

Quaranteam: North West

Chapter 10 (Beta)

By BreaktheBar

The following story is based on the fantastic [Quaranteam](#) series by CorruptingPower over on Literotica. You can continue to expect general themes of light Mind Control, bonding and Harems from the original, but with a slightly edgy and alternative cast. In this chapter you can expect an awkward conversation about trust and loyalty, a heartfelt conversation, an anal encounter, and an imprinting with a special request.

The problem with going toe to toe with a spy was that all of my usual methods of evaluating someone were *already* going off.

As a teen I'd been a bit of a hillbilly, I'd been an athlete, and I'd been a kid from a family with generational grudge issues. Then I'd joined the military and I learned about professional backstabbing and politics, and then I'd become an MP and really saw some of the dumb and vile crap that man could do to each other. I'd been trained to be aware, alert, and suspicious.

Seven years out of the military had softened me, I was sure. But not that much.

Maybe Greerson shouldn't have told me about Kyla's background. I was trying my best to *not* be suspicious, which I bet if I saw myself back on a recording I would have seen as a red flag. If I hadn't known about her, I could have just accepted her and hopefully my natural and trained instincts would have picked up on anything fishy.

I sighed a little huff of a chuckle and leaned back in the Murphey chair, looking at Kyla across the RV. I'd been doing my best not to just really stare at her, to make a judgement scan of her to really assess her. Maybe that gave me away. Maybe not.

She was beautiful, but I'd already judged that. Her Filipino heritage was strong, but wasn't so different from the natives that I'd grown up around that it seemed out of place to me. Not to mention the plenty of varied Asians I'd lived around in Portland. She was still wearing the bulky coverall so it was hard to judge her athleticism, but just the way she sat told me she was a physical person. She was sitting on the bench, which wasn't particularly tall, but her feet were pressed to the ground by the balls of her feet and toes, her heels raised. Even though she was leaning forward with her elbows on her knees she also wasn't slouching at all. She was a coiled spring, but with a loose tension. She wasn't on edge, but was a calmly controlled nervous.

"It does," I said, answering the question she'd stunned me with for a moment. 'Does it bother you that I'm a spy?' Who asked that? Was it a game, or a test? Was she trying to be truthful because of the situation, or was she running a long con to gain my trust to inevitably betray me? How calculated was this move, and what were the variables?

Was it a move at all?

"But not the way you might think," I continued. "It's funny, I don't even know how much they told you about me. I think I mentioned outside that I was in the military at one point. I was an MP before I was discharged. You are exactly the kind of person I would have been worried about for an important part of my life. But now? Honestly, Kyla, I just don't want you to fuck up the family dynamic we're trying to build here. I don't want you to put any of the people out there in danger, on purpose or by accident, if you plan on trying to do something for your father or NICA."

She gave me a long look back, evaluating what I said. If we were sitting across from each other with a chessboard between us, or cards, I would have said she was trying to read if I was bluffing or not. But this wasn't a game, and there weren't stakes on the line, and I thankfully got the impression she wasn't trying to read me. At least, not like that. She was reading me, but she was trying to form her opinion of me, just like I was trying to with her.

"Have you ever killed anyone?" she asked me.

I pressed my lips together and nodded. "I didn't see as much combat as others, but I got in a few firefights," I said. "I know I had a few confirmed kills, and likely several more unconfirmed. And one of my investigations as an MP turned into a shootout with some human traffickers that ended... badly. Fuck, I haven't talked about that with anyone since I got out. I'd prefer you not bring it up with the girls, or Leo. Please."

"I won't," she said quietly.

"Have you?" I asked.

"No," she shook her. "I mean, I have enough training that I could, but that wasn't ever supposed to be my job. I- I'd rather maybe talk about my story if I get more comfortable with you, but I've never carried more than a knife and a can of mace in my purse for self-protection and haven't ever needed to use either of them."

"Does it bother you that I know?" I asked her.

"I feel like it should, but I don't think it does," Kyla said, pursing her lips a little in thought after she said it. "I just spent the last four years living a secret life, but I'd always lived a *double* life. You know, which means... I don't know what it means. Which is a first."

"I told Erica," I said. "I wasn't supposed to, I don't think, but she can read me like a book and I didn't want to keep it from her anyways."

Kyla smiled a little. "I could tell," she said. "I only picked up on little things from you because of the way she was acting."

That made me chuckle a little. "Well, at least that's something. I'm not a complete waste."

"So what now?" she asked. "You know that I know that you know. Do we need to set some ground rules or anything?"

"Let's play it by ear, at least today," I said. "As long as you don't do anything to endanger anyone, we should talk again before you make the decision of whether you want to stay with us or not. I'm not sure how long you have before that becomes a problem - Erica and Ivy both got their imprinting within a few hours at our best guess, but Dani had to wait for maybe five or six to imprint with Leo and when she showed up she was a little fuzzy and thought I was him."

"I'll keep that in mind," she nodded. "Any rules about going outside the... this place?"

"We're just calling it the compound," I said. "There aren't, but there's a few hundred construction workers around. We haven't had any issues beyond some catcalling and staring, but generally the girls have stuck to the compound unless they are with me or Leo. We've got a couple of ATVs and Erica, Leo or I could give you a tour of the property - it's going to change a lot soon, so if you like the forest it's more than worth doing sooner than later. I can also lend you my truck if you ever want to go out into town, but we've tried to minimize that and you probably should wait until you're imprinted and the vaccine is fully working."

Kyla nodded along, and when I wound down she smiled a little again. "You know, you talk a lot," she said.

That made me laugh. "I think you might be the first person to ever say that to me," I said. "Usually I'm the quiet guy in a group."

"Tall, dark and brooding?" Kyla asked, and then fanned herself with one hand as she smirked playfully. "Just my type."

"We good, at least for now?" I asked her, standing up.

"We are," she nodded, standing and then offering her hand for me to shake. "It's good to meet you, Harrison. For what it's worth, you seem like a decent person."

"You too, Kyla," I said, shaking her hand, and then I smiled and winked. "So far."

We left the RV and soon we were in the midst of the swarm of introductions. Kyla was taken under the wing of Erica, who gave me a look like she wanted all the details of our conversation immediately but knew it had to wait. Meanwhile, Dani brought Aria over to meet me.

Leo's new partner was as pale as Dani was, but a little taller and curvier in a similar way to Erica. She had softly ginger hair that looked like it had probably been neatly trimmed at her shoulders before quarantine but had already grown out a bit. She was pretty without being a classic beauty or Instagram face, but she exuded a light sexuality simply because of the way her big tits pressed out against what would have been an otherwise demure t-shirt. She wasn't showing any cleavage, and her high-waisted jean shorts were downright modest compared to what I'd gotten used to Erica, Ivy and Dani wearing around in the early summer heat. She also had a flash of navy tattoos peeking out from one sleeve, and multiple pretty-looking piercings in each ear.

"Harri is like my sexy big brother," Dani said, stepping into a side hug with me after introducing us.

"I don't think those words should be going together," I said as I rolled my eyes at her. "And I *have* a sister and she isn't nearly as free with the nudity around me as you are, and I like it that way."

Dani scrunched up her nose and stuck out her tongue playfully. "Deal with it."

Aria laughed at the banter between us. "Well, I don't know about all *that*," she said. "But from what I understand, India and I have you to thank for our luxury digs, and a brand new house sometime in the future?"

"Yes, sort of. But it's a long story. Let's do a campfire tonight and we'll tell you and your partner and Kyla all at once," I said.

"She's gorgeous," Aria said, looking over at the Filipina. "How are you not jumping her bones already?"

"We felt it was better she try to get acclimated a bit first," I said.

"A good fucking will get her acclimated quickly," Dani smirked.

"Careful, that first orgasm is a big one," Aria snickered.

"What's a big one?" India asked, sliding into the conversation by sneaking up behind Aria and wrapping her arms around her in a hug. "I heard the dirty tone in your voice, but not the joke. So I'm going to assume you're either talking about dicks or tits."

"Orgasms, actually," Aria laughed and turned to kiss India on the cheek.

India was the tanner of the two, and where Aria was that natural pretty she was the Instagram Influencer kind of attractive. Her face was that ridiculously symmetrical, perfectly formed genetic lottery that made me wonder what parts of her were 'customized' in some way. Her skin tone was from tanning more than any natural darkness, and she wore her light brunette hair in a messy array of braids, loose strands and dreadlocks that gave her an immediate 'dirty hippy girl' vibe. She was shorter than Aria, but just as curvy as revealed by the red bikini top showing off a swathe of cleavage along with an Illuminati tattoo right between her breasts and several more designs along her collarbone. The fact that she seemed to be wearing the same style of modest shorts as Aria was cute and made me wonder if they'd coordinated the look.

"Well, that happens to be one of my favourite topics," India giggled.

Dani introduced me again, and then Ivy came to join our conversation as Dani slipped away to meet Kyla and talk with Erica and Leo.

Second-breakfasts were prepared, or rather I fired up the grill and put a pan on it, then made a big breakfast mash reheating the food I'd set out for Leo and his girls and adding in some more eggs, breakfast sausage and a mess of cheese. It was sloppy, it was greasy, and it was delicious.

As I was cooking and eating I couldn't help but smile to myself, watching our weird family interacting with each other. Ivy was trading stories with India and Aria about funny experiences as sex workers - Ivy hadn't ever had sex for money, but she'd dealt with plenty of the same kinds of guys as the two former sugar babies. Dani was talking with Kyla about growing up moving back and forth out of the States, with Leo listening in and asking questions occasionally. Erica slipped in beside me at the grill, sliding her hand up the back of my shirt to rub my bare skin with her hand.

"Hey babe," she said, softly scratching my back.

"Hello, gorgeous," I said and leaned over to kiss her.

She accepted with a smile, but then slid her lips from mine and pulled me down a little more to whisper. "How did it go?"

"Fine," I whispered back. "But she knows we know. It's fine for now though. I'll explain more later?"

"OK," she nodded, then kissed me again. Her fingernails dug a little more into the small of my back as she bit her lower lip. "We should take a drive out to the spring pond this afternoon."

I agreed, and she slipped away to text Vanessa to come for an early lunch if she could. Vanessa snuck away from work for a few minutes, popping in to say hello and introduce herself around. She grabbed a couple of breakfast sausages and a kiss from me.

“You OK, big guy?” she asked as she munched quickly.

“I am,” I said, and then slid my hand into the back pocket of her work jeans and grabbed her butt. “You know, I’m still sorry about you tripping into this, but I’m really happy you’re here?”

Vanessa chewed on the corner of her lip for a moment as she looked at me and smiled, then rolled her eyes and went up on her booted tip-toes to kiss me again. “I’m happy with it too, you sappy suck. I’m gonna need you to man up here again soon though or I’ll think I’ve made a mistake. You’re supposed to be the rugged mountain man dreamboat.”

“Oh yeah?” I laughed. “Should I go chop down a tree or something? Go hunt down an elk and kill it with my bare hands to bring back to the campfire?”

“Something like that,” she smirked.

I got a little closer and spoke quieter. “What if I just throw you over my shoulder and carry you into the RV so that I can have my way with you?”

“Uungh,” she groaned, flushing just a little as she breathed deeply. “See, that’s fucking hot. But I don’t have the time and now I’m about to go back to work with wet panties and it’s your fault.”

I squeezed her ass a little firmer through her jeans, making her giggle and then pull away. Then she grabbed one last breakfast sausage off my plate and waved to everyone goodbye as she went back out of the compound to work.

The girls took over cleaning up, and shortly after we had one of the surveyors ringing on the door bell asking for a walkaround down in the southeast area since the tree-clearing crews were about ready to go to work there. I pawned it off on Leo, who didn’t need any more convincing than a glance from his sister, and he went off. Erica excused herself from the girls and I noticed a wink exchanged between her and Dani, and Ivy reached behind her back to touch fingers with Erica as she moved by.

“Why do I think you have something planned?” I asked her as she was heading into the RV.

“Because I do,” she grinned. She was already up on the step to get in, and she leaned down to peck my lips. “I’ll be ten minutes. Meet you at the ATV.”

When she did join me, she was followed out of the compound by a bunch of ‘Oooh!’s and catcalls from the girls, and I could immediately see why. She’d gone all out with her makeup. To be fair, it hadn’t been all that long since that last time she’d done herself up - it had been just

over two weeks since she'd come back into the house after being vaccinated and had wanted to do it for our first time together when she imprinted. But in those two weeks she hadn't had the time, or inclination, to go all out which meant that even Ivy and Dani hadn't seen her like this. She'd gone further though, dressing in one of my old band t-shirts she'd claimed for herself. She'd ripped off the sleeves and cut down the sides to make larger arm holes. At the time she said it would let her see my muscles when I wore it, but now I could see at also showed off her curves and the sides of the black and red bra she was wearing. She'd matched the shirt with a mix of necklaces, bracelets and rings, along with ripped jean shorts and a pair of beaten-up black cowboy boots, and she had a leather purse over one shoulder. She looked for all the world like the queen of a punk rock concert venue.

"You wow me," I said, already sitting on the ATV.

"I know I do," she grinned as she swaggered over to me. She planted a steaming kiss on me, then grinned again and wiped some of her lipstick off my lower lip with a thumb.

Erica settled in behind me, hugging me close, and we took a leisurely route up to the spring pond at the back of the property. It was a nice drive, though as we took a couple of trails I hadn't been using for my 'security tours' I realized more progress than I thought had been going on. There were more tree-clearing teams than I'd thought there were, and a maze of wide trails that would become roads was forming quickly. Piles of logs and brush were getting processed, and I wondered how many of the old trees that were getting cut down would show back up in the framing for the houses that were going to be built. I hoped most of them - it would be a fitting circle that would make me feel a lot better about the whole thing, and would feel like a recall back to when my ancestors built their first home when they bought the claim for the land.

When we arrived at the spring I shut off the ATV and Erica slipped down first, pulling me over to a sunny area near the pond. She let go of my hand and stepped away, turning to give me a look.

"What?" I asked with a chuckle.

"I love you, Harri," she said.

"I know," I replied, smiling but trying to figure out what was going on. "I love you too. It hasn't been long, but it feels like it's been forever with us."

She smiled and nodded, then took a deep breath. "I wanted to do this before things get even crazier. When Ivy joined us, it was kind of sudden but it was good. But she also started us on this crazy rollercoaster, and now you've got three and soon four women who you're going to be with. *I'm* sharing you with three women, and we haven't really talked about that."

I sighed and nodded, scratching at my beard in frustration at myself. "You're right. It's definitely something we need to talk about. Things have just been-

“No, babe,” she interrupted me. “This isn’t a hard conversation. I’m not- I’m OK with all of this, at least in terms of how things are shaping up so far. I just want to make sure that you and I don’t... disconnect. I know the sex is one thing, but I didn’t like you all these years because of sex.”

I stepped towards her and pulled her into a hug, which she held with me for a long time. She ended it by finding my lips and kissing me softly, then stepping away.

“So,” she said. “This is what I’m thinking. The crews are going to get up here sooner than later, which means we won’t be able to use it privately for much longer.” Then Erica pulled her shirt over her head and started unbuckling her shorts. “So I would like you, my lover, to go into my purse, please.”

I raised an eyebrow but followed her direction, going back to the ATV where she left her purse and opening it, finding my sketchbook and my little metal case of charcoal sticks. When I turned back around, a question on my lips, Erica was completely naked and laying on a patch of grass right next to the spring pond, smiling demurely at me.

“If I’m going to be your muse, I figured I should do it right,” she said.

We talked as I sketched her. I told her about the conversation with Kyla first. Then we talked about India and Ivy, and about Vanessa and her feelings about having feelings. And then we talked about us. I burned through a half dozen sheets of my sketchbook, and Erica moved through a few different poses. None of them were lewd - no one would see the sketches and think they hadn’t come from a human body nude art class.

My favourite sketch was Erica in the pond, her arms up on the edge of the rocky rim and her eyes softly closed as her breasts just peeked out from the edge of the water. We talked about the future while I was sketching her like that. About what our relationship could look like. Could we get married in the future? We both wanted to. What about kids? What did that look like in the current state of the world, and with this flurry of women around us?

When they finally figured out the vaccine, and we didn’t *need* to be attached to the others, what about then?

We didn’t have many answers to a lot of the questions, but it felt good to talk about them. Even our mutual questions made me feel closer to her.

“OK, babe,” Erica finally said, standing up from the pool and water dripping down from her breasts, rivulets running across her stomach and down between her legs. She stepped out and came to me, but didn’t try to look at the sketches - she knew I would want to tidy them up and work on them before I showed her. Instead, she motioned for me to set my tools aside and she crawled into my lap, getting my clothes wet and not caring at all, as she wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me into a searing kiss. Then, as we were kissing, she took my

hands and slid them down from her waist to her ass, which I squeezed, but then she went further and guided my fingers into her ass crack and I encountered a hard little piece of metal.

I broke the kiss, giving her a surprised look, and she laughed.

“Harri, I’ve had this buttplug in for more than long enough. You’ve got three other gorgeous women I need to share your bed with, and one of them is already your dedicated ass slut. I need you to take my ass and make sure I’m your first to take you in every way.” She kissed me hard, tits pressing to my chest and hands running up to mess with my hair. “I need you to take it, babe,” she whispered huskily. “You own my tits, and God do you own my pussy, but you need to carve up my ass, too.”

She’d brought lube with her, and went and fetched it from the bottom of her purse as I watched her naked butt bounce and sway while she skipped. She came back and pushed me onto my back, pulling down my shorts and immediately taking the head of my cock in her mouth, humming happily as she wrapped her fingers around the base of the shaft and started blowing me.

“That’s what I want, Harri,” she said. “I want you as hard as you can get. I want to feel every vein of this beautiful goddamn cock as it takes my ass.”

She made love to me with her mouth, kneeling on the grass in the middle of the forest. At the same time she was sucking and slurping on my cock, she also fucked me with her eyes. We didn’t say much other than happy groans, but her eyes never left mine. The smokey, punk makeup made her look fierce, but her eyes were all love and lust for me. Then she rolled onto her back and put some lube on her tits, and encouraged me to fuck them.

We both laughed as I straddled her chest and she pressed her big tits up and around my shaft. We took turns, me sometimes thrusting and her sometimes jerking me off with her breasts. I teased her nipples, and she playfully took the head of my cock in her mouth and scraped lightly down it with her teeth. I reached back as she jerked me and found her pussy, sliding my fingers into her until she moaned, and then thumbed her clit a bit for good measure until she was squirming in pleasure.

“Enough,” she gasped finally, dropping her breasts and scooting out of underneath me. “God, I need you in me.”

She got on her hands and knees and I had to brush off some grass and a twig that had stuck to her meaty cheeks, then she reached back and spread her ass with both hands, her face pressed to the ground. “Get this plug out of me, Harrison. Fill my ass with your cock.”

This wasn’t Erica’s first time with anal, nor was it mine, and while neither of us would be considered experts we’d already been with Ivy more than enough to know what we were doing. The plug was all steel, simple and utilitarian - or as utilitarian as you could be with a buttplug.

Her ass clung to it for a long moment then released, and she breathed in as her hole stretched over the widest part. I dropped a dollop of lube into her ass crack, then shrugged to myself and put a drop on both of her cheeks as well. She laughed and rolled her eyes as she let me spread the shiny substance all over her ass - it might have been a minor mistake since it made it harder for her to spread for me again, but I didn't care. She had a great ass, and seeing it greased up was worth it.

Next, I used one finger, then two, to push the lube into her asshole. We'd already played around a bit with that in the middle of sex, me reminding her of how she'd said that british baking show hostess probably liked a 'cheeky finger up the bum,' but sliding a digit in there and teasing around the tension of her asshole was different when I was going to be inside of it soon.

I leaned down and kissed her as the second finger squeezed in next to the first and she bit my lip lightly and growled a little in her chest.

"How's it feeling?" I asked.

She rolled her neck, flipping her dark hair to one side so she could level a steaming, frustrated gaze at me. "I swear to Christ, Harri. I told you to fill my ass and you're sitting here teasing me. Fuck me already!"

I barked a laugh and slid right up behind her, pulling my fingers from her hole and rubbing the head of my cock up and down the cleft of her ass, then down to her pussy and dipping just the head into her. I could feel it squeeze, wanting more of me, but I just teased her and then moved back to her ass crack. I spurted a bit more lube out and hot-dogged her cheeks for a moment to spread it around, and then finally I put it into position.

"You know how Ivy-"

"Yes, I know how Ivy takes you so fast, Harri," Erica grunted and then pushed herself back onto my cock, the head and a good half of the shaft sliding into her all at once. "Hooooo fuck, yes!" Her shout actually echoed a little bit, and I hoped there wasn't some surveyor doing a hike through the woods.

She breathed heavily for a long moment, her ass clenching on my cock. The warmth was intense, and I wrapped my hands down from her waist to her lower abdomen, holding her as her diaphragm and chest heaved as she caught her breath.

"More?" I asked her.

"What the fuck are you waiting for? Ream me, Harri. Fuck my fucking ass with that glorious fucking cock."

She'd demanded it more than enough, and to be frank I was feeling a little emasculated that I kept offering her soothing words and feelings and she just wanted to be ravaged.

So I ravaged her.

We were rutting animals, and I plundered her ass. The sound of our slapping bodies and grunting probably could have been mistaken as two wild hogs, at least when we weren't panting each other's names.

Erica shuddered through a long orgasm, leaking juices from her pussy she rolled her eyes up and let out a long, wordless bellow. With my legs getting tired I pulled out of her and laid back on my ass, giving her a hard smack on her shiny butt cheek. "Get over here."

She turned and saw me, and scrambled to comply, straddling my waist and reaching back to get my cock into position and then sitting back down on it. Once she was settled I grabbed her by the jaw and pulled her face to mine, kissing hungrily. She started rocking her hips back and forth grinding and stirring me in her ass as she whimpered against my lips.

I let go of her jaw but she didn't stop kissing, and I mauled her tits. She just fucked herself on me harder.

We were dripping with sweat now, and I wiped her hair from her face and pulled her down more fully on top of me, getting her body pressed against mine as we panted together. Then I rolled us over so I was on top of her, and she pulled her legs back so that I could keep fucking her ass.

"Whose ass is this?" I asked her.

"Yours. God, babe, it's all fucking yours. My fucking asshole is fucking vibrating with you in it. I don't know if I've stopped coming. It's like I'm on a rollercoaster that just keeps going. Fuck me, babe. Fuck me so fucking- God, I want to feel your cum. I want to get completely filled up. Come in my ass, Harri. Fill my fucking- fucking- Unngh!"

She came at the feeling of me unleashing inside her ass, jamming deep to fill her. She squeezed her eyes shut and shuddered, our pelvises flooding as she squirted hard and splattered us both in her girlcum. I didn't even notice, just watching her expression as waves of pleasure rolled through her in time with my clenching releases rocketing out.

I collapsed next to her, my cock pulling from her ass, but I didn't even make it to my back. I was on my side, one arm draped over her torso, as we both breathed heavily and tried to swim back to a more conscious state.

"God, I love when you get like that," she finally said, chuckling into the quiet forest sounds around us.

“You want me to do that more often?” I asked. “We aren’t exactly soft most of the time already.”

“Maybe a bit more often, but not always,” she said, rolling onto her side to face me. She kissed the top of my nose softly. “If you fucked me like that every day we’d probably both pull something eventually. But at least once a week? Just fucking take me, Harri. Bend me over, slap my ass and take my holes.”

“What happened to ‘just ask before you try and put something in my ass?’” I asked.

She chuckled softly until it slipped into a hum. “That was when I was still figuring us out. Now? Now I want you all the time. If it was just us, I’d say we should try and get one of your creamy loads out of you in each of my holes every day and see what kind of a streak we could go for, but that would be a little selfish to the others I think.”

It was my turn to chuckle and leaned in to kiss her. “I can’t believe we wasted so much time,” I said.

“I know,” she said with a sad smile. “But we aren’t anymore.”

We bathed in the spring pond as best we could without soap, then dried out in the sun for about ten minutes before getting dressed and heading back down. When we got back, Erica was met by Dani and Ivy, who both shot me looks and winked, giggling. The three of them strode away, leaving me feeling just a touch sheepish, a touch proud and more than a little exasperated.

It was still the middle of the afternoon and I thought I might get away with grabbing a nap, but my hopes were dashed when Vanessa came jogging over and let me know that we needed to move the compound ASAP. The space had been made for us a couple of days prior based on her organization and the site was about to get an influx of workers living in the dormitory buildings.

Thus began the tiring process of moving the RVs and other vehicles out of the way and making sure everything was secure in the storage containers. Then teamsters moved the storage containers about a hundred yards back to the designated spot, and Leo and I drove the RVs into position, and then shifted all of our other vehicles. It took about two hours to move everything, and another hour to get the compound set back up with the sheet-doors and all the chairs and the grill back out and in a general position. This time we also ended up needing to flatten out some big tire ruts from one piece of machinery or another that had been driving over the area, which took Leo and I into the evening.

At dinner I checked in with Ivy first, then Vanessa when she had finished for the day and joined us. I also made a point of stopping to check in with Dani to see what she was thinking about her new co-team members, who she thought would work out fine, and Kyla.

"I think she's a lot quieter than the rest of us," Dani told me as we sat side by side near Leo's RV. "Which isn't a bad thing, obviously. She isn't as used to being around girls like us though. Erica worked with strippers because of her job, along with all sorts of other crazy people, so it's whatever for her. Kyla obviously isn't used to how open we all are about sex things."

I pressed my lips together and nodded, watching her as she sat in a group with Erica, Vanessa and Aria chatting. She was obviously engaged, but didn't offer much to the conversation and seemed happy to listen.

"Anything else?" I asked. "Anything weird come up?"

"No. Should I be watching for something?" Danielle asked.

"No, no," I assured her. "I just- Erica, Ivy, Vanessa; it's working. It's crazy, but it's working. I'm worried about Kyla messing that up."

"It should be fine," Dani said, patting me on the shoulder. "Erica will Mom them into shape if things get out of whack, and if she's the problem you can just spank her until she apologizes."

That made me snort and shake my head with a grin. "You and her talk too much."

"Or maybe we don't talk enough," Dani grinned.

We folded ourselves back into the larger conversations, me joining the group with Kyla while Dani went to sit with Leo, India and Ivy. As the sun was setting we busted out the fire pit and Vanessa pointed me towards the nearest brush piles I could harvest some wood from - it seemed she'd handily directed some of her workers to pile it within easy walking distance.

Then, once the fire was crackling and we all had our drinks of choice, we told the new women our story. We started with Leo and I, then how Erica had joined us for quarantine. We both teased her about hearing her masturbating, which until that moment she hadn't realized had been the case and made her blush. Then we talked about the land lease, the construction, and the introduction of Dani, Vanessa, and Ivy. Vanessa told us how fucking crazy she thought we were at first, but after that first night around the fire she'd realized something weird but special was going on so she stopped judging and started getting a little jealous. Then Ivy told her perspective, stepping into a life with Erica and I. Then we had to tell the story of Vanessa joining us, which got rushed over really quickly and then had to be retold because even Dani hadn't gotten all the details.

I'd purposefully sat beside Kyla around the fire, Erica taking the spot on the other side of me. As India and Aria started ragging on Vanessa for not giving them the full story in the initial car ride when they met her, Kyla leaned over to me. "Can we talk? In private?"

“Sure,” I said, nodding towards our RV. I leaned back in the other direction to Erica and kissed her cheek, and she met my eye and nodded.

Inside the RV Kyla had taken the Murphey seat this time so I sat on the bench opposite her. “You still feeling alright?” I asked her.

“No,” she laughed. Inside, in the more steady light of the RV, I could see she was flushed even with her slightly darker Filipina skin. “I feel like I’ve got a fever, but it’s concentrated in all my erogenous zones. I don’t even like women but that story about Vanessa has me...” She blew out a long breath. “I don’t know how much more sex talk I can take before I snap.”

“I can ask them to stop if you want. Or we can have that conversation if you think you’re ready.”

“I’m- Yeah, I’m ready to talk,” she said. She took another deep breath and sat up straighter, putting her hands on her knees like she was trying to focus herself.

“You can ask anything you want, and I’ll try to answer,” I promised her.

“I don’t have questions,” she said. “Well, I actually have *lots* of questions, but they aren’t important right this second. Seeing you with Erica and Ivy, and meeting Vanessa. Hearing the way Leo and Danielle talk about you. I think I know what I’d be getting into if I do this with you. And to be honest, it sounds pretty greater considering the other options that the world seems to be moving toward right now. But I never want to be someone who just takes the easy thing because it’s in front of them. I know a lot about you now, but you don’t know much about me. And I’ll tell you, pretty much anything you want to know, but there’s something I need to know if you’re OK with. More than my past, more than whatever your government is worried about.”

“The only way to know is to ask,” I said, trying not to let my own nerves out. Kyla, who had been steady throughout the day, was showing signs of anxiety amidst her hard pressure to keep herself under control. “If I don’t like it, we can try and find someone else as soon as possible.”

“I don’t *want*.” She bit her tongue, cutting herself off, and took a breath. “Harrison. If I do this, if I imprint on you, this is my out. I’ve been doing everything my father wanted since I was a kid. The only escape I ever had was through dance, and even that he took control of to make sure I was getting the best lessons and tutors and going to the best camps and schools. And even then, he and NICA used it as well. My entire life I’ve been pushed and trained and taught and *used* because I didn’t matter and my country and my service did. I want a new life, Harri. But I want that life the way *I* want it. I want a big family. I was an only child, and my parents tolerated each other at best in a political marriage. I want six kids at least, more if we can. Fuck, I’ll pop out an even dozen and be happy. Or maybe not, maybe I’ll be happy earlier than that, but I know I want a lot of kids to love on and raise in a big, supportive family.

“If you can handle that, and if Erica can handle that because I know she’s going to need to agree to it too, then I swear to God I’ll be loyal to you and only to you. My father, NICA, my

country - I can leave them all behind and in the dust if you can promise me we'll try to make my dream life happen. And I promise I'll be the best, hottest housewife I can be for as long as you can keep me barefoot and pregnant. I'll make sure I'm fit and tight and everything I can be for you in between pregnancies, but God I want this, Harri. I've never told *anyone* this before, but I want it so fucking bad."

I didn't know what to say. She was practically sobbing in her earnest desire for what she was asking. I just slid down to my knees on the floor of the RV and wrapped my arms around her and Kyla clutched at me as she panted hard. Not crying, but desperately trying to control herself.

"Kyla, I would be an extremely lucky man if I can give that all to you," I said. "And I want to tell you yes right away, but you're right. I do need to check with Erica first. Do you want me to call her in to ask her now?"

She hesitated a moment, then nodded and sat back on the chair, sucking in a deep and unsteady breath.

I stood up and opened the RV door, sticking my head out. All three of my women looked over to me and I made what I hoped was a reassuring smile, then locked eyes with Erica and motioned her over with a head jerk.

She joined us, shutting the RV door behind her. "What's up?" she asked. "Everything OK?"

I looked at Kyla. "Do you want me to ask, or you?"

"I- You," she said after hesitating.

I turned to Erica and reached out, holding her hand. "So, I know we had our conversation earlier, but I didn't realize this was coming or maybe we would have talked about it more seriously. Kyla is ready to join us, but she has an ask. Because of her own family past, one thing she wants more than anything is to have kids. A whole bunch of them. So she wants to know if you and I are OK with that and willing for that to happen, or if we should try to find her someone else who can help her get the life she wants."

Erica's eyes had widened as I was speaking and her jaw worked a few times before she could find the right words. Then she turned to Kyla and looked at her for a long, long moment before putting a hand on her shoulder. "That's the most important thing for you?" she asked quietly.

Kyla nodded, then looked up to meet Erica's gaze. "More than anything else. And I want to do that with Harrison - God, I haven't even known him a day but it's like I can see it right there in front of me. He'd make a great husband, and an even better father. I just know he's yours more than either of the others, and I couldn't risk saying yes to him without you saying yes to this."

“God, fuck,” Erica sighed, and I realized she was tearing up as well. She looked to me. “Yes, obviously, if it’s what she needs then yes. But I guess now I need to stop taking the pill because I’m not just gonna sit by and not be in the running for the first mother of your child.”

Now it was my turn to be surprised. “But we just-”

She kissed me to shut me up. “It doesn’t matter,” she said. “I love you, you love me. If the world implodes and we’re all shot off into space, I still won’t regret making a kid with you.” She turned to Kyla. “Are you going to love him?”

“I’m going to try,” she said. “And I’ll work harder at it than my parents ever did.”

“Then yes,” Erica said. “But, and I’ll only ever say this once and you need to listen to me closely, if this isn’t the truth and you hurt Harrison or me or anyone else here then I swear to everything in heaven and hell that I will end you. Do we understand each other?”

Kyla nodded, taking her seriously. “I do, and I won’t.”

“OK,” Erica said, and leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. “You clearly need a fuck, so unless you’ve suddenly turned Bi then I should leave you to it.” She turned to me and kissed me hard, and I hugged her to keep her close.

“You’re sure?” I asked her in a whisper.

She nodded. “Rock her world, babe. Show her why she’s one of the four luckiest women on the planet.”

She kissed my cheek, squeezed my fingers in hers, and then stepped away and out of the RV.

Kyla looked like she was going to jump out of her seat.

“So-” I started.

Kyla stood up abruptly and grabbed me by the face, smashing her lips to mine. I naturally grabbed her by the waist as we started making out right there in the middle of the RV. She’d been wearing that bulky coverall the entire day and now she started to scramble to try and get it unzipped and off at the same time as trying to get me to get my shirt off, which just turned into an awkward mess of her hands moving back and forth between us.

“Stop, stop,” I murmured, pulling my lips from hers.

She actually whined a little in her throat and then blinked in surprise at her own reaction. I picked her up and she wrapped her legs around my waist as I carried her back towards the bed. Like this, she was taller than me and she bent down to kiss me some more, making it hard for

me to navigate. Thankfully it was a straight shot, and there wasn't a lip at the door to the bedroom area that I needed to duck under or step over. I found the bed with my shin and stopped and lowered her down onto it so we lay somewhere in the middle, me on top of her as we kept making out. Once we were done I pulled away and tugged off my shirt.

"Fuck," she groaned, looking at me hungrily.

"Not what you're used to?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No, so much better." She raised her hands to my stomach and up to my chest, letting her fingers play through my chest hair.

I couldn't help myself and I reached down and unzipped the coverall down to her belly button. Underneath, all she had on was a set of black bra and panties. On the one hand, I was starting to get mesmerized by her body very quickly, but on the other, I remembered in the back of my mind that she hadn't arrived with any luggage.

I lifted her from under her arms and she let me help her pull the coveralls off, then raised her ass so I could pull them from her legs as well. I crashed back down onto her, now feeling her smooth skin on mine. Her body was everything I would have expected from a dancer - smooth and sleek all over, with toned muscling and a sort of feline grace as she moved around.

"Where- are- your clothes- and things?" I asked between kisses.

"They said- they would bring- them up- from Cali-" she replied. Then she stopped the kissing and looked up at me. "Seriously, I've got this fucking craving for your cock right now like I can't believe, Harri. I need you to fuck me so *fucking bad*."

"OK," I said, and then kissed her again as I reached under her to unsnap her bra. When she realized what I wanted she didn't even bother with the snap, she just yanked the black cups off her tits and the whole thing over her head. Her breasts were a perfect size for my big hands to palm, a bit bigger than Ivy's but much smaller than Erica's, and her dark brown areolas were smooth and a little puffy, with two perfect nubs for nipples. I sucked on one, feeling how hard they were, but she was stretching to try and get my shorts off of me.

She needed the imprinting. We could always explore each other more in the future.

I leaned away from her, one hand still on her tit and holding her down, as I shoved down my shorts and boxers. For her part, she pushed her panties down to her knees and I pulled them the rest of the way off. Her pussy was a gorgeous brown, flushed darker than the skin above and slick with her chemically-induced horniness. Even her clit hood was a little pulled back, the softer pink of her clit just visible from being swollen. She was entirely bare, and I wondered if that was a personal choice or a seduction tactic she'd been told to follow.

Not that I cared at the moment.

I wanted to eat her out and taste her. I wanted to make this last, to wow her like Erica had said. Fuck, let's be real, I wanted to impress the seductive honey trap spy with my sex skills.

"Fuck my brains out," Kyla demanded. "Fuck me until I can only ever think of you. Take me and make me yours, you fucking massive wall of American god."

I could impress her later.

Her pussy accepted my cock like a perfectly tailored suit. I slid in, and even though she was tight and her muscles were firm as hell as they clenched at me she was also extremely willing. That changed when I was almost all the way in though, but not from want of trying.

Kyla came, her entire body rolling and arcing as her pussy clenched down enough to almost start forcing my cock out. She grabbed me around the shoulder and hugged herself up, clinging to me, and her hips roiled as she thrust hard up and down. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her lips curled in an ugly snarl for a long moment, until the orgasm passed and she let go of me, falling a couple of inches back to the bed with a 'whumph.'

"H-Holy fuck," she panted, looking up at me in confusion. "What was that? That-" She blinked rapidly.

"Did no one tell you about the first orgasm?" I asked her.

She shook her head, still blinking like she was trying to gain her focus. "Fuck me and tell me," she said.

I started to slow-thrust, enjoying the delicious warmth of her as I leaned down a bit more, pressing my full body against hers as she spread her legs wider for me. "They told Erica in the information session that she should expect a massive orgasm the first time she ingested a man's precum, and the biggest one of her life when they ingest their actual cum."

"She got an information session?" Kyla panted, looking slightly alarmed.

"You didn't?" I asked, equally alarmed.

We'd both stopped thrusting at each other, not sure what to do.

"Fuck it, fucking fuck me," she said and rolled her body to get my cock deeper inside her again.

I wasn't going to argue with that.

We fucked like that, mutually, for a bit and then I took some more control and went up high on my hands for better leverage and started to fuck her harder. Kyla moaned and panted beneath me, then raised her lips up and sucked on one of my nipples, which was an oddly pleasurable surprise, and then she took some of my hairy peck muscle between her teeth and bit me lightly as she came again.

“Ow,” I said when she dropped back to the bed again.

“Sorry,” she panted. “I just- you’re really fucking good.”

Huh, maybe I can impress the spy, I thought.

“I’m getting closer,” I told her. I’d had... well, not the most amount of sex I’d had in a day, but a bunch, so I wasn’t entirely surprised I was lasting as long as I was. “Do you want to try something else?”

“I want to try everything,” she gasped and kissed me. “But... let me...” I disengaged with her, which made her moan like a whore, and she scrambled around on the bed until she was at the bottom corner on her back. Then she spread her legs wide into a full split, and then even wider until she had one leg practically parallel with her torso and the other was way out to the other side. If she was a clock, she would have been showing 10 o’clock.

“Fuck me hard. Use my hole,” she said, licking her lips. “Get your cock back inssiiiiidde- yes! Oh, fuck, Harrison. Make my pussy fucking squirm. Make *your* pussy squirm. It’s yours now. I’m yours. My whole body. Fuck! I’ve never felt it like this before. I’ve never felt anything like this.”

I was crushing down into her in big, hard strokes and I could feel her cunt squishing with her juices and my balls slapping against her ass cheeks. I was hovering over her and a bead of sweat had trailed down to the end of my nose. Kyla opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out, licking it off of me. I lowered the rest of the way to her and kissed her hard, then hugged her tightly as I started pumping short and quick, barely leaving her cunt.

“I can’t wait to fall in love with you,” I whispered to her. “I can’t wait to make babies with you, and start a family.”

“Do it,” she gasped. “Put a baby in me. Make my womb yours forever. Breed me, make me your breeding wife-whore. Love me, may-ari. Oooh, fucking- that’s what you are, you beautiful big bastard. You’re my may-ari. My owner. I choose you. I choose- I-”

I couldn’t have stopped from coming in her if my life depended on it. She was pushing towards her own orgasm already, and her years of dance and other physical activity had turned her core into a vice that sucked at my cock like a Hoover.

I came as she lost her grip on her words, chanting about choosing me. She came as well, a scream quenched in her throat as her entire body flexed and tensed. I filled her up, releasing over and over in her, but I finished before she did and just went right back to fucking her since my cock hadn't gone soft yet and she was still coming. I only stopped when she went slack, her legs falling back to a more natural position, and her face went from that clenched teeth-gritting tension to a soft, satisfied smile.

"Imprinting. Imprinting. Imprinting."

I pulled away from her slowly, making sure she wasn't going to fall from the bed, and found that the entire bottom corner and the edge of the mattress were wet and sticky with juices. Along with my legs, crotch and hips.

"Great, another squirter," I sighed. Not that I actually minded, but it just meant we'd be doing even more laundry in the tiny machine the RV held. I stood and, once I felt like I could be coordinated enough, I picked Kyla up in a cradle and lifted her higher on the bed and tucked her in. She was in the fetal position, still mumbling the imprinting sequence with that smile.

I had to grab a new pair of shorts since mine had ended up in the splash zone, and I didn't bother putting on a shirt but did wipe myself down with some wet paper towel.

Stumbling out of the RV, I was greeted by catcalls and applause. Looking around, the fire was still going and someone had stocked it higher with wood. Erica, Dani and Vanessa were all sitting in the Adirondack chairs, and Ivy was sitting curled up in Erica's lap.

"Where are Leo and the girls?" I asked, trying my best not to let them show the embarrassment I knew they were going for with their teasing.

"Aria and India were going to fuck, and invited Leo to watch," Dani smirked. "So I assume he's in there either jerking off, or fucking."

"I don't need to picture that," Erica rolled her eyes.

I stepped over and kissed Vanessa as she leaned her head back and reached up to hug me around the neck. Then I slipped around the circle to Ivy and Erica and kissed both of them. Dani opened her arms to me as well, so I hugged her and she kissed my cheek.

"Congrats," she said as I pulled away. "Pops."

"Oh, God," I groaned and looked at Erica. "You told them?"

"Was I supposed to keep it a secret?" she countered. "I needed to talk it out with someone."

Vanessa had stood from her chair and gestured for me to take her seat and went inside the RV, coming back out with some more beers. She passed them around and then sat on my lap similar to the way Ivy was with Erica.

We sat that way for a while talking as the night sky played out above us. I'd always loved looking up at the sky out on the property, away from any major sources of light pollution. Now spotlights were lighting up the construction area a hundred yards away, where men and women were working through the night. The view was dimmed, and I wondered if it would ever be as clear again as it had been a month ago.

Dani slipped off to bed first, and Vanessa grumbled that she had to be up in the morning for work so the rest of us went quickly. We never had discussed the sleeping arrangements, so I ended up sleeping next to Kyla, with Erica pressing her back to my side and holding my arm under her and around her stomach, with Vanessa spooning up to her and Ivy on the end on her back, snuggled partially under Vanessa.

* * * * *

I knocked on the door and set the two big brown paper bags down on the stoop and backed away. The house wasn't 'old' per se, located in a neighbourhood that had been developed almost twenty-five years ago, and hadn't been updated since it was first built. To be fair, there hadn't ever exactly been a housing boom in the area, so other than the one-off builds it was probably one of the newest places around.

The inner front door opened and Mary looked out cautiously, then in surprise as she saw me. She hadn't texted me like I asked her to, and it had almost been a week since I'd seen her in the parking lot at the grocery store. She looked a little better, though not by much, and I wondered how far she'd been able to stretch that \$70 I'd been able to give her then.

"Harri?" she asked in surprise.

"Hey, Mary," I said with a little wave.

"How did you- Is this-?"

"It wasn't that hard, Mary," I said. "I just made a couple of calls. You never texted me."

"I know, I-" she hesitated, and then hung her head. "I was so embarrassed."

"You don't need to be," I told her. "You're in a tough spot, and I'm not. I want to help out."

"Mom? Who's at the door?" came a little voice from inside. A boy poked his head around Mary's hip, looking cute and curious.

"It's an old friend of Mommies," Mary said. "He's just here to say hello."

"Hey there buddy," I said, smiling as I pulled my mask down and waved, then let the mask snap back up and played like it had rocked me. The kid giggled. "My name is Harrison, but everyone calls me Harri on account of my big beard and hair."

"That's a funny name," the kid said. "If you got rid of your beard, what would they call you?"

"Hmm, that's a good question!" I said. "I don't know. Maybe you should ask your Mom, she knew me when I didn't have a beard."

"We still called him Harri, baby," Mary said, smiling down at the boy and running her fingers through his hair.

The kid had keen eyes and noticed the bags on the stoop, and the food inside. "Is that for us?"

"It is, kiddo," I said. "Could you help your Mom get it inside?"

"Sure!" he said. Mary sighed and opened the screen door for him, and the kid came out in his socks and hefted up one of the bags and started carrying it in.

"Harri, you don't need to--"

"I made sure there are some snacks for the kids in there," I said, pretending like she hadn't been talking. "I know they aren't nutritious, but I figured you can bribe some good behaviour for some Oreos and stuff every once in a while. There's also a bottle of merlot in that other one there, so you may not want the kiddo to lift it. He's a cute kid, by the way. I've got an order in down at the Butcher's that I'm supposed to pick up tomorrow, so I'll be by sometime tomorrow afternoon with some meat for you guys too. Maybe I can meet your little girl then? Charlie, right?"

Mary looked like she was about to cry, and I didn't want to push her over the edge so I tried to make it all like it wasn't a big deal. "Alright, Mary. See you tomorrow. Let me know if you need anything specific and I'll see what I can do, alright? Tell the kiddo not to eat all the gummy worms at once."

I was halfway down the driveway to my truck when the screen door opened again. "Harri," Mary called. I looked back and she was standing on the porch, looking at me with tears brimming in her eyes and a happy frown on her face. From this distance, without a mask, I could still see her as the little button-nosed cheerleader I'd known. "Thank you."

I just winked and waved, heading back to my truck.

"That was really kind of you," Kyla said as I got in.

"It's nothing," I said. "I knew her in high school and her husband's been missing for a while."

Kyla took one of my hands from the steering wheel and wrapped her fingers in mine, looking at it. The casual intimacy was still new - the first couple days after her imprinting had been us feeling each other out, and her getting comfortable with the general openness to sex that was our new life. I'd made it a point to spend time with her, both sexually and non-sexually, every day and we were slowly starting to find a soft groove.

"That's still kindness, Harri," she said. "You're sure she needs it? I don't want to see you getting taken advantage of."

"I'm sure," I said.

"OK," Kyla nodded. "Then we'll help her. Now, let's continue this tour. I want to know everything I can about this little podunk, backwoods town I've been shipped off to."

"Well, the first thing you should know is that I'm pretty sure it isn't big enough to be considered a town. Maybe a village?"

"Oh, God," she laughed. "Not if you consider all the construction workers moving in."

"True. I bet we're close to half-againing the local population at this point. Vanessa said we'll hit a thousand by the end of the week."

"With that many," Kyla said. "We should have our house in, what, a few months?"

"No idea," I said. "No fucking idea."