aisling giggled.

"You watch it, Ash, or I'll bend you over my knee," he teased back.

"She'd only enjoy it, Andy," Lauren said, rolling her bright blue eyes as they headed into the vegetable section. Andy mostly let the girls pick up things and put them into the cart, but every so often he would insist on something and would pick it up himself, like garlic. Both Lauren and Aisling questioned the amount of garlic he bagged up and dropped into the cart, but he was insistent that they would use it all before they were back to the grocery store again.

They'd gotten close to a full cart's worth of groceries and were standing in the frozen food section, mostly looking for ice cream truth be told, when a familiar voice called to him from a little bit away. "Andy, that you under all that mess?"

Sure enough, it was his friend Phil, standing next to a curvy Hispanic woman. Andy might not have been able to recognize Phil at first glance with the mask and the goggles, but the jacket was a one-of-a-kind letterman jacket from a fighting game tournament Phil had won almost a decade ago. "How did you recognize me, Phil?"

"I was taking a wild guess, but I don't know anyone else here in the States who would be wearing a Nautilus Pompilus t-shirt. Russian alternative rock band t-shirts aren't exactly a dime a dozen."

Andy paused for a second, and then realized, he wasn't wearing his Nautilus Pompilus t-shirt, but Aisling was. He nodded with a slight smile. "Fair enough. We can't exactly talk here, but let's meet up at the base of Mount Diablo, in the park. We can stand far apart enough to talk and still be safe. We've got to drop groceries off, so let's say we meet up in a couple of hours?"

Phil looked down at his watch. "Three o'clock? Sure, we'll see you there."

They didn't say anything else to each other, just finished up shopping, paying and taking their groceries home. On the way home, Andy explained to Aisling and Lauren that Phil was one of his oldest friends, and that he was one of the people Andy had talked to over voice chat during the days since the quarantine had started, although Phil had been radio silent for a few weeks now.

On the way to the park, Aisling and Lauren were peppering him with questions about Phil. They'd talked to a few of Andy's friends on video chat, but they'd only heard stories about Phil. Of course, they'd heard quite a lot of those stories.

They pulled into the parking lot at the park and Andy could see Phil's car on the other side. Sitting on the hood was Phil with the woman he'd seen him with in the Safeway. Andy hopped out of his car, along with Aisling and Lauren. They were out in the open and so far from each other that they felt safe not wearing masks and goggles. Andy walked forward, not towards Phil, but towards the wooden fencing. "So Phil, where the hell ya been?" Andy laughed.

Phil was a slender enough Filipino but he looked thinner than Andy remembered. He was clean shaven, and while Andy expected him to have a shaggy head of hair, it looked trimmed and coiffed. Phil had an easy going way about him, a casual grace that Andy had always envied. He smiled up at Andy, shrugging a little bit. "So, Andy, this is Audrey, she's my partner."

To the right of Phil stood the woman he'd seen her with earlier in the day, but now he could get a better look at her. She was curvy, almost plump, but had a rosy demeanor to her. She was wearing a Street Fighter t-shirt that clearly couldn't be Phil's. She was a bit younger than Phil was, but not unbearably so. "Hi Andy!" she said, giving him a big wave. "Sorry I've kept him off the group Discord, but I didn't want to share him until I felt like we were established."

"Oh, love," Aisling giggled. "We're all doing that."

"Phil, this is Aisling, Ash for short, and this is Lauren," Andy said, rubbing the back of his own neck sheepishly. "Frankly, I'm a little embarrassed they're stuck with me, but they both seem happy enough, so maybe I'm doing okay by them."

Lauren nudged him in the ribs with her elbow. "Andy's the most humble feller I've met. I think me an' Ash are just a couple'a lucky gals."

After a minute or so of silence, Andy spoke again. "So Phil... what do you know?"

It was a question designed to cut right through the bullshit. Andy and Phil had been good friends long enough that they'd developed a sort of shorthand, particular words and phrases that they could use whenever and wherever and people wouldn't know exactly what was being said. There was a good reason for it.

Phil clicked his tongue. "Okay, here's what I know." Phil had worked for a number of tech companies over the years he'd known him, but for the last four years, he'd worked for Boeing up in Pleasanton. Everything he worked on was classified, but he was known to share non specific things from time to time, especially if it affected their gang of friends. "What I can tell you without either of us getting our kiesters thrown in the hooscow, anyway..."

"That sounds best."

"It's bad, Andy," Phil sighed. "It's very bad. They're downplaying the body count for the media, but truth be told we're looking at over a million so far, probably a lot more. And it's only going to get worse. The internal projections are that we're looking at five million dead Americans before all of this is done."

"Jesus," Andy muttered. "One million people dead? Seriously? How are they keeping all this quiet?"

"Lots and lots of work," Phil replied. "It's not as bad outside of the US, but that's because other countries started taking it serious long before we did."

"Are the rules true?"

"I wouldn't be talking to you like this if I didn't think it was safe, Andy. But it's going to get worse. A whole lot worse. People here still aren't taking it seriously. You see the news the other day?"

"People crowded into churches, shoulder to shoulder, demanding their faith will keep them safe. Idiots in city hall meetings, claiming the right to not wear a mask if they don't want to."

Phil nodded. "It's madness. Half of those people will be dead before year's end, and I don't think we're going to have a lid on this until next year. We're living through Spanish Flu Part 2: Electric Bugaloo."

"Five million dead? That's like one percent of the country. How the hell are they going to keep it all quiet?"

"As much smoke as possible," Phil grumbled. "Keep the cover going until it's untenable. People are going to notice eventually, but the lockdowns are going to keep things contained for a while. But guys like you and me, we need to stay as safe as possible. Because we're high risk."

Aisling scowled at him. "How so? I thought the elderly and immuno compromised were the most at risk."

“They are,” Phil said, nodding again, “but beyond that, it's men between the ages of thirty and forty-five. That's where the majority of casualties have been so far. Thankfully, you and me, we're buffered pretty well.”

“What do you mean, buffered?”

Phil smirked, giving a tiny shrug. “Let's just say we've been doing some vaccine testing in rather unusual and unorthodox ways. Did your libido used to be this high all the time, Ash?”

She blanched for a moment. “I thought it was just the cabin fever, but now you mention it, I've had a slight buzzing of sexual need since they gave me those shots. What the hell did they do to me?”

He raised a hand to calm her down. “Relax, it'll even out eventually. But it's designed so that you're protecting your partner, swapping fluids, giving him regular dosages of the natural antibodies you're building up inside.”

“Why not just give men the shots directly?” Lauren asked.

“Because when we've tried it, it's been fatal.” Phil took out a vape pen and inhaled a drag off of it before blowing the vapor back out. He'd been a smoker when they'd first met, but Andy had convinced him to quit. The legalization of pot in California had helped some, naturally. “But if a woman with the vaccine is having regular sexual activity with a man, he's getting a non-toxic dose, and both parties have about 70% resistance to the virus. I wouldn't have put Andy down as polyamorous, but it's going to strengthen your armor even more, my man.”

Andy smirked, looking at his feet. “I actually put no preference, so it looks like I'm going to get a full slate.”

“Nah, you'll probably stay where you are. Unless you got rated something ridiculous.”

“Me and Eric got rated level 5s.”

Phil nearly dropped his vape pen, his eyebrows raising. “Are you shitting me?”

Andy laughed and shrugged a little.

“How the fuck did that happen?”

“The guy coming to test us was a fan of the books, so I gave him an ARC of the new one that's been delayed a few months. As a way of saying thank you, he rated me and Eric as level 5s.”

Phil chuckled quietly, shaking his head. “You son of a bitch. I'm not even rated a level 5 and I work for the goddamn military on goddamn black ops shit.”

“Allegedly,” Andy added, grinning back.

Phil nodded. “Allegedly.” He dragged the word out before he looked up then shook his head. “You're gonna get two more, huh? Good lord, I'm both jealous and terrified for you all at once. How are you going to keep all those personalities from conflicting?”

“I'm going to do my best to stay the hell out of their way, mostly.”

“That's not going to work forever, luv,” Aisling said to him. “It's not like we're going anywhere, even when this virus recedes.”

“You say that now, but...”

“No, they're always going to say that. Isn't that part of the public facing info about the pairing system?” Phil said.

It was Andy's turn to raise his eyebrows. “No, whatever you're implying, it isn't public knowledge. But you're already in for a penny..”

“Might as well be in for a pound, I guess,” Phil answered, nodding in agreement. “Alright, but keep this just between us, okay?”

“Well, I'll tell Eric, Eric's partner, and my other two partners when they show up, but other than that...”

“Yeah, well, that's what I meant by us, alright? Okay, so here's the deal. Do you remember the first time they got a bit of you in them?”

“You mean...” Lauren started.

“I think you know what I mean.”

Both Aisling and Lauren blushed and grinned widely. “Most intense thing that's ever happened to us,” they both said.

“What do you remember right after though, Andy? Just you. They'll both have been passed out.”

Andy stroked his goatee for a second then snapped his fingers. “They kept mumbling a word over and over, so quiet I could barely make it out... something like... imaging?”

Phil shook his head, taking another drag off his vape pen. “Not imaging, imprinting. You're bonded now. Mated for life, like walrus.”

“You mean penguins,” Andy corrected. “It's penguins that mate for life. And what does that mean here, mated for life?”

“You're intertwined on a chemical, biological and physiological level in a way we can't even begin to comprehend,” Phil said, exhaling another cloud of mist. “If you go away from one another for more than a couple of days, you'll start to feel nervous, anxious, fidgety. After that, it'll be panic attacks, cold sweats. Past that, nervous breakdown. Unless, of course, the other person is dead, in which case that doesn't seem to happen.” He shrugged a little bit. “We're kids playing with the building blocks of life here, man. We don't even know what we don't know. But you, Lauren and Ash, you're a unit now. And anyone else you add into that will be as well. I mean, why do you think that questionnaire is so damn long? We don't want to screw up anybody's lives trying to help them. Besides, another of the side effects is that being in each others' company will produce natural dopamine to keep things relatively smoothed out, helps you get past the small stuff, and let's face it, it's all small stuff at this point.”

“And this is happening all over the country?”

“Shit, no,” Phil sighed. “We've barely gotten this off the ground in the Bay Area, and all the tech for this shit is here. There are governors all across the country absolutely in arms against this plan, saying they'll fight it tooth and nail, keep people from getting the vaccine until it doesn't have any of these crazy side effects.”

“I assume you're still working on that.”

“Of course we're still working on that,” Phil said, rolling his eyes. “I'm just baffled by how many goddamn Republicans insist a semi-viable solution isn't a solution at all. Even if we were just hitting high risk areas, we could manufacture enough of this current formula to inoculate sixty or seventy million people in this country, all of whom would be 70% resistant to it.”

“They claiming it's a sin against god or something?”

“Worse. But, I guess, more honest.” Phil had a slightly bitter laugh filling the air. “They're angry they can't make a buck off of it. Now, of course, there are factions that are just going ahead and doing it anyway. Front line medical workers, emergency services, and a few branches of the armed forces, and their associated contractors. Of course, the whole Bay Area is taking part in it as well, so I guess I would've gotten treated either way.”

“So we're resistant but not immune?”

“Fuck, man,” Phil groaned, “I'm not promising you won't get the virus at all, but even if you do, it won't be life threatening. That said, you still shouldn't go out of your way to expose yourself to this shit. It's a mean as fuck virus under the best of conditions, and this ain't those.”

“You think they're going to start testing this vaccine in wider areas, Phil?” Aisling asked him.

He shook his head. “I wish to god they would, but the Moron In Chief is still calling it Kung Flu and the Chinese Virus, like he can spin blame onto other countries instead of admitted what a fucked up job he and his have done with this.”

Andy felt his phone in his pocket vibrate at the same time as his Apple Watch buzzed at him. Phil was fishing out his phone as well, clearly having felt the buzz.

There on his wrist, Andy read a news blast from the Associated Press. “President contracts mystery virus, collapses in Oval Office. 25th Amendment being invoked.”

“Well, shit, looks like you report to somebody new now, Phil.”

Half an hour later, the trio had returned to the condo, where Eric and Lily had the television tuned to CNN. “Can you believe this shit?” Eric said. “The President dropped into a coma this morning, apparently, and already they're moving Milquetoast into his job.”

“Anything's better than the orange goomba, don't you think?” Andy said as he moved to sit down on the couch on the other side of Eric and Lily. “I mean, this guy's—”

On the television screen, the former Vice President was being sworn in, but as soon as he placed his hand on the bible being held by the Chief Justice, he collapsed onto the floor as the news anchors covering the story intently.

“Out before he even got in, it looks like,” Eric laughed.

“That puts a woman in charge, thank god,” Lily said.

“Assuming they hold to the rules of law at this point,” Aisling said. “And at this point, that's anyone's game.”

The next few hours, the news was a flurry of chaos, as people argued what was legal and what wasn't. When they went to bed, no decision had been reached. In the wee hours of morning, Andy's phone beeped with an AP news blast – the Speaker of the House was, in fact, now the first woman to be acting as President of the United States.

The world turned upside down.

It was that same day there came another knock on the door. Andy remembered the warning Lily had given him, so he glanced from his desk and nodded to Aisling. “I think you and Lily had better go answer that, don't you?”

“Are you scared of Lily, luv?”

“Scared, no,” Andy chuckled. “But I respect her opinion. And frankly, I don't know how to tell those government folks no, so if someone's got to do it, it ought to be you and her.”

The knock at the door came a second time, and Aisling moved to her feet, putting her hand on Lily's shoulder, as she closed her laptop and set it on the couch. “Alright then, let's see if I need to get my punting boots on,” Lily said, taking a break from her coding.

When Aisling opened the door, on the other side stood Dave, the man who'd set up Andy and Eric at the start. Standing next to him was a woman in a camouflage jumpsuit, a scarf over her mouth, goggles over her eyes, a duffel bag slung over one shoulder. She had a military cap atop of her head.

“Hey Eric,” Dave said, giving him a wave. “Brought another girl for Andy.”

“We'll see about that,” Lily said, taking the tablet from him. She looked down at the form, a strange smile crossing her lips, before she looked up at the woman in uniform. “That really your name?”

The woman squirmed a little, but nodded. “Yes ma'am,” she said. “Is that okay?”

Lily handed the tablet over to Aisling. “I'm not one of Andy's partners, but Ash here is, so she can sign.”

As Aisling started to sign, the woman in camo moved into the condo. She set her duffel bag down just inside of the door as she started to walk over towards Eric. Lily stepped back, and shook her head. “That's Eric. He's mine. Andy's over there,” she said, pointing into the other room at Andy who was looking on from his desk, “but if you want to go upstairs—”

“Thanks again for the book, Andy!” Dave called out, just before Aisling closed the door on him.

The woman was already walking over towards Andy. Lauren was in the kitchen, working on dinner. She pulled her hat off and tossed it onto the dining room table next to Aisling's computer, revealing a tight black ponytail. When she pulled the goggles off, Andy could see her brown eyes, and got a sign of her skin, deep golden, looking somewhat Asian but also somewhat distinctly not.

“Andy,” Aisling said, “meet 2nd Lieutenant Niko RedWolf.”

Niko was pulling off the scarf and tossed it onto the table. Andy started to stand up, but Niko shoved him back down suddenly. “Sit,” Niko said to him.

Andy's head cocked to one side. “Shouldn't we go upstairs, Niko?”

“No time,” she growled. “Can't think straight.” She dropped down to her knees in front of him, pushing his legs apart as she moved up and in between them, nuzzling her face against his crotch through the jeans. “Need this now.”

“I really think—”

Niko reached her hands up and pulled her top open quickly, a feverish yank down on the zipper to expose her tits beneath the camo jumpsuit. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her skin was all that deep tan, with brown nipples that looked as hard as rocks. She looked up at Andy for approval as her hands moved to his waist, popping the button on his jeans before unzipping them quickly. Her tongue was wetting her lips, an almost feral look to her eyes which kept darting between his face and her hands.

“This is new,” Aisling said as she moved to sit down at her seat at the dining room table, a straight eyeline to Niko and Andy.

“We ought to get her to the bedroom,” Andy said to Aisling almost imploringly.

“I don't think you have a choice, luv.”

Lily walked in just as Niko fished Andy's cock out, although she barely had any chance to even register it as Niko pushed her mouth down on it suddenly, trying to stuff it all the way into her throat. There must have been a droplet of precum there on the tip, because Niko began to tremble, but refused to lift her head up.

“Niko's a Japanese name,” Lily said, “but RedWolf is definitely Native American. She's going to town on you, isn't she?”

“I feel very awkward with you watching, Lily,” Andy said.

Lily laughed, shaking her head. “Fine fine, I won't take advantage of this poor girl in the state she's in. I'll just go back to my coding.” Lily walked back into the living room as Aisling moved over to get a little closer, a wry grin on her lips.

“She's fucking voracious, isn't she?”

Niko pulled her head up, gasping for breath, her eyes looking up at Andy. “Good. Hard now.”

“Niko, shouldn't we —”

She shook her head, standing up before spinning around, pushing the jump suit down even further, down to her thighs. “No, now. Need now.” The inside of her thighs was damp, glistening with wetness that had clearly seeped down her legs from her snatch, which was soaked.

Andy's hand moved onto her bare hip, but Niko took his hand and pulled it away, as she backed up and reached between her legs to grab his cock, moving to sit back, settling into his lap as she guided his cock right into her pussy. There was something desperate and sudden about it, as he felt his dick slip inside of her, feeling exactly how soaked she was. Her cunt was hot and molten, the wettest he'd ever felt any woman.

“Good,” Niko moaned, tossing her head back, that short black ponytail flicking him in the face. “Dick good. Want cum. Give cum.”

“But I—”

Niko reached behind her head to curl one strong arm behind Andy's head, pulling his face forward as she turned her head to kiss him hard, sloppy, her tongue forcing its way into his mouth as she pulled her hips forward and then pushed them back into him once more.

Andy had never fucked anyone this way before, but there was something intense about, as she bounced in his lap. Lauren had turned the heat down from the food and walked over towards them a bit, cocking her head to one side. “Gonna have ta try that one meself some point.”

“You and me both, sister.”

Lauren reached forward and smoothed her hand along Niko's thigh before pulling her fingertips up, holding her hand out to Aisling. “She's fucking sodden, Ash.”

“Andy, don't hold out on the poor girl,” Aisling said.

“I'm not doing it intentionally, Ash,” Andy moaned, “but I don't want to take advantage of her.”

Niko shook her head frantically. “Not advantage. Need cum. Give cum. Please.” Her voice was

breathy, whimpering, as she tried again. "Please. Give bitch cum. Your bitch." She swallowed a breath, as if trying to put together words into some logical order. "Belong to you now. Need. NEED. Give cum. Claim. Fucking do it, man. I'm fucking begging you already. I need to be your slut so fucking bad it hurts." A wounded cry limped from her throat. "Please? GIVE."

It wasn't an intense orgasm on his part, but Andy felt his body give away as his balls drew up and his cock blasted a shotgun spatter of jism against the back of Niko's snatch, as her body spasmed, her spine arching, her ass grinding against his stomach, the trembling lasting for longer than anyone he'd ever seen shake before, until it finally ended and she slumped back against him, drool dripping from the corner of her lips as she mumbled that oh so familiar word - "imprinting" - over and over again, her body covered in goosebumps.

"Lauren? Ash? Help me get her upstairs, will you?"

Chapter 7

That evening, Andy and the girls decided to curl up in bed and watch some television with Niko asleep next to them. At first, Andy was worried that the volume would be high enough to wake up their newest addition, but Aisling assured him nothing was going to stir her from her slumber. Sure enough, despite the volume of the show – a Spanish Netflix crime drama called *La Casa De Papel* – Niko didn't budge an inch.

Andy fell asleep with Aisling pressed up against his right side and Lauren pressed up against his left, both of their heads resting against his chest. When he'd first started sleeping with Aisling in his bed, he'd had trouble falling asleep easily. It wasn't something his body had any regular experience with, so it had to be trained. He'd had similar trepidation when Lauren joined them. But now, having had both of the girls for nearly three weeks, he'd grown comfortable with their bodies nestled against his.

In the middle of the night, he was in the middle of a strange sex dream only to be woken to find Niko bobbing her head up and down on his cock, her lips latched around it firmly. Neither Lauren or Aisling had woken. Andy couldn't see Niko well in the low light of the wee hours, but her head was feverish, her mouth suctioning on his member until he popped a load against the back of her throat, a thankful, almost vulgar moan coming from the woman, as her tongue lathered over his cock to make sure no droplet remained. She was still spasming in orgasm long after he was done. Once she'd finished licking his dick clean, she crawled back up into the bed, and moved to lay against Lauren's side, folding one arm over the Aussie.

Andy fell back asleep almost immediately.

When dawn broke, Andy awoke to find Niko straddling his hips, his cock lodged up inside of her snatch. He often woke up with a hard on, but Ash and Lauren had agreed to let him at least wake up in the morning before having a go at him.

Clearly no one had informed Niko.

He didn't feel bad taking a better look at her now, her tits pressed together between her arms as her hands rest against his chest, while her hips snapped back and forth. Her skin was a deep tan, her nipples a chocolate brown, her hair a jet black. She wasn't tall, about the same height as Aisling so half a foot shorter than Andy, and a full foot shorter than Lauren. She was muscular, toned, a life of military training having kept her very in shape.

His orgasm wasn't strong, but it came on quick.

By this point, Andy was a little surprised he wasn't cumming dust.

As soon as his orgasm hit, she fell forward against his chest, burying her face in the crook of his neck. Aisling and Lauren were both already awake, each with a hand on one of Niko's thighs affectionately. "God damn, sorry about that, sir," Niko laughed, breathy and still shaking. "2nd Lieutenant Niko RedWolf, reporting for her new life, sir. I think my head's finally clear again."

"Wasn't it before?" Andy asked.

She shook her head, lifting her head up enough so she could look down and smile at him, her hair threatening to spill out of her ponytail at a moment's notice. "Would you believe this is the first time it's actually registered to me what you look like, sir?" She had a mischievous smile and kind brown eyes. "They may have told me your name, but I don't think it cut through the fog. Who are you?"

Andy blanched. "My name's Andy Rook. What do you mean, you don't think it cut through the fog?"

Niko looked over at Lauren, who scooted a little bit to one side, so Niko could slide off of the top of him and in against his side. "I serve on the Air Force base where they were testing the vaccine, and I agreed to be a test candidate. The two men who were injected with it died immediately, but I and the other female officer seemed fine. At first. Within a few days of it, I started feeling, well, pardon my saying so, sir, but I started feeling horny all the time. The other female officer as well."

Aisling smirked over at Niko. "Permission to swear freely is habitually granted in this home, 2nd Lieutenant. In fact, Andy likes a girl with a filthy mouth," she giggled, slapping his thigh.

He wilted a little bit, but then nodded in confirmation to Niko. "It's true."

"Duly noted, sir," Niko answered. "Anyway, they didn't know about the side effects during the early testing stages, but it started to become pretty fucking apparent to them when I would continually get all fidgety. I tried to resist as long as I could, but eventually I was jilling off in bathroom stalls every chance I could get. Within a week or two, they had an answer, and the program was born."

"The Air Force developed the vaccine?"

"You think those morons in private research were going to do it this fast? Hell no." Niko snuggled in, trying to get as comfortable as possible pressed up against his chest. "So they figured out that they could introduce the vaccine to men by sexual contact with a vaccinated woman, and that it seemed to help quell the insane need to fuck all the time that women given the vaccine were feeling."

"If you were one of the first people to be given the vaccine, then why weren't you partnered up with someone immediately?" Lauren asked.

"I wasn't fond of being subservient to a man, so I told them I wanted someone who would keep me on equal ground. But because the nature of my work with Air Force, I also needed someone who would have Top Secret level clearance."

Andy's eyes widened. "I sure as hell don't have that."

"No, you don't, but you'd mostly been vetted for it. Your friend Phil Pak has been trying to get you to come and work with him for a long while, so they'd done all the legwork, and decided to call it good enough."

"I also happen to have a mess of partners, Niko. Are you sure that's going to be okay?"

"It's all been taken care of, otherwise they wouldn't have sent me here." Niko's eyes suddenly widened. "Oh my god, I haven't even introduced myself to your other partners."

Aisling winked at her. "You had hard fucking to do, love. I'm Aisling Blake, I'm from Dublin originally. Everyone around here calls me Ash. I do graphic design." She shook Niko's hand, but Niko pulled her over Andy's head and pressed a kiss against Aisling's lips above him, one which Ash was perfectly happy to reciprocate.

"And who's the giantess surfer behind me?" Niko said, pulling back and turning around.

"Lauren Herron. I'm a personal trainer for the '49ers."

"An Irish girl and an Aussie. About time you got some American blood in this mix."

Andy laughed. "That's what my roommate's partner Lily said."

"Where are you from, Niko?"

"The Rosebud reservation in South Dakota. I'm half Lakota, one quarter Mexican and one quarter Japanese. I know, it's quite the cocktail, but we've all got stories."

It was nearly noon when they all got out of bed.

Niko was the the youngest of all of them, only twenty-two. Ash was twenty-seven, Lauren

thirty-five and Andy himself just shy of forty. Andy was worried that Niko might consider him too old, but Niko assured him that his age was not a concern for her. As a matter of fact, she liked older men. She found younger men too emotionally volatile for her tastes.

She'd actually read one of his books, but the problem was that it was "The Trouble With Were-Bears," the book he was least proud of. She'd said she found the main character interesting, but the plot rather confusing. He assured her the other ones were better, and she seemed eager to read them.

The fuck lust, as Niko described it, would be with the girls for the rest of their lives. The longer they went without reconnecting with Andy, the more their judgment would be compromised, the harder it would be to think clearly. They would become like junkies in need of a fix. They would be easily agitated, quick tempered and even violent if they felt it would get them back to their pusher – Andy.

When Niko had arrived at Andy's condo, she had been so out of it that even now she couldn't recall the events he related back to her. Her first memory in weeks had been being in bed with him this morning, even as she crawled atop of him. She knew that he was her mate. She wasn't sure how she knew that, but she could feel it, sense it. And when he'd had his third orgasm inside of her within less than a day, the imprinting had finally settled in and peeled back the cloud from her consciousness.

While Lauren was on leave until the pandemic had receded, Niko would be working from the condo. Although she was a qualified pilot, her service in the Air Force was as a data analyst, and a secure connection was being set up on site for her to use.

Until then, she had a bit of a break.

It was a Saturday, and the girls decided they wanted to work on their tans. The condo had a small back yard that was fenced off. While the neighbors in the condos on either side would be able to peer down and see them, the girls had decided to sunbathe topless. Lily had even decided to join them, although she bitched about the heat, which was pushing over a hundred.

Andy spent the afternoon filling Eric in on all the information he'd gotten over the last two days – what Phil had told him, what Niko had told him, all of it. Eric, in return, had filled in Andy with what he'd learned from work over the last few weeks.

While Lily, Andy and Eric all knew who Eric worked for, they'd been a little bit vague with the girls, always joking that Eric worked for a think tank that didn't do anything interesting, but soon they were going to have to fill them in.

Eric worked for a company called Long Thought Research and Development, but the truth of the matter was that they were a remote analyst cell for the CIA. Long Thought handled problems that were overwhelming in the abstract and deadly in application – they were responsible for terrorist profiling, weapons migration modeling, political theater simulations and a whole lot more.

Over the last few weeks, they'd been working on building a new model, one which had Eric worried. Theoretically, every member of Long Thought was supposed to be sectioned off, working on only a singular aspect of the problem so that no one analyst could get an idea of what the simulation was intended to determine. It was supposedly to avoid confirmation bias, but Eric had considered that explanation bullshit as of late. So he'd done a little bit of data gathering from his coworkers on the sly, and come up with a working theory.

The model was designed to see how the world's new normal would pan out if 37.5% of the male population of Earth died out to a pandemic.

This pandemic.

Niko had wandered in before the rest of the girls, while Andy and Eric stood in the kitchen, staring at one another. Then she'd offered her own information, to help talk Andy out of what he'd been thinking about.

Because Andy had been thinking about going to the press.

She'd explained to him that for the time being, all of the information had to remain secret, or a nationwide panic would ensue. The vaccine that the Air Force had developed was starting to be deployed to major metropolitan areas on a very specific basis. And when a mayor, a governor, a

representative or a senator had put up a fuss, Niko hinted that that particular politician had been exposed to the virus and then offered a choice – they could take the vaccine, and be mated for life to one (or in some cases many) person, or they could deny the vaccine worked, and would be allowed to die.

Only one governor had chosen to decline the vaccine, and while the Air Force had respected their wishes, they didn't allow the governor to tell anyone about the vaccine and its side effects.

They did allow the governor to die, though.

Niko explained to the two men that there were probably only a hundred or so people in the country with the full picture of what was going on, and that was by design, because already the virus was starting to take its toll on other countries. While some countries had done excellent jobs at containing the spread of it, others were on the verge of collapse.

And the CIA was debating on what countries were worth saving and which weren't.

England, Ireland and Australia were already in the process of being brought up to speed about the vaccine, but the complete details were only being given to them on an as-needed basis. The pairing program had been confirmed to the outside world, but the side effects of the vaccine had been kept hush hush.

On some level, the Air Force was convinced that foreign governments would laugh themselves at being told that the vaccine had crazy sexual side effects until they had gotten a chance to experience them for themselves.

“Shit,” Andy grumbled. “The ex-journalist in me feel like I'm sitting on the story of the century here, and I can't tell anybody.”

Niko squeezed his hand softly. “You're a good man, Andy Rook, which is why I'm happy to be mated to you, but you have to consider the ramifications of what would happen if you revealed all of this to the public.”

“The whole goddamn world would explode,” Eric sighed. “I know. I've seen the data. And that's not the worst of it.”

“What's the worst of it then?” Andy asked.

“The worst of it is that we're going to have to let a billion men die off for the planet to stabilize. It's going to be the biggest culling since World War Two, and even that wasn't a drop in the bucket compared to what this is.”

The three stood in silence for a long time.

“How does anyone make these kinds of decisions?” Andy whispered.

“You don't have to. WE don't have to,” Niko said, wrapping an arm around him. “You can't save the whole world, Andy, but you can save us. Hell, you've already saved those two amazing women out there. And they've been so nice to me, even though I apparently fucked you at your desk before even introducing myself.” She blushed a little. “I still don't remember that. Did you watch, Eric?”

Eric laughed, lifting the Collins glass full of scotch to his lips. “Are you kidding? Lily would've kicked the shit out of me if I did.”

“Oh, I dunno,” Andy chuckled. “If you asked, she might let you watch.”

“Well, I don't intend to ask. She already has me waking up sore most mornings.”

“That's just the exercise from all the fucking you're doing,” Andy said. “You're out of practice, just like me, and hell, I've got three women to satisfy.”

“Soon to be four,” Niko giggled. “I'm sure it's every man's dream.”

“I'm just waiting for the first big fight to occur, because I know it's coming sooner or later.”

“That's future Andy's problem,” Niko said, turning his face down so she could kiss him for a moment. “Besides, Ash made it pretty clear just because you're tired of giving me my medicine doesn't mean you get to skimp out on your promise to her.”

Andy groaned playfully. “I'm going to be running dry in a few days at this rate.”

“Oh I wouldn't worry too much about that, Andy,” Eric said with a laugh. “The fall will probably kill you.”

“Yeah, well, you just keep thinking, Butch,” Andy countered. “That's what you're good at.”

“What are the cats' names?”

“The Russian blue is Muninn, and the black one is Huginn.”

“Odd names.”

“It's the name for Odin's two ravens, thought and wisdom,” Eric said. “We were on a Norse mythology kick when we got them as kittens.”

“They friendly?”

“Oh sure,” Andy said. “They're just getting used to this many people being in the house at one time. If you put out their food enough times, they'll start cuddling up to you any chance they get. Ash decided she was going to befriend them right after she got here, and Muninn'll hop up into her lap when she's working at the table some days and just settle there. That's why Eric built her the foot rest, so she can put her legs up and Muninn'll sit there quietly.”

Niko looked back and forth between the two men for a minute. “How the hell were you two single before any of us showed up?”

“Women don't like nerds,” Eric grumbled.

Andy raised a finger, arguing the point. “No, they like nerds alright, but they don't seem to understand that nerds like aggressive women and are terrible at making the first move. So nerds don't get the love they deserve.”

Niko looked out into the back yard, where the girls were gathering up their things, wrapping towels around their waists. “I dunno. You two seem to have done pretty well for yourselves at this point.”

Andy smirked, cocking his head to one side. “Sure, but luck is like the weather. Wait a few minutes and it'll change.”

A storm of bad luck was, indeed, just over the horizon.

Chapter 8

The next few days involved a lot of time getting settled, as Andy learned more about the girls who now shared his life. They also spent time learning about each other. Andy spent time trying to get some writing done on another Druid Gunslinger novel, and when he got into a zone, the girls made a pact not to disturb him, especially if he started typing away badly.

That gave them plenty of time to dig into each others' history, and the girls began to scheme and plan. They took great fun in learning each others' turn ons and offs, and to figure out how to quell their own wild desires, to try new experiences.

The girls also took an interest in reading the seven books Andy had written in the Druid Gunslinger series, with Aisling going so far as to even mock up a movie poster for one of them, which delighted Andy to no end.

It was starting to become obvious that the condo wasn't designed to hold this many people, however. At night, things were fine because everyone was packed in their beds, but during the day, people were having to work around one another. Aisling and Niko set up their laptops at the dining room table, while Lauren spent much of the day either working out in the backyard, or reading in a deck chair. Andy and Eric each had their own desk, Andy's in the dining room and Eric's in the living room. Lily seemed perfectly comfortable coding in the living room on the couch. When Andy's last partner showed up, she would have to either share space in the backyard or the couch in the living room. The dining room table might fit a third workspace, but it would be a very tight fit.

There had been nice surprises, however. Both Lauren and Aisling were excellent cooks, each with radically different styles. Lauren focused on healthy cooking, while Ash was the master of lush, savory cooking that threatened waistlines just from the very smell of it.

The cats had taken well to their new housemates, keeping themselves entertained while everyone was working. From time to time, they would hop onto people's laps, or walk across their

laptops, but for the most part, they were just happy to have people to be around who might be willing to pet them in a spare moment.

But they were starting to feel the limitations of the condo, and the heat wasn't helping. They had fans running nonstop, but the condo didn't have centralized air-conditioning. When it had just been the two of them, they were able to manage by closing the windows and drawing the drapes, because the condo was nicely shaded by trees. But with six people, that wasn't holding up as well.

By the time it started to cool down in the evening, a light funk had started to fill the place.

And there was still one more person to show up.

The camaraderie between them all had helped diffuse the tension, even as they delved into each others' past. Andy had gotten to know some of Aisling's siblings, especially Dermot, who had refused to let Andy off the line the first time they'd talked until he'd promised to send him an advance reader copy of "High Noon At Stonehenge," the upcoming Druid Gunslinger book that had started Andy down this whole journey.

Turning on the news every night had been hard to watch, simply because it didn't jibe with the information they had at their own fingertips. As Phil had predicted, the government was doing its best to downplay the casualties, reporting false numbers to make it sound like everything was under control. And while reports of the vaccination program were starting to get out to the masses, nobody was talking about the side effects.

Why, Andy kept asking himself, why oh why was nobody talking about the side effects?

They were wrapping up a day's worth of work when Niko looked over at Andy with a soft smile. Aisling and Lauren had headed upstairs a few minutes earlier. "I've sort of been monopolizing you for a few days, Andy, so Ash and Lauren have a little surprise cooked up for you while I work late tonight. I'll be up in a few hours to crawl into bed, but you should go up to your room and enjoy what they've got up their sleeves."

"You okay with that?" Andy said. He'd been navigating a whirlwind of emotions since the girls had come into his life, and was doing his best to make sure nobody ever felt left out, and that everyone also got a turn being the center of attention.

"Oh relax. If I wasn't, I wouldn't have said so. And I did demand a mess of attention when I got here, so it's only fair I tap out of a couple of play sessions. Gimme a kiss and then go have your fun." She tilted her head upward as he smiled and leaned down, pressing his lips against hers. He'd meant to give her a quick kiss, but she folded her hand against the back of his neck and pulled him in to make it much more intense, practically searing him with the heat. "And Lauren's going to be a little nervous, and you're going to want to go easy on her. Don't, okay? She wants what she's offering, so don't deny her that. You'll know what she wants. Give it to her."

"Yes ma'am." He offered her a mock salute and she reached over and swatted his ass.

"Don't be a smartass. Now get your butt upstairs."

Andy shutdown his desktop and then headed up the stairs. The door to his room was closed. Eric and Lily had been in their room for about an hour already, and he could hear the sounds of moans behind their closed door. Lily and Eric both started and ended their days earlier than Andy and his girls.

Whenever a door was closed in the house, the rule was that you always knocked. So there was Andy, once again, knocking on the door to his own bedroom.

"Come on in, luv," Aisling said.

Andy stepped into his own bedroom, and saw Aisling sitting on the corner of the bed. On her knees on the floor next to her was Lauren, with her hands folded together in front of her. She wore absolutely nothing, except for a collar attached to a leash, the end of which was in Aisling's hand. He closed the door behind himself, feeling Huginn skitter in just before he did.

"So what's all this then?"

"Well love," Aisling said, "Lauren has a request. A couple of requests, actually. Don't you, slut?"

Lauren licked her lips nervously, not speaking, but nodding in agreement.

Aisling took the leash by the midpoint and used the end to give Lauren a smack on the back like a mock lash. "I asked you a question, Lauren. Answer me."

"Sorry, Mistress," Lauren said. "Yes, Master, your slut would like to make a coupla humble requests, if that's good."

What Niko had told him just a few minutes rung in his ears once more before he spoke. "You may ask. Whether I'll grant them or not remains to be seen, but if you don't ask, you risk nothing, you gain nothing. Speak."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. The other birds and I were talkin', and Aisl... Mistress Aisling was tellin' us about her first time being taken in the back, an' I wanted to have a go at it."

"Taken in the back?"

Aisling gave her another playful smack with the leash end. "What did I tell you, whore? Speak plainly and dirty, otherwise he's not going to know what you want."

"The ass, sir. I wanna be fucked in the ass."

"That's one request. What's the other?" Andy said, moving a little closer to the two women.

"You've been so wonderful and kind with me, Andy, but I want to see the other side of ya. I wanna rough go at it. Pull me hair, spank my ass, pinch me nips, ride my hard, pound me hard, make it hurt. Don't break me, but take me right up to that edge."

Andy reached down and pinched one of Lauren's nipples between his fingertips, his grip holding firm and clamping even tighter than he would've normally. He expected to hear a whimper of pain from Lauren, but instead, a deep throated moan poured from her, and her hips almost rutted forward.

"That what you're looking for?"

"Fuck yes, Master."

"If you want to be fucked in the ass, Lauren, you're going to need to get my cock good and slick. Going in dry would do some damage."

Aisling giggled a little bit, and reached behind her, grabbing a tube of lubricant, handing it down to Lauren. Andy peeled his shirt off and felt Lauren's hands prying his jeans open, nearly ripping them down his legs. It wasn't until she'd gotten them down there that she realized he was still wearing his shoes from having walked out to the mailbox earlier.

"Oh, you useless cunt, girl," Lauren said to herself. "Forgot to get his runners off."

He certainly didn't go easy on her, and she certainly seemed to enjoy herself.

Niko had slipped into bed with them an hour or so later, and the four of them drifted off to sleep. But it wasn't going to be a long and restful night for Andy.

There was a knock on the door in the middle of the night. Aisling and Lauren were on his left and Niko was on his right, so he only had to move past her to get to the door. He saw her stir a little when he crawled out of bed, but he was able to avoid disturbing her too much. He pulled on a pair of boxers, tugged on a t-shirt and opened the door to his room to see Eric and Lily standing outside.

Eric curled his fingers at Andy to come out of his room. Andy nodded and stepped out into the hallway, then followed Eric and Lily downstairs to the living room.

"Andy, we," Lily started, then paused, then started again, "I need your help."

"Help?" Andy said, looking over at Eric. "What kind of help can I provide? I'm a writer, for fuck sake."

"My roommate, well, my former roommate... she was given the vaccine, but..." Lily motioned for Andy to sit on the couch, so he did. "Look, Jenny's a nice girl. She's a little naive, and occasionally she's a bit daft, but she's a nice girl. She wasn't prepared for this."

"Prepared for what?" Andy said. "What's happening?"

"They delivered her to the man who was supposed to be her partner, and he took a swing at her, said he wanted to put her in her place before he'd let her have a taste of his seed. He tried to hit her, the

fucking bastard. But Jenny's been studying aikido since she was six, and she broke his arm defending herself and ran. Even as horny as she was, she wasn't going to let someone push her around. So she fled and she's in hiding, and I can't let that stand, so we need to go and get her."

"Go get her? Go and *get* her? And do what with her?"

"I don't know, alright?" Lily said, raising her voice for a second. "I'm thinking we can take her to one of my coworkers and pair them up."

"Isn't the government doing match ups? Aren't they going to be pissed that she isn't with who she's supposed to be?"

"Look at me, Andy," Lily said, pointing her fingertips at her eyes. "Do I look like I give a shit what the government thinks? They didn't even do a proper check on the guy they were connecting her to. They paired her up with some abusive asshole with a history of violence towards partners. That isn't going to fly, okay?"

"Let's go get her, and then we can figure out what to do with her, okay?" Eric suggested.

"I'm sure one of us is going to regret this," Andy said, heading back upstairs to grab his socks and shoes.

Before the plague had hit, even at three in the morning, there would've been at least a few cars on the road, but now, everyone was staying at home nearly all the time, which meant the freeway felt like a ghost town. That was for the best, because despite it not raining that much in the Bay Area, tonight it was pouring like a flood was coming. And people in the Bay were terrible drivers in the rain.

It wasn't a short drive, and after a bit, Andy started to get a bit nervous. "How far up into the hills are we going, Lily? We're more than half way up to San Francisco at this point."

"She's up here in Hillsborough, camped out in someone's vacant house since she fled from the asshole. I'm more worried that the cops have shown up to haul her ass to jail."

"Or us," Eric said. "'They're gonna arrest us for being out under curfew."

"Quit whining, baby," Lily said to him. "Right up there, on the left, 2885." There were in a very posh neighborhood in Hillsborough, with mansions on either side of them. There was plenty of space in between the houses, something that was mostly at a premium in the Bay. "You wait here with the engine running, Andy, in case we have to bolt quickly. Eric and I will be right back with her."

Lily and Eric hopped out of the car, closing the doors and heading over to the house, and left Andy to wait. A minute or so later, a helicopter flew overhead, low and with a spotlight shining down, but it was off to the side and the beam of light cut through some back yard three or four streets over. Andy wasn't sure if they were looking for Lily's friend Jenny or not, but he hoped the police had other things on their mind.

The wait was nearly unbearable.

After ten minutes, Eric and Lily came back out of the house, a third person between them, hanging on, covered in a blanket it looked like had probably been stolen from whatever house she'd been hiding in.

Eric held open the door and Lily loaded the woman into Andy's back seat before Lily ushered the girl into the car, crawling in after her as Eric slid into the front passenger's seat. "I think the cops are close, Andy," Lily hissed at him. "Fucking drive already!"

As soon as both doors slammed shut, Andy's foot was off the brake and the car was in motion. It was hard to look back behind him, but after a few blocks he had to stop at a red light and glanced over his shoulder as he had to wait, and saw a familiar face resting her head in Lily's lap.

"Jesus Lily, you didn't say your roommate was Jenny Carnero!"

"Who's Jenny Carnero?" Eric asked.

"She's the goddamn weather forecaster for channel 2."

"How the hell would you know that?" Lily asked. "Neither of you strike me as Fox News watchers."

"It's the only thing they had on over at 24 Hour Fitness when I went to work out, so I saw her all

the time.”

“It was a job, Andy,” Lily said. “I also didn't expect you to hold a grudge.”

“It's not that, Lily,” Andy sighed. “She's going to be noticed missing. It's not like she's somebody we can just keep hidden without people knowing where she is. The minute she goes into work, the guy she's supposed to be with will know where to fucking find her, and that means they'll come for her.”

“By that point, she'll already be imprinted on someone, so it won't fucking matter,” Lily growled. “And it won't be that asshole who tried to hit her.”

The girl whimpered, her head squirming in Lily's lap. “Lily,” she whined, “Lily, it hurts. Need cock.”

“Soon, Jenny, soon. It won't be long.”

“Not long, NOW,” Jenny said, her voice starting to sound almost violent. “Give cock.”

“Oh shit, her nose is bleeding,” Eric said, his eyes back on Jenny's face. “Just pull over and Andy can fuck her.”

“Excuse me, but I've already got three girls, and supposedly one more on the way. Why don't you fuck her?”

“Because Lily says I can't.”

“Andy, stop the car,” Lily said. “Eric, get back here.”

“But you said...”

“I know what I fucking said, you little shit, but I'll have to fucking learn to deal with it, won't I? Get back here and let her suck you off while Andy's driving us home.”

Andy brought the car to a stop at the next red light, and Lily swapped places with Eric. As soon as Eric was sitting in the back seat, Jenny was practically ripping his pants off, fishing out his cock before slamming her mouth down on it.

“Lily, are you sure about this?” Eric said, nervousness apparent in his voice.

“Give it to her, Eric. She and I were good friends, we will be again. It'll just be an adjustment.”

Andy kept his eyes pointing forward for the rest of the drive as Eric got blown in his back seat.

Chapter 9

The next day Andy was struggling to figure out a plan. He'd been running it around in his head for hours, trying to see some easy way through this, but he kept coming back to the same inevitable point – he needed Phil's help.

God, he was tired of having to ask Phil for help.

“You're vexed, Andy,” Niko said to him, placing her hand on his shoulder.

He'd been sitting at his desk, and he looked back over his shoulder to her. “How can you tell?”

“You've been looking at that computer screen for almost an hour and haven't typed a word, babe,” she said, leaning in to kiss him on the cheek. “That's vexed. We haven't been together long, but I recognize when you're vexed. I do the same, when I'm thinking very hard about something. I stare and I fret, while I'm vexed.”

“You seem rather like a badass, Niko. You sure you're going to be okay, being saddled with a square like me?”

She laughed. It was a sound he was quickly learning to love, confident and yet still somehow a little cheeky. “You've been keeping this house together despite all the chaos. That doesn't seem square to me.”

“You know I'm like a dozen years your elder, right?”

“I won't tell anyone if you won't. So how can I help? What are you vexed by?”

“Last night, our little voyage out, we brought back a new girl for Eric. She's Lily's former roommate. She was supposed to be with someone else, but apparently the man she was paired up with has a history of domestic abuse, and so Lily insisted we rescue her and paired her up with Eric so no

one could pull her away.”

“So you're trying to figure out how to tell the government about how she's paired up with someone different? What makes you think they're even going to notice?”

“She's a weather reporter on one of the local news stations, so people are going to notice. I think I've got a solution, but I just hate to do it. I feel like I'm always leaning on this friend to help us out.”

“Oh? Someone you've told me about?”

“Phil. I've mentioned him. In fact, you should probably meet Phil. I'm just tired of constantly asking him for help.”

“Do you really ask him for help a bunch, or does it just feel like it and you're overreacting?” she grinned.

“Probably the latter, but it doesn't always feel like that.” Andy grabbed his phone and loaded up the Signal messenger app. He and Phil used it to keep their communication private. -Meet up in an hour at the usual spot?-

Almost immediately he got a response. -Make it 2.-

“Okay, looks like I've got a meeting set up. Phil's been our man on the inside for this whole pandemic. He works for a company that contracts for the military, and while he can't tell us exact details about what's going on, he can help paint in some of the corners. Phil'll know how to get all this sorted out.”

“How long have you two known each other?”

“Nearly 20 years? He's good people. Why don't you come with me?”

“Sure, lemme go throw some pants on.”

A couple hours later, Andy and Niko had headed back to the park to meet up with Phil, who didn't bring Audrey with him. He was dressed wrapped in head to toe, much like he was the last time, a mask over his face and goggles over his eyes, with a ballcap pulled down over his jet black hair. Andy was dressed much the same. Niko didn't feel the need to wear goggles, and had her hair drawn back into a ponytail. Phil kept a good distance from them, pushing his vape pen behind his mask to take a drag from it, then tugged the mask down briefly to blow out a cloud of vapor into the air. “So what's the 911 call about, Andy?”

“First, let me introduce you –”

“2nd Lieutenant Redwolf,” Phil said, cutting him off.

“Mr. Marcos,” Niko replied. “Didn't know your name was Phil.”

“I'm surprised you even remember me, Redwolf. You were pretty out of it when I sort nudged you towards Andy.”

Andy cocked his head. “You sent her my way?”

“She's part of our tribe, Andy. Geek cred through and through, and I figured it wouldn't hurt to have her kept in the family, so I just made a connection in the system. She had decent odds to end up with you anyway, but why take a chance, right?”

“Guess I owe you one then, Mr. Marcos,” Niko said.

Phil swiped his hand in the air. “Then I'll call in that favor to insist you never, *ever* call me Mr. Marcos unless we're at work. Deal?”

“I can make that promise.”

“This what you called me about, Andy?” Phil said, finally stepping a little further back, pulling off his mask so he could just continually draw from the vape pen.

“Nah. I've got a bigger problem. So Eric's picked up a runaway.”

Phil frowned a little bit. “How do you mean?”

“So Eric's partner, Lily. She had a roommate before the whole pandemic, name of Jenny. Now apparently Jenny was set up with some guy.”

“That's how it works, Andy.”

“I get that, Phil. But it turns out the guy she was set up with was some kind of domestic abuser.”

“Wait, what?” Phil scowled. “That sort of thing should've shown up before he got paired up with anyone.”

“I dunno. Maybe it didn't get reported before, maybe this was his first time and he was trying it on. But before Jenny could get imprinted on him, he tried to take a swing at her.”

“Fuck. She okay?”

“She's got some self-defense training, so she got away from the guy unscathed and went into hiding.”

“You get the guy's name?”

“I can have Eric send it to you. But that's not the big concern. The big concern is that once we rescued her, she imprinted onto Eric. And she's a talking head.”

“Shit,” Phil said, taking another drag. “News?”

“Weather.”

Phil swiped a hand back in the air again. “Send me her name. I'll get it taken care of. Don't even trip about it. That's the least of our problems right now.”

“Shit getting bad, sir, I mean Phil?” Niko asked.

“You have no idea.”

“How bad?” Andy asked.

“We're looking at ten to twenty before it's all done.”

“Ten to twenty million people dead? Jesus!”

“No, *percent*. We're talking ten to twenty percent of America dead, mostly men. We're guessing it'll end up around sixty million dead before the vaccine's in full effect in the middle of next year.” Phil took a heavy drag, and the news hung in the air like a guillotine's blade. “The news is going to break any day now how fatal the new mutation of the virus is getting, and then everything'll be crazy. The army's going to be deployed here on US soil and martial law's going to go into effect. President Pelosi's at least been quick about it, and she's bunkered down. News hasn't broken yet, but the orange goomba died on the operating table a couple of hours ago. Looks like milquetoast will be next in a couple of days.”

“Forty or fifty million men dead? That's nearly half of the male population!” Niko said. “How the hell are we going to recover from that?”

“We're going to have to pair up a lot more women with the remaining men, and encourage them to have a whole shitload of kids,” Phil sighed. “But even with that, it's going to be a fucking mess for a generation. Which reminds me, when you go home, I want you to start packing up your things.”

“Packing?” Andy asked. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, start figuring out the absolute minimum you would need to take with you if you had to leave in a hurry, and then get anything that might take a few minutes packed up. Anything else, just have it at the ready.”

“Should I be worried?”

“Nah, but it wouldn't hurt to be a little prepared.”

“What's happening, Phil?”

“I can't tell you that yet, but the world's gonna keep on changing, and it doesn't hurt to be ready for it.”

“Yeah, okay.”

“You'll actually be very happy after it happens, man. Trust me.”

“If you say so.”

“Trust Big Daddy Phil.”

Andy rolled his eyes. “I trust you about as far as I can throw you, and that ain't very far.”

“You'll see.” His watch beeped and Phil turned it up to look at it. “I gotta get back into the office. Send me Eric's new girl's name and the guy she was supposed to be hooked up with, and I'll make a few edits into the system.”

“You know Phil, there are days it feels like you're seriously into some black bag shit.”

“Only some days?” Phil said, taking one final drag off his vape pen before blowing a huge cloud up and into the air. It smelled vaguely of cinnamon buns, Andy noted. “Then I gotta up my game again. I'll see you soon, brother.” He pulled his mask back up and headed back to his car.

Andy and Niko watched him go, stretching out a little bit. “So you worked with Phil, huh?” Andy asked her.

Her face scrunched up a little. “I was part of their security detail until I got exposed to the virus and then got quarantined. When the symptoms started to get severe, they used us as test cases for vaccinations and tried to pair us off. They were having trouble finding someone to match me with, based on my stated preferences before I got drugged.”

Andy smirked a little behind his mask. “I knew I wasn't exactly what you were looking for.”

“You're a little older than I initially wanted, Andy, but I don't have any complaints now that I'm with you. I was also a bit leery about sharing a partner with anyone, but it seems like that's going to be SOP moving forward.”

“SOP?”

“Standard Operating Procedure. If Mr. Mar— if Phil's right about those casualty numbers, they're going to have to pair up a LOT of women to individual men. I bet you're going to get a bunch more than just the one more you're expecting.”

“Jesus, that's a whole lot of personalities to keep in balance,” Andy grumbled. “I dunno if I'm up to that.”

“You don't have to do it alone, stupidhead,” she teased. “You've got Ash and me to help manage the cavalcade of women you're going to be saddled with. We'll try and keep everyone from killing one another and manage your time, although we're definitely going to have to continue getting you into better shape.”

“Lauren's started in on that, but frankly, I probably need to eat better.”

“And cut down on the soda. You've got a full nest to look after.”

“This scares the shit out of me,” he sighed, leaning his back against a tree. “You know that, right?”

Niko strolled over to him, a coy playfulness to her stride, as she moved close. “I know how to relax you.”

Andy arched an eyebrow beneath the goggles. “What, here?”

“Who's going to see?”

“We're in a public park, Niko!”

“Ask me if I give a fuck,” she said, as she dropped down to her knees, nuzzling her face against the crotch of his jeans.

“Alright,” he laughed, “Niko, do you give a fffff—”

His sentence was cut off as she pressed her mouth down along the length of his cock until the head of it was pressed against the back of her throat. She held it there for a good moment, long enough that he could feel her suppressing her gag reflex, straining back tears before she drew her head back and gasped in a deep breath of air. A playful giggle rolled from her lips, saliva dripping from them. “No sir, I fucking do not. But the faster you give me what I want, the faster we can go home,” she said, moving to kiss at his balls, suckling on his nuts for a moment before moving her lips back to wrap around the head of his dick. “Now hold my hair back and fuck my face.”

Andy reached down and grabbed her silky ponytail with one hand, the other moving to curl his fingers against the back of her head as he pushed her face back down onto his cock. In response, she let out a wanton moan onto his cock, her hands reaching back to grab his ass, helping push her lips down to the base of his shaft, his balls pressing right against her chin.

His hand holding her ponytail pulled her back, sliding her lips back to the head of his cock before pushing her face back down again, feeling her fingernails sinking into his jeans a bit more in

response. He could swear he saw her hips thrusting forward beneath him, her legs spread wide, her knees almost pressed to the inside of his ankles.

The pace quickened, as he thrust forward into her face while tugging her down onto each shove, whimpers that sounded delighted shivering across his skin between the sloppy sounds. He finally pulled her head back, letting her pop her head off his cock, just in case she wanted to tell him to stop, tell him she'd changed her mind, or whatever. Instead, she turned her eyes up to him. "Don't fucking stop. Fuck my face. Gimme that load of hot cum right against the back of my fucking throat. Please?" Her brown eyes were peering up at him as she licked her lips, and he could feel her struggling to try and lean even closer to him.

He started to pump his cock into her mouth again, and suddenly he felt one of her hands slide away from his hips. He could see it push down the front of her jeans, and almost immediately, it came back up again and raised into the air towards his face. Her fingers were glistening, practically soaked, and he could smell her cunt on them as he leaned forward to lick them clean.

Just as he did, he felt his balls draw up and his hand on the back of her head pressed her face down to the base of his cock as that orgasm shredded through him. He knew his cum was blasting into her throat, and could feel her spasming and trembling against him. It still boggled his mind, knowing that his orgasm triggered one immediately in his partner, and far more intense than he'd ever been able to bring a woman to before.

His hands let go, giving Niko back control as she drew back, groaning in a carnal sound he hadn't yet grown accustomed to. Instead of pulling away, though, she started licking up, making sure to catch any loose jism or spittle from his shaft, her gaze never once leaving his, as she smirked while her tongue slathered him up. "See? Don't you feel less vexed?"

He couldn't help it and started laughing, and it was infectious, because she immediately began giggling with him, even while she was lapping up the last of his spunk. "Okay, yes, you got me, I am certainly less vexed. How about you?"

Niko smirked a bit, giving his cock one final lick before she pulled his boxers and jeans back up, rezippping and buttoning them up for him. "By now, you have to understand that your sperm is like a magic formula to us, your partners. It's exactly what we need and want every day. It's like giving a junkie a fix. Of course I feel better." She tugged up his shirt and kissed his stomach before pulling herself back up onto her feet. "I'd have kissed you but —"

"I don't mind that you just blew me, Niko," Andy chuckled.

"Oh, that's not it at all. I just didn't want to share," she said with a wink, tapping one of her fingertips on his nose. "Girl's gotta keep every drop to herself any chance she can. Normally we try and pass a little of each load around, but here I get one all to myself. So I'm savoring that taste lingering on my lips. But we should get back to the house."

"Fair enough."

As soon as they got back to the house, Lily was waiting for them by the garage door. "Are we okay?"

Niko smiled at her and gave the plump girl a huge. "Andy's got you covered, don't worry." She rubbed her spiky hair and then headed into the house, leaving the two together.

"So get me the jackass's name from Jenny, and I'll get it to our friend Phil, who'll make sure it gets entered into the record that he's a domestic abuser."

"Hopefully that means he won't get paired with anyone then."

"Well, based on what Phil said in the Discord channel a week or so back, it's more likely they'll pair him with someone who can beat the shit out of him," Andy sighed. "Or, someone who's into that kind of thing. People are into all sorts of weird things out here."

"You don't have to tell me twice," Lily said, exhaling a deep breath. "Jenny's been nuzzled up to Eric all morning, practically unwilling to let him go. I wasn't planning on sharing him with anyone, but if I have to share him with someone, I guess Jenny'll be okay." Andy realized a second later his face

must given something away. “What's with that look? You heard something else from Phil, didn't you?”

“Yeah, it's pretty fucking scary out there, Lil.” He shook his head then looked up. “You're probably going to be sharing Eric with quite a few other women. Men are dying left and right, and they're going to have to figure out how to keep the country afloat. That means the traditional family unit design is out the fucking window.”

“How bad can it really be if they're keeping it quiet?”

“It's about to boil over. The estimate is we're going to lose nearly half the men in America.”

Her eyes looked to him as if she was waiting for the joke. When it didn't come, and the silence had hung in the air an uncomfortably long time, she finally spoke again. “Half? Fucking half? Fucking HALF?”

“Yeah, I can't say I'm thrilled about it either, Lily. I've got a lot of guy friends, and the idea of half of them just being fucking gone isn't exactly news I wanted to hear when I got up this morning, but I got it anyway.” Andy tossed his hands up into the air. “And we can't fucking tell anyone! The news will out in a few days, but we have to be quiet about it until it is. Also, apparently we need to start packing.”

“Packing? What for?”

“I guess we're going to be moved at some point. I guess we'll find out soon enough.”

Soon enough came the very next day. Andy and his usual gang of friends had a Discord channel they hung out on regularly, and they'd been using it for news on each other. And Phil poked his head in just before noon with a simple message:

“@DruidGun 15 minutes.”

The household had spent part of the day before figuring out what essentials they would need on short notice. When the knock on the door came seventeen minutes later, they'd already gotten the cats loaded into their carriers, and their computers packed up.

Standing outside of the door was Dave, flanked by two armed soldiers in hazmat suits. “Hey Andy. We need you folks to load all your shit up into your cars and follow us. We'll be outside in the truck. Don't worry about anything you leave behind. We'll have it brought to you later, but right now, we've got to get you safe.”

“How the hell are you going to do that, Dave?” Andy asked, as he heard people moving behind him. “Where are we going?”

“We've set up a little bubble village north of Pleasanton, a sort of gated community where we can keep everyone inside safe. Nobody other than military personnel will be let out until after the vaccine's widely circulated. Anyone who comes in to add to the community will drive in trucks worth of supplies. We'll even have some basic services like restaurants and movie theaters inside of the walls, so people can get some taste of normalcy again.”

“That sounds pretty good.”

“Beside,” Dave laughed, “I'm sure it's starting to feel pretty crowded, all of you people inside of this tiny condo. You'll like your new digs. Okay, we'll meet you outside.”

Andy got into his car, feeling very snug, with the two cat carriers in the back seat between Niko and Lauren, with Aisling in front. Eric, Lily and Jenny took Eric's car. Sure enough, the camouflaged truck was idling outside.

It was nearly an hour drive up to an area of the Bay that Andy had only ever driven past, somewhat wooded, with only a single road leading up towards an enclave. He'd never seen a private residence area with a full military guard checkpoint. The guards outside were holding automatic rifles, and looked ready to mow down anyone. The truck pulled over at the gate and Dave wandered back to stand alongside Andy's car, motioning for him to roll down the window. “Here's where I leave you, my friend. I'll be let into the complex in a few days, after I get all the high value locals we're going to keep in New Eden.”

“New Eden?” Andy said, cocking his head to one side. “Jesus, that's a little pretentious, isn't it?”

Dave shrugged. "Yeah, maybe, but when have military people ever been good at naming shit?"
"Yeah, okay, fair enough."

"Just follow the Tesla waiting on the other side. It'll lead you up to your new home."

Dave waved for the guard to open the gate. As the metal gate opened, Andy could see a white Tesla X on the other side. Andy pulled his car through the gates, and Eric's car followed in behind them. The drive was through semi-wooded area, but Andy could see insanely nice houses through the trees in some of the areas.

After about five minutes, they turned onto a driveway that lead up to one of the most expensive looking houses Andy had ever seen with his own two eyes. It looked like it was three stories, and it screamed money. There was a five car garage off to one side, but the Tesla pulled to a stop in front of the building.

Andy and the girls hopped out of their cars, as Eric and his girls hopped out of their car behind them. A woman in her early forties dressed in fatigues popped out of the Tesla and smiled at them. "Welcome to your new home!"

"Heh," Eric said. "I don't know that it's big enough for all of us." He was obviously joking.

Someone should have told the officer. "Oh, don't worry, Mr. Yang. This is Mr. Rook's house. Yours is next door."

Nobody knew quite what to say to that.

Chapter 10

Andy felt embarrassed just walking in the front door. The house – no, the place could only be fairly called a mansion – the mansion was his, but even thinking that was strange. He'd never set foot in a mansion before and now he was going to be calling this one home.

In the entryway, he could see a pair of stairs leading upwards, and doorways on either side, as well as one in the middle. Eric and his girls were waiting outside, but the woman in the fatigues had insisted she give Andy a tour of his new home before she took Eric to his house. The tour would also serve as a briefing on New Eden.

"There's a hundred houses in the complex, all of which are behind fences and gates, so there's a gatekeeper making sure no one goes in or out who isn't supposed to be," the woman said as she started leading Andy upstairs. Aisling was coming with him, while Lauren and Niko were exploring the ground floor. "Now obviously we realize that military police not allowing you off the grounds can sound like a prison, so we want to make sure it's the most gilded prison you ever live in."

"How strict is the entrance/exit policy?"

The woman clicked her tongue, as if considering how to answer. "You aren't going to be permitted to leave the premises until you and the rest of the country have been vaccinated. Everyone here is considered essential, so we don't want any risks. Once everyone's vaccinated and protected, then the gates will keep guard but they'll be private contractors and not US military. And you and your new family retain your new property."

"You mean the house, right?" Aisling asked.

"The house, the land, the cars..."

"Cars?" Andy said.

"Right," the woman said, snapping her fingers. "The garage has five Teslas in it – two Model S's, two Model X's and one Model 3. We wanted to give you some options, and make sure you were going to have enough transportation to take care of everyone in the home."

"Every person getting their own car seems a bit much, don't you think?"

The woman turned back to look at them as they reached the third story landing. "I'm sorry, Mr. Rook. Did they not give you a briefing before you arrived?"

"They rolled up to our house, gave us five minutes to load whatever we could into the car and brought us immediately here. We were told someone else would bring the rest of our things in later."

“Ah yes, they did say they were going to have to be a bit more abrupt with the last few waves of men being brought in. We've lost a lot of men, so we're having to protect the ones we do have rather strictly. You're going to have a few more partners than originally anticipated, and maybe a little outside of your original parameters.”

“Are you joining our family?” Aisling asked the woman.

She laughed pleasantly, waving a hand in their direction. “No, don't be silly. I'm Major Peters. I guess you could consider me the mayor's wife. Well, one of them, anyway. I'm very much spoken for, and besides, you're going to have more than enough to keep yourself busy.”

“Are there new girls arriving soon?”

“Soon? You could say that. In addition to the ones already here.”

“What do you mean already here?”

“Well, in addition to new partners who should be arriving soon, there's the staff, who will be tending to you sexually, but would like to remain on a professional level.”

Andy and Aisling both stopped in their tracks. They were walking down a very lush hallway, and had passed one bedroom already that at a glance was at least four times the size of the living room in their old condo. “Wait, what does that even mean?”

“The women who serve on the staff, they...” she trailed off for a moment, as if trying to figure out how to phrase it. “Their sexual fetish is to be servants, so while they will happily sate your sexual needs, they do not want romantic entanglements with you or your other girls, Mr. Rook. That isn't to say you can't impregnate them, naturally.”

The last word caught Andy off guard the most. “Naturally?”

The major smiled at him, as if his confusion was naive. “You're going to have to help repopulate the country, Mr. Rook. That means you should, on average, have between one and three children with each woman you're engaging in intercourse with. This includes your staff, and while you will be their father, they may or may not take on your last name, depending on what each of your partners wants to do. We expect that as your household grows, you may find individual women will be carving out individual roles for themselves.”

“Roles?” Aisling asked. “What's that all about?”

“So you're about a month behind the mayor on the advancement timeline. In the last few weeks, he's had to have the women in his life define their positions in his house. For example, he has five wives, one of which has decided she's going to be the homemaker. Another has taken on the role of his executive assistant. I'm the military liaison, being that I was already an officer on the base, and I'm also helping coordinate the affairs of New Eden. He also has three women who aren't interested in being wives, so they consider themselves concubines. There's also four women on his staff who tend to his estate.”

“How many people do I have on staff?”

“Three, Mr. Rook. You have Katie, who is your gardener, Jennifer, who is your cook, and Yvette, who is your maid.”

“Okay, now you're just fucking with me,” Andy said. “Yvette? Really? C'mon. Don't kid a kidder.”

Major Peters smirked. “She's downstairs. You'll meet all of them at the end of the tour.” She turned and continued walking. “This way to the master bedroom.”

They continued down the hallway and reached the end of the hallway. The master bedroom wasn't just large, it was obscene. It was larger than the entire condo they'd just left, and then some. The bed was larger than any bed he'd ever seen before. “Jesus, I didn't even know they made beds that big.”

“They don't, normally. It's actually two king sized beds pushed together, but we've made custom sheets for them. You should be able to fit most of your partners in the bed if you like, although you'll likely find that some of them may want their own bedroom. There won't be enough bedrooms for every woman to have her own, naturally, but at least some of them will have that option, at least until the

children start arriving.”

“How many bedrooms does this place have?”

“Twelve, in addition to fifteen bathrooms, three living rooms, the kitchen, the pantry, the gym, the home theater, four offices and the guest house out back on the other side of the pool.”

Aisling's eyes widened a little. “We have our own pool?”

“Heated, yes. With hot tub, naturally. Katie will tend to the pool as well as the grounds. Two of the bedrooms have been converted into servants' quarters. Katie and Jennifer share one, and Yvette has the other.”

“Wait, they share one?”

“They're a couple, yes, Miss Blake. Partners.”

“And you're sure they're okay with this?”

“They want to survive, Miss Blake,” Major Peters sniffed. “Just like the rest of us. They may not be thrilled, but they'll adapt. We do what we must to survive.”

“How many of you sleep with the mayor?” Andy asked. “How many wives does he have?”

“We've decided in our house that any more than five people in a bed is untenable for us, but that's our personal preferences, and each household has to make that decision on their own. Why, one of the groups that moved in a week or so ago, the women decided they only wanted to sleep with their shared man one at a time, so each night, there's a different woman in the bed with him, and the rest are off in other rooms. In another, all ten of them sleep in one bed all the time. As long as no one gets permanently hurt, we don't judge.”

“Hang on, what do you mean 'permanently?’” Aisling asked.

“Obviously, different people like different things. We were a little worried when the Blackwells moved in, simply because a couple of the women had bruises on them, so we pulled them aside and interviewed them away from their male partner, only to find that the women, ahem, were into that sort of thing. People have kinks. We have to be open and accepting of that here in New Eden.”

“No kink shaming. That's progress from the 'don't ask, don't tell' days.”

“It's a new world. We're going to have to live with each other for some time, so there's no sense in causing unnecessary trouble, is there?”

“So how many partners am I going to end up with at the end of all of this, Major?” Andy said as he peered into the master bathroom. He was debating whether to call what was in there an overly large bathtub or a rather small pool.

“For most men, we're aiming somewhere between twelve and fifteen, in addition to the staff. Anything more than sixteen seems unwieldy for most men, not that they're generally complaining. And we're ramping up gradually, because once a woman is imprinted on a woman, she can't be imprinted on someone else.”

“Twelve to fifteen?” Andy made his way back from the bathroom to rejoin the two women. It was a longer walk than it had any right to be. “Jesus fucking Christ. And they're all going to be my partners?”

“Most men dream of having a harem, Mr. Rook. You're actually going to have one.”

Andy snorted a bit dismissively. “Most men have never had to share their lives with multiple women. I had a friend who was in a polygamous pod, and he said the more people you put into a pod, the more problems you ended up with.”

“You'll find that when the women are imprinted to you, Mr. Rook, that big problems get reduced to small problems very quickly. The fact that they all share a man makes them more likely to work their problems out, since none of them are clearly ever leaving you.” She lead them back towards the stairs. “Shall we go downstairs and meet the staff?”

“One second. I have a couple of quick questions first. The guy who brought us here, Dave, he said there was a movie theater?”

“Roger that. There's a movie theater in the central town area, as well as a general store and a

couple of restaurants. All of which is inside of the quarantine area. You're free to go to any of them as you see fit, or visit your friend at his house. Everyone is within the bubble, so you're welcome to hang out with anyone you like. That's true of anyone here, at least after they've been imprinted. Whenever you have a new partner arrive, it's vitally important that you imprint them immediately. Some of them may be in full control of their faculties, but some may be somewhat impaired. Their judgment may not be what it used to be, but once they're imprinted, all of that will return."

Andy clicked his tongue. "I've already had experience with that. My most recent partner, when she arrived, she was in something of a state."

Aisling giggled. "A fuck fugue, if you will."

Major Peters nodded again. "Your staff isn't quite there but, but we would obviously prefer you imprint them as quickly as you're able to. It doesn't need to be immediate, but in the next few days would be best."

"Are you sure they're going to be okay with it, Major Peters?"

"Mr. Rook. These women have been given an option – pair with an available man, to help reinforce the injection we've given them, or skip the injections and wait until a more mainstream vaccine is developed. Now that could be months, or it could be years. And during that time, they're completely vulnerable to the virus, trying to do their best to shelter in place, praying some random slipup doesn't get them killed. Faced with that option, they took a very similar questionnaire to the one you took, although we made it clear that the more dealbreakers they put on their answers, the harder it would be to find them paired up."

"Look, I get that," Andy said, as the three of them descended the staircase back to the ground floor. "I just want to make sure that nobody's doing anything they don't want to do."

"I can assure you, Master Rook," a voice said from around the corner, "none of us is here unwillingly."

As the three of them walked around the corner, Andy could see Niko and Lauren standing in front of three women. The first woman was a Hispanic woman in overalls and a t-shirt, in her early thirties, with her black hair cut in a short bob. Next to her was a Midwestern looking woman around the same age, curvy with her hair in a bushy brown ponytail, dressed in a t-shirt and slacks, with an apron draped over the front, her eyes behind large circular glasses that almost dwarfed her face. And on the right was one of the most buxom women Andy had ever seen. She was in her early twenties, dressed in a French maid's costume, black and white, with a short skirt, white underfrills poking out the bottom, her legs in fishnet stockings, with a single black line running up the back of them. Her tits were huge, practically forming a shelf, as much of them exposed as covered. Her hair was blonde, long running down her back in massive curls that hung down to her waist. Unlike the other two women, who were wearing sneakers, the maid wore tall high heels.

"We're all aware what we signed up for, Master Rook," the voice continued. It emerged from the woman on the left, whom Andy assumed was Katie, the gardener. "And we will make sure the house is kept in perfect condition."

"Master Rook sounds so insanely overblown... Katie, was it?" Andy said, as he approached them, feeling Aisling moving in behind him.

"Yes, Master. I'm Katie, this is my partner Jennifer, and down at the end is Yvette." Jennifer bowed a little, while Yvette gave a curtsy that somehow even offered even more of a view of her cleavage than before. "And it's important we show deference and respect."

"Would 'sir' be an acceptable compromise?" Niko asked the women, which made Andy relax a little.

"I would have no problem with that, ma'am," Katie said.

"Nor I, madam," Jennifer followed.

"I must insist I refer to him as Master," Yvette said, her French accent practically oozing into every word. "I want to offer him his earned respect. And besides, it gives me a tingle saying it."

“You really are French, Yvette?” Aisling asked.

“Oui, madam.”

“And it gives you a thrill to refer to him as Master?” Niko said.

“Oui, madam.”

“How much of a thrill?”

“Madam, I am a natural submissive. I enjoy serving, being ordered around, and the idea of having a proper Master? That is exactly what I wanted.”

“And the outfit?”

“Mon dieu, what man hasn't wanted an actual French maid at some point in his life?”

“The outfit's quite complete.”

“In all the right ways,” Yvette giggled, while tugging up the front of her skirt to reveal that while she was wearing fishnets, that was the only thing she had on beneath the skirt. And the woman's pussy was not only wet, it was practically dripping down her thighs. “Welcome to your new home, Master.”