

Brewster's Brood
by Corrupting Power
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Part One

Mrs. Churchill – 3/5/2017 – Sunday – 3:02 pm

At a rented auditorium in El Cerrito, California, the world's strangest competition was nearing its beginning. The guards at the door were burly, armed, and unwilling to entertain questions from anyone. The list was inviolable and if someone showed up and wasn't on the list, they were being turned away with the strongest possible discouragement short of physical violence.

(The physical violence would follow if they didn't fuck *right* off, it was made clear.)

The auditorium had only one entrance that people were being allowed in. Perhaps 'people' was the wrong word, though. Other than the guards, everywhere the eye looked there were only women, gorgeous, unbearably beautiful women, each of whom was looking at the others with competitive, almost catty eyes. None of them knew much about why they were here, but it was clearly important, and an insane amount of money had been involved in bringing them all together. Was it a scholarship? A contest? A competition? An endless number of Uber and Lyft drivers had asked the women about it today, and all any of them had responded was, "I'm not quite sure, but they're paying quite a lot of money for quite a short amount of my time."

The women were all checked at the door, each presenting their invitation in turn. The person manning the door – the only other woman around, but completely unlike the others, much older and sterner looking – was checking to make sure each woman's test results had come back clean, and then nodded to the guard at the door, who opened the singular door to the auditorium like it was a bank vault, letting that one woman through, and her alone. She'd been doing this for almost an hour now.

Her name was Mrs. Churchill, and she was in charge of this circus, not that she minded. The job offer had involved compensation enough for her to buy a small country, and the premise, well, the premise was so earth shatteringly insane that she found herself unable to say no. It would be the story of a lifetime, when she was eventually able to tell it.

She could've let someone else man the door, but being there personally gave her a chance to see each and every woman face-to-face before she'd even entered the auditorium. Sizing them all up before hand would help her spot potential troublemakers early on. Her instincts were a large part of why she'd been offered the gig.

Mrs. Churchill turned a couple of women at the door - their test results had come back that they were carrying a venereal disease, they hadn't passed the psychological evaluation and/or they hadn't passed the IQ portion of the screener, although Mrs. Churchill didn't say those reasons aloud. She simply handed the women an envelope, although she did remove a very key piece of paper from the envelope first. Nothing was said about what was on that sheet of paper, although everyone in line was suddenly very interested in what might have been on it. Then the rejected woman was escorted to the door, where an Uber was waiting to take her back to her AirBnB. Only one of the women tried to put up a fuss, but a single withering glance from Mrs. Churchill silenced the woman almost immediately.

It was evident violence would've likely followed if the woman hadn't simply left.

Everything was being done very discretely, as Mrs. Churchill had instructed.

The people who managed the auditorium had been told it was for a talent search that they were keeping very hush hush. Mrs. Churchill's team had even brought their own technicians and security, all flown in from out of town, or in some cases, out of country. No local people allowed, other than the 'talent.' The security was from Maryland, her assistants mostly from LA and New York. The talent,

though, the endless assortment of insurmountable women, they came from all over.

The women, the beautiful women all completely in the dark as to why they were there, were impatient to find out what this was all about, but seeing as many of them had traveled quite sizable distances for this, they could afford to be patient just a little longer. Several were from the Bay Area, but those who passed the screening exams and adhered to the rather strict beauty and intelligence standards the interviewers held, had been given all expenses trips to Oakland Airport, and had an Air BnB rented for them in or near Oakland for up to two months, as well as having access to a DoorDash account that they were encouraged to use reasonably, but not sparingly.

It had been presented to the women that they should consider it like an all-expenses vacation for a few months, although the screener had made it *very* clear that if the girls wanted out after hearing the initial pitch, they could have their return flight home immediately. Almost half of the girls entering the auditorium were from at least out of state, a handful from out of country. The client had made it clear that the pool couldn't be made up of more than 10% non-US citizens, and what the client wanted, the client got. The screening teams had even helped getting passports pushed through quickly.

What the actual pitch *was* however was completely unknown to all the women. All of them had asked, pestered, threatened, cajoled and tried to flirt their way into more information, but the response was always the same – it was a paid trip for a competition that involved money, and was related to something they'd expressed an interest in at some point in the last year or so. What that thing they'd expressed interest in *was*, however, no one would tell them. They'd signed an endless number of NDAs and all of them were attributed to something called The Brand Game. Searching for that had turned up an endless number of things, but nothing useful.

Whatever was going on, it was clear the girls knew there was a *lot* of money involved. Some of them were chatting with one another while they sat in the auditorium. A couple of them guessed that maybe this was the audition process for some reality show like "The Bachelor" or "Love Island," although the level of secrecy was insane for shows of those standards. There were many microphones in the auditorium, as well as a few planted members from Mrs. Churchill's team, to make sure nothing got out of hand, and to ensure they didn't get blindsided by any surprises they hadn't personally prepared. The entire thing was batshit crazy enough without the women making more problems.

When the last girl in line was ushered into the room, Mrs. Churchill glanced down at her laptop for the check-ins. The screeners had invited 106 to the local testing process, which had been done over the last few days. Of those, 2 had failed the blood work, 1 had been found to already have a child, 2 failed the psych eval and the last one had failed the IQ test, which left the game with a nice even 100 people. Mrs. Churchill nodded to the guard, who let her into the room and then closed the door behind her, leaning his muscular back against it. None of the men on security were even allowed inside of the room. The last thing she needed was their asses getting involved. As soon as the auditorium meeting was done, most of the security would be dismissed, except for a small team to keep Mrs. Churchill and her employees safe. Those men would be let in on the secret, but there wouldn't be a need for crowd control again. After this briefing, it would be unlikely that more than a handful of these women would ever again be under the same roof at the same time.

Mrs. Churchill looked over the crowd as she walked through it, all of the girls looking back to watch her walk down the aisle and towards the stage. There were a couple of college sweatshirts and hoodies in the crowd - Stanford, UC Santa Clara, UCLA, Berkeley, etc - but there were far more interesting attires to be had as well. Business suits, OR scrubs, military fatigues. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, a few shock dye jobs. Caucasian, African-American, Asian, Hispanic, Southeast Asian, even a Native American. It was a veritable cornucopia of beauty.

All talking stopped when Mrs. Churchill started moving towards the front of the auditorium, because it was clear the Head Bitch In Charge was about to let them know what the hell it was they were doing here. She walked down the center aisle to dead silence, women on both sides of her looking up at her, trying to glean some bit of information, but Mrs. Churchill was inscrutable. Besides, she was

about to answer all their questions anyway.

She was a matronly woman, in her late 50s, and she was taking a great deal of amusement at all of this. She'd dressed sharp and business like, much like a high powered attorney. Suit, no skirt. Her white hair was cut mercilessly short. Her ice blue eyes swept across the people closest to the front of the room, the most eager of the women. She didn't want any of these women thinking of her as a woman first, otherwise they might try and implore her for an edge in the game, and when it came to that, Mrs. Churchill had no favorites.

People had often complimented Mrs. Churchill by saying she resembled Dame Judy Dench, and she had always taken that compliment in stride, even though she was from Chicago and not England. She'd grown up tough, and only grown tougher over the years. Mrs. Churchill wasn't, of course, her real name, but it was the only name any of these people were going to get. Most of them would never be able to afford the kind of high end services she provided. Her staff were to use pseudonyms in front of the women as well, if they needed to interact with them.

Mrs. Churchill wore flats, no need to be bothered with heels. It also made climbing the tiny wooden steps up onto the stage easier to navigate. She moved to the podium and tapped the microphone, just once, to hear a loud thump. It got the entire room's attention, and a couple of the girls in the crowd were startled by the sudden noise, as the PA system squealed just a fraction of a second longer than was comfortable.

She smiled, wicked, in control and indisputable.

“Good afternoon, ladies. Thank you for coming, and accepting our invitation. We apologize for all of the cloak and dagger, but you'll understand the secrecy in just a moment. Let me start by saying that there is an envelope for each and every one of you with twenty-five thousand US dollars waiting for you when you exit this room, whether you decide to take us up on our offer or not. Note, that's the American dollar, not pounds sterling or Euros, for those few of you who came from the other side of the pond. We've all been following your currency problems with some amusement, what with Brexit thing you're all talking about. Sounds like a dumb idea to me, but it's your fucking country, I guess.”

There was a tittering of laughter in the crowd, and Mrs. Churchill paused to let it quiet down before talking again.

“So, at this point, you're probably wondering why you're all here. Each and every one of you either told your physician that you wanted a baby... but that you didn't want a husband, or, in some cases, you answered one of the various ads we placed around the world offering to help with that, and then were rejected by our program, although you weren't *really* rejected. Some of you were considering sperm donors. Some of you were considering the more old fashioned 'get drunk and get knocked up' approach that women in my generation preferred, and might have mentioned it to a girlfriend who mentioned it to a coworker who mentioned it to us. Oh, don't look so shocked - that's why you're *all* here. All of you want a child without the drag of having some useless man in the child's life. I respect that, I truly do. And I'm here to answer that wish, assuming you're good enough and smart enough, and also willing to play the game a little bit. You see, we've been looking for beautiful, intelligent women who want to be single moms for several months now, in preparation for the event you're all here for, if you want to be.”

There was a hush of whispers before Mrs. Churchill tapped the microphone again bringing the room back to quiet again. It truly was like herding cats, keeping this many gorgeous alpha women in line. Every single one of them wanted to control the room, and the only one with any real control was Mrs. Churchill.

“Thank you. Now, shall we?”

She picked up a little clicker from the podium and pushed a button. Behind her, a giant white screen popped to life. On the screen was a picture of a slightly doughy looking man in his early 40s, long salt-n-pepper hair drawn back into a little rattish pony tail, a six o'clock black with white streaks beard shadow on his face. He was a little pudgy, but also decently muscular, with arms that looked like

they spent most of their day in motion. Those arms were also completely sleeved in tattoos, swarms of Japanese koi fish, tornadoes of color and ink, covering his flesh from his wrists up to what looked like his shoulders, although they disappeared beneath the stained and faded button up red shirt he wore. He wore large wire-rimmed oval shaped glasses in front of his brown eyes that looked like he might have been trying to emulate John Lennon a bit. He was Caucasian, but well-tanned, as if he spent a lot of time in the sun. In the photo, he was standing behind a counter of some kind, a laugh on his face, standing next to a register with a sign on it that read “Tips, phone numbers and nudes welcome for good service.” Below that, in the corner, a post-it note had been slapped on, and in smaller letters it read, “If our service sucked, you probably deserved it, you asshole. :) -staff”

“This is Maximilian 'Max' Brewster. Decent looking enough, right? He's no George Clooney, obviously, but I think most women would rate him a solid six out of ten. Don't worry that you've never heard of him. He's not someone anyone would know on a national level. Hell, he's not particularly famous even at a local level, unless you have a love for excellent food truck cuisine. That is, of course, all going to change. By this time next year, our Mr. Brewster will be incredibly well known.”

She pushed the button and the screen clicked to a new image, a man in at least his late 90s, gleefully flipping off the camera, but not in good health at all. He was decrepit, frail and withered, but the man's ego and force of will still somehow came through the picture. His eyes looked as though they had broken the backs of thousands of adversaries over the course of their lifetime. He was seated in an insanely expensive looking armchair, with a tank of oxygen just to the side of him, a plastic breathing mask resting on top of his lap, which was covered in a tartan blanket. To the right of him, there was a small end table with a preposterously expensive bottle of scotch and a single crystal Tom Collins glass. Standing behind him, partially out of frame, was a very buxom woman, dressed quite scantily in a candy striper's outfit, although the skirt was dangerously high. The man's skin was covered in liver spots, cracked so much that the cracks had cracks of their own, and looked like if it wasn't for sheer determination, his entire body would collapse into dust at a moment's notice.

“Now this one I'm sure you all know. This is, or was rather, Mortimer Brand the Fourth. For those of you who don't keep up on the lifestyles of the rich and famous, Mr. Brand was 4th wealthiest man in the world, and he died about three months ago at the ripe old age of 102. He was my employer, and I am currently acting in regards to the will he left behind. You see, Max here doesn't know it, but Mr. Brand was his grandfather, and Max is the last remaining member of his bloodline. Max's parents are both dead, and he's an only child. Max is 42, never married, and hasn't been dating with any seriousness in the last six years. This presents Mr. Brand, and us, with a unique problem, one that we have come up with a rather unorthodox solution for. I'll let the late Mr. Brand tell you about it.”

Another click and the image of the horrifically wight-like Mr. Brand on the screen sprung to life, a video file that had been waiting paused for its cue.

“Good evening, ladies. Mrs. Churchill has hopefully told you who I am, and who my great-grandson is, and why he's so frustrating to me. Can you believe the Brand family lineage, which has raised empires, has toppled governments, has paid for wars, defined history for generations...” Morty broke off mid sentence, coughing sickly, anger more in his face than his voice. “Can you believe all of that could be ending because Max can't knock up some girl? Any girl? Jesus, when I was his age, I was banging every skirt I could see, but we lost so many in the wars over the years. The Brands have never been afraid to fight. And while I'm too old to fight wars, I can still fight one from the grave for the legacy of my family.”

The man broke off into another coughing fit and the video jumped suddenly, as it was clear some time had been edited out from it. Once it resumed, though, it seemed Morty had regained his composure, and he continued.

“You see, if Max doesn't spawn some children soon, the Brand bloodline could disappear overnight. That cannot fucking happen! I will not allow such a travesty to occur! So we're going to change that,” he laughed, although the sound was deathly and deeply disturbing. “Me, and all of you. I

want him to be more like my father was, fucking absolutely *everything* that was pretty, willing and squirming. Most of my father's bastard offspring died in World War II. Most of mine died in Vietnam. Max's mother, Rachel, my youngest daughter, fled from the family when she was sixteen, and died ten years later, giving birth to Max, in 1975. Max's father, John Brewster, died about ten years later, never having known anything about Rachel's real family history, so he never could've told Max about any of it. Because Rachel didn't trust John! And rightly so! He was a prick! But he's long dead now, so fuck him. The dead are only obstacles in our way if we allow them to be. Max spent the rest of his childhood in the foster care system, bouncing from home to home, never quite settling. Maybe that's what fucked him up. I don't know. We need to focus on now, though, on this, on Max, on how we're going to change his life. It's a game, perhaps the most expensive, insane game you've ever played in your life, that anyone's ever played in all of history maybe! But most of the moves pay decent prizes, and obviously, the grand prize is on the table too. Mrs. Churchill will fill in the details. Good luck! And get fucked! We're counting on it!"

Brand started to cough between laughs once more, gesturing frantically towards the screen and the video file ended. Mrs. Churchill smiled again at the crowd.

"Do we have your attention now? So here's the game - the 100 of you will have 90 days to get Max to get you pregnant. But here's the first hurdle. It can't *just* be you. In fact, it's going to have to be a whole lot of you."

Another quick whisper of noise flared up in the crowd.

"Now now, it's not all that bad. Up until a few minutes ago, most of you were adamant that you wanted a sperm donor without the father getting tangled in your life, and that's what's available to you here. Mr. Brand wants to ensure that their genetic lineage spreads wide, and he has the money to guarantee that it does. He wants Max to be a modern day Genghis Khan, spreading the family's bloodline far and wide. One or two of you getting pregnant simply isn't enough. Max is virile and all of you have been tested and confirmed to be fertile without any major health complications. If only a few of you get knocked up, none of you get any additional money. You'll have your baby, and your twenty-five grand for showing up, but that's it. The payout is structured so that the more of you that spread the Brand genetic lineage, the better it is for *all* of you. So, if ten or more of you get pregnant from Max in those ninety days, the minimum number needed for any of you to get anything, each of the pregnant women will get a thousand dollars a month, U.S., for the next twenty-five years, to take care of their child. That's over a quarter of a million dollars. That figure will grow with inflation, once a year, to match whatever a thousand dollars will buy you right now. If you're from overseas and also want to relocate to the US, we can also make sure that happens. I know a few of you want to raise your child in some country other than where you came from, and that's fine as well. But if you want to go home after you're pregnant, and get as far away from Max as you can, well, that's fine too. The money will simply be wired to you via an account in your name wherever you are."

The room was struggling to keep the murmur down to a quiet rumble, but clearly all of the women were somewhat taken aback by this, so Mrs. Churchill tapped the microphone then carried onward.

"If the number of women in this room Max impregnates is 20 by the end of the ninety days, the amount paid out to each pregnant woman doubles. If it's 30, it double again. If 50 or more of you women can get pregnant from young Mr. Brewster within the next 90 days, each of the pregnant women will get twenty-five thousand dollars each and every month. Those of you quick on math will know that ends up to seven and a half million dollars each, over the course of twenty five years, before you factor in inflation. If, in the unlikely event, all 100 of you get pregnant, there's an additional bonus, a one-time lump sum payment of one million dollars. A piece. But consider that aspirational rather than a real goal. "

The sheer amount of money being thrown around had the room in a tizzy, but they were attempting to keep quiet, because no one wanted to miss out on any details. More than a couple of

women had early on gleaned the fact that if all 100 of them were pregnant, that was close to a billion dollars being paid out among all of them.

“And of course, there's the final piece of the puzzle. The grand prize of the contest, if you will. If one of you likes Mr. Brewster enough that you're willing to change your mind about raising your child alone, you can try and convince him to stay with you after the 90 days is done, but only, and I want to stress this, ONLY if he's gotten ten more more women pregnant by that point, and you must be one of the pregnant ones. Also, only after the game itself is done, and we've had time to debrief Mr. Brewster about his entire experience. You don't have to do it alone, either. If, say, two of you can convince him that you want the three of you to be a unit, one of you as wife, the other as mistress or fucktoy, well, that's between you and Mr. Brewster.”

More nervous laughter filled the room, but at this point, Mrs. Churchill was certain there were at least a dozen women trying to decide which was more important to them – their morals or the life they could live paired up with a billionaire.

“Polyamory's not so uncommon here in the Bay area, so people wouldn't bat much of an eyelash. Hell, all 100 of you could decide you want to stay with him if you want, although I imagine that might get kind of crowded. With the kind of money he stands to inherit, though, maybe not. You'd be amazed how far that much money goes. I've seen the Brand family estate's local home here, and let me tell you, it could fit quite a lot of you bitches. And Max Brewster stands to inherit about forty such homes, mostly here in the states, but about a dozen abroad. In downtown London, he's going to own an entire two floor luxury penthouse, and when I say two floor, I don't mean it's got an upstairs and a downstairs, I mean it takes up the entire top two fucking floors of the building. Think that's enough of an empire that you could stand sharing some of it instead of losing all of it?”

She glanced around the room, noticing how many of the women were sizing each other up now, looking for enemies or allies or partners. At this point, they were all realizing they were in this together, but that they weren't likely to stay that way the entire time.

“Now, you might be asking why that's such a prize to have, if Mr. Brewster isn't famous or well known. The answer's pretty clear, but in case you need it spelled out for you, let me erase all ambiguity. When Mr. Brewster has impregnated at least 10 women, and ensured that the Brand bloodline doesn't disappear from the earth, he will inherit his grandfather's entire fortune, currently valued at around \$146.9 billion, give or take. That's billion with a big fat B, ladies, not to mention all of the companies and corporations that come with it. You've probably heard of a few of them - Big Brand Department Stores, Brand TelCom, Big Brand Real Estate, Brand Media Conglomerate, Brand Brothers Energy, Brand Manufacturing... the list goes on and on. Getting to be his wife, hell even his girlfriend or mistress, is quite a catch, and one of you could be living the life of luxury for the rest of your days. The term 'whore' is thrown around a lot, but if I was cuddling up to a hundred billion dollars every night, he could call me whatever the fuck he wanted - slut, bitch, cunt, fucktoy, whatever - and I'd say thank you and more please.”

There was a ripple of laughter through the crowd, but it was tinged with that hint of excitement, hunger and an undercurrent of lust. Money did strange things to people, and this was more money than any of these women had ever dared to dream of.

“At this point, you're all wondering what the *big* catch is. There are two. Let me tell you them now, because they are doozies, and I want to stress how important this is. First, you cannot tell Mr. Brewster, or anyone else outside of this room, about any aspect of the game. Max does not get to know about the contest his grandfather put forth for him or his inheritance until after the 90 days is done, otherwise you and everyone else in this room get nothing. In addition to that, we will rain down hell upon whoever breaks the silence. You can only imagine how many horrors a few million dollars dedicated to completely ruining someone's life can generate. And I assure you, we will find out. His house is bugged, his car is bugged, and he himself is bugged, in addition to being surveilled. It is part of the terms of the will that Mr. Brewster does not know or understand why he is being overwhelmed

and assaulted with women trying to get him to fuck them and knock them up. Our Mr. Brand took Max's lack of children rather personally, so this is a sort of punishment for him.”

There was another round of nervous laughter, but Mrs. Churchill could see at least a few of the women thinking that if this was the kind of punishment the man had planned for his own grandson, what could he possibly do to women who interfered with his game?

“Yes yes, I know, it doesn't seem like much of a punishment for him right now, but think how exhausted our Mr. Brewster is going to be at the end of these 90 days, not understanding why it feels like his entire life is consumed with sex. He'll be pretty much fucked out by the end of it, which is exactly how Mr. Brand wants him to be. I know you're all smart enough to have read the confidentiality agreement you've already signed thoroughly, and there are a few of you out there with legal degrees who understand just how badly fucked you are if you break it. I'm sure they'll be happy to share with the rest of you. Don't do it. If you break it, we will own your life, your house, your car, your job and your goddamn pet, and you'll likely spend the rest of your lifetime in jail, hearing stories about how we ruined the lives of everyone you ever called a friend. Mr. Brand hired me because I am a ruthless, brutal cunt who you do not fuck around with. If you don't want to play, that's fine, just walk away with your twenty-five grand, and keep your fucking mouth shut. Don't you dare fuck it up for the rest of the girls in this room, some of whom desperately need this more than you think.”

There was another rush of whispers, which Mrs. Churchill let go for half a minute before she cleared her throat into the microphone.

“The second big thing is this. You will have an audience if you decide you want to do this. Not a large one, only about a hundred people or so, but they will be watching you much of the time you are with Max. There are cameras and microphones in Max's apartment, in his food truck, in his office and also in all your AirBnBs. None of the footage will ever get out to the general public or be seen more than once, and if it does, you stand to earn one hundred million dollars.”

Many of the girls began to gossip, so Mrs. Churchill thumped the mic again to quiet them down.

“You see, there are a number of *very* wealthy individuals who wanted to watch their own version of 'Big Brother.' Friends and colleagues of the late Mr. Brand. The ultra-ultra-ULTRA rich. They will be getting, or rather, buying streams they can watch at any time, but all of those streams are individually watermarked. The streams are secure and self deleting, so even if someone tries something low tech to try and record it, the watermarking will tell us exactly who it is, and they will be fined a two hundred million dollar fine, half of which is yours. You might be asking how we can ensure they pay up. The truth is, they already did. The streams are costing these people a hundred mil each, and we charged them the two hundred mil up front before they even saw a frame. Six months after the game is concluded, assuming they haven't broken our trust, the remaining hundred mil is refunded to them. Oh, and we likely have blackmail against these people that would also come out should they try and violate your privacy, so you needn't worry, but you should know there are eyes on you, even right now.”

Mrs. Churchill pointed to a number of cameras that were set up around the room, something none of the women had given any consideration to until right now, and yet, instead of shirking away, most chose to ignore them, and a few even preened for their audience.

“We control the feeds, and the only time the cameras will be broadcasting to your small audience, other than this, is when you are actually with Max. Talking to him, seducing him, fucking him, the minute you're in Max's orbit, assume you're on camera. These rich fucking perverts,” she said, giving a playful wave to one of the cameras, “are helping fund this little endeavor, so try and put on a good show for them when you're getting Max to knock you up. They want to watch our poor Max try and keep up with you crazy bitches, as every single one of you tries to fuck that hapless man, who won't see it coming. They've even organized their own betting pools around some of you, but I wouldn't let yourself think about that too much.”

The murmurs among the crowd made it clear that while all of this was uncomfortable, it was by no means a dealbreaker for anyone. That was part of what the psychological screenings had been for –

to make sure the women involved would be game, and also capable of keeping their mouths shut. They'd gone through some five thousand people to whittle it down to this 100 person cast. Mrs. Churchill decided to wrap it up.

“Alright ladies, if you're not interested, you can take the twenty-five grand, and enjoy as much of your vacation here in the Bay Area as you like for the next 90 days on us, or even just fly home tonight if you really want out. The rest of you, inside the envelope with your check for twenty-five grand you get for just showing up, you will find a sheet of paper with a phone number and a URL, as well as your login and password for that web page. That web page is a tracker, where we'll keep an updated tally of the number of women who are pregnant. It's a nice, simple page, which reads 0% now. Each percentage point is another person pregnant. If you want to be tested for pregnancy, you simply need to call the number on the sheet of paper, and we will send an Uber to drive you from your location to our testing lab, where we will verify that. Our tests are generally good enough to detect pregnancy about a week or so after conception. The child will also be given a blood test shortly after birth to confirm it's Max's kid, so if you were thinking about trying to do a run around, think twice. It's also a violation of your NDA, under the section 'Attempting to skirt the rules of the game,' so don't think we didn't plan ahead for you crafty cunts. If it's not Max's kid and you claim it is, you know what happens.”

She clicked the device in her hand and an image of another man sprung onto the screen, an Asian American man with a rounded face, thick framed glasses and bulging cheeks, wearing a Hawaiian shirt that seemed like it was vomiting all the colors of the rainbow at once.. He was laughing in the image, his arm around Max, the two sitting at a bar of some kind.

“This is Max's best friend, Francis Yen, better known as Frankie. He's also Max's business partner. Frankie is the one and only person outside of this room who you *can* talk to about this. Let me repeat that, to be perfectly clear about this. He is in on the game, and is meant to be your inside man. Our on staff psychologist suggested that all of this might be significantly easier if we had someone Max already trusted in our corner, so Frankie has been convinced to help us in all of this. He will help you when he can, but you need to rely on him very sparingly. There are a hundred of you, and if you all inundate Frankie at once with endless questions, he won't be able to help any of you. Frankie is being paid very handsomely for this, though, so be sure to use his assistance at opportune moments, if you need to. Frankie's also single, but keep in mind, that's likely a double-edged sword. The last thing you want is Frankie's kid and not Max's. Still, throwing Frankie some attention might be enough to bump you to the top of the line. Your call to make. I pass no judgment on you either way.”

Mrs. Churchill pushed the clicker again and the picture of Max popped up again.

“Also on that sheet of paper is a link to another web page, behind the same password firewall, that contains everything you will need to know about Mr. Brewster here to get started. When and where he works, where he lives, his hobbies, what regular appointments he has, places you can find him, friends of his and people you may need to watch out for. We've also pieced together as much of his sexual tastes as we can, but it's pretty sparse on the ground there. Frankie has helped fill in the blanks where he can, but Max can be somewhat private. He hasn't had so much as a second date in six years, so who knows if his tastes of changed, but what we have, you have. It's as much information as we can get with six months worth of detective work, as per Mr. Brand's dying wishes. Max isn't a bad looking guy, and each and every one of you said you wanted to have a baby with the father out of the picture, but that you wanted financial help for it. Kids are expensive. Believe me, I know. I've got four of my own, and they cost me a fucking fortune.”

That seemed to put the women a bit more at ease about it, and they laughed once more. She pushed the button and a picture of Max building houses with Habitat For Humanity appeared on the screen.

“All the money aside, ladies, Max Brewster is a good man. I mean, he's a bit too passive and soft for my liking, but he gives his time and money to charities regularly, even though he can barely

afford it, he's well-educated, he's resourceful, he's a feminist, and for the last five Christmases, he's turned his food truck into a mobile soup kitchen, cooking meals for the homeless of Oakland. But the man has endured some truly shitty relationships in his life, and has been more than a little burned by that. The exes he's still on good terms with all used the exact same phrase to describe him. They say he's a 'nice guy.' I'm sure a lifetime of hearing that over and over again has probably gotten on his nerves. You might be able to use that to your advantage. My instincts tell me that once some of you get the ball rolling, much of the time he's going to be too caught up in the rush of it to try and slow it down, but do not underestimate how hard this man may be to get to make emotionally vulnerable. You don't have to just bring your A-game to picking this guy up; you're gonna have to make yourselves simply irresistible. And you cannot go it alone. Again, if he doesn't get at least ten of you knocked up, then everything's for naught. You won't even be able to try and hook up with him afterwards. We'll see to that. So make sure that at least ten of you get this done.”

There wasn't a consistent look or type to the women in the audience, other than they were all stunningly beautiful, but each in very different ways. Max's dating history, while sparse, had been completely all over the map. He'd had seven major relationships between the ages of 15 and 35, and the only common thread between all of them was they were all smart. He'd dated the spectrum in terms of looks, from a skinny redheaded girl to a hefty and chesty Latina to an athletic black girl to plump Korean girl to a very heavily tattooed and pierced biker chick to French model to his last girlfriend, the most prototypical blonde surfer girl Mrs. Churchill had ever met. In building out the profile, it was almost as though Max had gone to a dating website and said “Give me one of everything” and then suddenly stopped, for no rhyme or reason. Most of the big train wrecks in his dating history seemed to have come early. The last relationship had simply run out of gas, and the two had remained friends, but apparently felt no sexual chemistry for one another since. Mrs. Churchill looked back to the screen and continued once more.

“At the end of all of this, I'll personally tell Max all about the game, as well as his inheritance, and any women who want to remain in contact with him from that point onward will be able to, and any women who want to disappear from Max's radar, well, we can ensure that as well. The conditions of Max's inheritance is that he has to respect the wishes of all the women who were involved in this game, or he gets nothing. If you want to have his kid and disappear into the night, he's going to respect that, eventually. We expect him to be angry, but not so angry that over a hundred billion dollars can't make him see reason. He's not a violent or a jealous man. He's just... some average guy, you know?”

All of the faces around the room had started distracted, but were all extremely focused on Mrs. Churchill now. Whatever lingering doubts and reservations they'd had about this had melted away by some combination of the money or just the very bloodsport nature of it all.

“Lastly, you'll also see you've been given a start date and time, with you all being divided into ten groups. That is when you can first go and meet up with Max. You don't have to do it right when your time starts, but you can't do it before. We can't simply throw a hundred beautiful women at Max all at once right up front. The poor boy's head would explode, and it would certainly give the game away. And the game is everything.”

The room was filled with a big burst of laughter.

“The event actually runs a hundred days in total, with ten of you getting access to Max starting tomorrow, ten the day after that, and so on. Do not try and get in early. It's a violation of your NDA, and we're back to the life of misery and lawsuits. Being first is not necessarily the advantage you think it is. The first batch of you girls have to convince Max that it's *okay* that he's having unprotected sex with dozens and dozens of women he barely knows. That's going to be a hell of a challenge. And each of you women is guaranteed a 90 day window. At the end of your 90 days, you'll be sequestered away from Max, to let the rest of the game play out. But don't worry – we'll let you all watch the streams during your 100 days, so you can see what he's up to during the remaining time, or during time when he isn't with you. Studying what other women do right or wrong may give you a hell of an edge. After

the hundred days is over, there will be a two week period where none of you will be allowed to talk to Max at all. Don't worry – we have a plan for handling it so that it won't be a problem for any of you. You can all go home at that point, if you want, or continue to hang around the Bay on our dime, while our Mr. Brewster will be isolation. At the end of that two weeks, the whole thing will be revealed to him. The game, the inheritance, all of it. The day after that, we'll give you information on how to contact Max again, if you so choose.”

It was a lot of information to keep track of, so the web page also had a link to a reminder of the rules, in case anyone forgot, and every single section of the website had the link prominently displayed.

“You will also find that the web page with all the information on Max has three chat rooms in it – one for your subgroup, one for the entire lot of you, and one where you can submit a question for us to answer. All questions and answers will be posted to that public channel, so everyone's on the same level. We will have an answer for you within ten minutes, day or night, but don't overload us with questions if you don't have to, alright ladies?”

The women were looking around at each other, but it was clear to all of them there was no way they could remember all of the faces sharing the room with them.

“You can and should collaborate with one another, at least to some extent. The web page with info on Max also includes a headshot and name for each and every one of you, as well as a link so that you can private message or videocall each other through the website, although keep in mind, the audience has the ability to see those messages and calls, both the ones in the chat rooms and the ones you're privately sending to each other. So do we. That's mostly for the safety of the game, but our subscribers like to feel like they can get as much insight into what's coming as they can.”

A couple of girls in the audience were holding hands, like they were trying to form some kind of bond before the whole thing started, and Mrs. Churchill noted it with amusement. The game was going to bring out both the very best and the very worst in these women.

“You can lie as little or as much to Max as you want, just as long as you don't tell him about the game, or that you're trying to get him to knock you up. You can completely be yourself, or you can be someone entirely different than who you really are. You can pretend to be related or long time friends with your fellow contestants. You can pretend to be tourists here. Or you can tell Max nothing but the complete and total truth about yourself and your life, other than how it relates to the game. Whatever you want. We don't give a shit what you do with or say to Max, as long as it doesn't reveal what's going on here.”

Many of the women had been taking notes throughout Mrs. Churchill's speech, and the older woman had her eyes on a few of the contestants in particular. Much like any reality show, she was already casting some people for roles in her head. Innocent. Villain. Loose Cannon. Gold Digger. Idealist. But no one right away screamed Protagonist to her. Exactly as she wanted it to be. One of the members of her team, Sharon, had been a producer on shows like *The Bachelor* and *Bachelor In Paradise*, and her insight in planning all of this had been invaluable.

“That's the game. I'm managing the process, and I have a couple of assistants, but none of us are in the running or trying to bang Max, so you needn't worry about us playing favorites. If you start to feel like you're seeing the same four or five women around you all the time who aren't anywhere on the website, no, you're not being paranoid. That's probably just some of my staff. If they approach you to talk to you about the game, they will tell you a personal piece of information that you normally keep secret about yourself first, so you can identify them as one of my crew. As long as Mr. Brewster impregnates at least ten women by the end of the game, myself and all of my team will be compensated more than fairly, so it's in our best interests for you to succeed. If you fail, we don't get paid either, and that means my team and I will have to make a second go at this with another bunch of women, which means we'd be working twice as long for the same amount of pay. We're on your side, ladies. We promise. Alright?”

She leaned forward and smiled at them, looking over the sea of beautiful faces.

“Happy hunting, ladies. May the best women get knocked up, may that be lots of you and may the most ruthless bitch win.”

Max Brewster – 3/6/2017 – Monday – 5:15 am

Just because his phone's alarm was set to play “You're The Best Around” didn't mean he liked the song any – it was just something designed to make Max get his ass out of bed. Mondays were, essentially, his Fridays. While there was a constant demand for food trucks in the Bay Area, Max had found he did the best business on the weekend for people out for the afternoon, about to head out on their night of adventure, or post bar crawl, so he always made sure he was manning the truck on those days. There were decent crowds most of the rest of the week, but Tuesdays and Wednesdays always seemed to be the slowest, so on those days, he let his employees Carlos and Joey man the truck. But Monday mornings and lunch shifts always seemed to have high demand, as if people needed his food to get through their first day back into the work grind.

While there were some people clamoring for food even earlier than he started, Max had found his particular sweet spot was to be available just before six until about eight for breakfast, and then back again for lunch from eleven until two. Then he had two blessed days off, when his second stringers would tend to his business, and while they hadn't fucked it up yet, they also hadn't done much to impress him either. They were, for lack of a better word, merely *adequate*.

As he hopped into the shower in the bathroom of his tiny studio apartment, Max remembered, not for the first or last time, how it had come to this. He'd been a very popular chef for a number of Bay Area restaurants, but in 2012, he'd decided to open his own restaurant, a place he called Plan B.

The name hadn't been one of his better ideas.

While he'd gotten a decent amount of clientele, the rent on the location in downtown Berkeley was astronomical, and there wasn't enough room for him to seat enough people to keep the business afloat. He struggled for a while, but one night the place next door had an electrical conduit fail, and it burned out the inside of Plan B. Through an annoying loophole, the insurance hadn't paid out, and the building owner hadn't been liable. It had been written off as “an act of God,” and Max had just shown up one morning in 2013 to see a half a million dollar investment burnt to ashes.

Max had spent the next few months struggling to figure out how to pick up the pieces when his friend Frankie came to him with a suggestion – Max should just open a food truck. It would let him build an audience, save up some money, control his own hours, and several food trucks in the Bay had eventually done so well that they'd graduated to having permanent locations in addition to the food truck. This, Frankie told him, could be what he needed to get back on his feet.

That had been four years ago, and the truck had been doing good business since then, but the debts he'd been in from Plan B had been deeper than expected, so he was keeping his head above water, but saving enough to open a new location didn't seem likely again any time soon.

Max had done everything he could to keep his overhead costs down, which was why he was living where he was, in the loft apartment above the garage of his best friend Frankie Yen's house. Frankie, his brother Charlie, Charlie's girlfriend Laura, Laura's friend Thuy and Thuy's brother Will shared the partially run down Oakland home. When Frankie had invited Max to live with him to save money, originally he thought he'd be moving into one of the bedrooms in the house, but despite the terrible insulation and awful water pressure, living above the house's garage had mostly worked out okay, and the driveway was long enough that he could keep the food truck close at hand nearly at all times. He had his lifeblood invested in the truck.

The name of his food truck was Constant Rotation. It wasn't just a play on words on the fact that it was a truck; it was the concept for the entire truck itself. While the truck was always guaranteed to have five key items available – currently a basic bacon cheeseburger, a carne asada burrito, a cheesesteak sandwich and jambalaya as well as Max's signature Max Chili – the rest of the time, each week brought with it a dozen new items that would only be available for that week. Once a season, he'd

let subscribers to the food truck's email newsletter vote on one item to be removed from the key items list and one item to be added to the list in its place. The carne asada burrito had replaced his chili dog, the cheesesteak had replaced his salad wrap and the jambalaya has replaced his lobster roll.

As he hopped out of the shower, he could hear Frankie downstairs stocking up the truck from the freezer they kept in the garage. Frankie really didn't *have* to work for a living – he owned the house, and charging rent to everyone who stayed there brought in more than enough money for him to live off of, but he liked working with Max, and found that manning the register of the food truck kept him from sitting on his ass around the house all day. It also gave Max someone to talk to while he worked, which was the most important part.

In the beginning, Max had run the truck entirely by himself, and he'd been struggling to keep up with both taking orders and filling them, so when one day, Frankie had come by to get lunch, Max had offered Frankie a job just tending to the register, and a partnership was born.

Max tugged on his clothes and was in the process of tying his hair back when Frankie softly knocked on the door to his apartment. “C'mon, Max, did you oversleep again? We don't want to miss the breakfast rush!”

After grabbing his cell phone, he opened the door to see Frankie's smiling face waiting for him. “I was literally seconds away from opening the door, Frankie.”

“Then you're dragging your ass this morning! Let's go!” Frankie was an impossibly positive human being, unflappable and optimistic under any circumstances. “I tossed yesterday's batch of chili into the reheating pot so you can use it this morning.”

“Good. Those Huevos Maximos breakfast burritos seem to be a very big hit this week.”

“Who'd have thought chili and eggs breakfast burritos would've been the week's top seller?” Frankie said, as Max relocked his apartment, before the two men headed down the rickety wooden stairs along the side of the garage.

“I mean, people love the chili, so I've been trying to think of other ways to use it. I wouldn't mind if the breakfast burrito wins the spring bracket and gets added to The Hit List,” Max said, as he hopped into the back of the truck. In addition to manning the register, Frankie also drove the truck to and from their stops, and set it up and broke it down, so Max could spend almost all of his time cooking.

For lunch and dinner, Constant Rotation was normally part of the Off The Grid food truck collective, but for breakfast, they were entirely on their own, and Frankie had found a great spot just off to the side of the subway entrance near 12th St. They were able to make food for people heading into the subway as well as those coming off it. Technically, people weren't supposed to be eating on BART, but lots of people tended to eat quickly on the platform, snarfing down his food as quickly as possible.

Constant Rotation wasn't a large truck, but Max had found ways to make every inch of the inside count, between having multiple grills, two separate fry baskets, a prep area, three slow cookers, not to mention the coolers they used to keep meat and veg, so they weren't constantly having to run out for resupplies. The truck itself was crimson and black, with a small section of fidget spinners nailed into a board just below the window for people to order. Despite the fact that profit margins on sodas and other beverage were excellent, Max had long ago decided not to sell any, because it ate into the space in which he could keep supplies. Telling people they were sold out of something was a sure fire way to irk a customer, so Max constantly struggled to make sure they did so as little as possible.

The breakfast rush went by in a blur, with Max constantly whipping out food for people, as the money kept rolling in. By 9 am, though, virtually no one was coming back, and the two packed it in, although while Frankie was closing the truck up, Max was brewing up yet another batch of Max Chili. Then they were rolling across the Bay Bridge to head into San Francisco, to put in a lunch shift at the Off the Grid stop on 9th Street downtown.

Off the Grid had about thirty different food trucks in their network, and each day, they sent different trucks to different locations, so Max and Frankie never really knew where they were heading

in a given week until a couple of days before. Berkeley, San Francisco, Oakland, Cupertino, Sunnyvale, Fremont, Sunnyvale, Mountain View – the list of possible locations went on and on and on, and each area, people had different demands.

For the lunch rush on this particular day, the Cuban Submarine Sandwich (ham, pulled pork, bacon, mustard and pickles on a hoagie) seemed to be extremely popular, so much so that they had to write “OUT” next to it for the last hour or so before they packed it in for the day. That one surprised even Max, who'd seen good numbers on the sandwich for the previous days, but nothing like the demand it had shown today. He made a mental note to warn Carlos and Joey.

All in all, it had been a pretty good week, as Max counted the money while Frankie drove them back across the Bay Bridge to Oakland just an hour or two before the three hour “rush hour” traffic would clog up the major roadways. After the lunch run on Tuesday, Max and Frankie handed the truck over to two brothers, Carlos and Joey, who stuck strictly to the recipes that Max left for them, although a couple of Yelp reviews had pointed out that Carlos wasn't as good a cook as Max was, though those complaints came less and less in recent days.

Frankie pulled the truck up in front of the brothers' parents house, and Joey was already on the porch, vaping, as he often did. It was one of the few things Max had been forced to scold them about a number of times, that Joey wasn't allowed to vape inside of the truck. The vape juices that Joey used tended to have overpoweringly strong scents that lingered for days after they were gone. Max had threatened not to let the brothers man the truck any more, and since then, Joey had always made sure to go outside of the truck when he needed to scratch his itch.

Joey was a scrawny Hispanic man in early 20s, his brother Carlos four years his elder. The two brothers had worked for him at Plan B, and when he'd started up the food truck, he'd asked if they wanted to man it two days a week, and while Joey had been a little hesitant, Carlos had insisted they were all in, simply because the older brother had been learning so much about cooking from Max that he wanted to continue studying, any way they could. The two brothers were also planning on opening their own restaurant at some point, and had never moved out of their parents' place, so as to save as much money as possible. It was a common story in the Bay area.

“Anything super crazy on this week's menu, boss?” Joey asked Max, as he and Frankie locked up the truck before heading towards the porch. Max opened a locker on the side of the truck to get his leather jacket out before closing it back up again. The menu, with all the week's recipes, was waiting for Carlos on the little iPad mini they kept inside of the food truck, which doubled as their register.

“Not really, although make sure Carlos keeps more chili prepped than normal, especially for the breakfast shifts. The Huevos Maximos breakfast burrito's been crazy popular, so we're going through the Max Chili pretty fast, faster than normal. Also, maybe double up on supplies for the Cuban Submarine Sandwich,” he said, as Frankie tossed Joey the keys. “No idea why the sudden rush today, but we actually had to put up a sign saying we were out of them today, and you know how I fucking hate to do that. Other than that, you two know the rules: No vaping in the truck, no banging in the truck, no drinking in the truck.”

Joey nodded. “Yeah yeah, got it, boss. See you Wednesday night?”

“Yep yep yep,” he said. “As per usual.”

The week's menu was decided by Max on Wednesday afternoon, started on Thursday and ended after Wednesday evening, so the brothers were making things based on the recipes he'd had a chance to refine over the course of five days. People who came to the truck on Thursdays knew they were beta testers, and that the dishes were a little wild'n'wooly, and weren't shy about offering suggestions on ways they thought things could be better. A lot of times Max would simply write it off, but his regulars mostly knew how to offer valid and constructive feedback, so that definitely affected how the menu looked going into the weekend. Hell, a handful of his regulars had even made requests for things they'd like to see him try from time to time, and Max wasn't above a challenge. But he certainly didn't want to let the brothers experiment around with his cooking – they weren't ready yet.

As Joey headed back inside to get his brother, Max and Frankie headed over to Max's motorcycle, which they always made a point to leave over at the brothers' house on Sunday nights, so they could ride back to Frankie's house, where both Frankie and Max kept their cars. For a while, Frankie had bitched about having to ride on the back of the bike, so last year for Christmas, Frankie had given Max a sidecar for the Yamaha bike, which was fine. Any night Max wanted to take the motorcycle out by himself, he could just detach it, but mostly he used the bike just to ferry him and Frankie back and forth from dropping off the food truck.

"Back to the house, get showered, then out to Cato's for trivia and beers, as per the usual?" Frankie asked him.

Max groaned a little. "Shit, man, I dunno. I'm fucking tired. We were busy today. I know it's a tradition and all, but..." He suspected Frankie was going to try and talk him into going out, but really, Max just wanted to crawl back into his studio apartment and throw on Netflix while he passed out on his shitty couch.

"You're fuckin' A right it's a tradition, motherfucker, and as soon as you get in the shower, you'll feel all your energy come back and we can have a great night out drinking and relaxing," Frankie said, getting his helmet out of the locker on the back of the sidecar. "Ever since Cato made trivia night also ladies night, they've been getting more and more hot chicks in there."

"You've already got *three* girlfriends, Frankie," Max said, shaking his head, putting on his own helmet, before flicking on the internal radio's power. "What the hell do you need more for?"

Max had never met anyone who actually had a polyamorous relationship before meeting Frankie, and he still wasn't entirely sure how to wrap his head around it. But Frankie, pretty much at all times, had between three and five girlfriends, all of whom knew about each other, and were okay sharing his time (and, on rare occasions, each other). Frankie had once joked around that one day a week was about as much as any woman could tolerate him, and seemed a touch hurt that Max hadn't disagreed with the joke. Max didn't bother to learn most of the girls' names, but two of them, Caroline and Abigail, had stuck around long enough that Max could recognize them on sight.

"Not for me, man," Frankie said, as Max climbed onto the bike and Frankie climbed into the sidecar, slapping Max on the shoulder. "For you! We need to get you laid again, man. That way you won't be jealous of me and all my special lady friends."

"You know that if they hear you referring to them as your 'special lady friends,' they're all gonna dump your ass so fast it'll make your head spin, right?"

"That's why I don't let 'em *hear* me call 'em that, big dude."

Max shook his head and started up the bike. "Fine, but as soon as trivia's done, I'm probably coming back to the house. You wanna stay longer, you can Uber home."

"Will you stay if I get a hot chick for you to join us for a few more drinks?"

Max rolled his eyes as the motorcycle pulled out of the driveway and onto the dirty Oakland street. "Tell you what. We'll take our usual corner table, and if you can get more women at our table than *any* other table in the bar before trivia's over, I'll stay until at least ten o'clock."

"Hot damn, late night drinkin' on a Monday!" Frankie cheered, rolling his fist in the air. "Imma make it happ'n, Cap'n!"

"I'll believe it when I see it, Frankie."

"My dude, you have no fucking clue what you're in for tonight... There is no way you could be prepared for the chaos we're going to get up to starting tonight."

Not only was Frankie right, he was underselling the case.

Part Two

Zoe Hitchens – 3/6/2017 – Monday – 10:30 am

It had been most of a day since the meeting, and as of yet, no one had posted in the day one chat area yet. There had been a number of one offs in the all chat board, mostly women making sure to reconnect with people they'd actually met at the event yesterday, but as of yet, no one had suggested an approach on how to make any of this work, which was for the best, Zoe thought to herself, because it meant she wouldn't have to tell some girl that her plan sucked before Zoe presented her own.

Zoe had spent much of the last day studying the website, taking notes and trying to strategize an approach that would be open ended enough that later girls could piggy back onto it, and not so open ended that it wouldn't be believable.

The approach, she reckoned, was going to be everything.

At the age of 36, Zoe was the oldest in Alfa Group. (The ten groups were named alphabetically using the NATO phonetic alphabet – Alfa, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, Echo, Foxtrot, Golf, Hotel, India and Juliett.) That meant she was going to have to organize this clusterfuck of women into some sort of reasonable approach that wouldn't blow their cover, but would also have a snowball in hell's chance at succeeding.

The very notion of the Brand Game was lunacy, but Zoe had made an entire career out of learning how to spot a winnable wager when she saw one. She was a business analyst for a thinktank just outside of D.C. It was an insane idea, but it was a *doable* insane idea.

One of the things she'd noticed immediately was that the website, which Mrs. Churchill had said would only have their headshot and name, in fact had a lot more information on all of them. Their home towns, their ages, their heights and their careers were all on open display for all the girls to know, so that they could come across as people who at least sort of knew one another.

Next to her laptop, Zoe had a yellow legal pad that was covered with notes, ideas and thoughts. There were also at least two dozen ripped out pages, crumpled and discarded into the bin alongside the bed in her AirBnB bedroom.

The initial approach was going to have to be something that would hold up against a basic level of scrutiny, and yet, something just outrageous enough that it would feel like the kind of thing someone would want to keep secret.

Late last evening, she'd started to zero in on a concept that was simple and elegant at the start, and would leave them loads of room to rotate other people in and out, but it was going to take a few leaps of faith, and she was going to have to get multiple women from Alfa Group to go along with the plan. Zoe wasn't entirely convinced she could get them to do that, even if it was in their best interests, but the only way to do it was to try.

She logged into the Alfa Group chat, and decided to break the ice, and be the first to chat. The names she'd written down that she needed to get on board with her plan were Michelle Stenson, Rachel Munroe and Jenny Westinghouse. Getting one or two of the others, Kelly Coleman or Blake Brown, would definitely be helpful, but she needed those three for this to have a solid chance at success.

Rachel Munroe was a local psychiatrist, who specialized in dealing with extremely successful business people in the middle of crisis. She was 27, a redhead (although Zoe suspected it was bottled red, rather than natural) and would have a good foundation of local knowledge. For the plan to work, having a couple of people on the initial team with roots in the community was going to be vital. She was also a psychiatrist, meaning she had a solid understanding of what motivated people and how to channel that towards a goal. They were going to have to do some manipulation of poor Max at first, and having someone who could help the rest of them understand what was working and what wasn't would be endlessly beneficial.

Jenny Westinghouse was another person who would fit that bill nicely. She was 33, a strawberry blonde and also a Bay Area native. She was a cop from Oakland, more specifically a detective with

experience working undercover (UC). In addition to what she'd found on the website, Zoe had done a little bit of her own research and found that it was likely Jenny was part of the undercover team that had been responsible for the heroin smuggling ring bust that had made headlines just a month or two ago, although Zoe couldn't confirm that. If so, however, Jenny would be adept at taking on a part and playing it to a tee, something they were going to need right from the start.

The most important person, however, was Michelle Stenson, even if she might be one of the more challenging people to deal with. Michelle was 24, dark blonde, and an all-American midwestern ex-cheerleader vibe. Most importantly, however, was her job. She was a pharmaceutical rep.

Zoe's brother was a doctor at Mt. Sinai, and the one thing he had told Zoe over and over and over again was that if she ever needed to do business research on a shitload of overly beautiful and highly sexual women, the place to start would be with pharmaceutical representatives. Zoe had asked him what he meant, and instead, he'd simply invited her to come to lunch with him at the hospital.

While they were there, her brother, Adam, had let her witness for herself, and it was 100% true. The drug companies hired mostly good looking female reps, encouraged them to dress provocatively without being scandalous, to flirt with the doctors and to encourage them to recommend their products to patients, over and over again.

A doctor's typical day was, on the whole, relatively shitty. People were sick, or depressed, or depressed about sick, or sick of being depressed, or genuinely ill and despondent. That meant that doctors were surrounded by bleakness much of their days. When drug companies were no longer allowed to pay doctors to recommend their products, the drug companies had gone a different route.

Now, it wasn't legal for them to exclusively hire only beautiful women, but the common perception that a lot of men got was that this was what they did anyway. So the reputation was that all drug reps would be hot. The truth of the matter was these women exuded confidence more than anything, and they were young professionals who weren't afraid to be slightly more openly sexual in a professional environment, and that, in essence, let doctors fetishize and create their own fantasies about these women. It was more projection than concrete, more fantasy than reality.

But the perception existed, and the notion that drug reps were unbearably hot, openly sexual women was still a myth that floated around the zeitgeist every now and then, and it was something Zoe intended to capitalize on.

She decided just to lay the plan out in the chat room, and see what the others thought of it, and if it could work. All ten women in the group contributed to the exchange, but Zoe decided not to worry about anyone other than the three she needed to focus on for now.

Zoe: Good morning ladies. I think I have a plan that might get the ball rolling, but I will need some of your help, and will also need some of you to stand by for a few days.

Cara: I will stand by.

Dana: I will also wait. Being the first in seems like it carries the most risk.

Rachel: What do you need in terms of help?

Zoe: My current plan would require me, Michelle, Rachel and Jenny to work. I would actually suggest the four of us consolidate down to just one Air BnB that we all share, to better sell the story.

Kelly: the rest of us should still know the story in advance shouldn't we?

Mai: I do not like being left out of this planning, but I will not be at an optimal time to get pregnant for at least a week, so I can simply choose to bide my time until then, and take no risk.

Kelly: the risk's the fun part, tho ;)

Michelle: What do you need me for?

Jenny: Or me?

Zoe: We need to sell this guy a story, pretend we're introducing him to a secret world he's never been part of, that could be behind any door, if only he knows which doors to look in.

Jenny: ... go on

Zoe: DC has a hidden nightlife that most people never see, hell, most people don't even really know about, because it's *very* exclusive. Swingers clubs, sex clubs, play parties, orgies, hell, even key parties, so I'm going to assume there's something like that out here. Even if you're not part of that, Jenny, can you confirm something like that exists here?

Kelly: what's a key party?

Jenny: I'm not part of that life around here, but yeah, you could very easily say there's a hidden world of sexuality happening behind closed doors all around the Bay area, if you know where to look or who to talk to. But again I'm not really part of that world. I wouldn't know how to get us in, or even where to look for it.

Zoe: We don't *need* to actually get in. We just need to create the *illusion* that we're in, while we stack the deck. We get him hooked on the fantasy of getting taken down the rabbit hole and through the looking glass, and all the while, everything we're showing him, everyone he's seeing, it's all an act, it's all us, all girls in the game. If we can piggyback onto the real hidden world around here for part of it, all the better, but for the most part, he's in our world the entire time, a little bubble where we're constantly parading women in front of him, all eager to get a spin on his wheel.

Zoe: That could work, but you're going to need someone to organize all of this, and, more importantly, locations to make all this happen.

Dana: I can provide access to plenty of unused locations where we could stage 'events' and bring Max along to.

Zoe: Good. This is good. We're starting to work as a team already.

Kelly: I, uh, I've got a few connections into that kind of thing here in Berkeley that I could probably trade in a few favors on, to get us into play parties near or on campus, although we'd probably have to keep Max away from getting too handsy with anyone who isn't one of us. And some people might call him a tourist, but hopefully you can think of some way to spin it.

Zoe: Anyone who's just visiting a circle is always called a tourist by people who started as tourists themselves. It's fine. If anything, it just reinforces our story's credibility.

Esme: With the number of us just in the first day alone, we can probably get a lot of the others on board with this plan for the coming few days, and after he's been surrounded by dozens and dozens of beautiful women, I imagine he's going to have a hard time telling some women apart.

Blake: Yeah, there's a couple of houses up in the hills not far from campus that the rich kids are known to rent out for parties, keggers and such. I could probably hook us up with their hustle.

Michelle: That still doesn't explain why you need me.

Zoe: I want us for our first impression trading on the myth of being a hot group of drug reps out blowing off some steam after a day schmoozing with doctors.

Michelle: OK. It's not really true, but I guess he's not going to know that.

Zoe: I figure me, you, Rachel and Jenny can pose as drug reps and meet up with him and his friend tonight at their pub quiz. From there, we get flirtatious, maybe even a little handsy, then invite them back to our AirBnB, where four of us are sharing a house while we're in town for a convention or whatever.

Michelle: I don't think there's any conventions going on here right now.

Zoe: But *you're* not sure and you actually are a drug rep, so what makes you think he's going to think to check?

Michelle: k fair

Zoe: Based on who he gravitates to, one of us becomes his sort of tour guide through the hidden sex world of the Bay area, well, our vision of it anyway. We're all good looking gals. We know how to get a guy to come along with us to things, and then we just keep exposing him to opportunities, and encourage him to take them.

Mai: You're assuming he won't get attached to anyone right away.

Zoe: Rachel, you're the headshrinker. What does his profile say to you?

Rachel: He's trying to come off as laid back, but he's actually quite high strung. Getting him over the first hurdle is the real challenge, but the kid in a candyshop approach might work. His last relationship ended because they ran out of gas, but in reading between the lines, it seems more like the two of them simply grew bored of each other, because there was no surprise left in their relationship. We can exploit that.

Zoe: Exactly. Out with the old, in with the new. But he still needs a tour guide to get him into all of this. And as the game gets more and more women into it, we can pass the tour guide torch around. I'm sure there will be a few people in each group willing to take on that responsibility.

Jenny: And in our group, that's going to be you?

Zoe: Actually, I figured it would be you and/or Rachel.

Rachel: Why wouldn't you want the job yourself?

Zoe: I'm not *from* here. I don't have the base level knowledge about the Bay I would need to sell it convincingly to someone who's lived here his whole life. I'm a bad choice for the job. You two both grew up here. You're far better qualified than I am to carry the story.

Jenny: And what's your job going to be?

Zoe: Coordinator. And I'll be the person selling the legend upfront.

Cara: Legend? I do not understand this use of this word.

Jenny: A person's 'legend' is the backstory someone going undercover makes up, all the details and frills to their fake identity that they're presenting as true.

Jenny: You figured out I'm UC, didn't you?

Zoe: I made an educated guess.

Dana: So Zoe is the coordinator, I'm in charge of buildings and logistics, Jenny and Rachel are the tour guides.

Kelly: You aren't going to forget about us, are you?

Zoe: Not at all. In fact, I imagine you might be a good tour guide for the younger stripe of the hidden world, the part that lives on or just around campuses, the collegiate version, but I think we want to wait at least a few days before we try and get him into that, don't you?

Kelly: Totes. A bunch of college girls circling him like sharks would make him hella sus if it was the first move.

Blake: as long as we don't get forgotten about. mayb I should be part of the first group in

Zoe: You're 19, Blake. You aren't even old enough to go *into* the pub for trivia night. You'll have your chance, I promise. Stick with me and my plan, and I'll get us through this, and everyone will get at least two or three shots at getting him to knock you up.

Kelly: For those of you who've banged older dudes before, how many times a day can he get it up and get it off?

Dana: They make pills for that, darling.

Kelly: Which won't help if he's jizzing dust.

Dana: How very colorful.

Rachel: From what I remember from my physiology classes, the average man can safely ejaculate between three and five times a day, depending on their physical condition and diet.

Blake: Wide range there. You're a doctor. Shouldn't you know that kinda crap?

Rachel: I'm a psychiatrist, not a reproductive specialist.

Jenny: Diet's important?

Rachel: I think it helps, but I'm not entirely certain.

Zoe: There's a dietitian in Charlie Group. I can contact her one-on-one and see what we need to getting this dude to eat to be as fertile as possible.

Jenny: Let's not start at five times a day, otherwise dude's going to get incredibly suspicious. Even three times a day is probably pushing it to start.

Zoe: Well tonight we're going to throw him a hell of a party, and get him more than a little

drunk.

Kelly: Make sure he doesn't get whiskey dick.

Blake: wut u mean?

Kelly: Tell u l8r.

Esme: So if you, Michelle, Rachel and Jenny are going to start us off tonight, what should the rest of us do?

Zoe: Help coordinate with Dana and Mai. Get us some sort of central sex house that we can use somewhere up in the hills, with enough space around it that it feels like it's something exclusive and private, an estate that could double as a club. You know, something with mystique.

Dana: I think I have a building in mind, and I can make sure it won't be used by anyone other than us for the next three months.

Zoe: Then start getting the place into shape. It needs to *feel* like a sex house, or, more specifically, like a private sex *club*, someplace where refined adults of high end taste can go and have a good time away from prying eyes.

Esme: What do you mean get it into shape?

Jenny: Decorate it so that it doesn't feel like someplace we just rolled into. Give each room a personal touch, some character. Make sure the fridge is stocked. Make sure there's a bed, a mattress or a couch in each room. Get a stripper pole for at least one room. Give another a look like a dungeon, restraints and all. Deck one out as an office. Think of every porn you've ever seen, and start making sure we have at least one room that could double as a set for it. Every bit of it needs to be working, too, because we still don't really know what gets this dude's motor running, so we gotta be prepared for a little of everything.

Zoe: And make sure you get in touch with Mrs. Churchill, so her people can get their cameras set up there as well. Let's not forget about the people funding this shit.

Kelly: We're really gonna do that?

Zoe: It's part of the rules of the game, and if you don't like it, you can always quit. Do you want to quit?

Kelly: I ain't no quitter.

Zoe: Okay then, cameras for sexy time it is.

Dana: We can use the house as a base of operations and even just a lounge whenever Max isn't there, so if he decided to slip out of the tour guide's pocket for a bit and wanders up on his own, there will be beautiful women just lounging around, and it doesn't feel like a set that's only doing things when he's there.

Zoe: Good thinking, Dana.

Cara: Are the rest of us going to have to pretend to be drug reps?

Zoe: No no, just us starting four.

Blake: o i c. the rest of us are gonna be people already *in* the lifestyle

Zoe: You got it.

Blake: Any of you bitches looking to try and keep Max after he's put the bun in the oven?

Zoe: Not me. I've got no interest in sticking around.

Dana: Nor I. I simply want to have someone with good DNA for my child, and the Brand bloodline are notorious for their will to see things through, as all of this has only proven to me further. And you saw how old that codger made it to. That's hardy stock.

Michelle: Just here for a good time, not a long time.

Rachel: I haven't decided yet.

Kelly: He's too old for me.

Blake: Like that matters when this much cash is on the line.

Zoe: So I take it you're trying to keep him, Blake?

Blake: Probs not, but mayb, if he seems into me.

Mai: I have no need of a husband.

Jenny: I guess I'm with Blake – I wouldn't say no, but I'm not trying for it.

Cara: I don't ever want to speak to him.

Zoe: That's going to make this trickier, Cara. Most men don't fuck people they can't talk to.

Cara: You are selling him sex fantasies, yes? Then I am certain we can sell him one where he fucks me without talking to me. Men like to be in control, yes?

Zoe: I'll put a pin in that.

Esme: I don't want to stay here in California, so I guess I'm not angling for marriage either.

Zoe: That makes us an excellent first group, then. Nobody's focused on the long game, so we can set up all the later girls for success, and not get greedy.

Jenny: That should make the drop-in, drop-out nature of all of this go down a little bit easier. Sell him the fantasy of introducing him into a secret world where people always want to have sex with him, and he just didn't know it existed.

Blake: You solved the condom problem yet?

Dana: What condom problem?

Esme: The more someone insists that you don't need to use a condom, the more you should definitely use a condom, and that makes all this sex completely moot for our end goal.

Zoe: The idea of the sex club will help a lot with that, although basically every woman who meets him is going to have to tell him she's on the pill or got an IUD or is on some other form of contraceptive.

Jenny: If he asks.

Zoe: Oh yeah, if he doesn't ask and just goes along with it, fuck it, don't mention it. The last thing we want to do is draw attention to it, so calling it out might be weird.

Jenny: The first rule of being undercover, ladies, is that you do not break cover, not in any way, shape or form. If you are confronted with evidence that you've been untruthful, play ignorance, say you were mixed up or got some detail wrong, but you do not, under any circumstances, come clean. Ever. Got it?

Blake: yes mom

Jenny: That rule may just save you from losing a couple million dollars, so maybe hold onto it.

Blake: whatev

Zoe: Oh, also for this to work, someone in the foursome's probably gonna have to take one for the team.

Rachel: I don't think I like the sound of that.

Zoe: To sell the fantasy of a group of hot women throwing themselves at this guy, we're going to have to send one of us off with the guy's friend, Frankie. You don't have to fuck the guy, but it would probably be helpful, especially if the timing's bad for you to get pregnant.

Michelle: Not it. I'm in the sweet spot for the next few days.

Rachel: Fine, I'm not in prime position for at least another four or five days, so I guess I'll fall on that sword, but I'm definitely making him wear a condom.

Blake: make'm double bag dat shit.

Zoe: Hell, you can probably just get him drunk enough and then blow him if you want.

Rachel: I'd rather fuck him, given the choices, especially since it will sell the legend more.

Jenny: Good thinking.

Zoe: So my AirBnB is big enough to fit the four of us, and is within walking distance of the pub they're going to tonight, so I can PM you three the address, and you can come over here, and we can get our collective legend straight, pick out our clothes and discuss how we want to make our approach.

Jenny: One of us should probably reach out to his friend, Frankie.

Rachel: I'll do that. If I've got to fuck him, I might as well lay down the ground rules in advance.

Jenny: Think he'll play ball?

Rachel: I read his profile. I think his type is “*says yes.*”

Zoe: Harsh, but fair.

Jenny: What are we dressing for?

Zoe: Like we're girlfriends going out for a good night on the town and don't want to pay for drinks but don't want to be constantly hassled all night.

Jenny: Low cut tops, short skirts, but only borderline slutty, not *slutty* slutty. Got it.

Zoe: I'm going to put on a sleeveless top so I look like I didn't even pay attention to what they wear's like, but Jenny, you and Rachel should definitely remember that you're playing locals, so don't give any fake names and it's okay for you to know where shit is around here.

Jenny: I've been UC way more than you have, Zoe. I know how to do my damn job.

Rachel: I think she's more worried about me than you, but I'll be fine, trust me.

Zoe: Also, I hope most of you are good with a little gay for play. Nobody needs to go beyond their comfort zone, but girls making out for fun is almost always a guaranteed short cut to turning guys on, so we may have to do some of that, and you're all cute enough for my tastes.

Jenny: I can make it work.

Michelle: Me too.

Rachel: And me.

Dana: We should also give this sex house we're building some sort of legend of its own. Something classy but with a hint of risqué to it.

Blake: Poke Peak

Dana: A hint, not a gallon, dear.

Cara: Sunset Villa?

Jenny: Too generic, and sounds like a retirement home anyway.

Esme: Ironwood Estates.

Zoe: Winner winner, chicken dinner. Ironwood Estates it is. Maybe even make up a little sign for the gate out front, “Ironwood Estates, est. 1975, members only.”

Mai: Why so old?

Dana: Gives it a level of prestige and respectability.

Michelle: Don't we have to make sure the legend goes back that far?

Dana: It's easy enough to create the *illusion* of it being around that long, so you needn't fret. Besides, private clubs are just that – private clubs. There are plenty of them here in the Bay, and nobody knows what goes on behind their fences.

Blake: sex stuff?

Dana: Not many of them, but yes, on occasion, 'sex stuff.'

Blake: knew it

Zoe: What's the address for Ironwood Estates?

Dana: 16 Bay Tree Lane. It's right up by Tilden Regional Park, in the Berkeley Hills. The neighbors are snobs with high fences and heavily soundproofed walls, since it's right by the fire station, but it's off any main streets, so the building will give us our privacy. Perfect for our needs.

Zoe: And if he talks to the neighbors?

Dana: My dear, the people in that neighborhood do not answer their own door, and certainly do not answer questions about their neighbors, whom they most certainly do not know anyway.

Zoe: All I wanted to make sure of.

Dana: Naturally. I am just as invested as all of you in making sure we aren't breaking any rules or getting caught.

Zoe: Someone's also going to need to be a bridge to Bravo Group. We'll post all of this into the All Chat, but it would definitely help if we have a point person in both Alfa Group and Bravo Group who are in contact with one another, and it probably shouldn't be someone in tonight's incursion team.

Jenny: Incursion team? Are you *sure* you're a business analyst and not some Navy SEAL, Zoe?

Zoe: Business and military ops really aren't all that different from each other, other than their weapons kill faster than ours. So anyway, who wants that job?

Esme: I'll do it. I spent some time talking with Zelda, one of the people from Bravo, at the big briefing, so there's already a bit of a relationship there, and she strikes me as someone who can get shit done.

Zoe: Great. That'll make life much easier for us. The first few days of this are going to be the roughest, but once we have him sold on the legend, it'll get easier to sort of rotate women in and out of his orbit.

Esme: You really think a guy who's barely fucked in years will turn into some dick-swinging Lothario just because we give him the option?

Zoe: Rachel?

Rachel: Look, without doing some serious talking to him, I can't get too deep into his usual thought processes, but I've seen people like him before. They have abandonment issues. They have confidence issues. They're constantly overcompensating because they feel like they're inadequate, and they don't like to let people in. But the secret to people like that? They *want* someone to push their way in, someone to show that they give a shit. So we'll have to lay it on a bit thick at first, but the lure of being desirable to women, it's impossible for any man to resist forever. He might be a little suspicious or paranoid about it at first, but if we hit him with the shock and awe treatment, he's going to be reeling too much to stop and think about it. Men want to be *wanted*, and usually us girls play the passive "come and get me" card, so when we as women set out to take a man by showing him we're very much into him, they're practically defenseless. I think it can work.

Zoe: It will work. Now, anybody have any further questions before you three head over here and the rest of you start getting things together for Ironwood Estates?

Esme: Just one. We need some sort of item that we can have a bunch of made quickly, like a pendant or a ring or something, that'll be the badge of admission that people use to get in and out of Ironwood Estates. If we're going to sell the story, it needs to be something classy but distinct.

Dana: There's a local metal worker in Delta Group, Sunshine White. I was sat next to her at the briefing. I can reach out to her and have her get a cast with some sort of symbol together, but I don't know that she can pump out a lot of these in a short time.

Blake: there's a girl named Sunshine White? it sounds like a street drug

Zoe: We're only going to need like five or six rings or necklaces or something, and we don't need the first one until tomorrow morning, but by then, we're going to need two good quality copies of it. One for our tour guide, and one to give to Max. We can get more of them made and distributed as she has time.

Dana: What are we offering her to get her to do work for us?

Zoe: Prime placement in day 4? I mean, we can do what we can, but we are playing *so* much of this how it lies, and completely off the cuff.

Dana: That would likely be enough. I'll reach out.

Zoe: Great. I'll also send you the address for my AirBnB. She just needs to come by some time tonight and drop it off on the front porch. There's a potted plant she can hide it behind. One of us can sneak out and get it in the morning before Max is awake.

Dana: You're sure you can keep him at your place for the night?

Zoe: Three women fighting for his attention should be more than enough to make sure he doesn't want to go home. We're going to show him a hell of a good time.

Jenny: Wait, all three of us? At the same time?

Zoe: Probably. Is that going to be a problem?

Jenny: ... I guess not. I just hadn't thought about it.

Michelle: We just need to make sure we show him a *damn* good time, and he won't wanna go

anywhere. I know how to make sure a man doesn't want to climb out of bed, and usually it involves making sure he's too tired to move.

Zoe: Okay, I'm PMing Dana and Esme my cell number, so if anyone needs anything, contact one of them and they'll contact me while I'm at the pub with the rest of the incursion team. Let's do it.

Blake: game on bitches

An hour or so later, Jenny was the first to arrive. The Oakland detective was gorgeous, but all the women in the Brand Game were. Her strawberry blonde hair drawn into a tight bun at the back of her head, and Zoe had to admit it was a cute color on her. She was a little taller than Zoe was, and certainly more muscular. She was dressed in denim, jeans and a jean jacket pulled over a faded Def Leppard t-shirt that had certainly seen better days.

"You think we can do this?" Jenny asked her, as she brought her two suitcases into the AirBnB. "I mean, it's a good plan, but with so many people involved, at some point, this is gonna be a dumpster fire screaming down a highway."

Zoe shrugged a little. "I'll do everything I can to give it a good start, but in a few days time, Max is going to be the fly in the ointment, and any one of these crazy bitches could fuck it up," the blonde analyst said, helping Jenny bring her things into one of the open bedrooms. "It's all going to be about risk management."

"Michelle seems like she might be a big risk," Jenny said, grabbing one of the suitcases, setting it up on top of the bed and she opened it. "I'm worried she's gonna say something stupid."

"I agree that of the four of us, she's the least reliable, so we get her knocked up first and then rotate her out of play. All of the hard work for her will be done and gone within the first few days, assuming his seed takes hold early on."

"That's the crazy part about all of this, isn't it?" Jenny said, taking out a low-cut red top from her suitcase. "Just because we can get him to fuck us doesn't mean he's gonna knock us up for sure. Basic biology's a bitch."

"Well, I've done some back of the envelope calculations, and assuming we can ramp him up on how many times a day he's fucking, we've got somewhere between 150 and 400 opportunities to distribute between 100 women. Circling back around to people who it didn't take for the first time is going to be the real challenge, especially if we're constantly giving him an endless cavalcade of new women to have sex with. I haven't figured all that out yet."

The doorbell rang again, just as Jenny was setting her skirt for the evening down on the bed next to her top. "You don't have to be the only one planning this shit, Zoe," she hollered.

"I know," Zoe yelled back, "but I have to get it started right, at the very least." She opened the door and was greeted by Michelle, the tiny blonde Texan ex-cheerleader who'd been working for one of the top five drug companies since she'd graduated college two years ago. "Hey Michelle, c'mon in. Pick a bedroom, then get changed for tonight."

"Yeah, okay," Michelle said, dragging in three suitcases with her. Zoe was certainly glad that each room in the house had its own attached bathroom, so that nobody would need to share. After a few weeks, Zoe planned to send them all back to their own individual AirBnBs, but for now, they needed to feel like a cadre of girls who traveled together on the regular.

Rachel arrived a few minutes later, and before long, all four women were decked to the nines and ready to head to the nearby pub, as all of their phones beeped simultaneously.

"You are now eligible. Good luck!"

Mrs. Churchill – 3/6/2017 – Monday – 7:04 pm

"Mrs. Churchill, how many cameras do you think we need to set up at this Ironwood Estates of theirs?" her head assistant, Jacinda, asked her. Jacinda was Mrs. Churchill's planner, the woman who she relied on the most to keep all the plates spinning. She was a 29-year old Spaniard event planner

who Mrs. Churchill had plucked from a team in Madrid that hadn't deserved her. Since she'd joined Mrs. Churchill's team six months ago, Jacinda had gone from losing her shit on the nightly to having her shit on total lock down. "I think we want at least one in every room, but we might need two or three for some places."

"How's our stack of excess cameras?" she asked her. "I know you thought something like this was possible and made sure we were properly supplied."

"There's plenty of spare cameras in the supply box," Jacinda said, taking off her glasses to rub her brown eyes. "For at least the next few days, if they bring him to that place, we're going to have to manage which cameras are actually streaming very carefully though, at least until we can get a bit of heavy cable laid up there. There's only so much bandwidth to go around in those neighborhoods in the high hills. I told you they were going to try and go the sex club angle, at least at first."

"I trusted you to organize the ten groups, and based on how this first group of ten is getting along, it feels like my trust isn't misplaced. Do you think this Ironwood Estates idea of theirs has legs?" Mrs. Churchill knew going into this that it was going to be a wild ride, and they were simply going to have to corral it, to do their best to keep everything on track.

"It's a good start," Jacinda sighed, "until someone does something to fuck it up. But it should hold for long enough to get him down the rabbit hole a bit. I tried to put most of the real shit starters in the last few groups, so that early days, we throw him off the scent a bit."

"And the real firestarter?"

"In Juliett Group," Jacinda said, shaking her head. "I'd like to say *yet again* that I think she's a bad idea, but I know you're dead set on having her in there. I'm just not sure why."

"Because one of the things Mr. Brand insisted upon was that during this little game he'd prepared for his grandson, he made sure to stick his dick in crazy at least a few times, so we've got a handful of batshit bitches in it."

"Sure," her right hand said, "but I don't even know how Isabella passed the psyche eval. She's nuts, and she's going to be dangerous in keeping the game in check."

"We've got over a week before we need to worry about it, Jac, so let's focus on what's on our immediate horizon and getting us through the next few days. Where is he right now?"

"He's back at the loft, getting showered."

"We've got boots on the ground over at Cato's, doing their best to sort of help manage the environment," Jacinda said. "The pub is a good environment, and it's usually fairly busy, so Zoe's little strike team should have a good chance to make an excellent first impression."

"Okay then, let's make our bets," one of the analysts, a woman named Maia, said. Maia's role in Mrs. Churchill's team was to run their various covers and smokescreens, and to keep both the police and the press off of this little game of theirs. There wasn't anything illegal about it, but the less attraction they drew, the better. "I've got my twenty on Michelle. The Texan Tornado's gonna insist of being first."

It was something Mrs. Churchill had entirely expected. Her team of nine women would each need to keep themselves entertained, and so they were going to make side bets among each other. Who would he bang first? Who would get knocked up first? Who would spend the most time with him in the first week? Who would spend the least?

While under different circumstances, Mrs. Churchill might have considered it a distraction, in this case, it was a necessary one. Her girls *needed* to let off steam, to vent some of the weird frustrations that were bound to build up from watching this guy who didn't know what was happening to him go on a run of pussy that would put Wilt Chamberlin to shame. After a few weeks, the novelty of seeing this man constantly having sex would wear off, but for at least the first month, keeping her team on task would have its own challenges.

"Bullshit," Mrs. Churchill said. "My twenty's on Zoe. She's done all of this work, so I'll put my money on her not letting anyone else get the first crack out of him. They may be in the room with them,

but she's gonna damn well take that first load herself. That's where my twenty goes. Jac?"

Jacinda smirked a little bit. The planner was a good looking woman, almost model pretty, with a slender build and a face that turned more than its share of heads, those that weren't enraptured by her toned ass. If she'd wanted to, Jac could've easily been one of the women in the competition, but she was Team Churchill all the way. "You're both idiots, but I'll happily take your money," she said, reaching into her nearby clutch to fish out a twenty. "Zoe'll hit him up in the morning, and Michelle will get the second load, but the person to get the first one's gonna be Jenny here," she said, tapping Jenny's photo on their digital wall.

"How do you figure?"

"Zoe knows that Max has to get attached to the one who's going to be his introduction and his tour guide into the secret sex world fantasy they're selling him. Michelle's not from around here, so she can't carry that, and besides, she's a shit liar. Zoe was smart in making sure she wouldn't let Michelle's legend deviate too far from her actual life story. That's why she won't do it herself, and Rachel agreed in that chat to take one for the team and fall on Frankie's sword, which leaves only our little deep cover all star here. My twenty's on Jenny."

"Okay, I'll hit up all the others and take bets while we're waiting for the show to start," Maia said. "Although I feel a little sorry for Danny, having to watch all of this sex and getting none of it."

Danny was the only male member of Mrs. Churchill's nine-person staff, and the one they hoped to have to use the least. He was ex-Special Forces turned private military operator. Danny was the one tasked with running security on everything, although his mandate was incredibly narrow and included only three things – 1) protect Max Brewster, 2) protect Mrs. Churchill's team, and 3) protect the secrecy of the Brand Game – in that order. When he'd heard the project pitch, he'd laughed, but he'd also taken it deadly seriously, and for the last two weeks, he'd been shadowing Max without the man having spotted him even once.

"Danny's exceptionally well paid for what he does, just like all of you are, so no need to feel sorry for him. Besides, I've seen the smokeshow that Danny's hooking up with," Mrs. Churchill laughed, "and while I'm not gay, I'd be willing to make an exception for her, and Mr. Churchill wouldn't have a single complaint, as long as he was allowed to watch. The man's doing *just* fine."

The three women laughed.

"Okay, game faces on, bitches," Maia said as her phone buzzed. "That was Odile, and she said that Max and Frankie just left the house headed for Cato's pub, and Danny was safely following, which means we should expect first contact in just a little over twenty minutes."

Mrs. Churchill mixed herself a cocktail then raised it to the room. "All right, ladies. Game on. To the game."

Max Brewster – 3/6/2017 – Monday – 7:47 pm

The Uber dropped them off in front of Cato's only a little bit before trivia started, but Andrea, the event's weekly host, knew that Max and Frankie had been coming regularly for a couple of years now almost every week. Supposedly trivia would start at 8pm sharp, but never in the history of the time they'd been attending had the trivia actually begun before 8:15.

Normally, Max would drive the two of them over, but Frankie had been insistent that he'd be able to get Max to drink tonight, and was so confident of it that he'd offered to pay for the Uber to and from the pub, so Max felt like he really couldn't turn him down.

Cato's was a nice little hole-in-the-wall pub that got a decent number of people, but it never felt like the joint was overwhelmed. The effort of making pub trivia night also ladies night hadn't really done much in the way of trying to get more people in, at least until tonight apparently.

Tonight, the place was more full than he'd seen it in a long time, although thankfully their usual table in the far back corner was still empty, as it always was. The back table wasn't particularly well lit, and the floor near the fire exit tended to be sticky, as if it just couldn't get fully cleaned up every time

somebody spilled a beer. Also, it was near the back window, so it tended to be a bit drafty, as the window was always left open, to allow some of the insane heat of a poorly ventilated bar to dissipate.

“Looks like there's a lot more people than usual, Frankie,” Max said to his friend, “but not so many that you're gonna be able to convince people to come share our table with us. And that table's got three girls at it already, so I doubt you're gonna win your little bet.”

“Give it time, man,” Frankie said, confidently. “Give it time. Give ol' Frankie a chance to work. I'll go grab us drinks. You want the usual?”

“Yeah, no reason to fuck with a good thing.” The burgers were pretty good at Cato's, as long as Frankie remembered to tell them not to put those horrible mushrooms on them. The one time Frankie had forgotten, Max had been convinced that it had mostly just been mushrooms with a suggestion of beef beneath them. Frankie, on the other hand, always seemed to order the curry, unless the special of the day tempted him, which it rarely did.

As Frankie went to the bar to place their order, Max took the opportunity to look over the sea of faces that lined the walls of Cato's tonight. Sure, the regulars were all there – Lumberjack Tommy was holding court at the bar itself, with Ancient Punk Perry sitting right next to him; the Lawyer Trio were huddled together at the table right in front of the bar's front facing window, as they always were; Lacey, Albert and Ingrid were holding yet another tense band meeting (like every other week) – but there were also a handful of new faces. There was a muscular guy in mostly black leather at a table half way back with his partner, an Amazonian Asian woman who had to be at least 6'6” even without those heeled boots she was wearing. At another table, there were three UC Berkeley students he'd never seen before, all of whom looked like they were decompressing and just wanted to get a decent distance from campus. He could tell because a couple of them had on Berkeley sweatshirts.

Max had been paying so much attention to the room on the whole that he hadn't paid any attention to Frankie at the bar. So when Frankie returned with not only their drinks, but four women in tow, he was taken a little aback.

“So I was at the bar, and these four ladies were looking for a place to sit, so I thought I'd invite them to join us,” Frankie said. “I know the table might get a little crowded, but I figured we'd be okay if we tuck in a bit.”

The table was really only designed to fit four people, but Max knew that trying to discourage Frankie was like yelling at the wind to stop blowing, so he did his best to make sure there was room for the group to pull up a couple of additional chairs from other tables that weren't using them while looking over the four women his friend had with him as they introduced themselves.

“Hey, I'm Zoe.” The blonde woman looked like she was the de facto ringleader of the women, based on the confidence with which she introduced herself. She was in her late 30s and had very Scandinavian features, with pale blue eyes behind refined glasses that reeked of money. In fact, her whole outfit was a little high end for the bar, but who was he to judge, he decided. Her handshake was firm, but her skin was soft, someone who didn't use her hands for a living. She had on a blue skirt and a loose black silk blouse through which Max was fairly certain he could see the impression of expensive lingerie. “Thanks for letting us crowd in on your table.”

“Not a problem, I guess,” Max said as Zoe slid into a chair just to his left.

“I'm Jenny,” the tallest of the four women said, shaking his hand next. Her hands were far more calloused, although certainly not to day laborer standards. She had fine strawberry blonde hair pulled back into a bun, although Max suspected she probably preferred to wear it in a ponytail when she could. She had a kind face and faded jade green eyes that had a hidden strength of will behind them that Max recognized, although he usually saw it in a mirror. Jenny's black skirt was a bit shorter than Zoe's, though not so short as to be scandalous, and the gold top wasn't too low cut, but it certainly was tight around her chest. She was also better tanned than the others, and Max suspected she might be the only native Californian in the bunch. She slid in on the other side of him, a little closer than he thought was necessary, but she smelled of lilacs, so he didn't mind. “Much appreciated.”

“Michelle,” the third girl said, easily the youngest of the four. She had chocolate colored eyes and dark blonde hair, but Max was fairly certain it was dyed, as he thought he could see the beginnings of darker roots close to the skin. She was almost half a foot shorter than Jenny, but more buxom by far, and she certainly knew it, as her outfit was designed to draw eyes to that exposed platform of tittlesh she had pushed up by her top. It certainly reflected a bit more modern and youthful style than Zoe or Jenny were sporting. “Me and Zoe are in from outta town, but Jenny and Rachel are from 'round here and said y'all know how t' have a good ol' time in the honky tonk.” The accent was pure and unadulterated Texan, loud and proud. She moved to sit to Zoe's left around the circular table.

“So I'm sure you can guess that makes me Rachel,” the last woman said. She was easily the shortest of the four, with hair the color of a deep red wine cut into a cute bob that made her look like a younger version of a Pixar mom, with a playful smile that invited the eyes to linger on it as long they wanted. Rachel had on a black'n'white spaghetti strap top that certainly was drawing the eyes to her cleavage, but also the most relaxed skirt of the four, like she was the member of the group who had decided to relax the most tonight. She looked to be older than Michelle, but certainly younger than Jenny or Zoe, and she moved to sit down between Jenny and Frankie, who sat directly opposite of him, like he usually did.

“Four women, at our table, before trivia has even started!” Frankie howled triumphantly. “Get comfortable and start drinking, Max. You are going to be out late to-night!”

Normally Max and Frankie were on a team together, and the two of them usually did alright, but there were six people at the table, and teams were required to be no larger than three people each. That meant they had to divvy up, so Zoe and Jenny partnered up with Max while Rachel and Michelle teamed up with Frankie. Andrea wasn't pleased to see six people at a table, but when they huddled in a bit and separated from each other, she seemed to relax a little bit, mostly, Max suspected, because there were women around him. Andrea had always bitched and moaned that Max being single fucked up the vibe of her trivia night.

Max was a little thrown off at first when Zoe and Jenny crowded in around him, but there was something relaxing about Jenny, something friendly and natural. He was also fairly certain he felt Michelle's foot rubbing against his leg on and off, although maybe it was Rachel's, he couldn't really tell. It did seem like Rachel was focusing more intently on Frankie, though.

Trivia was a sheet of paper with thirty questions, and during the half hour for trivia, no one was allowed to look at their cellphone. Max had a pretty deep well when it came to musical knowledge, and usually he leaned on Frankie for the sports knowledge, but Jenny filled that in for him tonight, and Zoe seemed to know everything about current events, so they ended up finishing first, and winning their meals and drinks comped for the night.

The minute their drinks were comped, Frankie intended to make sure they used that to their advantage. Max was trying to keep his pace slow and in check, but between the four women egging him on and Frankie taking sips from all the glasses, Max lost track of how much he'd actually been drinking until he could start to feel his balance falter a little bit.

Around the point when he decided to just stop drinking entirely, the sentence came out that started it all.

“I wanna keep drinking,” Zoe said, “but I'm worried if we keep drinking here, we won't be able to walk back to the AirBnB, so you guys wanna just come back to our place and carry on?”

Jenny Westinghouse – 3/6/2017 – Monday – 10:22 pm

Getting Max back to Zoe's AirBnB had gone easier than Jenny had expected it would, but she felt like her rapport with him had helped. He'd been a little resistant when Zoe had suggested they come back to the AirBnB, but his friend, Frankie, had helped seal the deal, pointing out again and again that he didn't have to work tomorrow, and that it wasn't just one or two women who wanted to keep drinking with them, but four, hammering home on the number until finally Max had relented.

The walk back, all four of the girls had kicked off their shoes and walked barefoot, although Michelle had stepped on a sharp stick and had needed Max to carry her the remaining two blocks on his back. It was clear she was making a play for him, but Max seemed to dodge taking the bait, not getting handsy in his grab in keeping her on his back.

Zoe had been right – Max had fallen right for the pharmaceutical rep story hook, line and sinker, and Michelle had pinched off all the questions that had come about it with complete, concise answers that left no easy avenues to follow up on. And once the initial shine wore off, Max mostly lost interest in following up on the pharmaceutical life, mostly because the girls had kept him talking about himself and the food truck, which he'd been strangely hesitant to talk about until Jenny had admitted she'd been to his food truck before, and that she loved his chili. From that moment on, Max let down his guard a lot more, something Jenny made a mental note of that she was going to pass on to at least some of the other girls.

They'd spent at least an hour messing up the place to make it look like the four women had been staying there for a few days instead of a few hours. It had taken some doing, as it turned out all of the girls were generally kind of neatness freaks, but they'd all agreed it was important to sell the image, so they'd done their best to emulate any horrible roommates they'd ever had and hoped it was enough.

Max hadn't said anything, so either it had been natural, or it had been too much, but Jenny felt like if they kept up the charm assault, they could keep him from trying to peer too much behind the illusions they were presenting.

After seven major undercover operations, Jenny had learned that it was important to keep the mark focusing on the next thing over the horizon, to never let them have too much time to dig in on any one particular point or detail. The last op, she'd given the criminals a bit too much time to focus, and that had gotten everything completely off the rails. It wasn't a mistake Jenny was going to allow herself to make a second time.

As soon as they'd gotten into the house, Zoe had made sure to have drinks out for everyone. She'd known in advance that Max was a Guinness man, so she'd picked up a couple of six packs for him, so they had one at the ready for him.

He'd been a little resistant to it, but when Jenny pushed him down onto the couch and slumped in right next to him, he hadn't voiced a single word of dissent, so Jenny was pleased to see that the things she'd learned about manipulating men over the years still held true, even if she'd been out of the dating scene for a while.

After everyone had got another round of drinks into them, Michelle threw the hand grenade into the room that Jenny was absolutely positive was going to backfire.

“Let's all play Truth or Dare!” she giggled sitting down in a chair by herself. “I know! I know, I know what you're all gonna say, that we're too old for it, but fuck! That! Y'all! Let your hair down and live a fucking little, you know?”

Frankie went into it, though, and that seemed to help sell it to Max. “Shit yeah! Let's have ourselves and old fashioned game!”

Max rolled his eyes a little, but he didn't say no, and the minute that rejection wasn't there, Jenny gave Zoe the nod, like it was a moment of weakness they needed to exploit, and get Max right where they wanted him. “Let me go first,” Jenny said. “I'll take truth, and from Zoe.”

Zoe giggled a little bit. “Okay then, lemme think for a second.” Jenny didn't doubt for an instant that Zoe didn't really have to think for even the slightest of moment and already had her question in mind, but she played it incredibly well, selling him the image of girls slowly letting their guards down. “Have you ever been in love?”

Jenny grinned a little, trying to do her best to evoke a blush response, before she nodded. “I have, once, when I was younger, my sophomore year in college, but eventually he broke my heart, and I've been a lot more protective of my heart since then.” She looked around the room and then focused in on Frankie, wanting to wait a bit before centering in a Max. “Okay, Frankie, truth or dare?”

“Dare!” Frankie said immediately, not hiding the eagerness all the girls knew he would be sporting. Jenny wasn't sure, but she thought she'd seen Rachel whispering into his ear, so hopefully he knew that Rachel was going to take one for the team, but not to get attached to her, because she was going to want to climb onto Max when the time was better for her.

“I dare you to kiss Rachel,” Jenny said, escalating it just the right level.

Frankie got up from his chair and moved over to the tiny redhead, placing one hand on the back of the chair as he leaned down to press his lips against hers as the girls cheered in encouragement, but Jenny kept an eye on Max's reaction. It looked like a good kiss, but Max seemed a little discouraged by it. Jenny knew, having done her homework, that Frankie was polyamorous, but Frankie hadn't said as much to the girls tonight, so she suspected Max was worried about that appearance.

Rachel laughed some as Frankie pulled back. “That seems like you've had more than your fair share of practice.” That a girl Rach, Jenny thought to herself, give him the set up line so we can sooth Max and let him know everything's just fine.

“Well, I am in a polycule, but we're open to new people,” Frankie said. “My partners know I can be a bit of a dirty dog from time to time, but I never do anything to disrespect them. We're not exclusive and if there's a bit of fun here and there, that's fine, as long as we don't catch feelings, or if we do catch feelings, we tell each other. Just to be completely transparent.”

“Honesty is the best policy,” Zoe said, and all the girls had the self control to not laugh, considering none of them were being at all honest about who they were or what they wanted out of the night. “Anyway, it's your turn, Frankie.”

“Jenny, truth or dare.”

She stopped to think about it for a bit. If she took truth, it would be the chance to open up and say something that would get Max turned on, or she could let Frankie throw hew a dare and see what the man's best friend thought he could get away with. “Fuck it,” she sighed then smirked. “Dare me, bitch.”

“Okay... I dare you to kiss the person you'd fuck, given the chance.”

Jenny's smirk widened a little bit, as she slipped up to her feet. She knew exactly what Frankie had been suggesting, but she had eyes on a bigger prize. So she leaned over and pressed her lips against Max's, and made sure she took control in the kiss before pulling back and before anyone could say anything, she leaned forward further across his lap, only to kiss Zoe, who was sitting right next to him, and with just the same level of intensity.

They'd made the decision that they needed to get a little risqué with one another, but Jenny knew the game was go big or go home now, so while Frankie was cheering and the girls were clapping, she got up from the couch and moved to grab Michelle's head and pulled her into a kiss, as the room started whooping and hollering, and the room was practically in howls as she finally moved to kiss Rachel. As soon as she pulled back from the redhead, Frankie looked at her with optimistic eyes, but she rolled her eyes at him with a smile and strutted back over to the couch. “Sorry, Frankie. You've gotta spread the wealth around.” She moved to sit back down in her spot on the couch, but draped her legs over Max's lap this time, making herself perfectly comfortable. “Zoe. Whatcha want, girlfriend?”

There was a surprised look on Zoe's face, which Jenny had expected. The strawberry blonde was certain that Zoe figured Jenny would go straight to Max, but by giving Zoe a chance to be more visible, and ensure that nobody became the center of attention, they would keep him from getting too attached to any specific one of them. “Uh, well, after that, let's cool things down a bit, so truth.”

Jenny flashed her a saucy wink. “Not that cool, Zo,” she said, hoping the nickname would make them sound more familiar with each other than they were. “What's the craziest thing you've ever done, sexually?”

Zoe gasped a little, maybe even a little too much, before she giggled. “Oh god, you're gonna make me actually tell this story, aren't you?” The Nordic looking blonde rolled her eyes and then took in a deep breath before letting it out. “Okay, look, long story short, I broke up with my boyfriend on a

transatlantic flight back from an Italian holiday where he'd just been hitting on anything with tits. I'd caught him cuddling with the daughter of the owner of the little bed and breakfast we'd stayed at, right before we headed to the airport, so we were fighting in the taxi all the way over. By the time we got on the plane, I was fucking done with him, and so I dumped his ass before we'd even left Italian airspace. So somewhere over the ocean, I picked up another passenger, lured him back into one of the bathrooms on the plane and fucked his brains out while my ex-boyfriend was asleep in his seat."

"Oh god, that is bad!" Michelle giggled, as the other girls started laughing as well.

"No no no, wait wait wait! I haven't even said the worst part of it!" Zoe said, waving her hand in the air. "I never learned the guy's name! He didn't tell me before hand, and I never saw him after we landed!"

"Girl, that is *so bad*," Rachel teased. "Did you tell your ex-boyfriend?"

Zoe flicked her blonde hair back over her shoulder with a scowl. "Fuck him. He didn't understand what loyalty meant, and I could tell by the way he was so defensive about it that he'd done more than flirted with that girl in Italy. I mean, if he wanted to be open and have multiple partners, that's fine, but it needs to be out in the open and not hiding it as a secret. Does that make me a slut?"

"Only in the good way," Jenny said, tapping her bare heel atop of Zoe's exposed thigh. "Only in the way we'd say it affectionately. And only if you'd like it."

"Oh, I felt the heat from that kiss, Jenny," Zoe said with a wink. "So I think I would like it. A *lot*. Max, truth or dare?"

"Good lord, I feel like no matter what I choose here, I'm going to be in hot water, so let me try the safer option and say truth," Max said. His smile told the real story, though – he was comfortable with the escalation, and the alcohol had done its job. There were large cracks in the man's resistance.

Zoe trailed a fingertip along Max's neck. "I need to make sure that whatever I'm asking is worth you passing on a dare." She considered for a moment before she nodded. "Got it. Tell us about your hottest sexual experience."

For half a second, Jenny worried that Zoe had pushed too hard too fast, but as soon as Max started talking, she knew it was hitting exactly the sweet spot. "God, I hate to kiss and tell, but I gotta respect the rules of the game. Okay, fine. The best sexual experience I ever had was my freshman year of college."

"Wait, before we met?" Frankie said.

"*LONG* before we met," Max said. "Just after spring break, I came back from vacation and found that my roommate, Marcus, was packing his things. He dropped out. Like, dropped out of college entirely! And he was gone within the day, which left me with a dorm room entirely to myself. That got me down a bit, and I felt like I was spiraling out of control for the next month or so, but like three weeks before the end of the semester, at two in the morning on a Thursday, there was a knock on my dorm room door. I opened it and standing on the other side of the door, there were two girls, an Asian girl named Sara from my Geology 101 class and her blonde pocket rocket roommate Freya. They were dressed in their pajama shorts and big baggy t-shirts, definitely like they'd been sitting up around their room a few floors down below mine."

"This really happened?" Rachel asked.

"You want me to tell you the truth, or you want me to make something up?"

The redhead raised her hands in amusement, a broad smile on her face. "No no, by all means, if it's true, keep talking."

"It is. Anyway, Sara and Freya weren't friends of mine. I wasn't dating either of them. Hell, I didn't really know them that well. I didn't know why they were at my door, waking me up in the middle of the night. But they were standing there, neither of them wearing any make up, and both of them looked like they might have been crying earlier. I didn't know what was going on, but I didn't want to leave them out in the hallway, so I stepped to one side and let them both into my room, even though I knew I wasn't supposed to. They came into my room and I closed the door behind them, and I still

hadn't said a word. The two of them sat down on my couch while I sat in the chair for my desk, and waited for them to speak."

"You're a mean storyteller, Max," Jenny teased back, rubbing one of her calves over his lap. "Why were they there?" All the them were intensely curious, because neither of these girls fit into the timeline they had been provided with. Whatever this was, it was information even the private detectives hadn't been able to find out.

"So it turned out the two of them had found out about six hours earlier that they were both dating the same guy. They were both furious, and had spent a couple of hours crying. After they'd gotten past the sadness and into the anger phase, they decided they needed to settle which one of them was better, and that was why they had some to see me, to decide for them, something I told them I wasn't going to do. No man can ever say one woman is better or worse than any other. That made them laugh a bit, and they said I was full of shit. Then they both stripped naked and told me to shut up. They said they'd chose me because they both thought I was hot, but I wasn't the type of guy either of them would normally go for. Hell, they insisted they didn't ever chase boys, but they wanted to have me, just for the night. The best way to get over someone, Freya said to me, was to get under someone new. I thought they were kidding, but there were two very naked, very hot coeds in my dorm room, and when I said I didn't believe they actually wanted me, they decided to show me how wrong I was. I'd had a couple of relationships in high school, but when I graduated I was single, and I hadn't really done much dating over my freshman year, so to go from zero to threesome without any warning was intense. I was so inexperienced, but the two of them were adamant that we were going to try a little of everything, so before dawn, I had sex five times, and they made me try everything."

"Everything? What's that mean?" Michelle asked. "You need to spill the tea!"

"You did promise the truth," Zoe said.

"Manual, oral, vaginal and anal, girl on top, doggy style, even me at the bottom of a triangle while they made out. I learned a lot about what I liked and didn't like."

"That's a *lot* a lot. So which one did you end up with in the end?" Jenny asked.

"Neither of them," Max answered. "In the morning, they pressed me to say one of them was better than the other, and I still wouldn't do it, because all women are different, and comparing them is a shitty thing to do. Then they pressed me to say which one of them was better for *me* than the other, and I had to tell them that I didn't really know either of them well enough to make that call. They were both beautiful women, but I'd barely had a conversation with them, and to make an emotional connection, I would've needed more time. Neither wanted to give me that, but they said I'd given them a lovely night. After that, I didn't have any other sexual encounters in college until my senior year. So I guess I got the whole college experience in one night."

"Forgive me for saying so, Max, but that *sucks*," Jenny giggled. "Not the sexual experience itself. That sounds gangbusters, but not getting to keep either of the girls. You should've tried to keep'em both. Anyway, it's your turn." She was hoping Max would get them started in activities, but if he didn't, the girls were going to get on it soon enough.

"Michelle, truth or dare," he asked the Texan tornado.

"Dare," the pint sized ex-cheerleader said. "And don't go easy on me. Give me something with some bite!"

"Give a lapdance to the person least prepared to get it."

Michelle smirked a little bit as she stood up from the chair and moved across the room. She reached the couch and pulled Jenny's legs aside, and for a moment, the cop thought she was going to climb into Max's lap, but as it turned out, Michelle was turning around to slide her ass into Zoe's lap right next to him. The dark blonde ran one hand up and into her own hair as she wriggled against Zoe, as she looked over at Max, her eyes widening, biting her bottom lip in a playful pout, although Jenny suspected it was mostly just for his benefit.

The dance wasn't great, but Michelle made sure to grab Zoe's hands and pull them onto her

plump tits through the silk top she had on. Zoe's face blushed, and Jenny wasn't entirely sure it was faked, as Zoe seemed to let a sigh of relief as Michelle slipped off her lap and strolled confidently back to her chair. "Weren't prepared for that, were you Zoe?"

"Didn't think you'd actually be good at it, 'Chelle!" Zoe teased back.

Michelle looked around the room with a sly smile. "Rachel, truth or dare."

The pint-sized redhead grinned slyly. "Dare. Gimme your worst."

"I dare you to take your top off."

"Psssh," she said, rolling her eyes. "Kids these days, thinking that's edgy." She reached down and pulled her spaghetti top off, and wasn't wearing a bra underneath, so her firm C cup tits were on prime display. She didn't cross her arms over her chest, going to far as to fold her arms behind her back for a moment, to make her chest display even further. "But alright now, let's take the kids glove off."

Jenny grinned, because now they were about to get into it. And before Max knew it, he was going to be giving all of these girls the loads they so desperately wanted.

Part Three

Rachel Munroe – 3/6/2017 – Monday – 11:57 pm

Just before midnight, Rachel decided they had to kick things up a few notches and get this train moving, otherwise it was going to peter out without Max having a go at anyone, and that just wouldn't do. "Frankie, be a dear and get everyone a new round of drinks while I think up who to have a go at, would you?"

"Yeah, sure. Same again?" he asked, and everyone nodded. Max looked like he was about to try and tap out, but Jenny bounced her thigh in his lap and he fell silent and simply nodded in agreement. "Back in just a minute."

"While I'm thinking, Max, what made you decide to run a food truck?" Rachel asked. She already knew the answer – all the girls did, if they'd done their homework – but it would make it seem like she was giving him a chance to open up while she pondered and planned her next move.

As expected, Max told the story of how the restaurant he'd had burned down and due to a patch of bad luck, insurance hadn't covered any of it, leaving him out a sizable investment, which he'd been trying to recoup through the food truck. The girls awwwed and oooohed him, giving him sympathy and setting expectations that they all cared about the struggle he'd gone through over the past years, Jenny rubbing his back as Zoe stroked his arm.

By the time Frankie had come back with another round of beers, Rachel knew what tact she should use next, and decided it was time to give Jenny the set up. One of the things Rachel was very good at was neurolinguistic programming, the art of using specific word choices to guide people into the decisions you wanted them to make, so she hoped she would be able to get this to work.

"Okay, Jenny, you want the easy dare or are you confident enough to give out the truth?"

Jenny's eyebrows perked up a little bit at that, but it looked like she picked up on the cue that Rachel was trying to send her. "Fine, you think you can scare me, Rach? Hit me with the truth."

"Tell everyone here what you told me about what you got up to at Ironwood last month," Rachel said, a satisfied smug grin on her face. The fact that the Ironwood Estates Club didn't even exist meant that Jenny could invent any sort of sexual story she liked, but it would plant the initial seed of the building's legend, and give Jenny a chance to spin it into what they needed it to be – a place where sexual encounters happened all the time.

Jenny grinned, rolling her eyes and tried to fake a blush, trying to cover as much of her face as she could with her right hand. "Oh god, I so should've fucking picked dare," she giggled. "You evil bitch. You distracted me by having your tits out!"

“No excuses!” Rachel laughed, shaking her fist in the air. “Tell the story!”

“Oh fuck, yeah, okay,” Jenny said, and Rachel could see the gears in the cop's brain spin up quickly as she started to construct a story to reel Max in even further. “So I belong to a private club called The Ironwood Estates Club.”

“Don't forget to tell him what kind of club it is!” Zoe said, pointing a finger at Jenny across Max's chest, the two women still on either side of him on the couch.

“Jesus, Zo, lemme talk a fucking second, wouldja?” Jenny rolled her eyes, shaking her head. “It's a private sex club, sort of a swingers haven, where people can come and have sex with anyone they like, safely, securely and discretely, so I'm not gonna describe any of the people involved beyond some very basic things, okay? I went to the club to relax, because I didn't really wanna *have* sex, but I wanted to *watch* people having sex. And I kinda wanted to do more than watch, but I didn't wanna have sex, and so I went where I always do when I've got a weird need, which is The Ironwood Estates Club, the local one anyway, up in the Berkeley hills.”

“What do you mean local one?” Michelle asked. 'Good,' Rachel thought to herself, 'pretend like you don't know anything about this, and so she can add color to the legend. The details are how we sell this and make it feel real.'

“It's part of a bigger chain, and they've got like sixty or seventy clubs worldwide,” Jenny said. “The Bay Area's the only region with three of them, though. One in Berkeley, another down near Santa Cruz and a third one up in the Napa Valley somewhere. I dunno, I only ever really go to the one in Berkeley,” she said. “You want me to tell this or not?”

“Sorry!” Michelle said, holding her hands up in apology. “Go on.”

“So I went to Ironwood looking to have a little fun, and I hung out at the bar in the lounge while I was looking, trying to scope people who might be a good match for what I was in the mood for, and in comes this elegant woman with two naked men on a leash following her,” Jenny said. “She comes over, sits down at the bar and introduces herself while the two men curl up on the floor behind us. She asks me what I was looking for that day and I tell her I was just in the mood to watch some people going at it.”

“You know, they make porn for that kind of thing,” Frankie said, sitting back down next to Rachel, putting his arm around her. She decided to snuggle into it a bit as Jenny continued with the story, trying to sell the image to Max more than Frankie.

“They make diet soda and decaffeinated coffee as well, Frankie,” Jenny teased, “and those all suck just about as much when compared to the real thing. Anyway, the woman at the bar tells me she's looking for someone to direct her and her two boytoys for an hour or so. The woman tells me she doesn't like handing control over her sexuality to men, but the idea of a woman having control of her for an hour, well, that's a trifle she enjoys every now and again. She asks me if I'd like to do that, to spend an hour telling her and her two men what to do.”

“When you say 'telling her what to do,' you mean...” Max asked.

“Oh yeah,” Jenny says, sliding her thigh back and forth on his lap. “She told me I could tell the three of them to do whatever I wanted, make them touch each other, suck each other, fuck each other, and that basically nothing was offlimits. She told me she'd actually *forced* the two men with her – she called one Worm and the other Toad – she'd forced them into being bisexual, so whatever I wanted them to do, or her to do, for an hour, they'd do it. She said I could have exactly one hour to make them all do whatever depraved and twisted things I could think of.”

“So what did—” Michelle started to ask.

“All of it,” Jenny said. “I made them all suck each other, I made them all fuck each other, I made the two guys spitroast the woman and made sure she was gagging around the cock in her throat until she had tears running down her cheeks. And just before the hour ran out, I made them DP her, her straddling one guy, bent forward so that the other could pummel her asshole with his cock, and told her to beg them to fuck her like a two-dollar whore.”

“Holy fuck,” Zoe mumbled. “And after it was over?”

“After it was over, she thanked me for helping them have a wonderful evening, said she hoped we'd run into each other again at the club some day, then headed to the showers with her two men back on their leashes,” Jenny said, squirming in her seat on the couch. “And I haven't seen them since.”

“So you like being in control,” Max said with a chuckle.

“Mmm,” Jenny replied noncommittally. “I like being an enabler. I like encouraging people to do the kinds of things they're already thinking about, and talking them into going a little further than they'd originally planned to. I mean, in that case, I could tell the woman wanted someone to surprise her, to get her outside of her comfort zone, and so when given the opportunity, well, I fucking took it. The last thing I want to do is look back and my life and say I turned down some amazing opportunity because I was too nervous or scared.”

“To taking every opportunity!” Rachel cheered, raising her bottle of beer in toast.

“To taking every opportunity!” everyone replied, toasting with her.

After she finished taking a pull from her beer, Jenny grinned, leaning forward to look across Max's chest to Zoe. “Zo, truth or dare?”

“Fuck you, Jen,” Zoe said, “I'm not giving you room to ask me some insane truth question. Bring it on with the dares.”

“I dare you to get a piece of underwear from every girl here except Rach,” Jenny said, “and then to rub them, one by one, in Max's fucking face. Bra or panties, dealer's choice.”

Rachel had to admit, it was a great way to kickstart the pace a little bit, to move from slow burn into fiery charge, as it would get all the girls closer towards being naked around Max and Frankie. Things were moving along nicely.

Zoe's eyes widened a little, although Rachel knew it was all just for show. “Fuck, I just cannot win with you, can I?” She giggled though, as if the idea of it was turning her on. “Fine, I'll start with me.” She stood up and hiked her skirt up a little bit, enough so she could reach her hands up underneath it, and slide down her black lacy panties at the same time she pulled her skirt back down, so nobody could see anything, as if trying to conceal her modesty just a little bit longer. Once she got them down to her ankles, she stepped out of her panties and crouched down to pick them up off the floor, leaning forward to rub them against Max's face. “There, take a deep whiff of what Swedish pussy smells like while I'm off to get your next delight.”

“You're from New York, bitch,” Jenny laughed.

“My mom's Swedish, ho,” Zoe teased back.

Max's jaw had nearly dropped when Zoe was rubbing her panties against his face, and he almost seemed like he was in shock, as she dropped them into his lap before walking over to Michelle, sizing up the pint-sized Texan.

“What's it gonna be, short stack?” Zoe asked her.

Michelle shrugged and pulled her top up and over her head, setting it aside before reaching down and unclasping the front clasp on her bra, exposing those large plump tits of hers, with large pink areolae more than half the size of a compact disc, the nipples stiff at being revealed the crowd of eyes, as she slid the straps off her shoulders and handed it to Zoe. She didn't seem embarrassed at all. If anything she seemed to revel in the attention her breasts were getting for the moment.

Zoe took the bra back over to Max, moving to rub one large cup against his nose, then the other, taking her time in making sure he could inhale thoroughly, not letting him pull back or away. “Go on, inhale the scent of perfume and Texan titflesh sweat all mixed together.” After half a minute of making Max breathe it in, she dropped the bra into his lap and moved to his side, looking down at Jenny with a wide smile. “Your turn.”

Jenny nodded. “Oh, I know,” she said, sliding her legs off Max's lap, turning a little bit, bringing her legs together. “Reach down and get them, Zo,” Jenny said to her, smirking a bit, as if daring the girl to challenge her.

“You're *such* a bitch sometimes, Jenny,” Zoe said, but she still moved down onto her knees and reached her hands up underneath Jenny's short skirt, slowly drawing down a bright red thong, an image on the front of it that Rachel couldn't quite make out from the distance. After pulling the thong off Jenny's legs, Zoe moved the cop's thighs back over Max's lap, forcing the bra and panties there to scrunch up against his stomach.

“What the hell is on her thong?” Rachel decided to ask.

Zoe tossed it over to her for a second, and Rachel had to do her best not to break down giggling. On the front of the thong was a little golden gate between golden fencing, and above and below the image were written the words “Abandon all hope ye who enter here.” Rachel tossed it back to Zoe, who immediately shoved it against Max's nose. “There you go. Locally grown, all natural, organic Californian cunt, from farm to table,” she said, making sure Max breathed in at least a couple of times before dropping the thong into the little space between his stomach and Jenny's legs, where the other clothing items had gathered.

Rachel wondered how hard Max's cock had to be at that point. His nose was a little red with alcohol blush, and he was squirming just a little bit, as Zoe sat down on the other side of him again, and this time chose to put her legs up across Max's lap as well, so now he was doubly pinned down between Jenny's thighs and Zoe's calves, unable to get up even if he wanted to.

“Frankie,” Zoe said, “truth or dare.”

“Dare!” Frankie said. “Whaddaya got for me?”

“I dare you to wrap your mouth around one of Rachel's tits and not let it out of your mouth until the next time the game comes back to you,” she said, grinning. Rachel had expected something like this. With Frankie as a known quantity, they could use him to up the stakes a bit, and once Max saw that Frankie was going along with it, he'd feel the peer pressure to stay in the game as well.

“How am I going to take my next turn then?” Frankie said, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh, you'll figure it out,” Rachel said to him, grabbing him by the back of the neck, pulling his face down to press against one of her tits, as she felt him wrap his lips around it and suckle on it, his tongue flicking against her nipple, which made her shiver a bit. Frankie wasn't really her type, but needs must. “Get your phone out, Frankie.”

Frankie nodded his head a little, unable to remove his mouth, and brought his phone up near his face, so he could see, typing with one hand before holding up the phone to Rachel.

“Frankie says, 'Max, truth or dare?'" This made Rachel a little nervous, because they didn't have any real control over Frankie, so he could possibly escalate things too quickly, although it looked like they had Max where they wanted to and he wouldn't rock the boat too much, no matter what sort of question Frankie asked him, because there was no way that he—

“Fuck it, dare me, Frankie,” Max said.

‘Well shit,’ Rachel thought to herself. ‘Here we go.’ She saw Frankie typing one handed on his phone, and she almost felt sorry for him, seeing him peck with his thumb, having to backspace several times to get the sentence finally out. “Oh Frankie, really?” she sighed, reading the message, although internally she had to admit, it was an excellent dare. He nodded, but didn't remove his lips from her breast. “Okay then, I guess he did ask for it. Frankie says, 'I dare you to find out if Zoe and Jenny are shaved or unshaved without looking.'”

“How am I—” Max started as Zoe immediately grabbed his left hand Jenny grabbed his right, each of them sliding one of his hands up their own thigh, slipping his digits up and under their skirts, bringing his left hand to Zoe's pussy and his right hand to Jenny's. “Oh. Ah. Oh. I see.” Max didn't seem to feel comfortable looking over at either woman, so he kept his eyes forward, looking at the back of Frankie's head, as Frankie had turned on his phone's camera, so he could watch behind him. “Zoe is, uh, clean shaven, and Jenny, um, Jenny has a patch of hair above her pussy.”

Rachel smirked a little, seeing Max was about to try and draw his hands back, when each of the girls grabbed his forearm with both hands, holding his hand against their cunts for a moment, rocking

their hips up to grind against his hand, not for long, but for long enough that it made Max turn a very deep shade of red, even as the girls were pulling on his wrists to make him touch them a bit. “Looks like you've got your hands full, Max.”

“Uh, sure seems like it,” he said, his face looking a little overwhelmed.

“Hey Max,” Jenny teased, “make a number 1 gesture with both hands.”

“Uh, okay,” he said, and Rachel suspected beneath both girls' skirts, he'd curled his middle, ring and pinky fingers in, leaving his indexes extended, as instructed. “Why am I doing this?” He seemed to be just drunk enough to go along with almost anything they suggested.

Jenny looked over at Zoe and nodded, and both girls gasped, as they each shoved one of Max's index fingers inside their pussy. Then they slowly slipped them out, pulling Max's hands out from under their skirts, and then brought both fingers up to Max's lips, shoving them both into his mouth, so he tasted the two girl's snatches at the same time. After a moment, he pulled the fingers from his mouth and grinned. “This is getting wild,” he said, and at that point, Rachel was pretty sure they had him hooked. “Okay, Rachel, truth or dare.”

“Considering I don't think I could do most dares with Frankie latched onto my tit like a leech, I'll go with truth,” she laughed.

“Have you ever had sex in public?”

She grinned a little, her face scrunching up, almost like she was wincing at the thought of answering the question. “Yes. Very public. In fact, I'm pretty sure at least a few hundred people in London have seen my tits mashed up against glass.” The entire room started laughing, and Frankie waved a hand in the air to get everyone to quiet down, then rolled a finger at her, urging her to carry on. “So, this was like four or five years ago, I was visiting London with my boyfriend at the time, and we were taking a bus back to our hotel after a long night of drinking, and I was fucking horny, so I asked him if he'd ever had sex on a bus before. We were on the top of one of those red double decker buses, and there wasn't anyone else up there, so I started sucking him off, and once he was hard, I climbed into his lap and bounced on his dick. He got so excited, he pulled up my top and pressed my tits right up against the glass, right as we were going past this crowd of people, and I was busy cumming, and I was cumming *hard* so I couldn't stop him, but I could see dozens of people looking up at us, cheering, as he dumped a load right up my pussy.”

Michelle was the first to speak, after what felt like a long period of silence. “*Fuck*, that sounded hot. I've always wanted to have sex in a public place before, but I've been too chicken, y'all.” Rachel could see the girl's nipples had stiffened during the telling of the story, and Michelle certainly seemed aware of it, although she didn't look uncomfortable about it, which was good. To get this to work, they were all going to have to be at least a little comfortable with each other sexually.

“I could always try and get you in over at Ironwood, 'Chelle,” Jenny volunteered. “It's basically by referral only, but I'm sort of friends with the admin of the local branch, so getting people in wouldn't be too difficult.”

'That's it,' Rachel thought to herself. 'Seed the idea in Max's head. Let it grow on its own.'

“Lemme think about it,” Michelle said. “It sounds like a lot of fun, but I also gotta be careful not to rush into anything.”

“Rushing into things is how you have fun,” Zoe teased, rubbing the sole of her foot against Max's knee. “Planning all the time is all well and good, but now and again, you have to just say 'fuck it' and go at something with as much energy as you can muster. Anyway, it's your go, Rach.”

“Mmmm, I could let Frankie off the hook, but to be honest, I'm having far too much fun feeling his tongue constantly flicking against my nipple,” she giggled, as Frankie made some kind of squawk of protest. “Max, I'm coming back to you again.”

“I can't handle a dare right now, so truth.”

“You should learn that my truths are just as dangerous as my dares, if not more so,” she said with a giggle. “What are the top three things a woman can do to turn you on?” Rachel was fine with

him dipping out and taking the 'safe' route for truth instead of dare, because it let all the girls get a better bead on what kinds of things they could use to lure him into sexual encounters, and they were certainly going to pass on this information to the other women.

It was odd how quickly all of them had transitioned from 'I gotta get mine' to 'all for one,' Rachel thought, but it also made sense. So many of them needed to succeed in their individual goals for all of them to succeed in the collective goal. She didn't envy whoever decided she wanted to make a go at getting him to marry them after the game was done – it seemed like an almost impossible challenge.

She was roused from her thoughts when Max finally seemed ready to answer her question. “Three things, huh? Well, first and foremost, I don't know any man who isn't turned on by women wanting him, so that's a given, I guess. Like, when a woman really wants me, and has cranked up the charm offensive all the way to 'Extreme Overkill,' that's incredibly appealing. She can be overly aggressive, and makes sure I know that she wants me, that's the second thing. I don't mean force me to do anything I don't want, but being the initiator, the person who's willing to start shit and escalate shit, that sort of thing. And third? Uh... Oh! And there's this spot, right behind my ears but down a bit, where my skull sort of runs into my neck, and that spot's incredibly sensitive, on both sides.”

“What, this spot here?” Zoe said, leaning forward to run a fingertip along one side, and Max shivered in response, nodding, maybe a bit more frantically than he'd intended to. “Jenny, get the other side.”

Jenny grinned, and brought her fingertip up to run parallel to Zoe's, up and down just below his other ear, and his hands clenched on their legs a little bit, as he bit his bottom lip. “What, like this?”

“That's... that's going to make it very hard for me to focus,” he said, closing his eyes.

“Oh, well then,” Zoe said. “I'm sure we'll stop any minute now, won't we, J?”

“Most def, Z,” Jenny said, nodding her head before shaking her head, grinning widely.

“Then the game's going to be at a standstill until you stop,” he teased, “because I can't focus enough to ask anyone anything.” It was good, he was starting to get into the spirit of it.

“Fine,” Zoe huffed, rolling her eyes, as both she and Jenny pulled their fingers away from his skull. “Go on then.”

“Frankie, truth or dare,” Max said with a laugh, which only grew louder as Frankie pulled his mouth off of Rachel's breast and gasped a deep lungful of air, like he'd been drowning in her titflesh.

“Oh thank fuck, I thought my tongue was about to go limp,” Frankie said with a laugh. “Truth, truth. I need a minute to let my tongue fucking recover.”

“You're gonna be regretting that, Frankie, lemme tell ya,” Max said with a chuckle. “Tell your most embarrassing sex story.”

“Oh come on, Max,” Frankie whimpered. “It's gonna completely kill the mood!”

“How on earth could an embarrassing sex story do that?” Michelle asked.

“Please, Max? Anything else? I'm beggin' ya, man.”

“Fine fine,” Max said with a sigh. “I guess I can let you slide on that one, but I'm gonna have to give you two dares to make up for it.”

Frankie rolled his eyes a bit, but nodded. “Yeah, okay, as long as we're tempoing up rather than down.”

“So first dare – until your next turn, you have to keep your hand under Rachel's skirt and can't take it out.”

Frankie grinned wickedly, batting his eyelashes. “I mean, if I must, then I must.” Rachel knew her skirt was big and billowy, so she shifted it so Frankie could slide his hand up and underneath it, although he gasped a little bit as his hand reached high.

“Now you know why Jenny said Zoe could skip me when it came to rubbing undies in Max's face,” Rachel said with a giggle. “I already had my tits out, and I'm not wearing panties, so you better be good with those fingers, otherwise you are gonna end up with blue balls tonight mister.”

Frankie nodded, and she could feel him starting to rub his fingertips back and forth across her

pussy tenderly, trying to warm her up. His touch wasn't bad. Nothing to right home about, but not bad. "And the other dare, Max?"

"I dare you to take Rachel's left hand and shove it down the front of your pants and hold it there until it your next turn as well," Max said, grinning with mischief in his eyes. Good, Rachel thought to herself, he's upping the game, but doing it for Frankie first, so it doesn't look like he's some kind of player. He's a good friend, she decided.

Of course, she still had a part to play here, so immediately she said, "Hey, I didn't agree to—" But she let the sentence die as Max grabbed her left hand with his own and pushed her fingertips down the front of his jeans and boxers, as she felt her eyes widen just a little bit. She hadn't expected Frankie to be packing quite the weapon, as her fingers brushed across what felt like a very long, if maybe a little slender, cock. "Oh, Frankie," she purred. "Is that for me? You shouldn't have."

"Mmmm... now who should I ask next?" Frankie said, his fingertips slowly stroking back and forth across her folds, teasing a little against her clit. "Rach? Who do you think has gotten off too easy up until now?"

"Oh, I think you should let Michelle have it. She's in need of something epic," she said, forcing her eyes to reopen, even though Frankie's touch on her vulva was delicious. "Really give her a challenge, Frankie."

"Okay Michelle," Frankie said, "truth or dare?"

The diminutive blonde rolled her eyes dismissively. "Like I was gonna say truth. Give me a real fuckin' dare here, Frankie. Something I can sink my teeth into."

"Fine then," Frankie said, as he pushed his middle fingertip up to the first knuckle inside of Rachel's pussy, hidden beneath the skirt. "You can either tell Max a sexual fantasy you've never had the chance to live out, or you can take his pants off without using your hands."

Michelle giggled a little bit, as she started to crawl over on her hands and knees towards the couch. "Fuck it, Imma do both," she said, a devilish smile on her lips. "Girls, you're gonna have to move your legs."

Rachel watched as both Jenny and Zoe moved to lean their backs against the arms of the couch, then slid their legs back, raising their knees up into the air as they bent their legs and spread them wide, their feet just barely touched Max's thighs on either side. The way their skirts were tented, she was certain if he looked to his left or right, he'd get an eyeful of either girl's exposed pussy, but for now, he seemed to be focused on Michelle, as she pushed his knees together with her elbows, as she almost crawled her face into his lap.

"So when Jenny was talking about how she'd ordered a trio of people around, I was so fucking turned on, because that's what I've always wanted," she purred, pausing to lean in, unbuttoning his jeans with her teeth, using the tip of her tongue to push the button through the hole. "I like the idea of someone bossing me around." She grabbed the zipper with her teeth and dragged it downward. "And I love the idea of roleplaying I'm getting bred." She kissed at his waistline, flicking her tongue out along the top of his boxers. "Like a bitch. Like I'm in heat. Girls, get him to lift his hips, would you?"

Both Jenny and Zoe dug their toes underneath his thighs and lifted their legs a little bit, making sure Max raised his ass off the seat, having his arms flat against the back of it, as Michelle used her teeth to tug his jeans down one side of his hips before moving and shifting to the other, as she said, "Down on all fours, my tits swinging beneath me, my hair bunched up in your hand like a bridle." Her teeth grabbed the other side and pulled it down to his knees, before allowing him to sit back down on the couch.

His cock was swollen and hard against the boxer briefs he was wearing, trapped down, but the outline of it visible to all of the girls, who were looking on eagerly. Max looked a little nervous, though he hadn't asked Michelle to stop, so Rachel hope the girl wasn't done yet. She could push him even further while she got his jeans off the rest of the way.

"Jenny telling me what a good little bitch I'm being for you," Michelle said before her wrists

grabbed his ankle, lifting one leg up so she could tug on the jeans with her teeth again, pulling them off one leg. “Her telling you to go at me harder, rougher, that I can take it, that I deserve it, that it's what I'm good for, what a good little whore I am.”

Rachel could feel Frankie's cock pulsing beneath her touch, and he pushed his middle finger good and deep as Michelle talked. It was clear she was having that effect on pretty much everyone in the room. Rachel was impressed – she hadn't thought the tiny Texan had it in her.

“Zoe slapping my face and my ass,” Michelle said, shifting to get in position to get the other leg. “Telling me how pretty I'm gonna be with a swollen belly, first with your cum, then with your child.” Rachel worried that Michelle was going too far, but Max seemed to be thinking it was all just a fantasy, as Michelle pulled down the other leg with her teeth, finally tugging them off entirely, pushing them in a crumpled heap to one side. “Both of them reminding me,” she said, kissing one of his feet. “That all I'm good for,” she purred as she kissed his calf. “Is being a hole for your cum,” as she kissed the top of his thigh. “And that I should say thank you for putting some in my needy,” as she kissed his boxers to the left of his cock. “Greedy,” as she kissed his boxers to the right of his cock. “Cunt,” she said, just snaking her tongue out, to drag the tip of it along the center of his cock through the boxers before pulling back, blowing him a kiss, as she moved to plop down on her ass right in front of his feet, placing her hands behind her on the rug, which meant her tits were directly in his eyeline if he looked down at her.

“Holy fuck,” Max whispered quietly. He was starting to look completely overwhelmed, which Rachel took to mean the shock-and-awe approach the girls were using was working, and they needed to not let up, not give him even a minute to catch his bearings.

“Who's up, Michelle?” Rachel said, making sure that the pace kept up.

“Jenny,” Michelle said. “Truth or dare?”

“Dare me, bitch,” the cop laughed. “Do your worst.”

“Worst huh?” She pursed her lips into a smirk. “I dare you to prove which you can hold out on longer, holding your breath or suppressing your gag reflex.”

“Done!” she giggled, sliding her feet off the couch, bending her legs to bring them underneath her as she turned around the couch. “But I don't think you all need to see,” she said, pulling her hair out of the bun, letting those golden curls with streaks of fire in them, drape down as she moved onto her knees on the couch, placing her hands on either side of Max's thighs.

“Hey now,” Max said, “you don't have to—”

Zoe reached over and slid her hand over his mouth, forcing him to be quiet, “You know when you said you'd done everything, Max, you weren't being accurate. You'd had a threesome, but certainly not a foursome. Now hush up.”

Rachel couldn't see it happening, no one in the room could, but she was fairly certain beneath the thick curtain of hair that Jenny had draped around her, the cop had fished out Max's cock, because he gasped a little bit, as everyone heard Jenny draw in a deep inhale of air. Then everyone saw her head lower down as Max whimpered a little, as he was getting deep throated by the strawberry blonde, who pushed her head all the way down and clearly was holding it in her throat for what felt like an eternity, although it was probably not much longer than a minute or two. After that endless moment, she drew her head back, and from beneath the shield of hair, Jenny inhaled sharply before giggling, as she reached a hand up to tuck his cock away again, never letting anyone else in the room get sight of it, then pulled her head back, leaving him just as she'd found him, although perhaps a little wetter and harder. “I hope you didn't mind that, Max,” she purred, “because I personally enjoyed the hell out of that and can't wait to do it again.”

“I, uh, I... I, yes, I definitely enjoyed that,” he said while Jenny moved to settle back in her original position, although she had hiked her skirt up to her waist now, exposing that Max had been telling the truth, and there was a very fine, light strawberry blonde patch of curls above her exposed snatch, the hair so light it almost got lost against her skin tone. The girl also had no tan lines, to

Rachel's amazement.

"You taste scrumptious," she giggled before looking across at Zoe. "Zo, truth or—"

"Oh, dare dare definitely fucking dare," the Nordic looking blonde said, licking her lips.

"I dare you to finger Michelle for thirty seconds, then smear your fingers on your lips and kiss Max like that."

Zoe grinned down at Michelle. "Am I getting down there or are you coming up here?"

"Aw, shucks," Michelle said, "I s'pose I can join y'all on the couch." She moved to stand up before sliding her ass into Zoe's lap, making sure to keep her legs spread a bit, which hiked that skirt up high, exposing a black thong beneath. "Max didn't get to find out about me, so lemme show him," she said, pulling the thong down to expose her bare shaven pussy, tossing the thong on top of his jeans.

Every from her strained vantage point, Rachel could see that Michelle's labia were neatly tucked in, her plumpness making her vagina look extremely smooth. Max had been trying not to look, but Zoe turned his head for him, making sure he got an eyeful as Zoe slid her longer, slender fingers downwards and started to stroke two of them across Michelle's cunt before pushing them in, making the Texan gasp a little bit as she was penetrated.

"Mmmpph," Michelle moaned. "Girls always know how to touch other girls best." She bucked her hips up a little, trying to lean in as Zoe slide those two fingers in and out of her pussy. "Your hands're so soft, darlin'." She leaned her head back in a low moan, her tongue snaking out over her lips. "Fuck, you could do that all night long if y'wanted."

"Time's up, 'Chelle," Zoe said, sliding her fingers out of the Texan as she whimpered in protest. Then Zoe slowly brought her fingers, sticky and glistening, up to her lips. She smoothed them across her lips, getting them good and slick before leaning forward, grabbing Max with her other hand as she kissed him hard, making sure to use her tongue to smear the taste of Michelle's pussy into both their mouths.

Mrs. Churchill – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 1:18 am

"Fuckin' hell, they wound him up good," Mrs. Churchill said, watching on the big screen in the center of their sea of monitors, as Zoe and Max locked lips on the couch while Michelle had reached down and was rubbing his cock through his boxer briefs, not yet taking it out, mostly just seeming to enjoy working him up.

"Told you I chose the first group well," Jacinda said smugly, leaning back in her expensive Aeron chair, taking a sip from her mug of coffee with the words 'World's Baddest Bitch' on the side of it in an aggressive font. "Them using Rachel to peel Frankie off and make it all look more legit was a smart move on Zoe's part, especially since the timing isn't quite right for her cycle yet."

"If only we could control biology like we do everything else in this man's twisted little vacay," Maia grumbled. "And you're sure you checked this dude that he's not firing blanks, Mrs. C?"

Mrs. Churchill wanted to reach over and slap Maia, but it was a fair concern to have, even if it was ridiculous, and something that she'd already taken into account. "I had him tested for virility, so don't you mind," she grumbled. "He's not firing blanks. He's a healthy normal man for his age. And assuming all you ladies do your jobs right, we should be able to collect our fee and enjoy a very long vacation. I'd say we could all retire, but I think we have too much fun in our line of work to ever want to quit, don't you agree?"

The heavy set black woman named Lynne laughed. She was the most recent addition to the team, and was responsible for all the technical aspects of the project – the cameras, the website, etc. "I mean, if all our gigs are basically watching and managing porn 24 hours a day for three months, it's certainly the best job I've ever had," she said, tapping the screen as Zoe, Michelle, Jenny and Max were moving towards one bedroom while Rachel and Frankie were moving towards another. "Ten bucks says she blue balls him," Lynne said, pointing towards Rachel with her left hand. "No way she's gonna ball that dude now that she don't have to."

"I'll take a piece of that action," Jacinda said.

"As will I," Mrs. Churchill said.

"You want in on either side of this, Maia?"

"Fine, I'll go into the against side, make it a nice two on two," Maia answered.

The four women sat and watched for just a minute, and as soon as Frankie was inside the bedroom, he was peeling off his clothes, even as Rachel continued to strip down. They had the volume down for Rachel's room, because they needed to have their sound up for the room Max was in. And as Frankie moved towards the bed, Rachel moved over to the dresser and pulled out a condom, tossing it to him, as Jacinda pumped her fist in the air while Lynne groaned. "Oh gurl, what the fuck?" Lynne said, shaking her head. "Why you doin' this?"

"Because it sells their story," Jacinda said, as she was taking ten dollar bills from Maia and Lynne. They handed bills over to Mrs. Churchill next, who nodded.

"We told them that having Frankie on their side would be beneficial, and Rachel even knew it wouldn't be her best time of the month to get pregnant," Mrs. Churchill said, "so she's making sure that there aren't holes in the tale they're spinning him."

"By getting her hole a little action," Maia said. "Not that I'm jealous or anything."

"Besides," Jacinda continued, "Rachel getting her own rocks off while everyone else is having their go at Max probably takes the edge off."

"Speaking of which," Lynne said, "looks like they're all naked and *dayum* if that boy ain't packing some pipe. I mean, it's not jumbo long or anything, but it looks thick, like it could do some damage if it wanted to."

"Meh," Maia said with disinterest, "I've seen plenty bigger."

"The fuck you have," Jacinda replied, rolling her eyes.

"So now we get to see who's gonna go first," Mrs. Churchill said. "C'mon, Zoe, you know you want it, you greedy little bitch. You know you wanna be first in, last out."

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 1:23 am

'How in the hell did I get myself here?' Max thought to himself. 'This is not at all I expected how my night out drinking would go. I expected a boring night losing at trivia followed by a late night Netflix binge session. Instead, we met up with four girls, who poured drinks into me all night long and most of whom are now shacking up with me in a foursome. I mean, I guess I'm not complaining, but...'

The girls had pulled him into one of their bedrooms, although Max didn't have any idea which of the girls had been sleeping here alone before now. They'd all stripped naked as soon as the door was closed, and they were definitely easy on the eyes.

Michelle was curvy, and while he'd already been able to enjoy the sight of her tits for much of the last hour, now he could see her entire naked body, as she looked at him from her wide stance, her hands on her hips. It surprised him that she had such obvious tan lines around her waist because she didn't have any around her breasts, but he guessed she tanned topless in her back yard or something, and just hadn't felt comfortable doing it completely in the nude yet.

Zoe, by stark contrast, was slender and pale, her skin almost the tone of marble, and she was slender enough that he could see the faint outline of her ribs when she reached up to take her glasses off, setting them atop the dresser in the room. Her breasts were small and pert, easily the tiniest of the three girls, although the confident way in which she moved seemed to compensate for that. She had the most exposed labia of the three.

Jenny split the difference in terms of build, more muscular than either of the other two, the body of a woman who spent regular time at the gym. Her breasts weren't heavy like Michelle's, but they weren't slight like Zoe's either. She was well tanned, but nary a tan line in sight, and yet, the tan wasn't excessive or overdone. She didn't look like she lived lounging around in the sun, but like she enjoyed

making time to catch a few rays. He'd put twenty-to-one down that she was a surfer in her spare time.

Max realized he had been staring a bit, as he'd missed Michelle dropping to her knees in front of him, trying to slide his cock into her mouth before pulling her head back. "Fuck, Jen, how'd y'all hold that in your throat so dang long?" she said with a laugh. "I think I hurt my jaw tryin' t' get the hog in."

"Amateur," Jenny said, smirking down. She grabbed Max's shoulders in her hands and shoved him back onto the bed with a sudden push, the amount of force she used catching him off guard as he fell onto the bed, as Jenny climbed onto the bed over him. "Whoever takes the worst spot round one gets him round two." She straddled her legs on either side of him, and he tried to sit up, but she placed the palm of her hand against his sternum and forced him down onto his back again, as she leaned down to kiss him hard, while her other hand was grabbing onto his cock.

"Aww," Michelle said, as Max could feel his cock getting brought to press against Jenny's snatch. There were alarm bells going off in his head, that he should get a condom, that he barely knew these girls, that he didn't know *any* of their last names, but all of those thoughts were ripped from his head as he felt Jenny push her cunt down onto his cock, her velvety walls tight and warm around his shaft. "She snaked out the first go at him. Sneaky slut"

He felt her hips moving to slide down until his dick was fully slotted inside of her, at which point she let out a delighted moan. "God, I've fucking missed this," Jenny purred into his face. "A nice big dick just stretching me out, forcing me open." He was about to answer her, when she leaned in and kissed him hard, refusing to let him get a word in edgewise.

Her kiss was hungry, but there was a sort of genuine passion behind it that he wasn't expecting. At this point, he'd mostly written this off to being a drunken fever dream, or girls just cutting loose and letting off steam, but Jenny's lips against his seemed to have real affection in them, which was nice, even in the middle of all this sexual hedonistic activity.

Jenny pulled back from the kiss, leaning to sit upright atop his cock, and as Max was about to lean forward, he saw Zoe moving to straddle his face, her ass over his collarbone as she brought her pussy to his mouth. "Put that talented tongue of yours to good use, mister," she said to him, her hands smoothing through his graying hair. "Show me how good a beard rubbed against my clit feels."

One of the things Max knew he was actually pretty good at was cunnilingus, having been complimented by every partner he'd ever had. He'd been surprised that so many of them had tales of men who refused to go down on them, and Max had resolved that he would always be willing to give some, especially if he thought he would get some in return later.

He shifted his head to bring his chin up to rub his beard against her clit for a moment, shifting his head in tiny circles, as he could see Zoe shivering above him, the sensations clearly both delightful and unfamiliar to her. It also amazed him how many men were out there with beards who'd apparently never once considered using them as a sex toy. Idiots, he thought to himself.

"Ffffuck," she groaned. "God, that's fucking nice. Jesus Fucking Christ! Very fucking well done. Shit! Work me, you bastard. Give it to me!"

Jenny giggled, starting to rock her hips a little faster now, thrusting his cock in and out of her slippery hole. "Well, I'm giving it to him, so I'm sure he's having trouble focusing, Zo."

"Fucking hell, if this is him having trouble focusing, I can't imagine what he's like when his head's clear."

"With a dick this fat, I don't think he *has* to focus if he doesn't fucking want to," Jenny squealed. "He can just ram in and let the monster do the work. I feel so fucking *stretched*. My hole's gonna be sore in the best fucking way all fucking week, holy shit..."

They had to be playing it up, Max decided. While his cock might've been a little thicker than normal – sure, he needed to wear the larger size condoms – it wasn't *that* thick, or at least he hadn't thought so. His partners had always described him as generous but not freakish, yet the sounds Jenny was making almost implied he was ripping her open but in a good way.

He could feel Michelle's fingernails dragging along the inside of his thigh and up to cradle his

balls for a moment, fondling them as best as she could, while Jenny continued to bang herself up and down on his lap, pumping his cock in and out of her like a machine.

“Shit, I'm gonna cum already, you big dick motherfucker,” Jenny hissed at him, one of her hands reaching around to pinch one of Zoe's tiny nipples. “Come with me,” she groaned. “I wanna feel you cumming inside me so goddamn bad. Shit! Shitshitshit here I cum, oh god, fuck I'm cumming!”

Max felt her clamping down onto his cock, and as much as he wanted to put on a brave face and be that guy who didn't cum easily, it'd been a long time since anyone other than himself had given his dick the time of day. When he felt her begin to spasm and milk at his shaft, his body gave up the ghost, his back arching as he spewed a hot load of cum into her cunt, big and gushy, his moan buried into Zoe's pussy, his mouth locked on there, his hands trying to hold each of the girls in place, pleading for a moment's respite, but Jenny kept on trying to grind him through it, as if she wanted to make sure his orgasm was unforgettable.

Jenny slumped forward against Zoe a little bit, who whimpered and whined. “You bitch,” she teased the strawberry blonde. “He was about to make me cum with that tongue of his.” Then she giggled. “Guess it just means that I'm gonna be wound up until it's my turn.”

'Turn?' Max thought. 'Are they kidding?'

Jenny slid off his cock, letting it pop from her, Zoe sliding off his face to the other side. Jenny shifted onto her back next to him on the bed, leaning into kiss him, licking some of Zoe's juices from his beard with a wry smile. “One down, two more to go.”

“Fuck sake,” Max muttered. “I dunno if I'm up to that.”

Of course, his cock was already starting to swell again.

“Liar,” Zoe giggled, adjusting so she could lean down to push her head onto his shaft, sliding all the way down to the base before drawing back up again, licking her lips clean. “Mmmm... you two taste so sweet mixed together.”

'Well, I'm dead,' Max rationalized. 'I died somewhere on the walk back from the bar, so I might as well enjoy the dream.'

Jenny glanced over at Michelle, curling a finger at her. “Now, I believe you said something about wanting me to boss you around...”

Part Four

Jenny Westinghouse – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 1:57 am

Jenny felt a certain level of satisfaction. She'd gotten the first load out of Max, and hopefully it would take, but if it didn't, she felt confident that he would want to have another go with her. But that was only the first part of her night, and Michelle had given her such fodder to play with.

The diminutive Texan's tale of asking to be bossed around had evoked quite the reaction from Max, and Jenny had made a note in her head to circle back to it for the second round. “You still want to be bossed around, Michelle?” she said, a sly smile on her face.

Michelle nodded quickly and emphatically, enthusiasm running rampant on her face. “Yes, ma'am, very much so, ma'am,” the Texan said, licking her lips impatiently. “How should I—”

Jenny reached over and lightly slapped Michelle across her face, not hard enough to hard, mostly just a glancing blow to shock her into silence. “You should shut the fuck up until you're asked a direction question,” Jenny said, a hard edge to her voice, as Michelle's eyes widened. “You want to be bred like a bitch, you'd better get down on all fours like one.”

Zoe giggled a little, licking her lips, as Michelle crawled up onto the bed and got up on her hands and knees, leaning her head downward, like she was trying to get into a yoga pose. “This is gonna be fun,” Zoe said, slapping her hand on Michelle's ass with a loud clap, watching the girl shiver in response, but hold steady, not moving at all. “Get those thighs spread wider, bitch,” Zoe said, pushing

at one of Michelle's knees with her foot, forcing her to extend the width between them.

Although she felt so warm and wonderful with a belly full of cum, Jenny knew her job was far from over, and that she needed to make sure everyone got what was coming to them. The fact that Max had a large cock had been a nice surprise; the fact that he'd actually been good at using it had been a nicer one. Of course, she'd gotten him at his most pent-up, years of sexual frustration bubbling over inside of him, so she resolved to make sure he didn't lose any of that energy. The more gung ho she could keep him, the easier it would be to spin new people in and out of his orbit.

"C'mon, Max," Zoe purred at him. "She's waiting for you, so eager and needy and wanton. I mean, c'mon, just look at how drippy this snatch of hers is," she said, sliding two fingers across the Texan's pussy before spreading the lips wide, to give him a look inside of her. "As much as I want my turn on the horse, 'Chelle here did take the shit job during the first go around, so I think you'd better properly breed the bitch, don't you?"

"I don't... I'm not... I..." Max said, his head clearly spinning, before Jenny kissed him hard, both hands holding onto the back of his head, keeping his lips against hers for a long moment.

"It's just a bit of fun, Max," Jenny whispered invitingly to him. "She's got a fantasy and you can fill it. You want to fill it, don't you? Don't you want to fill *her*?"

Max swallowed a breath of air, then nodded. "I mean, yeah, but..."

"But nothing," Jenny said, grinning at him, pulling him off the bed so that he had to sit up. "She wants it, and she wants you to hammer her like a good little whore." Jenny lifted one of her hands and brought it down with a slap onto Michelle's pale ass, one of the few parts of her not heavily tanned. "That's what you want, isn't it, bitch? To feel his cock tearing you open and stuffing you full?"

"God yes, ma'am," Michelle groaned, trying to wiggle her hips a little bit, like she was trying to keep Max's attention there. "I'm ready to be bred."

Zoe pushed one of her fingertips inside of Michelle's pussy with a loud wet squish, making it abundantly clear that the Texan was drenched. When she pulled the fingertip back, a bit of clear cream dangled in a line between her finger and the girl's cunt until finally it snapped, as Zoe brought the fingertip up to her lips, licking it clean. "Go on, Max," she moaned. "I wanna see you really give it to her. She wants to be rode hard and put away wet."

Jenny moved to push him up onto his knees. "That's what we both want," she said, her hand dragging her fingernails down his back. "To see you light into her, to break her open and pump her full of hot cum. Give the fuckhole what she deserves, Max."

He still seemed a little dazed by all of this, so Jenny slid her chest against his back, pressing her tits against him, as her hand reached down and stroked his cock a little bit before lifting it up, making sure he was getting in line to just slide into her. "I mean, are you sure?" Max asked Michelle, needing one final push to get him into all of this.

"I don't feel right without your cum, sir," Michelle said, jiggling her ass in his direction, almost trying to push herself back onto his cock, but not going the last bit, as if she wanted, no, needed, Max to do it to her. "I'm an empty fuckhole who hasn't filled her purpose in life, sir. To be your little cumcatcher. To take your hot spunk into her fertile belly. To be bred, like a good little bitch. Like your good little bitch, sir. Please, sir. Don't make me wait any longer to serve my purpose. My cunt is so empty without you in it." Her voice had taken on a slight whine, like the need was strong inside of her. The girl was a better actor than Jenny had originally given her credit for.

"Do it, Max," Jenny whispered into his ear. "Plow the bitch stupid. Lemme see you grab onto those hips and rail her like she's begging you to."

"C'mon Max," Zoe echoed. "She can't be any more clear about what she wants, the silly bitch. Now fucking drill the slut stupid already."

Jenny had gotten him lined up right, and as his hands were starting to slide over her hips, she thrust her hips against his ass, forcing him to push his cock deep inside of the Texan's twat, a low growl of pleasure escaping the pint-sized woman's throat in response, as she shouted "Fuck yeah!"

can give it a try.”

“Shhhhh,” Zoe hushed him. “No need to worry until morning. Jenny, help me lay him down and get him under the covers.” Zoe and Jenny moved to pull Max onto his back, getting his head lined up against one of the pillows. Two rounds of vigorous sex had clearly taken its toll on the man, and Jenny was glad to see that Zoe was going to be reasonable about how much energy the man could give them all at once.

Once Max's head hit the pillow, it was clear the man was going to pass out within minutes, so Zoe moved in to snuggle against one side of him while Jenny moved to saddle up to the other side. Michelle was reluctant to move from her pose, but after another minute or so, pulled away from her position and moved to spoon in against Jenny, her arm just long enough to drape her hand onto Max's chest over Jenny's body.

'A good first step,' Jenny thought to herself, 'but tomorrow's when the real work begins.'

Mrs. Churchill – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 2:31 am

“Damn shame about your horse coming in last, boss,” Jacinda said with a laugh, as the women looked on at the night vision screen. Within a few minutes of everyone climbing into bed, all four of them were fast asleep. “But don't worry. I'm sure your girl will get her fix on in the morning. Zoe's too smart to let this opportunity to get her first shot before the scene gets crowded pass her by.”

“You're very good at figuring people out, Jacinda,” Mrs. Churchill grumbled. “Maybe you're too good for this job, even. But for the time being, let's just make sure we are being prepped to keep our boy's wheels spinning. So make sure everything is set up for tomorrow, then maybe get yourself some sleep, with one person here manning the battlestations, just in case something goes bump in the night while the rest of us are getting caught up on our beauty rest. Are we sure they're all out?”

Lynne taped the monitor reassuringly. “All four of them sound asleep as of five minutes ago, boss lady. And based on the workout they just had, I wouldn't expect anyone to wake up any time soon neither.”

“What, you've never had anyone sneak out on you in the middle of the night, Lynne?” Maia joked, standing up from her chair, stretching a little bit.

“Only the one time,” Lynne said. “And I made sure that shit didn't ever happen again.”

“Oh yeah?” Jacinda said. “What did you do?”

“Caught his ass trying to sneak out the front door, so I shoved him out it and locked him out, all before he'd realized he'd left his cell phone in my place,” Lynne said, looking smug. “So I dropped it out of the window of my third story New York apartment and let him go try to find the pieces outside.”

“That's one way to ensure he loses your number permanently,” Mrs. Churchill said. “Alright, ladies, who's drawing the short straw?”

“I'll do watch for tonight,” Lynne said. “But that means I'm cutting out early tomorrow night and someone else gets to manage my detail.”

“Yeah yeah,” Jacinda said, grabbing her bag. “We all know how getting the short shift works, Lynne. You got everyone's numbers in case anything goes wrong?”

“Mrs. Churchill will be my first call, and you'll be my second, Jac.”

“Great. Now I'm gonna go pass out in the very expensive hotel room Mrs. Churchill has put me up in,” Jacinda said, opening the door to their operating room, heading out into the night.

“If *anything* goes weird, you call me Lynne,” Mrs. Churchill said, patting the large black woman on the shoulder.

“You don't pay me enough to solve major fires, boss.”

“I do,” Mrs. Churchill said with a laugh, “but call me anyway.”

She headed out of the operations center and past the armed security before getting into the elevator, heading upstairs to her suite in the Claremont Club. The hotel was expensive, but it was also the kind of place where she and her team could do their business uninterrupted and without people

nosing in their business.

Max seemed like a nice enough man, and Mrs. Churchill almost felt bad for what they were going to be putting him through over the next 100 days. She'd visited the man's food truck a few times during the prep sessions, and there was no denying, he was an excellent cook. She'd also done her homework into the loss of his restaurant a few years back that had set him on this path, and in doing so, she'd only gotten more and more angry on his behalf. He'd been right – the landlords may have found a legal loophole to avoid liability, but from an ethical point of view, it had been entirely their fault, and they should've paid Max a great deal of money, more than enough for him to start up in a new location. Ah well, she thought to herself, soon enough he would have all the money in the world, and he could have a hundred restaurants, if that's what he wanted.

As she was reaching her suite, her cellphone buzzed, and for half a moment, she was worried that it would be Lynne with some hiccup before she'd even gotten a chance to get into bed, but instead she saw another name – Schwartz.

“Hello Deiter,” she said, bringing the phone to her ear. “I hope you've enjoyed your little peepshow so far.” She waved the keycard in front of her hotel room door, and the automatic lock popped open, the door leaning inward.

“Wunderbar, Frau Churchill,” the German man said to her, his voice only marginally accented. “It was quite the spectacle tonight, and I am certain you have had no complaints regarding any of what we have witnesses so far.”

“So I'm hoping that's why you're calling me?” she said, closing the hotel room's door behind her as she flicked on the light. “To wish me congratulations on a solid beginning? You can't possibly have any complaints regarding the matter.”

“Nein, Frau Churchill,” he said. “No complaints. But I do have something of a request. Slightly unorthodox, I will admit, but nothing that is outside of your power to grant. I would consider it a personal favor if you were able to do this small thing for me.”

“Now Deiter,” she chuckled, “I couldn't possibly do anything to compromise the integrity of the game, if that's what you're asking. I know some of you and yours have been gambling on things, but that's strictly between you and your people.” She tossed her key card onto the nightstand next to her bed, kicking off her flats. It looked as though her staff had left her a bottle of expensive whiskey in her room, and it would be a shame to not at least have a sip from that.

“I'm not asking you to compromise the game, Frau Churchill, but I would like to make a slight... addition to the pool, if that might be possible.”

Mrs. Churchill frowned for a moment. While saying no to Deiter Schwartz was an option, it wasn't something to be done trivially. He was, after all, the 38th richest man in the world, and if he wanted to, he could certainly make life difficult for Mrs. Churchill. “You know I don't like surprises, Deiter. What kind of addition?”

“Oh, just one more player to the game, that's all. And you can send her in with the last batch, so your team will have plenty of time to do whatever homework you need to on her before hand, to ensure I'm not putting anyone dangerous into the mix.”

“Why didn't you come to me with this sooner, Deiter?”

“I wasn't entirely certain I could convince the young lady that it was in her best interests, but you know how persuasive I can be, given a chance,” the man said, his voice so smug she could practically hear the smirk on his face on the other end. “She is lovely enough, she's not barren, she's smart and capable, and she certainly wants a child without a man being in the mix to muck things up. So what's the harm in adding one more?”

“What's the catch, Deiter?” she said, sliding the suitcoat off, draping it over the back of a chair near the bed.

“Who's to say there's a catch?”

“Alright Deiter, then I'm hanging up now.”

“Wait!” He sighed. “Fine, the catch is that she happens to be my grand daughter.”

“Deiter,” she scolded. “I thought we all agreed, no skin in the game.”

“She won't muck around with your game, Helen, but if you could see fit to do me this small courtesy, I would owe you a favor,” he said, trying a more hangdog approach. “And I'm certain you know what a benefit it can be for me to owe you a favor. There has yet to be jam invented that I cannot extricate someone from.”

Mrs. Churchill paused and considered her options for a long moment. She didn't like late additions, and she didn't like surprises, but Deiter was willing to let his late arrival go through her whole screening process before being allowed near Max. It was a little shorter of a window than she liked... but it was definitely doable. Worst of all, Deiter would've known that before he asked.

“She goes in with the last group, and *only* if she successfully passes the round of tests we put each and every other candidate through,” Mrs. Churchill said. “I'm not going to let her skip past all the other security measures we have in place to ensure Max's safety and personal health. I botch that up, and all the favors in the world you've promised me don't mean anything. You know how seriously The Garrotte takes his work, and if I don't deliver what I've set out to do, well, let's just say I'll finger you as the reason everything went tits up.”

“Absolutely fair, Frau Churchill,” Deiter said. “I wouldn't want it any other way. I am as invested in this matter as you are, and I agree, if you find anything wrong with my Adette, you need not let her anywhere near your golden goose. But once she passes all the tests, you will slide her in with your Juliett Group?”

“Okay, Deiter. Okay,” she sighed. “I can make that happen. Just make sure she's at the Claremont Club asking for me tomorrow morning at 11 a.m.”

“Excellent. I appreciate you doing me this courtesy.”

“I'm going to hold you to that favor, Deiter.”

“My dear Frau Churchill, I would have it no other way.”

The line went dead. Mrs. Churchill poured herself a small glass of the whiskey, then rang Jacinda, hoping the woman hadn't gone to bed yet. Thankfully, a few rings later, her right hand woman answered the phone.

“I'll have you know, boss, that I'm talking to you sitting on the toilet,” Jacinda said.

“That's fine,” Mrs. Churchill replied. “What I'm going to tell you is probably going to make you shit bricks anyway...”

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 10:44 am

Max didn't awaken at all how he'd expected to.

When he'd drifted off to sleep, he'd decided there were only two possible options for how he was going to wake up. The first was that he'd wake up in his bed above Frankie's garage, and the entire thing would've been just a weird dream he'd had from drinking too much.

That didn't happen.

The second option, he'd decided, was that he would wake up in bed with three beautiful women spooning up against him, and that everything that he thought had happened to him last night *had* in fact happened to him last night.

That didn't entirely happen either.

He thought at first when he started to stir that he was alone in bed, no warm body pressed against his left or his right, but then he realized he wasn't entirely alone in the bed.

With her straddled atop of his cock, he awoke inside of Zoe, the Scandinavian blonde he'd not fucked the night before. He tried to guess how he'd gotten from there to here, but all he could think was that the other girls had crawled out of the bed earlier in the morning, and Zoe had seen morning wood and decided to make the most of it.

She was quite into it, and it took her a moment to realize that he was awake, as she thrust her

hips back and forth onto his dick, slow but steady thrusts, both of her hands atop her head, lost in her hair, a look of wicked pleasure on her face.

“Mmmmmm, looks like someone finally woke up,” she giggled down at him. “It's okay, I got started without you. And if you can't last long, that's okay.” Her impeccable fingernails raked along his chest. “Because I wanna feel it.”

Max found it odd to go from being asleep to cumming in such a short period of time, but sure enough, he could feel her cunt clamping down on him, her tits pressed together by her upper arms, her light blue eyes fixated on his face, and within just a minute or two of waking up, he was doing his best to fill her pussy with a load of cum, although his balls hadn't had all that long to recharge.

She slumped forward down atop of him, her lips grazing against his again and again before she placed her face down on the pillow. “Now that's how I want to wake up all the time,” she purred into his ear. “But I know how greedy of me that would be. You ready to get up? The girls were making us breakfast, but they wanted to make sure I got my turn on the great Max Velocity ride.”

“We should probably get a shower first.”

“Oh, absolutely.”

Twenty minutes later, Max found himself seated at a dining room table with all three of the women he'd fucked in the last twelve hours, as well as Frankie, with Rachel sitting on his lap, an exquisite breakfast laid down in front of them.

Nothing felt quite real, especially since all the girls continued to talk about how much they'd enjoyed the previous night, each of them checking in on Rachel, making sure she had a good time. Nobody seemed to mention how odd it was that three of them had *shared* him, and Max was starting to wonder if he'd stumbled into something he was completely unprepared for.

“So what's the rest of your day look like, Max?” Jenny asked him. She'd finished first, and had placed her bare feet in his lap, a wry smirk on her face, as if she was daring him to ask her to move them, but Max suspected it was a trap, and didn't.

“Tuesday is sort of my Saturday,” he said, “so I don't really have all that much in the way of plans. I don't want us to eat up all of your time, though. I'm sure you ladies have a conference to get to.”

“There's not much in terms of presentations today, at least nothing I really care about,” Jenny said, “so I was thinking maybe I could you take you up to Ironwood Estates and get you a membership to the place. Like I was saying last night, I'm friends with the owner of the local branch, so getting friends in isn't really a problem.”

“Yeah, I don't really know if I'd be a good match for a sex club, Jenny,” he said to her. “It sounds like a bit much. I mean, I'm not into dudes, and that story you told last night..”

Rachel waved her hand dismissively. “It's all voluntary, Max,” she said. “You lay down the law about what you like and what you don't, what you'll do and what you won't, and everyone respects those rules. I think you should go.”

“Are you a member too, Rachel?” he asked. He remembered Jenny's story, but didn't remember Rachel saying she was also a member.

“I am,” Rachel said, sliding off Frankie's lap to start clearing the table of dirty dishes. “That's where Jenny and I met. Sometimes we both just go up there to hang out and enjoy the scenery. Tell you what, the two of us will take you up there for lunch, and you can get the lay of the land, see what you think about it. They actually have a great kitchen up there, so you should come and appreciate the food, see if maybe you can offer them some tips. If you try it and you don't like it, we won't say anything else about it, but it would be nice to get more men into the club. The Berkeley chapter can be a bit of a clam bake some days.”

“Clam bake?” Max asked, not understanding the reference.

“Basically an inverse sausage fest, Max,” Frankie said, trying to be helpful.

“I mean, I guess? If you think we wouldn't be imposing...”

“Absolutely,” Jenny said, kissing his cheek. “I’ll make the call and the three of us can take a late lunch up there, and maybe enjoy some dessert while we’re there.”

At this point, Max wasn't sure what the hell he'd gotten himself into, but he was clearly in way, way, way, *way* over his head.

Part Five

Dana Weismann – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 11:29 am

In less than 24 hours, Dana had turned an empty house into a mythical underground sex club, and she'd done it with time to spare. Sure, she'd been forced to call in a handful of favors, and to get some contractors to scurry up and do some work on the quick, but these were the sorts of things money was good for, and unlike the majority of the women in this game, the money meant less than nothing to her.

Dana's life had been rather strange up to this point. Her parents had died half a decade ago in a private plane crash in the Bahamas, and that had left her in a rather strange position, not even thirty and worth nearly a hundred million dollars.

That had brought the suitors calling in droves, and she'd found a darling little man whom she fell in love with, a children's doctor who stumbled into her at a cocktail party, and a year later they were married, but a year after that, he was dead, suddenly and unexpectedly, a brain embolism, completely out of the blue and instantaneous.

Dana had gone back to her old life and her old name immediately, but the desire to get back into the dating scene was lost, the urge to find some other man to grow old and soft with had passed, and instead she was left with only one problem – she still wanted a child of her own.

There were many options she could've gone with, but there had been a rumor of some sort of underground competition involving scores of women sleeping with a single man, and while the thought of competing with women for a man's attention was antithetical to what she believed in, the idea of it sounded amusing, and so she went along to hear the pitch.

Unlike almost everyone else in that room not so long ago, she'd known more than a little about the mysterious Mrs. Churchill before she'd walked in the door like she owned the place. The woman was capable and dangerous, smart and ruthless. Had they met in another context, Dana could've seen the two of them becoming fast friends.

When the game was explained to them, Dana immediately knew that getting Max between her legs would be effortless, but as the explanation went out, the sheer audacity of it amused her to no end, and she decided she wanted to be a part of it, not only for the man's seed, but for the very insane sport of it, for the fun of participating in something so patently ludicrous that the scale of it boggled the mind at the very thought of how it could be done.

But it *could* be done.

Dana was certain that it *could* be done.

The amount of work involved in the undertaking, though, that would be something definitely entertaining to see, and even more enjoyable to be a part of.

From the moment the other woman, Zoe, had started detailing her plan, Dana knew she had found a kindred soul, someone who was focused on not the down and dirty details of the moment-to-moment, but someone capable of seeing the *entire* picture, the whole big thing for all the moving pieces it was going to take, even to get a decent enough start at it.

Those who started the man in motion would set the expectations, and therefore be the most important players in the game, because they would build the framework, give the man some reason to explain why his life had gone from no women at all to the Hugh Hefner of the 21st century.

Getting pregnant had become something of a secondary goal in the last 12 hours, because now,

more than anything, Dana wanted to be able to see as much of the game played as possible, and to help fashion and shape the paths this man was going to go barreling down at such a blistering path that his brain would be struggling to keep up.

While Dana and Mai had hired people to come in and do the key parts of the work they couldn't do themselves, for the most part nearly all the work at Ironwood Estates had been done by the girls without aid. Some had complained, some had dragged their feet, but everyone who wasn't part of the initial incursion team had rolled up their sleeves and helped build out this building to make it into the Ironwood Estates Berkeley Chapter, and despite a few minor problems, it looked stunning.

In fact, Dana was idly considering keeping the Ironwood Estates as a genuine swingers club once the game had reached its conclusion.

A tall three-story manor, the building had been in excellent shape, but hadn't been used or lived in for years, so the first thing they'd been forced to do was your basic cleaning job, in addition to having someone come out and clean the pool in the back yard.

The building was a decent distance from the nearest neighbor, but the fence in the backyard had been torn out and replaced immediately with something taller and more protective. Thankfully, the exterior windows of the building already had reflective glass, so that no one could peek inside of the structure without considerable effort.

The repair work had been aided by Mrs. Churchill's team, who had brought in their collection of cameras to line the entire building inside and out. Some of them weren't concealed at all, and would simply be passed off as basic security cameras, such as those on the exterior of the building or overlooking the pool. Others were ensconced in walls, behind mirrors, part of furniture or chandeliers or anywhere else they could be hidden.

Furniture had been delivered all at once, mostly relocated from some of Dana's other properties, but also some things constructed on site, and a handful of things delivered by specialty dealers, such as the stripper poles or the St. Andrew's Cross that had been installed in their makeshift dungeon.

They'd also make sure to stock the kitchen, not only with the things sex play would dovetail with such as whipped cream and chocolate, but also some basics for cooking, as if they could double as a restaurant. Each of them had volunteered something they knew how to make well, and from that, Dana had built a menu. Depending on what Max and friends ordered, the woman with that respective skill would be rotated in to make the item in question.

The major undertaking had surprised her, as when they were replacing the fence, Mrs. Churchill's team also laid down a very large fiber optic line, burying it just beneath the surface. The team's technical manager, Lynne, had explained that while the house might have been set up to manage decent amounts of data, it was in no way prepared for the amount of cameras they had now set up within the newly erected Ironwood Estates. The woman had tried to explain how much data throughput they were likely to be using, but Dana had assured her that if Lynne thought it was necessary, then Lynne should definitely do it.

One bedroom had been converted into what Dana liked to think of as the Madam's Office. Yes, the room still had a small twin bed in the corner, but there was also a desk, a cabinet and a bank of monitors, allowing whoever was in the room to view the obvious cameras. The idea was that the room could double as a playroom in a pinch, but would mostly be more of a staff and management office.

The main living room had been given four televisions across the walls, each set to something different, but each with the volume turned down low, so that whichever was currently the center of attention could have its volume turned up without much difficulty. It gave the room the feel of a sports bar, although it was also reminiscent of what she'd seen in the open lounge when she'd visited a brothel outside of Reno. That was a story unto itself for another time.

The ground floor had two other bedrooms, each of which had been slightly themed, one to look ultramodern with minimalist colors and curves, and the other to feel incredibly plush, with velvet and cushions everywhere.

The final nail in the coffin was the Ironwood Estates logo, three letters I W E, laid in overlapping paths, enclosed in a circle. They'd worked with the metalworker from one of the latter groups, Sunshine White (a name Dana *still* felt had to be a nom de plume, because no parent could possibly be that cruel), to come up with the logo and to make a large version of it to hang on the wall out of cast iron.

Once the logo had been decided, making small keychains of it had been relatively easy, and Sunshine had delivered a box of twelve of them to Dana the night previous. One of those logo keychains had been left on the porch of Zoe Hitchens' AirBnB, and early in the morning, Jenny had sneaked out to get it and affix it to her keys, so that she would have it when they showed up today to give Max his tour of the club, to convince him to accept a free membership to the place.

They'd touched base this morning by phone, and Jenny had informed her of all the things they'd told Max about the place, so that none of their stories would contradict, and that they could sell Max on this whole fantasy world they were building for him.

The plan of bringing him up for lunch was a good one. And it would let them control where he was for at least the next few hours. In just under eight hours, Bravo Group would be gaining access to Max, and that meant everything was going to get kicked up a notch, because instead of ten women vying for the man's attention, it would be twenty.

Most of Bravo Group had seemed to buy into Zoe's plan, but a couple of them seemed like they were just interested in getting in, getting knocked up and getting out, which could prove to be a problem if they weren't careful, but Esme seemed to have identified who those people were and how they could rotate them in and out of Max's orbit as quickly as possible with minimal disruption.

Dana felt a little bad that she had underestimated the Latina woman on first appraisal. Esme Santiago was a cattle rancher from some small town in Texas that she'd never heard of, working on her parents ranch, and Dana liked to think it was because the woman was from a small town that Dana had set her bar so low and not because the woman was Latina, but she couldn't be entirely certain. What she was certain of now, however, was that Esme was going to be incredibly capable in helping to keep the Ironwood Estates illusion up and running.

While the plan may have been Zoe's and the building and setup may have been Dana's, Dana had to admit that Esme was managing a sizable amount of the players in making everything work, and because of that, Dana intended to make sure that Esme got her turn at Max today, before the madness started too much. In fact, the plan for the day was to get both Esme and Cara taken care of, so that Esme would be more than capable of keeping the machine running for the rest of the game.

Cara, on the other hand, had a very specific set of requirements she wanted, and while Dana had figured out a way to make it work, the feminist in her was slightly appalled at the solution she'd come up with. Still, Cara wanted what Cara wanted, Dana rationalized, and who was she to decide what another woman could or couldn't do?

"How soon are they going to be here?" Esme said, moving to stand alongside of Dana, as she was doing some minor adjustments to the furniture in the entryway. She'd had a maitre d's podium set up right in the entryway, as well as a large logbook. The book had been empty, something that Dana knew would immediately raise red flags, so she'd been making all the people working on the house write in fake names and dates on the in and out, so it looked like the logbook was just for this month, and had seen a dozen or so visitors, all with their own handwriting.

"Jenny said to expect them sometime between twelve thirty and one, so we had better be doing the last touches right now," Dana said with a sniff.

"As much as we can do, although I don't understand why you didn't want to paint anything," Esme said.

"Because, the smell of paint takes too long to dissipate, and it would've shattered the illusion. Staped carpet, freshly laid stonework, all of that can give the impression of a place that's been in existence for a long time."

"I understand that, ma'am, but considering the story is that this place is constantly changing, I think the smell of paint would've been okay."

"Not on his first arrival, but later we can do some, and pass it off as touch up work, or a room being renovated at the request of some of our members," Dana said with a soft smile. "And because his first impression won't have that, his mind will override any initial flaws he might have seen the first time he's here. Besides, we have a second wave coming in tonight. How comfortable do you feel with Bravo Group?"

"I think it'll mostly work out. There's one or two people in there that might end up being a pain in the ass, but they mostly appreciate the work that Zoe put in to get this whole legend established, so there's some rhyme and reason for what is happening to Max, and everyone hopes it's going to hold."

"It'll hold but by the time we're getting towards Foxtrot Group, I don't know that any legend is going to be enough, considering the sheer volume of women that will be approaching Max. No plan survives contact with the enemy," Dana said with a gentle laugh. "By that point, though, maybe he'll be so swept up in his new lifestyle that he'll be unable to stop and think for too long."

"Where do you want people when Max arrives?"

"Have Kelly and Blake sunbathing at the pool, topless preferably, and you, Mai and myself can be manning the lounge area, although you'll need to greet them at the door."

"What's our story going to be?"

"I'll be the owner of the club, while you'll be the operations manager. That technically makes me the madam and the boss, but you as the person who does all the actual hard work. Keep in mind, however, that also gives you a lot more minute-to-minute control over Max and his time inside these walls. I'm hoping to get you first or second crack at him today, while he's inside the house for the first time, before anyone else has shown up. That way you can help us manage the estate most of the time. If it takes, well, then you're sailing on easy street, and if it doesn't, then you'll be in prime position to get more attempts at him later. The thing everyone needs to remember is that we have *three months* at this to make it work, and if everyone rushes him all at once, we're going to tip our hand and scare him off. We can't just throw 5 women into his bed each and every day and expect him to simply fuck them and then fuck off."

"So who are we aiming to have him sleep with today?"

"As I said, you will be one of them and the other will be Cara," she said with a sniff. "The woman's expectations of what she wants out of this are ridiculous, so the sooner I can get a bun in her oven is the sooner I can get her the fuck out of out kitchen. If we're lucky, we can also get one, maybe two, of the girls from Bravo Group into his bed tonight as well."

"Do you think he'll go for it?" Esme said. "This is all very sudden."

"I think if Jenny sells it right, and sticks around for a while to help make the transitions easier, then we can probably get it to work. I know the man likes to think of himself as honorable and scrupulous, but when you have an endless amount of beautiful women basically flinging themselves at you, even the strongest willed man crumbles like the paper he is," Dana sighed.

"I don't know," Esme said. "I watched a bit of him playing Truth or Dare last night via the cameras, and he seemed pretty grounded. The girls really had to turn up the heat, and even when they did, he seemed kinda stuck in second gear, like he was worried about pushing them too far."

"That's the notion we need to disavow him of while he's here. We need to convince him that the whole purpose of Ironwood Estates is to exist as an adult playground, a sort of sexual wonderland where anyone can do anything, as long as everyone's down for it. Hopefully Zoe made that clear to all the groups in the chat she had."

"There will be some downside of that, you know," the Latina said to her. "What if he wants to dabble in things that don't involve risk of pregnancy?"

"Like Mrs. Churchill told us, 'may the most ruthless bitch win,'" Dana said in amusement. "That means some of the women in this competition are probably going to have to swallow a load or two over

the next few months. At least a few of them are probably going to get fucked in the ass, because I haven't met a man yet who didn't at least want to dabble in back door delights. And a whole lot of them are going to have to get used to sharing, which I personally expect to be the most difficult task for some of these whores. We seem to have mostly gotten lucky in the Alfa Group, but the further this goes, the bigger a problem every little thing will end up being. We're going to have to keep this man being passed around like a hot potato, and you know at least some of these women are going to catch feelings for the man, and far sooner than they should."

"Most women said they didn't want to have a husband to help them raise their child," Esme said meekly, as if she was trying to lean on what Mrs. Churchill had said to them earlier.

"That was a hundred billion dollars ago, Esme, and while for a select few of us, that money isn't that important, for a great many of the rest of you, it would be completely life changing, and that's turning wheels in a lot of their heads. We'll see how they feel about that opinion within a month or two. Some of them will hold to their convictions, but I definitely suspect at least a few of the people who said they didn't care about the money very suddenly will a great deal, and therein the problem lies."

"I didn't get a chance to look at the streams this morning – did Zoe get her turn on the stick?"

"She got a load in her, but whether or not it took we won't know for some time. So the three of them are basically going to avoid taking a turn on the stick for any reasons other than trying to keep the fiction going, so that he buys the story that we're selling him."

"So it's just him and Jenny coming here today?"

"No, they're also bringing Rachel, so that Max doesn't feel like the only new fish."

"That means I should act like I'm just meeting Rachel, yes?"

"Well, you *are* just meeting here, Esme."

"You know what I mean, Dana."

"I do, but also remember that you and Jenny need to feel like old friends, or at least casual acquaintances, as she's claiming to have been a member here for some time, and you're going to be the operations manager of the club," Dana said.

"So how do I do that?" Esme asked, a look of confusion on her face.

"Just go along with whatever she says, and try not to add any details that she hasn't already said first. Other than that, be friendly and familiar with her. That's all you need to do."

"Right right. And no matter what happens, never confess. Got it."

"Go and post the address of the club to the web page, and mention that we will have keychains for everyone as they check in for the first time, as long as we can verify them on the list."

"Sunshine said she'll have the rest of them done tomorrow, so we'll have 120 keychains in total to do whatever we want to with. Once she got the mold made, replicating it was something she could do on scale without too much effort."

"Good, good," Dana said. "At least this part's going smoothly, because I just know things are going to break off sooner or later." Her phone buzzed as she fished the Android from her pocket, lifting it up to glance at it. "They're just now starting to get gathered up to head up here, so we should expect them within half an hour or so. That means final checks and then everyone to places. You go get the collegiate girls into order; I'll go handle Cara."

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 12:38 pm

'How the hell did I get myself into this?' Max thought to himself as the Nissan Leaf quietly scaled the hill, moving up into the Berkeley highlands, Jenny behind the wheel and Rachel in the back seat. Max had done everything in his power to insist that Frankie come along with him, but his best friend had said that he was having a late lunch with his parents, and considering how tightly they held the purse strings over his life, saying no to them was not an option.

Despite how much Frankie liked to pretend that he was independent, it was amazing how beholden he was to his parents, when it got right down to it. Both of Frankie's parents were doctors,

and they had spoiled their middle child with support, helping him buy the house that had become his primary source of income. That meant if they said he was having lunch with them, he was definitely having lunch with them.

He'd not been entirely surprised that Jenny wanted to take him up to show him this Ironwood Estates place, but he *had* been caught off guard that Rachel had wanted to come with them. In the car ride up, she'd teased a little that she was jealous, having heard everyone else have a far better time than she had had the night before, describing Frankie as 'a bit selfish of a lover,' which came as no real surprise to Max, at least when it came to one night stands.

With women in Frankie's life, they clearly fit into one of two categories, and nobody was allowed to fall in between. The smaller group was that of regular partners, people who were part of Frankie's polycule or polypod or whatever trendy term they were using this month. The larger group was people whom Frankie would sleep with once, maybe twice, and then move on from, without developing any real attachment or feelings for. When Max had asked him about it, Frankie had responded with "Well, if I don't try them, how will I know if I like them?"

Rachel had clearly fallen into the second category, someone that Frankie had tried and passed on, for whatever reason, although that definitely surprised Max, as the woman seemed both lovely and intelligent, although maybe she was *too* emotionally mature for Frankie. Like the song lyric went, Frankie was an addict for dramatics, he confused the two for love, so the women Frankie partnered with tended to be high on complications, as it gave Frankie something to focus on contributing to in their lives. Max, on the other hand, steered clear from drama like a high school jock.

Back in his early days of dating, he'd been drawn to the overly dramatic girls, but very quickly he'd decided that the ridiculous amount of effort needed to keep himself sane while dating a girl who seemed to go *looking* for drama wasn't worth what he was getting in return.

Since then, Max had been notoriously finicky about his partners, something that his friends had never ceased giving him grief over. He went on a reasonable number of first dates, but he'd turned into a master at spotting the warning signs, and generally by the end of any given first date, he knew why it wouldn't work long term, and was ready to move on.

Some of the women from those first dates had complained that he'd seemed distant, or uninterested in their problems, but Max had sort of stayed true to the decision he'd made when he was younger – that if he got into a relationship again, it would be with someone who had their shit together.

But despite that attitude towards dating, he never expected to be heading into a private sex club to be presented as a possible member. He'd tried convincing Jenny over breakfast that it wouldn't be his scene, that he wouldn't fit in, that he wouldn't feel comfortable being himself, but she had been methodical and precise in dismantling his argument, leaving him without any real justification in why he shouldn't join.

He'd tried to claim he couldn't afford it, but Jenny had offered to pay for a five year membership for him, and after that, he could reevaluate. He'd said that he wasn't sure about the idea of exploring his sexuality so casually, but Jenny had pointed out that if he didn't try things, how would he know what he did and didn't like? He'd claimed that people wouldn't find him attractive, and Jenny had argued that he'd just fucked three beautiful women in less than a twelve hour period, so clearly his judgment on such things was compromised.

So when he'd finally run out of reasons, he'd agreed to just go and see the place for himself, thinking in his mind that even if she did get him a membership, he'd probably just never use it. It would be just like his membership to Crunch Fitness – something he had, but never really used and didn't generally think about. He felt a little bad that he'd never really used the Crunch Fitness membership that Frankie had bought as a birthday present from him, but the only days when he'd really had any openings to go to the gym, Tuesday and Wednesday, he'd generally been too exhausted to want to bother. Maybe an Ironwood Estates gift membership would be the same.

The Nissan Leaf turned a corner and headed into a slightly wooded area of the Berkeley hills,

down a rather windy narrow road that felt like it almost should have a gate turning it into a private estate, but that the people who lived in the area must have thought it would draw too much attention to them, and had instead gone the route of just trying to conceal the area through use of greenery and pathways. It wasn't as though the area was protected, but the way the trees had been planted and shaped, it was easy to miss the pathway into the grove.

Once past the tree archway that partially shrouded the entrance, the enclave seemed to be full of incredibly high end houses, the sorts of buildings that could be called mansions although almost felt like a simplification. The homes weren't cookie cutter McMansions, but they also weren't the sort of ridiculous opulence that one would find over in, say, Palo Alto. They were homes of wealth that didn't feel the need to advertise their wealth, comfortable in being comfortable. He wondered idly how many of them knew they had a sex club in their neighborhood before it occurred to him that it was entirely possible the owner of the club also owned one of the other homes. He also suspected that the neighbors kept a very strict 'don't ask, don't tell' policy, so they might not even know the building held what it did, or that it wasn't the only unusual thing in the neighborhood. Maybe there was a cult compound hiding around here or something, he considered.

Most of the estates in this area had rather tall fences, but the building they were pulling up to seemed to have much taller fences in the back than the front, something he expected was probably to protect a pool area of some kind, although he wasn't sure what would keep drones from flying by, other than maybe shooting them down, or, again, maybe just the obscurity of the location.

As the car pulled up in front of the gate, Max wondered how they knew who was and wasn't allowed in. Jenny reached into her pocket and fished out her car keys and held them out the window, showing off a keychain of some kind so the camera could see. A soft buzz signaled its approval as the gate started sliding to one side, moving to let them in. The little hatchback slid into the estate and the heavy gate moved to close behind them as soon as they were inside.

"How do you even find out something like this exists?" Max asked as they got out of the car. There were a handful of cars in the driveway, each given its own parking spot so there was room for any vehicle to get in and out, aided by how long the driveway itself was.

"You get invited to it, obviously," Jenny said, closing her door, not even bothering to lock the vehicle behind her, as if she was perfectly confident that nobody would go into her car without being invited. "I had a boyfriend who invited me to join about four or five years ago, and while the boy didn't last, the membership did."

"I imagine bumping into him here makes things awkward."

"Nah," she said, leading them over to the front door. "He dropped his membership a few years back when he got married. His wife's a square, didn't have any interest in the scene. He doesn't come around and I don't have to worry about it."

"That actually seems to happen to many of our male members," the woman who opened the door said. She looked like she was in her early thirties, and had a very refined beauty to her, but Max suspected some of that beauty was aftermarket. She was dressed in a comfortable black silk blouse and loose black silk slacks, her dark hair done up in a refined bun, her grass green eyes behind slender golden spectacles. "Good to see you again, Jenny. I see you've brought in new meat?"

"I still need to convince him to join the club, ma'am, but I think he'll come around," Jenny said to the woman. "This is Max Brewster."

Dana cocked her head to one side. "Of the Constant Rotation food truck?" she said, a sly smile on her face. "I remember reading the profile in the SF Chronicle, detailing your rollercoaster story that led you to having a food truck, although I can't say that I've had the privilege of trying your food. I'm Dana Weismann, the owner of this local chapter of the Ironwood Estates Club. I don't always spend every day around here, but we were doing some minor renovations to the building today, so I wanted to make sure all the changes were up to my standards."

"Ms. Weismann's a bit of a perfectionist," Jenny said to him, as the four of them moved into the

building, stopping at a podium right inside of the doorway, where a Hispanic woman in her early twenties was waiting. She had black hair swept back into a ponytail, brown eyes that looked warm and inviting and a lean, almost muscular physique, beneath an outfit that was similar to Ms. Weismann's, except that it had streaks of red flowing through the silk top, giving it some flourishes of color. "And this is the manager," she said, pulling her keys from her pocket, handing them to the woman, so they could be hung up on a key rack behind the podium, the keychain prominently displayed. There were three other sets of keys on the rack. "Three people here today, I see?"

"For the time being, although that doesn't include Ms. Weismann and myself, both of whom have been known to partake in pleasures with members," the Latina said to them, her smile kind. "I'm Esme Santiago, the day-to-day manager around here. I understand you're both applying for memberships?" she asked Max and Rachel.

"I thought we could see the place first?" Max asked.

"Oh, of course you can," Esme said. "But if you're applying for a membership, or even considering it, all I would need is your driver's license and a small bit of blood for your tests, to make sure you're clean. It shouldn't take more than a few minutes, and then you would have a complete run of the place."

"What does that *mean*," Max asked.

"It means you could have sex with any woman in this place, assuming she's interested, which, let's be honest, I think most women here would be, if Jenny here is vouching for you. Her standards are impeccable and ridiculously high," Ms. Weismann said. "Could we trouble you for that much?"

Max hesitated, but realized he was already here, so why not go all in? A few minutes later, both he and Rachel had gotten tested and their results had come back clean, and copies of their driver's licenses had been made. With the clear results, Esme had also given them each keychains, saying that Jenny had bought them each one-year memberships to the club, and at the end of the year, if they wanted to renew, the option would be on them.

He was surprised at how fast they'd sort of pushed them through it, but Esme insisted that references went a long way, and that if they'd been non-referred, the process would've taken a great deal longer to do. They'd been asked to affix their keys to the keychain and then each of them had their keys hung on the board behind the podium. They'd also had their pictures taken so that if someone else was working the counter, they could verify they were members. Once all that had been done and they'd been confirmed as members, they'd been given a tour of the place.

The club wasn't very full, but Esme insisted that was simply because of the time of the day and the day of the week that it was. Max pointed out that it was likely if he was showing up here, it would be on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and Esme retorted that once he'd been seen around the club on those days, the women would probably start being around more.

There were two women sunbathing beside the pool, one a very tall blonde who had sprawled out on her deck chair like a cat in a sunbeam, the other an extremely fit brunette with a noticeable scar on her left calf who looked engrossed in her book, the latest Nick Herron thriller.

Neither had a stitch on.

Max felt a little nervous about looking, but the brunette caught him glancing her direction and almost preened for his attention, shifting to give him a better look of her supple form, inviting him to come over and get a better look, but for the time being, Max decided to focus on the tour.

Esme and Dana led them upstairs, showing off the various bedrooms and playrooms the building had, Max's eyes widening a little more each time. There really was something for every stripe of sexuality here, and some things he'd never even considered.

As they headed up to the third floor, Dana put her hand on Max's shoulder. "Look, Mr. Brewster..."

"Please, call me Max..."

"Only if you agree to call me Dana," she said with a smile, then started again. "So Max, look,

you could be doing me a great favor if I could borrow you for, say, five minutes or so, to indulge one of our members with a *very* specific fetish,” she said, as they reached a closed door. “You wouldn't need to go in alone. Jenny and Rachel could both accompany you, as could Esme and myself, if that will make it easier.”

Max narrowed his eyes a little bit. “What *kind* of specific fetish? While I consider myself pretty open minded, I'm a bit worried there's stuff going on here that I definitely don't want to get involved with, so if you want me to get strapped down or beaten up, I'm going to have to take a pass on that.”

Dana laughed softly, almost amused by his limitations. “No no, nothing quite so blasé. What we have behind this door is a member who relishes in completely anonymous sexual experiences. She has a heavy blindfold on, sound mufflers, and is bound, bent over, so she can be penetrated easily. You would be doing me a *great* favor if you could go in and give her a quick anonymous fucking. She normally hangs around hoping for men to stop by, and when she heard a man had shown up in the building, she went and got into position hopefully.”

“Anonymous?” Max said, tilting his head. “You mean, she doesn't want to know *anything* about me? I mean, I get the thrill of not knowing someone's name, I guess, but not knowing who else is in the room even? That really gets her off?”

“Very much so,” Dana said, opening the door. On the other side, laying atop a tall bench, was a tall pale brunette, her eyes completely blacked out, her ears covered in heavy duty sound mufflers, her face basically concealed by all the sensory deprivation gear. She was completely nude, her ass pointed in the direction of the door, her legs spread wide, her pussy in direct line of sight as they stepped into the room. “There's a note beside her on the nightstand, just in case you need some sort of confirmation to feel better.”

Max couldn't help his own curiosity and stepped into the room, hearing Jenny and Rachel moving in behind him while Esme and Dana waited at the door. There was a small nightstand to the side of the bench, and atop of it was a single piece of paper. On it, there was a note, in elegant cursive handwriting, someone who had taken great care in making the letters look as regal as possible.

“To whomever reads this, I assure you, this is what I want, a sexual encounter with no names, no voices, no sights or sounds, merely pure physical touch. If you need reassurance, simply double tap the back of my left thigh and I will give three slow leg lifts, to acknowledge that what you read here is true. Thank you for indulging my wants. -X”

“She didn't sign it with her name,” Max said as he turned back to look at Dana.

“No, she chose not to. She wanted this to be completely disconnected. But she did leave instructions so you could establish the validity of the note.”

He looked over at the nude woman again, this time taking more time to appraise her body. Her skin was tan, and she was curvy without being overly so. He'd never considered something like this before, but when would he get this kind of opportunity again? He reached down and extended his index finger, tapping twice on the back of the woman's left thigh.

As promised, she then lifted that leg once, twice, three times, before lowering it back down into her position, keeping her legs spread wide. Then she even gave a little shimmy of her hips, wiggling her ass as if to invite him to partake of her.

“Like I said, Max, I'd definitely owe you one if you could help me with this...”

Rachel Munroe – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 1:10 pm

“C'mon Max,” Rachel said to him, purring into his ear. “It'll be fun. I can see the look in your eyes that said you're thinking about it.” She gestured behind Max's back for Jenny to come over and join her. This would be crucial in establishing this kind of open sexuality was going to be the norm for him moving forward, and Jenny would provide an established link to what he was already comfortable with, so the woman's help would be invaluable.

“We can be right here with you, encouraging you to give it to her,” Jenny said, nuzzling in

against his other ear. "I have to admit, it's pretty hot, seeing her presented like this for you to just sink your dick into. Once in a lifetime experience, right?"

"That's right," Rachel said, her hand smoothing over his chest, teasing down along his belly. "And if you don't like it this time, you don't ever have to do it again..."

"But you can focus on just what *you* want," Jenny said. "She won't say shit, she won't do shit. She'll just lay there and be a wanton willing hole for you to stick your dick into..." The strawberry blonde was unbuttoning his jeans, and Max seemed transfixed by the sight in front of him, as the two of them moved him to get closer, bringing him into position.

Esme and Dana seemed to remain at the door, uncertain whether or not their presence would be too much, but unwilling to back away, wanting to watch as well. Rachel gestured behind her for them to move in, to get closer, knowing establishing their presence now would make it feel more regular in his mind moving forward.

Getting Max into the right mindset was going to be crucial, she thought, although Max didn't seem to be voicing any objections when Jenny reached in and fished out the man's dick, slowly stroking it, although it was clearly already erect.

"She's just going to get the sensations of it, Max," Jenny giggled, forcing him to scoot forward even with his jeans around his knees. "That's what she wants, to be confused and lost in the pleasurable sensations of feeling you inside of her."

"I'm not sure about this," Max said, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

"Oh, just go with it," Rachel said, turning his head to face her as she leaned in and kissed him. When she'd been with Frankie the night before, she'd let him fuck her, but had insisted on no real intimacy outside of what she was using to sell Max on the games. Now, however, she wanted to taste the man, to establish how he was the one she was interested in, and when her tongue pushed between his lips, she was pleased to feel him kissing her back.

Rachel couldn't see, but felt Jenny shift him, getting him lined up, when Esme and Dana stepped in behind him to push him forward, and Max groaned throatily into her mouth. She pulled back from the kiss and looked down to see they had shoved him hilt deep inside of the woman beneath him's pussy. She assumed it must be Cara Bianchi, the woman who'd said earlier that she didn't even want to talk to Max, just get his semen inside of her, but wasn't entirely certain. "Oh, look at that... her hips are trying to wiggle back into you, Max... I think she likes it. I'm actually a little jealous of the little bitch."

"Don't worry," Jenny giggled. "With you and Max both being club members now, I'm sure you'll get a chance to play with him sooner or later."

Esme's hand reached over the top of Max's right shoulder, her fingertips dragging up along his sternum. "And keep in mind, sir, I'm not just faculty, I'm also a member," she said, trying to be as sultry as she could, although it was clear the girl didn't have a ton of practice in it.

"As am I," Dana said, placing her hand on Max's left shoulder. "But for now, why don't you just fuck the life out of that girl beneath you? You can tell she's very much into it."

Clearly, Cara must've been tight, because while Max was thrusting hard and fast at first, his breath grew quick much faster than Rachel had expected. Or maybe it was the fact that he'd fucked three different women in the last twenty four hours and now here he was, hilt deep inside of the pussy of a fourth.

"I can't... I shouldn't... fuck, I'm gonna... I should..."

"No no dear," Dana soothed. "This is what she wants, to feel sullied and spoiled, to feel sodden with your cum dripping out of her cunt while you exit the room. She needs to feel it, to know that she's done you right, and in that, she will take her satisfaction. Give it to her." Dana pushed her hips against his ass, like she was trying to fuck Cara through him, and when he collided with her once more, his body tightened up in that familiar look a man gets when he's mid orgasm, and all of the women in the room knew he was cumming inside of Cara.

'Four tries in less than a day,' Rachel thought to herself. 'Not a half bad start.'

They gave Max a moment to recover then slowly pulled him back and out of Cara's pussy, even as the woman slid forward a little bit onto the bench, trying to angle it better so that nothing would run out of her.

“Why don't you hop through a shower, and then we'll meet you downstairs in just a little bit for lunch?” Dana said to him, while toweling off his crotch. “There's a bedroom with a bathroom next door, and we'll close the door so our friend here won't ever know a thing about you.”

“Is... is it like this every day here?” Max said, licking his lips, and Rachel knew they had the hooks well into him at this point.

“Oh heavens no,” Dana laughed. “This is a *slow* day.”

Part Six

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 1:50 pm

Max stepped out of the shower and stopped to look at himself in the full length mirror inside of the ornately tiled bathroom. How had he gotten here? How had his life lead him to this? And, most importantly, where the hell was it going to go from here?

He'd had sex with four different women in less than a day, and by the looks he'd been getting when he'd left for the bathroom, he could have sex with at least two or three more, if he wanted to, not to mention the smoldering looks like the girls by the pool had shot him.

Last week when he and Frankie had gone out for dinner, he'd been bitching that women never seemed to be interested in him, and now it felt like everywhere he turned, beautiful women were noticing him for the first time, and refusing to let him walk away.

As he toweled down, he wondered if maybe there had been some article in one of the papers about the food truck that had given him this sudden blast of fame, but nobody had mentioned it, and he couldn't imagine someone wouldn't have mentioned it by now.

It took a bit of time for Max to wring his longer hair out, but thankfully it wasn't so long that he found himself in constant need of a hair dryer. The little rubber band he'd left on the sink was still there, so he bound his hair back up in a ponytail once more, sighing in dismay that there always seemed to be more gray each time he looked.

The rubber band, however, was pretty much the only thing that was where he'd left it.

It was with some amusement that he noticed his clothes weren't still in the bathroom, but there was a Post-It Note stuck to the shelf where he'd left them. “Decided they needed a wash. Just wear the robe down to lunch, and they should be dry by the time you're done with the meal. -E.” He assumed the note must have been from Esme, and that there was a large terrycloth robe hanging from a hook on the back of the door, and that his wallet was in one of the big pockets of it, like they wanted to make sure he knew he wasn't being robbed or pranked. His cell phone was in the other pocket.

Max had been a little surprised that they hadn't checked cell phones at the door, but he guessed at this point that people were accustomed to policing each other enough so that it wasn't a problem, or at least wasn't a manageable one.

He grabbed the robe from its hook, pulled it on over his body, then stepped into the slippers they'd also left him, tying the robe closed as he started to walk out of the bathroom, finding Jenny waiting outside of the door for him, reading something on her phone that she stopped looking at as he approached.

“Anything interesting?”

“Just news of the day,” she said, tucking her phone back in her pocket. “You look like you needed that shower something fierce, but you seem to be shifting into the lifestyle very easily.”

“Then I'm fooling you pretty well,” he said, as she slide her arm to hook into his. “All of this is incredibly overwhelming. I feel a little like a man with a fistful of pardons in a women's prison. I'm not

Brad Pitt. I'm not Ryan Gosling. I'm not even half a George Clooney." They walked down the hallway, making their way to the stairs, starting to descend them. "Did I die? Is that what this is? I mean, if it is, you can tell me. I promise I can handle it."

Jenny giggled a little bit, shaking her head at him. "You're not dead, Max. Not unless I'm dead as well, and we died having sex with each other last night. That's possible, I guess, but it just doesn't seem all that likely, you know?"

"And you're *sure* that all this is safe?" he said as they walked downstairs into the main room. "The last thing I want is to catch an STD or get somebody pregnant."

"You *do not* need to worry about either of those, Max," she said, kissing his cheek as they walked through the lounge room into an area that seemed like it was a small dining area, with a handful of tables scattered around the room. Rachel and Esme were sitting at one, Dana off somewhere else for the time being, Max guessed. "Any time you walk through those doors, you are in a sexual wonderland where almost anything you might want to do is probably available to you."

"That's what I'm afraid of," he said with a little laugh of his own. "I mean, really? Anything I wanted? That's an insane amount of power to lay at the feet of any one man..."

"Well," Esme said as Max and Jenny moved to sit down at the table. "Just don't abuse it and everything should be fine, yes?"

"Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely," Max said, shaking his head.

"Sure, but knowledge is power, and we're supposed to fight the power," Jenny said. "So maybe let's not let old slogans dictate how we run our lives, shall we?"

"There's wisdom in old words," Max scolded. "You ignore them at your peril."

"All I want's a little peril," Rachel teased.

"Nope!" Esme laughed. "It's unhealthy!"

"The best things in life usually are," Jenny said, glancing through the menu. "This is truly remarkable, how many options you have here."

"Well, don't be *too* impressed," Esme said. "Only about a fifth of the menu is made on location, and the rest is delivered by DoorDash. But we don't advertise that, because why would we? People get the food they want, so why would they care where it comes from?"

"Yeah, I suppose that's fair," Max said, "although food's always better the less distance between the chef and the person eating. That's the advantage of the food truck business – the food's always right there, just a few feet away from the person making it. So if people have a problem with my food, they can come yell at me."

"You mean when they're delighted with your food, they can come and put tips in your jar," Esme said. "Ms. Weismann said it was in the article the Examiner printed, how you had to empty out the tip jar at least five times a day because it was always overflowing."

"I'm sure they were exaggerating with that," he said with a smile. "I mean, I know Frankie empties it once a day, but most food trucks are like that."

"The hell you say," Jenny grumbled. "A lot of the food trucks around here have empty tip jars, and deservedly so. Most of them are inconsistent as shit."

"Everybody's trying to survive," he said, glancing through the menu, recognizing where a handful of the dishes on it would likely be brought from. "Lots of food trucks don't make it past the first six months, and they're selling their truck to some other person with a dream and a little bit of cash. That's the game. Evolve or die."

There was something about the height of the chairs and the tables that felt odd to Max, almost like the top of the table was nearly at shoulder height in comparison to the chair. It wasn't *quite* that bad, but it certainly felt like the table top was up much higher than it normally would be in comparison to the chairs. He wondered a little why it was set up that way.

"A bunch of these sandwiches sound amazing," Rachel said to Esme, pointing at various things on the menu.

“Oh, they are,” she assured her, “but they're from Ike's Sandwiches, a local chain, and they're usually swamped with orders, so unless you want to wait quite a bit for your lunch, maybe skip anything with that little icon below it.”

“I see,” Rachel said, “the icons tell you which things come from where, so you can set your expectations of how long you're going to wait. That's smart.”

“That's it,” she replied. “And anything with our logo beneath it is made here on site, usually by me, but a couple of the other girls are known to help out here and there.”

“Oh hey,” Max said with a smile. “You support Bruno's Deli. They're fast and not too far from here, so yeah, I think I'll take a Bad Jew from them.”

“Bad Jew?” Rachel said with a laugh. “Dare I even ask?”

“It's a pork belly Reuben sandwich with loads of melted Swiss cheese on it,” he replied. “Unkosher as sin, but delicious in *so* many ways.”

“You never struck me as Jewish, Max,” Esme said to him.

“I'm not, I mean, I think,” Max said with a sigh. “I never knew my mother, and my dad, before he died, well, he never really talked about her all that much, no matter how much I asked him about her. And dad died pretty young as well. But anyway, Judaism is passed down on your mother's side, and since I don't know anything about my mom, I can't say one way or another if I'm supposed to be. But regardless of what I'm supposed to be, I'm not a religious man in any stripe.”

“I think I'll have the meatball sub, Esme,” Rachel said.

“The California Chicken Club for me,” Jenny said. “You'll join us for lunch, won't you, Esme?”

“I mean, if you'd like, I'd be more than happy to.”

“I wouldn't hear otherwise,” Jenny said with a smile. “Order yourself something then come back here and we can all chat over lunch.”

Esme excused herself to place the order, saying she'd only be gone a few minutes, as Jenny looked over to Max, a quizzical look on her face.

“So, glad I introduced you to this place, Max?”

“It's a little overwhelming,” he said, laughing quietly. “I'm just now having a chance to catch my breath and sort of take it all in.”

“You can't fool me,” Rachel teased. “I saw you eyebanging those two coeds by the pool when we came in here. The brunette looked like she might be kinda into you.”

“I mean, it's like Esme said – right now I'm the only man in the building, so that immediately gives me at least a little bit more sex appeal than I deserve.”

Max felt Rachel reach over and squeeze his hand. “Knock that off, will you? If people are interested in you, let them be interested in you and don't just immediately brush them aside. I'm starting to think you've been single so long because you always shoot people down as soon they express interest in you. Maybe try going a few months saying yes to everything and see what happens. At the very least, you'll have a wild time.”

“Okay, Rachel, okay. I'll try always going for the yes, unless I feel like I'm in danger.”

“No no!” Jenny laughed. “Even then! Especially then! Always go for the big yes!”

A few minutes later, Esme returned but this time she brought her phone with her, setting it down on the table. “As soon as the delivery's here, they'll let me know,” she said. “But it shouldn't be too long. I chose priority delivery, so they'll hurry.”

For the next few minutes, they seemed to make small talk, Max doing what he could to divert the conversation onto the ladies, only to have it turned back on him again and again. It was all starting to feel a little suspicious, how little people seemed to want to talk about themselves and instead focus on him, but if it was a scam, he couldn't see the angle.

Whenever anything was too good to be true, it usually was, but Max had learned it often wasn't too hard to spot the flaw in the con. This, however... it felt a little like a con, but didn't have any of the usual guideposts that made them relatively easy to spot. There wasn't anything illegal about the club,

and while they'd given him a free membership, he wasn't being asked to do something in return. Normally, that could be like the sweetener, the thing con men put into the pot in order to get something back. It was the one point in the con where you could theoretically get ahead of the con, but generally they didn't do that unless they knew they had you hooked to give them all that back and more. And he wasn't the kind of person with much to give.

When Esme's phone buzzed again, she stood up and headed to the main door, buzzing the delivery guy in at the gate. In a few moments, she returned with a large bag from Bruno's Deli, as well as three cans of soda and one bottle of water. As she started to pull things out from the bag, identifying who had what, handing the little boxes out in turn, one of the two women Max had seen by the pool earlier, the brunette with the large scar on her thigh, stepped into the room, a shy smile on her face.

She looked to be in her early twenties, fit as a fiddle, with a sculpted stomach and toned thighs, although the one with the large scar seemed noticeably smaller than the other one, as if she had still been unable to fully recover from the wound that Max suspected couldn't be more than a year or so old. Her skin was flawless, except for the scar, and reasonably well tanned, with small, pert breasts, proud and untouched by the ravages of age, her stiff nipples a deep shape of pink, almost bordering on red, with tiny aerola. Her hair, a shade of deep lustrous shade of ebony, was mostly drawn back into a braid that hung down just past her shoulders, but a few bangs had escaped the tie and framed her face on either side. She had a prominent nose, nothing so big as to overtake her face, but still large enough to be a notable feature, and yet, somehow it didn't detract from her beauty, as if it was the only possible size that it could be.

It was at that point Max realized he didn't even know her name.

"I hope you won't mind if I have a bit of a snack myself," the girl said to them as she walked into the room. "I promise not to disturb anyone."

Max was about to ask what she meant when the girl dropped down to her hands and knees and crawled beneath the table, hidden from view by the tablecloth. He was about to bend down when he felt a hand on his arm. He glanced over to see Jenny, a wry smile on her face. "Let her have her fun."

Beneath the table, he could feel her pulling his robe apart, her slender fingers wrapping around his cock. Based on her age, he had expected her to be rough and hurried, but found her touch soft and sensual, deliberate and intentional.

"Don't neglect your food," Rachel told him, as everyone at the table proceeded to dig into their lunches like nothing unusual was happening, even as he felt the girl's tongue starting to flick along his dick, a slow, measured drag from base to tip.

For the next several minutes, Max did his best to try and focus on his lunch as the girl's mouth enveloped his cock, pushing her head down onto it, aided by the high table height. She was exceptionally good at sucking dick, her mouth slipping back and forth along his shaft, all the sensations massively increased in effectiveness by his inability to see what she was up to.

There was something so surreal about feeling a woman's mouth suckling on his shaft while he was encouraged to do his best to eat lunch and continue a conversation about what kinds of trials and tribulations a food truck had.

While he was trying to carry on unabated, in the end, the girl was simply too skilled a cocksucker for him to be able to conceal her efforts even more, and eventually, he could feel himself racing towards an orgasm, despite how exhausted his body felt.

She placed her hands on his hips and thrust her mouth down until her lips were around the base of his dick, his balls wedged up against her chin, the tip of his shaft lodged in her throat when his body started to tremble and he spasmed inside of her, giving her a meager load of cum to swallow, as Jenny held his left hand and Rachel held his right, keeping him steadied.

Despite the fact that they'd let him sleep in this morning, he desperately wanted to go home, crawl into bed and sleep for another day straight, considering all the activity he'd been having for the last day. His body felt like he'd run a marathon, like he'd been going nonstop for days. He understood it

wasn't quite that bad, but his body wasn't accustomed to all this excitement, all these sexual engagements. Sooner or later, he was going to be very sore.

As the moment passed, he felt the girl's tongue swiping him clean, ensuring she didn't miss a drop of his jism before pulling his robe closed once more, tying it shut, before slowly crawling out from underneath the table, this time on his side of the table.

She moved to stand next to him, leaning down to press a kiss to his cheek. "I do so love older men," she purred at him. "My name's Kelly. I hope we'll be seeing a lot more of you around the Estate. You were... very *tasty*." She giggled a little bit, squeezing his shoulder, before walking away from the table, each step a little swaggery saunter towards the door.

"Guess she wanted dessert before lunch," Jenny offered with a laugh.

Dana Weismann – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 2:45 pm

"I have to admit, Kelly," Dana said to the former athlete, as they sat together in her office, enjoying a brandy. "I didn't see you being the first person to willingly take a load from our boy without getting it inside of you. Bravo for that. It's a bit of confidence I didn't anticipate you having the bluster to do it."

The 21-year old former volleyball player shrugged. "We can't all be up in this dude's business with only one goal, and you said we needed to sell the fantasy, so that's what I did." She smirked a little bit, shifting in her silk robe as she swirled the glass of brandy in her left hand. "He's certainly going to remember me, and hopefully the scar won't be a problem."

Dana shook her head a little bit. "I know that injury dramatically changed the course of your life, dear girl, but you shouldn't be so worried about it defining you. You're a beautiful young woman, bright and educated. I know you were hoping to make the Olympic team, but if you ask me, I think you deserve better than the typical path of an ex-athlete."

"Cheers to that," Kelly said, tipping her mostly empty glass towards Dana. "I know Blake's going to come at him guns blazing soon, and that girl doesn't strike me as one who knows how to gracefully take a no, so I figured I should get my name in the hat before she did. Besides, don't we have an entire army of new women showing up soon?"

Dana nodded. "7 pm tonight, ten more women get added to the pool. As if we didn't have enough stress going on in the poor boy's life already. I suppose Mrs. Churchill knows what she's doing, but it quite an epic amount of women to throw at one man all at once. The Estates will be quite busy tonight, so I hope Max enjoys having a light afternoon before the onslaught begins tonight."

"We can't keep him locked up here all the time," Kelly laughed. "At some point, he's going to want to go home."

"We've got a start in on him now, so we will just have to see how he reacts to having even more women fawning over him," she said with a smile. "Zoe seems to think she's got a decent enough handle on the second group to get them to at least pace themselves and not have them all attacking at once, but she did warn me that the place will feel a lot more crowded tonight. She also thought we should get at least one other man to come by, even if it's just for show."

"I could get my older brother Logan to stop by, give off the impression that Max isn't the only guy here, although I have to say, someone's gonna have to give him something if he's going to be surrounded by beautiful women all night and can't do anything."

"Oh, I'm sure someone can suck him off in the bathroom, at the very least," she said, waving her hand in Kelly's direction. "Make the call. We can't afford to slip up on the illusion now."

Part Seven

Mrs. Churchill – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 3:29 pm

“So what do you think of Adette Schwartz, Jacinda?” Mrs. Churchill asked her right hand woman. They'd been forced to call back all their screening team just a week or so after they'd dismissed them all, and luckily everyone had been able to carve an afternoon free to run the late addition through their standard battery of tests, to make sure that Dieter wasn't trying to push a dangerous candidate into the pool. It wasn't something they'd expected to have to do, but Mrs. Churchill had learned that any project this big was bound to have hiccups.

“I'm thinking I don't like late additions, boss,” Jacinda grumbled in agreement with Mrs. Churchill's unease. The two of them were watching on a video screen as the new girl, the 101st in the pool, was undergoing a thorough physical. Max's safety wasn't just something of high priority – it was the *top* priority, and they had an endless number of redundancies designed to make sure that for all 90 days this game was going on, Max was probably the safest man on the planet. “You didn't have the option of saying no?”

“I *did* have the option of saying no, but doing so would've been a *very* big ask without having a solid reason,” the older woman sighed. “I was halfway hoping we might find something in the screening process that would give us justifiable cause to reject her.”

“She's still got a handful more tests to go through, but right now, it's looking like there isn't much in the way of reasons we could say she's not a viable candidate. The blood work came back completely clean, and the initial psyche pass seemed okay. She seems like a normal 19-year-old German girl.” Jacinda had her tablet with her, and typed in a few notes into it, clearly updating her files. “Who the hell is she and why is she coming in past the wire?”

“She's the grand daughter of one of the sponsors of the streams, Dieter Schwartz, so I can't imagine the money is her real concern.” Mrs. Churchill leaned a little bit against the desk, picking up her bottle of water. “Dieter's a very powerful man, and I think he's genuinely bought into the whole 'power of the bloodline' bullshit that I know Monty was floating around last year, when he was drumming up support for this whole thing. He asked me to put her into the pool, and I couldn't think of a good reason to say no, not one he'd believe anyway. He's very cunning, so I imagine she will be as well. You talked to her for a bit. How did she strike you?”

“Her English is very good, which will help, although she seems a little too socialite to fall into our boy's normal types. Still, she's very pretty and that may be enough to help get her past that,” Jacinda said before laughing for a moment. “Of course, she's going in with Juliatt Group, so I can't even *imagine* what Max's mental state will be like by the time we get there. By that point, he's going to be overwhelmed by having so many goddamn women fighting for his attention that who the hell knows if he'll even notice yet another blonde or if she'll just blend into the background. And she's in the same group as Isabella, so that's only going to make things even worse for her.”

“Adette didn't flinch when I explained all the rules to her after she arrived, so she clearly knows what she's getting into,” Mrs. Churchill said. “I asked her why she wanted to get into this and she said it was important to her father, and to his father, and that it would give her the freedom to have her own life outside of the family, since there would be an heir being raised by the nanny while she actually did something productive with her life. Not how I'd want a mother to be, but I suppose with that much money, there isn't any danger of the child not being cared for properly, and there's nothing against it in Mr. Brand's will, so I guess we let it play and give the girl the benefit of the doubt.”

Jacinda nodded. “It's too late for us to have any good read on what she's going to do to the ones we've already got picked, so I think you probably made the right call if her grandfather is as much a pain in the ass as you say he is.”

“Oh, he definitely is,” she grumbled. “I've known Dieter a long time, and if he wants something and there isn't an *insanely* good reason why he can't have it, he'll rain down hellfire and chaos until he

gets his way. Remind me to tell you all about the pissing match he got into with the Chancellor when we were in Warsaw together. Bloody nightmare. Anyway, I've been busy dealing with this most of the day so I haven't had much of a chance to peek in on how our boy is doing. Is Dana's Ironwood Estates story holding up under scrutiny?"

Jacinda reached into her pocket and fished out a packet of cigarettes as they walked out onto the balcony, nodding as they closed the door behind them. "Incredibly, I think Max has completely taken the bait, hook, line and sinker. Between Zoe and Dana, they built themselves a good little legend and it seems like it's passed the initial smell test, although I think Max is a little curious why he hasn't seen any other guys on site yet. Esme made it clear to him that there would be at least a few men showing up in the evening, and they've convinced him to hang around at least until a little past sundown, so that'll give some of Bravo Group a chance to make a good first impression on him. They were even asking if maybe we could send Danny in as another member, just to get some more men into the scene, so it doesn't look quite so suspicious."

Mrs. Churchill frowned at Jacinda getting out cigarettes, then sighed and held her hand out to get one herself. They were just under too much stress to not get some decompression when they could. "I was going to say that I wanted to keep Danny in the shadows as much as possible, but that bastard's too good looking for his own good, so I suppose it won't hurt to send him and his insanely beautiful girlfriend in as cover. I'm certain Max saw them at his little trivia night last night, so tell Danny not to try and play it off. Even if Danny wasn't completely distracting, Liane stands out like a sore thumb. I mean, she's half way to seven foot *without* heels, and yet Danny doesn't mind her towering over him."

"When you've been trained to kill a man with a penny, I don't think you get intimidated by much," Jacinda said, lighting up her cigarette with a Zippo before holding the Zippo out to Mrs. Churchill. "You had to know there was zero chance that Max wasn't going to notice him over the course of the three months."

"Sure, over the course of *three months*, but now we're putting him front and center, so there's no chance of him sliding into the background any more," Mrs. Churchill said, taking a long drag from her cigarette. After a moment or so, she started piping out rings of smoke into the air before shooting a thin stream right up the center of them. "I guess it can't be helped. Let Danny take his Amazonian girlfriend over to the club. He knows better than to knock anybody up, and Liane being there will help sell it, since she'll be able to play with the girls a little bit."

"She knows all about the game?"

"Danny asked me if he could tell her, and considering the situation he's in, I told him that he alone could have an exception, and tell *just* her, so that she didn't get jealous," Mrs. Churchill said, tapping the ash from her cigarette out on the railing. "Anything that prevents him from getting distracted is for the best, and while Liane is quite the looker, she strikes me as the kind who might have a jealous streak wide enough to drive a lorry through."

"She's hot enough to get away with it."

"That she is, my dear. That she is."

"So it's okay to let Danny go into the club?"

"Fuck it. Sure. It'll let him be around a lot, and maybe him and Max can strike up a friendship. It wouldn't hurt to have another man on the inside, considering how fucking unreliable Frankie is."

"Well, Frankie did deliver him like he was supposed to."

"That's *all* he did," Mrs. Churchill said, rolling her eyes. "And Max is at trivia night nine times out of ten anyway, so the shit heel needs to start pulling his weight soon. How's the conversation going among the Bravo Group? They figured out some sort of plan so they aren't all hitting Max up at the same time? Alfa managed it well enough, but you said that Bravo wasn't quite as clear headed."

"No, I said a *few* members of Bravo Group might be a problem," Jacinda said before taking a drag off her own cigarette. "But anyone who was going to be very problematic I tried to keep towards the latter groups. The first few waves don't have anyone completely off the rails. Isabella's in the last

group for a billion reasons. Mostly I think Bravo's going to play ball with Zoe's plan, though, so we don't need to be too worried about them, except maybe Anya, Song or Olivia, all for different reasons.”

“Remind me of the reasons again. I'm like a twisted version of Cruella DaVille here, with 101 Bachelorettes instead of dalmatians.”

“That and you aren't trying to make a coat out of them,” she said with a chuckle. “So, Song we just have to worry about someone in paparazzi catching photos of her, but thankfully, she's a long way from home, and I don't think the ratpress around here keeps up with South Korean dramas much. If she was back home, it'd be a nightmare, but over here, she can just disappear at will.”

“I remember saying something similar. Go on.”

“Anya's self-centered enough that she might just not give a shit about the rules and decide to go rogue on us,” Jacinda said, taking another slow draw off her cigarette. “I don't think it's likely, but it's a possibility. It's also possible that she might say something to screw up the legend of Ironwood Estates, being that English isn't her first language. Again, I don't think it's likely, but it's definitely a risk.”

“Let's hope our little Russian ice princess knows to keep her mouth shut most of the time, then,” Mrs. Churchill said, dusting ash off the end of her cigarette again. “At least when it's not wrapped around our boy's cock. What's Olivia's problem?”

“Olivia is an alpha bitch who doesn't always play nice with others,” Jacinda groaned. “She likes to be in total control of every situation she finds herself in, and if she isn't, she's probably thinking of ways to get herself *into* total control. That's not exactly going to work here, as I'm sure you know. It's even crazier since she doesn't even *want* to stay with Max. But she doesn't know Zoe, so therefore she doesn't trust Zoe, and that's got her all paranoid about shit. I'm hoping she calms her tits before she meets up with Max, but you know how TV people can get.”

“Be thankful she's just an exec and not on-air 'talent,' such as it is,” Mrs. Churchill said, stubbing out the very end of her cigarette on the railing. She'd smoked it almost down to the filter. “Nasty habit. I'm going to give it up again once we're through this, but until we are, I have a feeling I'm likely going to have to have a few a day, so go ahead and put your cigarettes into the expense budget while we're on The Brand Project.”

Jacinda nodded, as if she'd been expected such a suggestion. “We should get in there and bet on who's going to be first out of the Bravo Group.”

“Who's your money on?”

Her right hand woman smirked, rolling her eyes. “If I tell you, I'm probably just splitting my own pot, because you're gonna go for whoever I will since I won the last bet about who he'd fuck first.” She stubbed out her own cigarette then tossed her butt into the trash along with Mrs. Churchill's.

“I promise not to bet on whoever you're betting on, Jac.”

“Then my money's on LaTonya. Girl wants to get in, get knocked up and get out, and I think she'll make a hard play for him quick.”

“Oh good,” the older woman said with amusement. “I wasn't planning on betting on her anyway, so I don't have to change my vote.”

“Why?” Jacinda asked, opening the door. “Who's your money on?”

“Zelda.”

Jacinda stopped for half a second, craning her head to one side. “Zelda? *REALLY?*”

Dana Weismann – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 5:13 pm

Just after lunch, Dana had hit on an excellent idea to get Max to spend a sizable amount of time more at the Ironwood Estates, and the idea had let her keep him around the building long after their lunch had ended.

While Max's food truck generally had regular locations for most days of the week, Thursdays were their 'wild card' day, mostly because it was the day where Max was trying out all sorts of new recipes for the first time, and that day they were always at their loosest and least refined. While

sometimes recipes were a smash hit right out of the gate, they were often in need of adjustment and fine tuning, so by the time Friday rolled around, he knew exactly what he was up to.

What if, Dana had posited to him, she booked the truck to be parked at the Ironwood Estates every Thursday, so he could tinker with a bit more freedom? He'd countered that there wouldn't be enough traffic for him to get any real read on whether or not his recipes were working, but Dana had in turn responded that she had work crews all over the nearby area doing constructions and renovations for her, and that every Thursday, she could simply email them a copy of Max's menu for the day, and they would place orders that would be relayed to them from the truck. She could also mandate they filled out a response post meal on what they did and didn't like about the item.

Dana had gone out of her way to make the offer as appealing as possible, guaranteeing a minimum amount of sales every Thursday that exceeded his normal average by a good margin. When she'd just been pitching it as serving the club, he'd been very cool on the idea, but when she mentioned the delivery service idea, he had seemed to come around relatively quickly, as it upped the amount of business by quite the margin.

They'd spent the afternoon going through the details of it, making sure that there would be profit in it for him without much in the way of risk. And, to make the entire thing a real sweetheart deal, she'd also pointed out that if this worked out well, she wouldn't mind helping him secure a more permanent location to open a restaurant in the Bay again.

The last point had been a rather empty promise, but Max didn't need to know that. Oh, she would gladly invest in helping the man open a more permanent location, but by that time, the game was up, and Max would know everything. He'd also have more than enough money to not need outside investors. So while she made the promise with every intention of living up to it, she didn't expect he would want her help after all was said and done.

Hell, he might still be exceptionally cross at her over her part in the game.

Rachel had excused herself partway through it, telling Max she'd see him later, but Jenny had made it a point to stay with him, cementing herself in the place of tour guide, but also giving her a front runner spot for whom Max might consider staying with after the game had concluded. Dana had no interest in that, so was happy enough to let the undercover cop continue with her gambit.

"All of this sounds great, Max," Dana said, as they were finalizing details. "It'll be nice to have an actual chef on site for a day, and everyone else's Thursday is our Friday, so the club is generally fairly busy on those days. And if you need a hand with things, there's usually a submissive or two on site who would love for you to order them around."

"You have *no* idea how *weird* that sounds to me, Dana, but you're offering a pretty substantial guarantee on income here, even on my experimental days, so I guess I'd be a fool to turn it down," Max told her. "I'll want to see all of it in writing, obviously, but based on what we've discussed, it all sounds excellent. Assuming you can have a contract for me tomorrow, I'd be happy to start this Thursday."

"Excellent," Dana said. She'd just guaranteed one day a week where Max would mostly be at the Ironwood Estates, for the next three months. They'd have him somewhere they could keep their eye on him. Of course, most of the time he'd be working, but they could control who he was exposed to far better here, and the girls could all try to catch his eye in any spare moment he had.

She'd done her homework, and as much as Max loved to project the image of constantly being busy while at the food truck, there were definite slow periods, and since he wouldn't be moving the truck between the lunch and dinner shift, he could spend that time knocking girls up, no matter what Dana had to do to get him into that head space. She would also use the girls to get supplies for him, help deliver, anything she could to keep him as idle as possible, surrounded by an endless parade of beautiful, wanton, willing, eager women, most of whom would be dressed as scantily as possible.

"Look, Max, why don't you take a nap in one of the bedrooms, and then I can wake you up when people start to show up to the club here in the evening?"

"Dana, I dunno..."

"Nonsense, dear boy," she said with a matronly smile, despite being significantly younger than him. It was a smile she had a great deal of practice with. "You can have a lovely nap, and I can get a contract hammered out and delivered here before you're done having fun for the night."

"You have a lawyer who's working right now?"

"For me, darling, they're *always* working."

"C'mon Max," Jenny said to him, snuggling up to one side of him. "You *really* should see this place in the evening, when it starts to really get popping."

"Getting blown under the table while I'm having lunch isn't popping?" he asked.

"Amateur hour," Dana sniffed with amusement. "Don't get me wrong. I'm sure Kelly was a delicious little snack for you, but she's got much more to offer you later, if you'll let her. And in the evening, everyone feels a lot more comfortable with themselves, so we get a much bigger turnout. People have gotten off work and want to let off some steam. You know how the normies are."

"I'm not sure..."

"And if it makes you feel any better, I know for certain that you won't be the only man in the house tonight. At least a couple of our regulars will be swinging by, and you can get a much better sense of how the club functions on any given evening," she said, placing her soft hand over his calloused one, giving it a tiny squeeze. "You simply must do me this courtesy, Max. I won't hear of you leaving early, especially considering how tired you look."

Max seemed to consider this for a long moment, and then she could see the resistance die behind his eyes in an instant. "You *promise* me I can have a couple hours nap, undisturbed?"

"Cross my heart, Max," she said, drawing an X over her breast. "You can lock the door from the inside, and no one will come in until you awaken."

"Hopefully I can sleep with you?" Jenny asked.

"As long as we're *only* sleeping, Jenny," Max grumbled. "I never thought I'd complain about too much sex in my life, but right now, I need to rest. I mean *rest* rest. Like REALLY rest."

The strawberry blonde giggled a little, holding her right hand up like making a vow. "Scout's honor, we'll just be sleeping."

"Then I guess we'll go nab a two hour nap, and I'll see you later tonight for the contract signing and to see what the Estate looks like at night."

"Delightful," Dana said, leading them up to one of the bedrooms. "The doors lock from the inside, and I'll be by a little after seven to wake you and introduce you to who's around at the time, although I would imagine we'll be seeing people come and go all evening."

"I'm not staying past midnight, Dana," Max said sternly, stepping into the bedroom with Jenny. "Nothing you can possibly do can convince me to stay past midnight. I want to get a good, long night's sleep in my own bed tonight."

"Of course, Max," Dana said. "Sleep tight."

Like *hell* she was going to let him out of here by midnight, she thought to herself, as she walked down towards her office, hearing Max close and lock the door behind them.

Zoe Hitchens – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 6:15 pm

"So what did you think of him Michelle?" Zoe asked her new temporary roommate. "Had yourself a good time, I hope?"

"Y'all certainly know how to make sure a gal's head is spinnin'," she laughed. "I feel like I got rode hard and put away wet, and damn if I didn't wake up a bit sore, but in a good way. Did you get a swing at him at the club, Rach?"

Rachel shook her head. "Not yet, but I'm in as a member of Ironwood Estates, and I'll be at my most fertile next week, so I'll have my first go at him then."

"In the middle of all the chaos?" Zoe said in surprise. "Good luck with that. This time next week, it's going to be you and at least fifty other bitches all fighting for a moment of the man's

attention. Unlucky cycle timing for you, I guess.”

“That much time will also have taken a bit of Frankie's stink off of me.”

“Oh god, that's right!” Zoe cackled. “How was he? That bad?”

“He was *fine*,” Rachel sighed, a mildly amused look on her face. “Not *good* but *fine*. He wore a condom, he didn't want anything freaky and he lasted long enough, which is more than I can say for some men I've been with over the years. He was a six, for better or worse. Unremarkable, mostly. How did you find your time with Max?”

“Oh he was a peach, y'all know that,” Michelle said. “Although I gotta admit Jenny and Zoe talkin' me up made it that much hotter. What about you, Zoe? You have a good time with him this morning?”

“He was basically still out like a light this morning when I started riding him. Seemed a shame to let that nice big morning wood go to waste, so he woke up when I'd been atop him for a couple of minutes, and while he didn't last too long, he's got a nice cock and he knows how to make a girl feel good, so I'd say I had a nice time. I got third blast, thought, which means I probably got the weakest load, but sometimes you take what you can get.”

“You looking to make a play for the big money?” Michelle asked her.

“Nah,” Zoe said. “I mean, that much money would be a wonderful thing for anyone's life, but I'm well established in DC, and I'm sticking to the reasons I got into this originally – to get a kid, to get a bit of money to help pay for it and to get out. You?”

“Fuck and run,” Michelle laughed. “It's good enough for Liz Phair, it's good enough for me. How about you Rachel?”

“I'm likely with both of you. I think going for the big prize has too many risks and complications involved in it,” Rachel sighed. “I mean, how is Max ever going to trust some woman who agreed to share him with 99 other women and lied about it to his face for three months?”

“You have to, though,” Zoe said, sitting at her desk, tapping a fingertip on her laptop's trackpad to shake it from sleep mode. “That's part of the game. He's going to get that at the end, don't you think?”

“I really don't know, Zoe. Relationships are complicated things, and the more interconnected strands one has, the more a ripple effect is caused by tugging on one of them. If Max shows a keen interest in forming a deeper emotional connection with me, I'm certainly not going to say no, but with so many women fighting for a moment of his time, I think getting a lasting bond with any of us is going to be a challenge of truly epic proportions. Jenny certainly seems to making a go of it, though.”

Zoe nodded. “She told me just before you three left earlier, when Max was in the bathroom, that she didn't think she was going to want to stick around at first, but that she might be changing her mind, since Max seemed like such a nice guy.”

“A nice guy who's gonna be the father of a whole lot of kids,” Michelle giggled. “Most of whom he'll never meet.”

“Yeah, well, for some people that may not be a dealbreaker,” Rachel said, kicking off her boots as she sat down on the couch. “But I can give him a few days before he needs to see me again, either way. How's the Bravo Group looking, Zoe? I know you've been trying to get them up to speed with the whole story we've spun Max on.”

“Most of them seem like they'll be on board. I think about half of them are going up to Ironwood tonight, while the other half don't want to get lost in the mad rush upfront and are going to approach a little later.”

“They can't wait too long,” Michelle said. “There's a whole shit ton more of them coming day by day by day...”

“Well, we do each get our 90 days window, so if some people want to get less chances at it, that's their concern, not mine, as long as we make our numbers,” Zoe said. “And Bravo Group has someone like me, who's got her eye on the bottom line, and will be watching to make sure we're getting

enough women into the rotation so that Max makes his minimum quota, at the very least. But LaTonya wants to make sure he gets into the much higher numbers rather than settling for the bare minimum. She seems to think the 50-60 range is entirely doable. Hell, I think if she'd been in charge, she'd have just kidnapped him, strapped him down and let all the women take turns riding him until he'd knocked up every damn one of them." She chuckled, shaking her head. "But Mrs. Churchill's around to make sure the rules are stuck to, and that Max doesn't drop dead from exertion, which I think might be a legitimate concern."

"Does Dana have some sort of plan to get him into a handful of women tonight?"

"Apparently she made sure he already had a go at Cara..."

"The tourist? The one who didn't want to see Max at all? How'd she make that happen?"

"Tied her up and left a note on her that said 'this is what I want' and Jenny and Esme sort of talked him through the whole thing. I was watching it when you were out grabbing lunch, Michelle, and oh god, was it H-O-T..."

"Shit, that's right!" Michelle said, standing up from her place on the couch. "I forgot we can watch when we're not with Max! What's he up to right now?"

Zoe waved a hand at her to calm the girl down. "He's napping up there at the Estates, along with Jenny. Dana thought him getting a few hours rest would make it easier to keep him around the Estates for the rest of the evening. She even shot me a note saying she's enlisted Max's food truck to be up at the Estates every Thursday for the next three months, so that should definitely open up some additional availability in his schedule in terms of getting him to put buns in ovens."

"That'll definitely help," Rachel said. "I still wonder how we're going to get him past his breaking point, though. And just how far away it really is. We've turned a man who hadn't had sex in years into one of the most popular men ever. At some point, and some point *soon*, we're going to start to see some pushback from him, because nobody gets this many beautiful women climbing into his bed without suspecting something is up."

"Anyone in particular who's going to be trouble in Bravo Group?" Michelle asked.

"Not entirely sure," Zoe responded. "Some of the women aren't being very responsive on the message board, so it's tough to get a good read on them."

"Let's get some dinner, then we can come back and watch when things get popping after Bravo's been given the greenlight," Rachel said.

The three headed to the door, Zoe pausing to look back at the screen which still showed Max and Jenny's sleeping forms on it via the camera uplink. "God help you, sir."

Part Eight

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 7:04 pm

It was just a few minutes after seven when Max woke up from his nap, Jenny still curled up alongside of him, her arm draped over his side, both of his hands snuggled beneath the pillow under his head. Despite the fact that he'd slept, he didn't feel all that rested.

The number of people he'd encountered in the last day was almost unbelievable. Sure, he had loads of people coming to the truck when he was working, but the point of contact with those people was so brief, so sudden and so shallow, and it wasn't deep and meaningful.

It bothered him a little bit how much his sexual life was starting to feel like yet another service transaction, and the lack of deeper connection was so unlike him. Over the last day, he didn't even recognize who he was.

As scary and weird as it was, he also couldn't help but admit that it was a bit liberating, to get some physical gratification without deeper emotional connections, to indulge the part of his life that he never really spent much time with.

It wasn't as though Max had set about his life looking to spend it solo, but after a handful of truly bad breakups, he'd just stopped making the effort to try and connect with new people and had doubled down on his work. Meeting women was much easier when he was younger, and was constantly out and about engaged in social activities with loads of downtime, but the last several years especially, he'd been all about the work life, trying to get himself back on track with where he felt like his life was supposed to be, and that left so little time for meeting people.

His physical releases had settled down into a rhythm of twice-a-week masturbation sessions and not a whole lot else, but now he'd gone from a thirsty man in a desert to a drowning man in an ocean, and it was giving him sexual whiplash.

Somewhere in the middle had to be a balance he could learn to live with, but for the time being, it seemed like trying to put the brakes on things was a futile endeavor, like Wile E. Coyote trying to put his feet down to slow things up and only burning his legs off.

Max realized he was going to be off balance for a while, but he remembered back when he was first trying to learn how to drive on snow and ice, for a trip up to Lake Tahoe where he'd first learned how to snowboard. 'If you feel your vehicle starting to skid,' he'd been told, 'turn *into* the skid, and it will help you course correct.' It was such a counter-intuitive lesson, but one he'd found of great use, not only then but at other times in his life.

That was what he was going to have to do here.

He was going to have to turn into the skid.

Max decided that if he leaned into the lifestyle a little bit, he could regain some of his control in terms of the direction, while he was trying to figure out a way to reduce the momentum. So far, nobody had asked him to do anything he was completely uncomfortable with sexually, and that had to be a good start for him. When someone asked him to do something that went too far, he felt sure he could tell them no, although he wasn't entirely sure what 'too far' really was in this context. Drinking blood or something, he suspected.

He was also smart enough to recognize that whatever else was going on, the club was trying to move the goalposts on him. He'd done the same thing when trying to get people to eat spicy food. When Frankie had complained that one of Max's recipes was too spicy, Max had started Frankie on a low level spice dish and steadily introducing him to newer and slightly spicier things. Within a month, Frankie had come back to the same dish and had accused Max of reducing the heat, to Max's amusement, as the dish hadn't changed at all.

The club was doing that to him, just in terms of his sexual mores. The idea of having sex with someone he never spoke with? That might've been a dealbreaker if he hadn't just come from having sex with three different women the night before, but the club was cultivating a more relaxed attitude within him, something he was going to have to keep a close eye on, to make sure that it didn't get too out of hand, because he didn't want to show up to the club one day and think that human sacrifice was just another thing to give a try to.

Cults and adventures were a fine line apart.

He slipped out of bed without waking Jenny, grabbed his cell phone from the nightstand and stepped out onto the balcony, closing the door behind him. The balcony faced away from the house, so he couldn't see into the back yard or the front, although he could hear the sounds of people hanging out at the pool. The sun was almost entirely hidden behind the hills at this point, only the most marginal sliver of orange light peeking over the top of them. He tapped his phone to wake it, then called Frankie. His friend answered almost immediately.

"How's the sex club?"

"Jesus, Frankie," Max sighed. "What the hell have I gotten myself into?"

"Bitch, I don't want to hear a single word of complaint from you. You've got gorgeous women throwing themselves at you left and right, so whatever problems you *think* you have, they aren't real problems and you can forget about them."

“My *problem* Frankie is that I've got *too many* gorgeous women throwing themselves at me!”

“Max. MAX. Fucking listen to yourself, man,” Frankie laughed. “Do you realize, do you have any idea how fucking *stupid* you sound right now? There's no such *thing* as too many beautiful women, okay? Not unless you're gay, and based on the noises I heard from Michelle last night, I don't think that's possible. If you are, it's okay, and you can tell me, man.”

“No, Frankie, I'm not gay! What I am is confused! What I *am* is off balance! What I am is suspecting this whole thing is some sort of con job!”

The laughing on the other end of the phone made him feel a little silly. “Okay Max, tell me how the con works.”

That gave him pause. “I don't know, Frankie!”

“Has anybody asked you for money?”

“No! Nobody's asked me for money!”

“Shit, do you even *have* that much money, Max?”

“Everything I have that isn't tied up in the truck is in the savings account that I can only access every six months, specifically so I just put money in it until I can afford a new restaurant, and you know that.”

“I know *I* know that, but I'm asking if *you* remember that. So you don't have any money they could steal, you don't work for anyone they could steal something from, the food truck's not worth much without you cooking and designing the recipes for it, so lemme ask you again – what the hell do you think anyone would want to con you for? You buy the winning Powerball ticket and not tell me about it?”

“You know that ticket was bought in West Virginia, and I've never even been to West Virginia,” Max sighed. “Look, I'm just trying to make it make *sense* to me, Frankie. When I showed up to this sex club, there were only women here, and that just feels strange. I'd have expected a balance of men and women, but instead it's just been women, women, women...”

“You been there all day?”

“Well, I just woke up from a nap. I agreed to crash for a few hours and to see if the atmosphere would be any different tonight.”

“And?”

“And what?”

“And... is it?” Frankie asked him.

Max hesitated. “I don't know, man. Like I said, I just woke up and called you.”

“Then maybe go take a look at what the place is like at night and see if it's any different,” Frankie chuckled. “And see what it would take to get me a membership as well. I know Jenny said she could probably get me one, but I needed to see Mom and Dad today, so I couldn't come up with you.”

“Frankie, I'm pretty sure I can get you a membership to this place, if all your partners would be cool with it.”

“Hell, Marianne would probably want to get one herself. She's really into the idea of people watching us have sex, so a club where we could make that happen any time we wanted? That sounds amazing. I can convince Carly and Jessica to be okay with it, I bet.”

“You want to come up here now and see the place for yourself?”

“I'm stuck here for the rest of the night, but maybe I'll come up tomorrow or something and you can show me around.”

“I'm not going to be here tomorrow, Frankie,” Max insisted.

“Why the hell not?” his friend laughed. “You've got a membership to a private sex club, so maybe you should indulge for a while.”

“I've fucked four different women in the last twenty-four hours and been blown by a fifth, so I'd say I've done a shitload of indulging today! Shit, I've done more indulging today than I have in the last few years!”

“Consider it all making up for lost time then,” Frankie said. “The average person has sex about once every two weeks, so you're probably still dozens and dozens of fucks away from even approaching getting what you're back owed.”

“Where the hell did you get that number? Just pull it out of your ass?”

“I read it in some article online.”

“Yes, and everything you read on the internet is true,” Max sighed. “There's a well-known quote of Abraham Lincoln telling us so.”

“All I'm saying, Max, is that you're entitled to have as much sexual fun as you can handle without feeling guilty, especially since you're making it sound like nobody's bothered by it. You're not in a relationship with anyone, so what's the fucking problem?”

“The problem is... It's...” Max struggled to articulate what was bothering him. “I'm not even sure what the problem *is*, Frankie, but it's fucking *weird*, all these people I don't know wanting to have sex with me! I'm no Abercrombie & Fitch model! I'm no dude from porn! I'm not even rich! Something strange is going on, I'm fucking sure of it!”

“Right, sure, something strange. But what's it costing you right now, other than your stamina? They don't want money, they don't want government secrets... shit, has anyone asked you for *anything* other than to fuck them?”

Max paused for a long moment, and eventually Frankie just continued.

“See? That's what I thought! This is just the pessimist side of you, trying to project failure onto success so you don't feel let down by whatever the reality is. Wake up! This *is* the reality, and as it stands right now, my best friend, the one who bitches to me all the time about how he never gets hit on by pretty girls, is getting hit on by pretty girls! And is bitching about it! Are you never satisfied, sir?”

Max smirked a little bit, shaking his head. “Okay. Okay. Heard and understood. I'll give it another day and see how I feel about it tomorrow. I mean, the flood's gotta run out sooner or later.”

“Well, don't do anything to try and stop it. You, like the rest of northern California, have been in a drought for years, so let nature begin to heal, will ya? If you want, maybe pick one or two women to go after yourself and see if they say no. I'm sure there's going to be at least a couple that'll give you a pass, if you desperately feel like you need to be brought back down to earth...”

“It sounds like Jenny's up, so I'm gonna go see what the place looks like now that the evening crowd is starting to roll in.” He drew in a deep breath and then let it out. “Thanks for letting me vent a bit, Frankie. I know it all sounds crazy, but whatever's happening, I'm super not used to it, and I just needed to talk it out with someone for a little while.”

“Go forth, live your life, have *all* the sex to make up for your years of solitude. It's like D.L. Hughley says, 'Save a life. Fuck a weirdo.' You'll be fine, Max. Just enjoy it all and stop thinking so fucking much. Be more like me, even if it's just for a little while.”

“You mean fuck anything that says yes and not give anything a second thought?”

“I'm sorry, were you saying something?” Frankie teased. “I couldn't hear you over the sound of my own shallowness.”

“Fine fine fine. I'll go with the flow.”

“There you go. Now get out there, and fuck it 'til you make it.”

Danny Garney – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 7:04 pm

Lord, Danny thought to himself as he and Liane rode up to the Ironwood Estates building on his motorcycle, Mrs. Churchill has gotten us into some weird shit before, but nothing even close to as crazy as this. He couldn't decide if he felt sorry for Max or envied him. Probably both.

“So this guy really doesn't know anything about what's happening to him?” his girlfriend Liane asked him over the radio in their helmets. She was sitting on the bike behind him, her long arms wrapped around his waist tightly.

“No, and remember, no talking about it either once we're inside. The women asked us to be

around so that there would be more dudes on site, and while we're going to mix and mingle like it was any other party, there's probably gonna be loads of weird sex shit going on all around us, but we won't get involved. I told you when we hooked up I'm not disloyal, and I'm gonna stay that way.”

Danny felt like he'd come a long way since Mrs. Churchill found him in physical therapy some four years ago. Both of his legs had been blown off just below the knee by a landmine, and while he'd gotten fitted with prosthetics and learned how to walk again, he'd still been something of a mess. The injuries had cut short his military career in a heartbeat, and if there was one thing Danny could admit to himself, he was something of an adrenaline junkie. All of that had seemed so impossible as he'd been forced to relearn basic movements, but Mrs. Churchill had offered him a constantly changing environment, one where he'd never know exactly what he'd be doing on any given day.

He'd been in a dark place when she met him, but Mrs. Churchill had taken on her pseudonym for a reason – like Winston Churchill, she never ever ever ever gave up, and she saw potential in him that would carry him through the rest of his life. And the first day Mrs. Churchill came to talk to him, he'd also bumped into another disabled veteran who'd lost his legs at therapy. The guy had an indomitable positive attitude and Danny had asked him how he kept it up. He'd never forget what the guy had told him. “You kidding me, buddy? I came in here 5'8” and I'm walking out of here 6'2”.”

That, Danny realized, was fucking perspective.

A week later, he'd agreed to go work for Mrs. Churchill and it had been a great three years. The drifting life had made it hard to establish any real relationships but Mrs. Churchill's team had actually been working out of the Bay Area for almost a year now, the gag before this one having involved generating hype for a Silicon Valley start up that didn't have a working product yet. Immediately after that one had wrapped, they'd begun work on this one. That had let him cultivate a real relationship with Liane, and it had been going so well, he was actually starting to consider proposing.

Liane had been a YouTuber with a channel dedicated to travel videos, as she made it a point to spend every other week visiting some place she'd never been, and that meant she was always happy to see Danny whenever she was back around in town, and it was the perfect mesh of time apart and time together.

She was the first woman he'd ever dated who was taller than him – he was 6'4” after the prosthetics had been put on, and she still had a few inches on him before she put on her heels – and he liked the feeling. He'd even taken her home to meet the folks, and when he'd started this particular gag – they called the jobs Mrs. Churchill put on 'gags' for reasons he still didn't full understand – he'd asked her if he could tell Liane about it, and Mrs. Churchill had agreed as long as Liane kept it quiet.

“As long as she's not making YouTube videos about it, she'll give you good cover, so that's fine,” he remembered her saying.

Liane had been dumbstruck by the whole tale, and then could not stop laughing, for what felt like hours on end. So he'd brought her along to the pub trivia night where the first batch of girls was scheduled to make contact, and while she'd definitely stood out, Max's attention had been so distracted, he'd probably forgotten all about the two of them.

Danny had spent much of the day hanging out *near* the Ironwood Estates building, but one of the women had reached out to invite him inside of the building, saying having more men on site would give the whole thing a bit more normalcy, and so he'd left Max alone at the house for a few hours while doubling back to pick up Liane, the two of them changing into clothes more befitting a sex club, i.e. looser and more accessible. He'd also picked up one of the IWE keychains from Sunshine White, so he had everything he needed to fit in.

On the ride over, he and Liane had agreed that a look/touch yes, taste/fuck no policy would be the best while they were there, and both had agreed to try and keep their jealousies in check. Liane had suggested they portray themselves as voyeurs, people who were exclusive to each other but enjoyed watching, but had also made a point that they could both paw at other people a little bit while they were there to sell the story better.

They'd also agreed that their cover would basically be themselves, with Danny saying he was a private military contractor, but saying he was currently between gigs instead of on the job, whereas Liane's long history of YouTube content would give their story some depth, something Max could look into and find a long foundation that wouldn't shake. Danny had even gone on a few vacations with Liane over their nearly year-long relationship, so it would sell his story even harder.

He rolled the bike over to the side, shifting it onto the grass of the front yard except for the kickstand, which he leaned on a small paving stone, so the bike didn't fall over and sink into the grass. He wanted to leave as much space for cars as he could, knowing that there would be a bevy of women showing up over the next few hours, a handful having already arrived.

Danny slid his arm around his Asian Amazonian girlfriend's waist as they headed to the front door of the house, Esme meeting them there, ushering them in and to the checkin stand. "Hey Danny," Esme said to him, having been told who he was and his place on Mrs. Churchill's team. "It's good having you here, keeping tabs on everyone," she said with a smile. "Most of the girls have seemed fine so far, but a couple of the newest ones sound kind of cutthroat. Max should be down from his nap soon, I hope, and then we'll see if anyone rushes him right away. I hope not."

"He seemed on edge yet?"

"Not yet," she told him, hanging up the keys to his motorcycle on one of the hooks. "But it's early."

"Good," Danny told her. "It'll get to him in fits and spurts but if he's holding now, that's a good sign. We'll see how he is by the end of the week. Anyway, it cool if we go hang by the pool?"

Esme shrugged. "Do whatever you want to do, Danny. Whatever you think lets you blend in best. We've got TVs on in the lounge, and some of the girls are there, while others are at the pool."

"How many other men on site?"

"Other than Max? Just one. Kelly's older brother Logan is hanging around in the lounge, and the girls are trying to strike a good balance between showing him some interest and not leading him on too far. That's why we wanted you here as well."

"Yeah, okay. We'll be at the pool, and if someone could bring me a green tea, that'd be great. You want anything, babe?"

"Two green teas would be great," Liane said, smiling as she shook Esme's hand. She leaned in to whispering, "What you're all doing is so brave and cool."

Esme smiled and drew her hand back, hearing the sound of a door opening upstairs. "Great, I'll bring that out to you in just a little bit." She mouthed the words "Max is up" at them, pointing to the ceiling, as she turned to head into the kitchen, while Danny and Liane headed towards the pool.

"She's cute," Liane said to him as they walked through the lounge and towards the pool.

"They're *all* cute," he replied. "That's the point." He took a glance at Logan Coleman, sizing the guy up in a flash. He was practically a cardboard cutout of a California stereotype – giant mop of blonde unkempt curly hair, half draped Hawaiian shirt and oversized cargo shorts that were bound around his waist by a belt that was strapped on tightly. He had a five o'clock shadow, something the guy, who probably was only a year or two older than his sister, carefully cultivated to give him just the slightest hint of bad boy edge, amplified by all the tattoos the guy had on his arms and chest, including three lines of text just below his collarbone that said "Tomorrow is only a late today." Danny had no idea what the guy thought he was conveying with that, but it seemed awful. The kid had a face that looked extremely punchable, and he was watching some stupid sitcom on one of the televisions, a few girls lingering around the couches. He spotted Dana on one, a laptop on the end table, her constantly typing something into it, and Janet Flowers on another, wringing her hands together nervously.

As they started to walk past the couches, Danny stopped for a second, leaning in to whisper to Janet. "You need to relax," he told her. "If he sees you looking so worked up, he's gonna know something is up. Have a drink, stretch your legs and try to get out of your own head, otherwise you're gonna send up red flags left and right, okay?"

She smiled nervously up at them and nodded. "You're right. Sorry. Thank you."

Danny and Liane walked past and out to the pool, where there were more girls lounging around on deck chairs, a couple of them swimming in the pool, a speaker playing jazz music, Charlie Parker Danny thought. He identified the girls in the pool as Diane Wilson and Yael Getschmann, with Blake Brown, Kelly Coleman and Song Min-a resting on deck chairs.

"You know, for a sex club," Liane whispered to him as they moved to sit down on a hanging wooden swing bench, "there aren't a whole lot of people having sex here." As soon as they were settled, she moved to slide her ass into his lap. "We should try and give off the right impression."

"Whatever you want, babe," he told her, as she slinked out of her leather jacket, letting it fall onto the bench behind her. She was dressed in navy capri pants and a scarlet spaghetti strap top, where as Danny had worn a grey button up shirt and black slacks, as well as his black leather motorcycle jacket. She leaned in to kiss him hard, and used a thumb to pull one spaghetti strap off one shoulder, then the other one, sliding her top down to her waist, exposing her perky B cup tits to the cool air, grabbing his hands, placing them on them as they made out like a couple of teenagers, while some of the women looked on.

'And I'm getting paid for this,' Danny thought to himself with a grin.

Jenny Westinghouse – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 7:28 pm

Jenny had done her best to nap, at least a little, but she couldn't find a way to stay asleep for more than a few minutes. It was strange, but when she first heard about this whole game, she hadn't had any interest in settling down and attaching herself to Max's hip, but he'd been so lovely so far, so kind and gentle and so not what she'd thought he'd be like in reading about him.

Max was supposed to be just another mark, another person she was playing a character for, no different than the criminals she'd dealt with on a daily basis ever since she'd gotten into undercover work. It was supposed to be transactional, a guy she spent a few months with, got a kid from and got out and away from.

The last damn thing she was supposed to was catch fucking *feelings* for the mark.

But he was just so goddamn *nice*.

They were throwing woman after woman at him, and yet, he was doing everything he could to check in on all the feelings of everyone involved. He wasn't a pump-and-dump chump, and he certainly wasn't a love-them-and-leave-them man like she'd seen a lot of over the years. Cops in UC work were notoriously fickle in their non-work lives and had so many challenges in managing relationships, but she'd really tried the last few times, and each time the relationship had gone down in a massive flames, in a trainwreck of epic proportions.

And yet, this damn guy wasn't even *trying* to abuse all the options they were giving him. They'd introduced him to a house where he could fuck anything he saw, and they were still practically having to shove women into his lap. It wasn't that he wasn't attracted to any of the women. It was that he was trying to be kind to them, and be sure that they wanted the sexual encounter with him.

Now he'd had a nap, he'd recharged his energy and they were about to throw an entire army of new pussy at him, and she didn't expect him to flinch even a little. When he'd tried to quietly sneak out onto the balcony, she'd been able to move over towards the door enough to listen in on his conversation, and while she couldn't hear the other end of the line, it was nice to hear that he wasn't quite as invincible as he had been putting forth. Of *course* he was having doubts and second thoughts, but she could tell from the way he was talking that Frankie was on the other end, giving him the courage to open up, to embrace the adventure and go forward with some energy.

During the time when she was supposed to be pretending to nap, she'd heard people coming in and out of the house, and she didn't know how many members of Bravo Group had shown up, but she knew there were multiples of them. It was possible (although highly unlikely) that there could be up to nineteen women down there. Her money was on somewhere between seven and ten.

When Max came back in from the balcony, she pretended to just be waking up, shooting him a soft smile as she tried to make her stretch look as genuine and catlike as possible, rubbing her eyes afterwards. “Naps are the best thing in the world,” she said in a hushed tone to him. “But we should probably see who else is at the club now that the night's come and people are off work for the day.”

“Oh, I bet lots of people are still stuck in rush hour traffic,” he said to her. “It's just a bit past seven, and usually there's still some leftover mess until almost 8 around here.”

“You're up in the hills, Max,” she teased. “There's never traffic up here, and people show up at Ironwood whenever they damn well choose to. It's basically open 24 hours a day, so whenever people get a hankering, here it is.”

She hopped out of the bed and slipped her shoes back on before stopping to look in a mirror and check that her hair hadn't gotten too messed up. Jenny didn't really care what anyone downstairs thought of her, but she needed to convince Max that she did, otherwise he was likely to grow suspicious.

It had been difficult, being by his side all day, as it meant she couldn't really get news on what all the other girls were up to, or what they had planned. She'd considered trying to check in on her cell phone while Max had been on the phone, but the idea of getting caught had put her off that idea quick.

“Might as well go take a look then, I suppose,” Max said. “I feel bad, you having to stick with me while I'm getting with other people, so if you want to take off, I wouldn't hold it against you in the slightest. Or if you see a man you want to get with when we're down there.”

“This is old hat for me, Max, but you? You need to have as much fun as you can. You're not here for a long time; you're here for a good time, and if I see you not having a good time, I'm gonna give you a push.”

“And if you do see me having a good time?”

“Well then I'm gonna watch, or if I'm *really* lucky, you're gonna let me take part. Shall we?”

“Let's go see what this place is all about then,” Max said, sliding his arm around her waist, as they headed out of the bedroom and into the lion's den.

Part Nine

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 7:41 pm

When they started to walk down the stairs, Max was suddenly *very* aware that the club was a lot more packed than it had been when they went up to get their nap. He could hear the TVs were turned up, but was able to pick out several voices having conversations before they were even halfway down to the ground floor. There was the sound of some people out splashing in the pool, and there was the sound of Olivia Rodrigo playing in the far distance. The different levels of sound made it difficult to pick any one thing out to focus on.

“Welcome back, sleepyhead,” Esme said as they reached the ground floor. “Got your energy back after getting some rest?”

“A bit,” Max said.

“He's lying,” Jenny said with a smile. “He's fully rested and eager to test the bounds of what he's allowed to do here.”

Max shot her a side eye glance before turning his gaze back to Esme. “How many people are here right now?”

“Including you, Jenny and myself? A baker's dozen, although it's mostly women. Liane and Danny are out by the pool, and they don't like to share, but they do love to put on a show, and do love to watch. Logan's wandering around as well, but he hasn't seen much he's interested in today, so he'll probably also just loom and watch. But most of the women are rather excited to have a new man on the menu, and are hoping to catch your eye.”

“So what are you in the mood for, Max?” Jenny said, moving to stand directly in front of him so she could rub her ass back against his crotch. “There's got to be some fantasy you've always wanted to try and just never had the guts to convince a partner to give a go with you on. Pool boy? Pizza delivery? Landlord and desperate renter? Professor and failing student?” She giggled a little. “You can't hide that. I felt that twitch. Always wanted to be a professor with a naughty coed trying to convince you to give her a passing grade?” She glanced over at Esme. “Do you think we can use the office for a bit?”

The Latina nodded. “Ms. Weismann is working out in the lounge and she has her laptop with her, so the room is perfect to double as a set for you to use for that sort of fantasy.”

“We certainly don't *have* to,” Max started to say before Esme hushed him quiet.

“Nonsense. If that's what you've always wanted to try, then you should definitely do that,” Esme said to them. “Did you want to select your partners yourself, or should I dispatch a handful of people who might be a good fit?”

He was about to answer when Jenny spoke first. “Tell you what. Why don't you take Max to the office and get him settled there, and I'll gather up an appropriate couple of partners for that sort of scenario. Surprise is the best part of these kinds of things, so let me get all of the details worked out, and you just go and get into character as a college professor in his office.”

“Jenny, you don't—” he started to say before she spun and kissed him.

“Don't worry, Max. Don't worry so much. I'll be there as well, and you should just cut loose and embrace the fantasy. Grab onto it with both hands and just do whatever you want to whomever you want however you want, and live out the fantasy however you want to. Nobody's gonna judge you, and this club's here to let people express themselves sexually however they want to. If someone's uncomfortable, they'll just excuse themselves and nobody will be mad, okay?” She held his face in her hands, her eyes peering deeply into his. “Promise me you'll totally cut loose here and just embrace this fantasy you've always wanted to live out, okay?”

He couldn't help but smile a little bit. “Okay. Okay I will. But why do I think you're gonna take this basic little fantasy that like a million men have had and amp it far beyond what I'm expecting it to be like?”

She grinned wolfishly. “Because I am, silly, obviously. If I let you set the parameters, you'd aim too low, and I need to teach you some ambition, how to swing for the fences, so you're gonna go to your office, and I'm gonna bring you your fantasy and a whole lot more than what you think you're gonna get, so you get your ass in there, mister, and start pretending to be a professor.”

“Yes ma'am.” There was something about the way that Jenny spoke to him that made not want to disagree with her, as if she was looking out for his best interests against his own self-preservation. She was right, he had to admit to himself. If he'd gone and set it up, he would have been so nervous with it that he would've taken a while even to pick one girl he thought he could convince to play the desperate co-ed, but the place was so full of beautiful women that he couldn't imagine being dissatisfied with whoever wanted to engage in such a story. “Lead the way, Esme.”

Esme took him down the hallway and back to the back corner of the house, opening the door forcefully, and when it opened, he understood why she was putting her back into it so much. The door was thick and heavy, and Max noticed the walls were that way also, presumably to keep from sound contamination spilling from one room to another. As much as the option of voyeurism was encouraged here, there were also places that allowed people to have some isolation. It was clear this place wanted to cater to all sorts of tastes.

“So, the cabinets over there are locked, and please don't try and break into them, because A) they contain club paperwork and B) they've got alarms on them, and if those go off, I'll have to come running, even if it isn't intentional. Also, don't break the monitor that's on the swing arm. You don't need to worry about the furniture holding up to whatever it is you want to do with them. The desk, the chairs, the couches – everything's designed to hold up to 800 pounds, so unless you're stacking quite a large number of partners on them, it'll hold.” Esme led him into the room and pushed him to sit down in

the chair behind the desk. “One last piece of advice? Whatever it is you're nervous about or afraid of? Just put it aside and embrace the experience. Run at it full speed, without doubts or regrets, and have fun with it. Think of every experience you have at Ironwood as a once-in-a-lifetime thing, so give it everything you've got. So get comfortable, and you should have a student coming in to see you sometime soon now.”

He moved to sit behind the desk, glancing around the area, as if he was trying to settle into the space, to get familiar with it. He wasn't sure what to expect. Sure, there was always the sort of silly daydream fantasy of being a man in power with women trying to convince him to change his mind. He knew it was such a typical, *boring* fantasy, but it was one he'd wanted to have and considering he was told to try anything that he wanted to craic on with, he was going to do it.

The office was a nice home office, but he could easily see how anyone could project whatever they wanted to on it, almost like it wasn't a *real* office, but a stand-in for whatever scenario happened to need something office adjacent. There were a couple of couches against the walls, and a nice plush leather chair behind the desk, something like a real seat of power. There were also two chairs in front of the desk, so he could see the suggestion of a professor's office if he squinted hard enough. It also had a bathroom adjunct, which certainly made it seem like the kind of place someone would spend more than a little time in, although there weren't really any creature comforts. He understood why, though. This wasn't *really* Dana's office – it was the place she used as an office when it wasn't being a playroom show office for club members.

It turned out he had a bit of a wait. He was expecting Jenny to just run out, grab some girl and come back in, but he found himself killing time in the office for certainly longer than he'd expected to, nearly half an hour, and just when he felt like maybe he was being put on or that they had forgotten about him in the office, the door open and Jenny strolled in.

She'd changed her appearance, her strawberry blonde hair up in a more professional bun, a clipboard resting on her arm. “I'm sorry, Professor Brewster, I know that you were intending to work this afternoon and that these aren't normally your office hours, but I simply couldn't stop them,” she said, and he grinned a little, seeing her don the role of his administrative assistant.

He was about to tell her it was fine, when four women came marching in, three followed by one, the last one closing the door with a heavy slam. “Professor Brewster,” the woman in the back said, agitation and aggravation heavy in her tone of voice. She was a Japanese American woman in her early thirties, and while she was no doubt beautiful, there was an air of experience about her, a woman who had lived through some trials and tribulations. She was dressed in casual clothes, a dark silk blouse and dark crimson trousers, her figure slender, her frame smaller than the rest of the girls, and yet somehow, her presence loomed over all of them. “My name is Zelda Fujikawa, and I'm the Den Mother for the campus chapter of the Delta Delta Delta sorority, and I understand three of our girls aren't doing particularly well in some of your classes, so I brought Blake, Kelly and Song here to discuss what they can do to stop failing.”

Two of the girls he recognized from before. Kelly was the girl who had crawled beneath the table at lunch and had sucked him off with no regard for the other women seated around the table, or the fact that Max had been trying to eat. She was dressed in a midriff baring t-shirt that barely stretched down to beneath her tits, and a skirt that was dangerously high up on her thighs, in addition to long leather boots that went up past her knees. She had a playful smile on her lips, and expression that seemed to hint she'd only begun showing him just the kind of bad girl she could be. Her brown hair was done up in a sort of loose, swirled high ponytail.

The other girl he recognized as the tall blonde who had been lounging with her by the pool when he arrived, but she had changed from her swimsuit into a single piece cheerleading outfit, mostly a dark navy with white around the neck and gold pleats near the bottom of the skirt, a white belt around the midsection, and the word “Cal” written in gold across the chest, stretched *very* tightly on the girl's tits, the fabric pulled taut enough that he could make out the outline of a nipple piercing through the

girl's right nipple. She was certainly younger than Kelly, but definitely looked like a coed. Her blonde hair had been drawn into braided pigtails that hung down in front of her, which certainly added to the youthful appearance.

The last girl he didn't recognize, a stunning Asian woman who looked like she was just on the very end of being able to pass as a college student, so Max would've guessed she was in her early or mid twenties, although he'd found that Asian women often looked much younger than they actually were. Good genetics, he guessed. She had on a Berkeley sweatshirt that hung massive and loose over her, falling down to her mid thighs, and whatever else she had on beneath that, he couldn't see. The size of the sweatshirt almost gave the impression that she didn't have *anything* on underneath it, but he felt certain she was wearing some short shorts beneath it, at the very least. Her face was gorgeous, with a button nose and lips that had a sort of girly pink lip gloss on them. She also had heavy black-framed glasses over her eyes, he supposed to give her that sort of nerd look.

The three girls each stood with their hands folded in front of them, each looking down at their shoes, like they were being admonished and couldn't quite bring themselves to look him in the eyes, although he could see that slight mischievous grin on Kelly's face, unable to completely commit to the illusion. In fact, Kelly was squeezing her arms together a little, to try and make her breasts pop a bit more for his attention.

He glanced over at Jenny, who had the biggest shit-eating grin he'd ever seen on a person in real life smeared across her face, and then sighed, moving to sit down in his chair behind his desk. Right, he figured, let's do this.

"Well, Miss Fujikawa, I hate to tell you that you've trounced them all the way across campus for nothing, but these three girls are all doing *extremely* poorly in my class, and I don't know how you think they can make up for the poor exam scores, the lack of dedication to their coursework or the absolute shambles of projects they turned in for the midterms," he said, putting on the guise of a college professor at his wit's end. "Hell, Kelly even misspelled the *course name* in her research paper. That shows that she isn't taking my class seriously, and if she cannot be bothered to put in the time or the effort, I don't know why you think I would do them any favors."

Kelly giggled a little at that, and then Zelda's hand reached out to slap against her ass with a hard crack, which made the brunette gasp and wince just a little. "Sorry sir," she said. "Sorry ma'am."

Zelda glanced at Jenny, giving her a nod, and Jenny made her way over to the office door, making a point to over-dramatically 'lock' the door, making a show of it, before giving Zelda the nod in return. "I'm afraid that's just not acceptable, Professor Brewster. These girls have very rich parents, and if they found out that I'm responsible for their little girls not getting passing grades, why they'll make my life a living hell, so these girls are going to do absolutely *anything* to get you to pass them, aren't you girls?"

"Yes Miss Fujikawa," the three younger girls said in unison.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by that, ma'am," Max said. This was always his favorite part in those kinds of dirty videos, where the girls just went full bore at the professor until he couldn't help but engage in their lusts.

"Now Professor Brewster," Zelda said, moving to stand behind Kelly. "I am one hundred percent certain..." she said, yanking up the shirt over Kelly's tits, exposing them to his view, the girl's nipples rock hard, as Kelly licked her lips. "...that the four of us..." she said, moving to tug up Blake's cheerleading skirt to expose a fully uncovered snatch with only a wisp of blonde hair at the top of it. "...can put our heads together..." she said, grabbing Song's sweatshirt, pulling it up and over her head, revealing the girl was completely nude beneath it, and instead of folding her hands over her breasts and pussy, Song folded them behind her back, as if trying to present her body to his eyes as much as she could. "...and work out an arrangement that satisfies you plenty." That was when Zelda pulled her blouse up and over her own head, tossing it aside, no bra on beneath, exposing her own breasts to his view, dark brown nipples over her tan flesh. "Don't you?"

Max couldn't help it. He found himself licking his lips a little bit, looking at each of the girls in turn before his eyes looked over at Zelda for a good moment. "Your girls are really going to have to put in some in-depth work in this office to raise their grades. I just don't know that I believe they're capable of working that hard, even if their asses are on the line."

"Well, where do you want to start? With Kelly? I know she's kind of a troublemaker," Zelda said. "But her heart is in the right place."

Max shook his head. "We'll save Kelly for last. Let's start with Song, simply because I don't understand why she's having such trouble," he said with a sigh. "When she does get work in, she shows a very good understanding of the text, but she has done horribly in all the in-class quizzes, so either she's getting someone else to do her homework for her, or she's not paying any attention when I'm teaching, although she's never on her phone or anything during class."

Zelda spanked Song on the ass, and the younger Asian woman stepped forward some. "Go on, Song. Tell him why you have trouble concentrating."

Song looked up at him and blushed, her facial expression that of mortification. Her voice was tinged with an accent, her English exceptional but not her first language. He thought it was a Korean accent, but he couldn't be sure. "My apologies, Professor Brewster," she said, bowing a little bit. "When you are speaking, I sometimes find my mind drifting, having inappropriate thoughts about you teaching me... other sorts of things. You are so confident, so powerful, and I cannot help but wonder if you would be that way as a lover, so unlike all the boys I have met in my classes since I came here from Seoul. It... I find it very difficult to think clearly when such lusts run through me."

The girl was slender with full tits capped with tiny brown nipples, almost no areola to them whatsoever. He wondered if they were enhanced, but Max had decided long ago that unless the work was very poorly done, he would never judge a woman for breast augmentation surgery. There was a wedge-shaped patch of fine black hair above her pussy, natural but not out of control. Her limbs were thin and willowy, and he wondered if the girl was half as fragile as she looked.

Song moved to step forward, Zelda moving in behind her, before finally getting Song to bend over his desk, placing her elbows on the top of it, her ass pointed back towards him, her stance good and wide.

"I think the only thing you can do is fuck some sense into her, Professor Brewster," Zelda said with exasperation. "Once she's gotten the cobwebs cleaned out, she will be able to pay much better attention in class, and frankly, for all that you've had to endure over this semester, I think you deserve this, don't you? A young, pliant co-ed to take out some of your sexual frustration on?"

"I can't help but notice you've begun stripping as well, Miss Fujikawa," Max said as he moved to his feet, standing up behind Song, his hand lifting up before spanking down on her ass. Instead of a whimper of pain, he was fairly certain he heard a squeal of delight.

"Whatever punishment these girls have earned, Professor Brewster, I have earned accordingly, as their den mother," Zelda answered, unbuttoning her trousers, pushing them and her silken panties down to her ankles before stepping out of them. "I'm willing to accept my share of the blame and take my licks responsibly." She moved over to stand beside him, reaching down to unbutton his jeans. "I'll just give it a few quick licks and then you can show this ditzy slut what a real cock feels like."

Zelda slid down onto knees and pulled his jeans and boxers down to his ankles, making him step out of them as her lips moved to wrap around his dick, her fingertips curled around the base of it to stroke it a little, her tongue washing over it, until she slipped her mouth down as deep as she could before pulling her head off with a loud smack.

"There you go. Now show this slut what she's been missing," she said, sliding off her knees, standing up, giving Song's ass another slap, making the girl widen her stance a little more.

As the line from 'Hamilton' went, Max thought to himself, 'okay, so we're doing this.'

He moved to step in close behind her, reaching down to grab his shaft, lifting it up to line it accordingly with her pussy, the tip of his shaft resting against those wet folds before he pushed in, and

she squealed in delight, trying to lean back to push herself more onto his cock, and Max found himself unable to stop, sliding most of his length inside of her on that first thrust.

“*FUCK*,” he whispered in mild shock. Song easily had the *tightest* pussy he'd ever felt around his cock, and that included his first high school girlfriend, and he'd been her *first time*. “Good lord, Song, you are *fucking tight*. Am I hurting you?”

She shook her head frantically. “No, Professor. I feel very good. But I want to feel even better.” She leaned forward, lowering her head down towards the desk, her arms sliding to the other side of it. “You will not break me, sir. But I would very much like you to try.”

Max decided to take the girl at her word, because considering her snug her snatch was around his cock, he knew he wouldn't last long at all. She was very slick and warm, like molten honey drenching his shaft, but the pressure was immense, and occasionally she would clench a little, and he felt like his prick was immobilized inside of her for a moment.

His hands latched onto her hips to keep her held in place as he drew back and then punched forward, shoving his cock as deep as the young girl could take it, feeling her body shiver when he did, high pitched squeals of delight burbling from her lips. “Eeee! Thank you, sir! I do not deserve this kindness, but I welcome it! Fuck me into a better student, sir!”

One of his arms lifted from her hip, and his hand shot forward to grab a fistful of the girl's silky hair. A previous partner of his had taught him the proper way to grab a woman's hair to be forceful and not hurt her – slide your fingers along her scalp then bunch your fingers up tightly, so you were grabbing near the skin and wouldn't rip any loose. He pulled her back up to her elbows and both Blake and Kelly were looking directly at the girl's face with envy as he railed into her.

Jenny had her eyes on him the entire time.

“This is how a man teaches a girl,” Zelda said to him, standing alongside his body as he plowed into the Korean girl. “Fill her up. Wipe away those wicked thoughts and fill her up with something else instead, so she remains a good and doting student.” Her lips moved to nibble on his earlobe as she hissed at him. “Creampie that slut.”

Max felt his body tense up, as Song latched down and began to spasm, clearly having an orgasm of her own, as it couldn't help but induce his own, his cock latched in place but still doing its best to pump a load or two inside of the woman's vicelike cunt.

He slapped a hand on the top of the desk, mostly for balance, as Song's whimpers and moans eventually quieted down, her hips still grinding her ass back against him, as if trying to his cock to keep that cream corked inside of her for as long as possible. When he tried to pull back, she pushed against him, as if she didn't want to let him go, even while he was starting to soften.

There was *no* way, he realized, that he was going to be able to satisfy every woman in this room, because his body was going to give out sooner or later. He was going limp now, and wasn't entirely certain he'd be able to get hard again, although that devilish grin on Kelly's face was threatening to not give him a choice in the matter.

As he finally slipped from Song's twat, he felt a soft hand on the side of his face turning his head, looking over to see Zelda still next to him, bringing his lips down to hers, a tender, kind and almost sympathetic kiss on her lips, as she stroked his cheek. “You are *such* a good teacher, Professor. You look so very tired, but I must insist you deal with at least one more of these girls before we leave your office, and then the other and I can come and see you during your next office hours, to make up the difference,” she said with a sly grin.

“Well, Kelly already came and saw me earlier today for an oral exam,” he said with a slight cough, “which she did quite well at, but she has quite the long list of transgressions to make up for, and she's really going to have to do some in-depth work to make up for those, so perhaps we can save her and yourself for another day.”

Kelly's smirk widened a little bit more as she looked up at him. “Then I'll just lend a hand in your punishing of Blake, Professor, and I can come back later for additional coursework, as I definitely

want to get the highest possible marks in your course. I'm willing to do *anything* to get my grades up, so you just need to tell me what I need to do and I'll do it." She looked over at Blake, reaching up to grab on one of the girl's pigtails to pull her head down to her height, as she kissed the blonde, who looked a bit startled and surprised by it, but quickly got into it. She pulled back from it to look at Max once more. "But this daft bitch has really got her work cut out for her," she said, leading Blake over towards Max. "Here, sit down and take a load off, Professor. You look exhausted."

Zelda adjusted Max and helped him to sit down in the big leather chair, forcing him to spread his legs wide, even as his cock was struggling at half mast. "Don't worry, Professor, we'll have you back up and running in just a moment."

Song pushed herself up and off the desk, looking a little unsteady on her feet, as she staggered over to one of the couches, slumping down on it, her hips tilted upward, a dazed smile spread from ear to ear.

"The problem with Blake here," Kelly said, tugging the cheerleader top up to expose Blake's tits, the tall blonde having decent sized breasts, one of them with a prominent silver barbell through it, "is that she's kinda a *major* slut, professor."

"Hey!" Blake said, her face scrunching up. "I'm totally not a slut!"

"You say that, Blake, but you've got a barbell through one of your tits, a studpost through your tongue and a tramp stamp of a bird of paradise right over the crack of your ass, and you're not even old enough to drink yet. How many boys have you been with?"

"That's none of your fucking business, skank!" Blake said, genuine annoyance on her face. "And even if I do get around, you don't get to slut shame me!"

"Oh, I'm not trying to *shame* you, Blake," Kelly said, twisting the barbell on Blake's nipple just a bit, the tall blonde's knees visibly buckling a little. "I'm just saying that's why you're doing so poorly in the Professor's class. You're *always* thinking about fucking."

The two girls were closing the distance on him, and Max could feel his cock starting to stiffen back up again, the sort of half-undone cheerleader outfit on the tall blonde ticking a few boxes inside of his brain.

"Especially in Professor Brewster's class, because who can blame you?" Kelly slipped her hand down between Blake's thighs and rubbing her fingertips across the taller girl's pussy for a moment, her hips pressed against Blake's ass to keep nudging them every closer to him. "He's smart, he's good looking, he's got a *great* cock and he *clearly* knows how to use it. You saw what he did to poor little Song over there," she said, stage whispering up to Blake's ear. "You want him to do that to you, don't you, Blake?"

Blake's pierced tongue whipped out to wet her lips just a little bit. "Kinda, yeah."

"Well, the Professor has been taking good care of people all day long, so you're gonna have to do most of the work here, but I don't think you'll mind, will you?" Kelly gave a swift swat to Blake's clit, which made her yelp in shock before she moved to turn around, pointing her ass back at him. "That's a girl, you can just take a seat and do all the work."

"Make sure he gets where he's supposed to," Blake said to Kelly.

The brunette grinned. "Awww. You're no fun. Fine." She moved down to her knees as Blake moved to slide her ass up against Max's crotch, and he could feel his cock mostly hard now, as those athletic buttocks moved to press into his belly. Blake was tall enough that she could keep one of her legs on the ground, but she lifted her other foot up to rest on the desk, giving her some unusual leverage, as she grabbed his cock, stroking it a little bit.

"Not quite ready yet," Blake pouted. "Don't you wanna fuck me, Professor? Don't you just wanna stretch open my nineteen year old twat until it feels like I'm gonna break?"

Max chuckled a little bit. "The mind is willing, but the flesh is a little weak."

"I got you, Professor," Kelly said, moving to wrap her lips around his balls, suckling on them, her tongue massaging across the top of one before moving onto the other. And just when he was getting

settled in on the feeling of that, the brunette pushed her index finger against his anus, sliding that digit into his asshole so she could caress his prostate for a moment, giving a sudden surge of rigidity to his cock, his breath catching for a moment. "See? Now you're just about ready. But first, lemme get a taste of Song before you put Blake in her fucking place." Her mouth moved to push down hard onto his cock, tongue slathering over him to suckle up any droplets of the Korean woman's juices from his prick before popping her face off it with a grin up at Blake. "You have no idea how tempting it is to stick his cock where the sun don't shine," she said.

"Not today, bitch," Blake replied, getting his cock lined up very quickly as she thrust down onto it, letting a filthy moan fill up the room. "Fuck that's a fat fucking dick!"

Kelly moved off her feet to stand in close, leaning down to kiss Blake, heads turned to one side, so Max got a good view of the two of them, Blake mostly squirming on his cock, as he could see the two girls getting their tongues tangled together, one of Kelly's hands on Blake's face, the other still cradling his nutsack.

"You lucky little cunt," Kelly hissed at her. "You so don't fucking deserve his cock. Everything in your life has come so fucking easy to you, hasn't it, while the rest of us have had to do the fucking work, and got shat on by you little rich bitches?"

"I'm totes where I belong, bitch," Blake said, sticking out her pierced tongue at the brunette. "Sat upon my fucking throne."

Blake was starting to bounce on Max's lap, and while the girl wasn't anywhere near as tight as Song was, she did have an excellent motion to her hips, snaking them back and forth along his shaft, getting him to push in and out of her dripping pussy while forcing it to bend slightly to the left and right. She had one hand on the armrest of the chair, and the other reached behind her to grab the top of the back of the chair, the position clearly a decent amount of work.

"Well, you don't deserve a long ride, so I'm gonna make you cum, and when you do, you'll get your load and then get the fuck out of here," Kelly said, the disdain for the blonde on her face looking rather genuine.

Kelly moved back down onto her knees and then leaned in to purse her lips against Blake's crotch, as the blonde looked down suddenly. "Kelly, what the fuck are y—nnnnhhhh!" the blonde said, as Kelly's tongue pushed out and started to nudge against the cheerleader's clit, forcing her to shiver. "Holy fuck, you're one hot slut yourself, bitch!" she groaned, and Max could feel the blonde's cunt spasm a little around his dick, the blonde starting to get overwhelmed with sensations.

"That's it, Blake," Zelda said, moving in close. "Show the Professor how fucking sorry you are for not paying attention. How you're going to strive to be better than the bimbo bitch you've been in his class so far." Zelda leaned down and wrapped her lips around Blake's pierced nipple, suckling on it, causing the blonde to shudder even harder.

"No fair!" Blake whimpered in a nasal tone. "It's my fucking turn and you bitches are rushing me and and it's not fucking fair, making me... making me.... oh shit... I'm cumming! Fuck! Too soon! I'm cumming too fucking soon! Holy fuckballs!"

Blake's entire body began to shake wildly enough that Max was briefly worried that an earthquake had hit, but the walls of her pussy started to squeeze like a heartbeat around his cock, constant spasms and clenches, and eventually, his body just wanted to yield, and his balls drew up to fire what little they had left in reserve, a few meager spurts of cum inside of Blake's snatch that felt like blood squeezed from a stone.

He slumped back hard against the chair, and Blake's body slumped on top of him, her back pressed against his chest, her legs splayed akimbo, as Kelly stood up, leaned down and kissed Max firmly, her fingertips sifting through his salt-and-pepper hair. "I'll be back tomorrow with Miss Fujikawa, Professor, and you can make sure I do everything I have to pass..."

Kelly moved to help pull Blake up from his lap, and the blonde looked like a new born fawn, her legs wildly wobbling, as the shorter girl sort of draped her over her own shoulders, carrying her

towards the door, as Zelda moved over and helped Song to her feet, and the four women made their way out of the room, closing the door behind them, as Jenny rushed over to slide into Max's lap, wrapping her arms around him, stroking his face tenderly.

“That was *so* fucking HOT,” the strawberry blonde said to him. “How do you feel?”

“Dehydrated,” Max laughed. “Exhausted. Like I've just run a fucking marathon.”

“We shouldn't stay too long then,” she replied, “but maybe we can grab some dinner and you can meet some of the other members who are here tonight, so you can see if you want to schedule fun with them later.”

“After the last few days,” Max gasped, “I dunno if I'm ever gonna be able to have sex again.”

Jenny winked at him, stroking his chin. “Baby, you are *just getting started...*”

Part Ten

Mrs. Churchill – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 9:02 pm

“How's our boy doing?” Mrs. Churchill asked as she reentered the control room. Around the time that Max had started his little professor fantasy, Mrs. Churchill had tapped out to go and grab dinner. The man's endurance had been remarkable thus far, but pretty soon she was certain he was going to have to tap out for the day. By this point, she suspected he was close to firing blanks anyway, but there wasn't any harm in letting the girls continue to try and milk a few more chances out of him, as long as they didn't kill him.

That was still a matter of concern, because if they ended up harming Max over the course of the game, Mrs. Churchill knew she and the rest of her team would be the designated scapegoats and that the overseer of the late Mr. Brand's estate would spend the rest of his life destroying each and every one of them as thoroughly as possible.

“He looks fucking exhausted, boss,” Jacinda told her. “He's had sex with six different women in the last twenty-four hours, seven if you count the beej that Kelly gave him under the table. He seems like he's about to fall over. I know all these crazy bitches want to get their pound of spunk but it's a goddamn marathon, not a sprint, and if he balks out, we're *all* screwed, so maybe you can give them a warning to pump the brakes a little instead of the man's dick, so that it's still functional by the time Juliet group shows up?”

Mrs. Churchill removed the dark framed glasses from her eyes, rubbing the bridge of her nose with her thumb and forefinger as she nodded. “You're right, you're right. A reminder to all the girls couldn't hurt, so they remember they have 90 days to do this, and overwhelming the poor boy's only going to spook him. I'll send out a video message to all of them, but you know how it is, wanting to be let loose on a target and being told to wait and stand down.”

Jacinda rolled her eyes, gnawing on a plastic straw that she'd mashed into wreckage with her molars, a way to keep from fidgeting too much. “I know I've been impatient from time to time, Mrs. Churchill, but I've never been so gung ho that I've been trying to find a way to circumvent the rules. A couple of the people from later groups have been having conversations about whether or not they could get into the game earlier, if they were just trying to be near Max without making contact, and whether or not we'd consider that a violation of the rules.”

“If they're just trying to be seen by him, that's fine, but if they're trying to draw his attention, that's where we have a problem, not that I expect some of these women to be able to make that distinction, so perhaps it is better that they all simply keep their distance for the time being.”

“That was my assertion, that the minute we let one infraction slip, they'll all start pushing and we'll snap under the weight of it,” she sighed. “We did point all of these baby crazy women at one man and told him what he's worth, so I get why they're acting the way they are, but they're all just thinking of themselves rather than the game as a whole.”

“That's our job, Jac,” Mrs. Churchill said. “We have to see the big picture for them, have to do their planning for them, or least prevent them from killing one another while we're trying to get this fella over the goal line. So tell them not to get into his airspace until they've been given the green light, or we can make their lives living hell, or remove them from the game entirely, and that they agreed to that in the contract they signed as part of signing up for this madness. That'll put a bit of fear in them, especially if they go back and read the actual language of the NDA they signed. I had no trouble discerning which had skimmed the document and which of them who'd read the whole thing.”

“The ones who read it looked more nervous?”

“They looked fucking terrified,” Mrs. Churchill laughed, “but they also looked fascinated why anyone would threaten them with such grievous bodily, mental, emotional and financial harm for what they thought was a television show. That's why they wanted to stay and see what was going on.” She turned and looked over to Lynne. “Any problems with the streams?”

“Not a one,” the heavy set black woman told her. “We have a handful of people who have it always on and a lot more than tune in and out at any given moment. I think the majority of the audience is waiting for the daily highlights reel.”

“You put together the package for day one yet?”

Lynne threw up a single hand in the air, shaking it about. “Other than tacking on this last little encounter, it's basically done. I've been updating it a little bit at a time, trying to cut it down to the very essentials. But it'll be a nice 90 minute package that'll be available to all our streamers for twenty-four hours, from 10 pm local time until the next package goes up, so that the people who too busy to tune in all the time still feel like they're getting their money's worth. It'll have a little bit of the build up, but mostly just the steamy stuff, like your own little pornographic version of Love Island, without any commercials or anything.”

“Can you imagine if we tried to get a sponsor to run ads?” Maia laughed. “Knowing our demographic like we do, what would we even want to advertise to them?”

“Catheters?” Lynne said.

“Divorce attorneys?” Jacinda asked.

“Tax shelters?” Maia said.

“What *do* you try to sell to the people who have everything?” Mrs. Churchill asked. “I guess nothing, and we just let them watch their dirty flicks.”

“That *is* what they're paying for,” Jacinda agreed.

“No, what they're paying us for is the chance to watch for things to try and embarrass the newest member of the ruling elite, but they don't really know Max like we do,” the older woman said. “They think they're going to tell Max about how they watched him pretend to be a college professor and fuck a couple of co-eds, but by the time Max gets to that point, he isn't going to care in the slightest, and if anything, he's going to see it as a sign of weakness that the person told him about it, because now he knows something he can use against them. No, while I do think Max's physical health is something we need to keep tabs on, his mental health is going to hold up just fine.”

“Speaking of mental health, we've got a couple of inquiries about how soon people can start getting tested for pregnancy?” Jacinda said. “I've been saying ten days after their first encounter with Max, but a couple of the girls seem to think we can detect it sooner.”

“If we wanted to spring for a couple hundred dollar test each time, we could theoretically find out as early as a week or so in, but it's invasive, it's uncomfortable, it's expensive and, frankly, it takes some of the sport out of the whole thing, so no, we're just going to use the good old fashioned pee on a strip kind of thing women have been at for decades now, and anyone's who's bothered by that can take a long walk off a short pier.”

“That's about what I figured,” Jacinda said. “I'll reiterate the point to all the women involved and that should calm them down a little bit.”

“Who's giving you shit about it?”

“Who do you think?”

Mrs. Churchill sighed. “Fer fuck's sake, Cara, if looking at men was that much of a problem, you shouldn't have gotten involved in the bloody game.”

“Let's just hope our boy's been working well.”

“Conception's a tricky thing, Jac, you know that. The doctors told us that if we were lucky, we might get twenty to thirty success stories out of this, and I told them I wasn't going to let a thing like human biology stand in my way of a payday.”

“I still think your ballpark guess of fifty or so is insanely high, but I guess that's what the pool's there for,” Jacinda responded.

“You think *her* pick is high? That's gotta make Danny's insane.”

“Well, *Danny* is insane,” Jacinda laughed, “but in a good way. But 60-70? He's overestimating the limits of this dude's body. Besides, at some point, he's going to start freaking out by the number of different women he's had sex with, and that's going to slow him down some.”

“Which is why they have three months at this, Jac,” Mrs. Churchill said. “Mr. Brand might have been crazy, but he'd given this a lot of thought and planning, even if we didn't agree on the timeframe. I argued that we would have a higher return on investment if we gave the girls a full year to play, but Monty told me that would give his relative too much time to think. He didn't even want Max to have time to catch his breath.”

“Let's hope we don't give him a heart attack like this.”

“Heart attack's not our biggest concern,” Maia said. “If we're talking physical problems, a stroke's more likely, but we're doing what we can to help buffer against that. I know the girls have been smuggling tiny bits of aspirin into his food, and they're using a mix of caffeine and alcohol to keep him riding a wave of highs and chills.”

“I'm not too worried about Bravo group,” Jacinda said. “We're still a ways from the truly big troublemakers getting thrown into the mix, and I tried to use the Bravo group as sort of a firebreak, so we could ease him into the idea of more and more women being piled into his available pool, and thankfully they generally seem okay with waiting.”

“That whole thing with Song was *hot*,” Lynne said, fanning herself with one hand. “And he didn't recognize her. I still can't believe he didn't recognize her.”

“I told you he wouldn't,” Jac said, annoyance in her voice. “Sure, if you live in Korea, you'd know *exactly* who she is, but most of those shows barely see air over here.”

“There's quite a few Korean ex-patriots living in the Bay area, Jacinda,” Lynne replied. “So hopefully she continues to lay low and limit her exposure.”

“Relax, Lynne. She doesn't want to get found out here any more than we do. If she gets spotted, she's going to probably slip out of the game, and that means if her first shot didn't take, she wasted all this time for nothing, and that's absolutely *not* what she wants. The K-pop press would have a field day with all of this, but if she can successfully have a kid without the father being anyone that they can track down, it's a mysterious story she can stretch at least an extra decade out of her career from.”

“So it looks like he's finishing up his dinner over at Ironwood,” Mrs. Churchill said, trying to draw the conversation back to the present.

“Yeah,” Jac said. “He basically told Jenny that he didn't want to have *any* more sex tonight, but he would be okay having dinner there at the club and talking with people as long as everyone was understanding that without Viagra, there was no way he was getting it up again tonight. The girls were remarkably understanding and while a few of them have joined him and Jenny for dinner, most of them are being respectful of the fact that he looks like he's run a damn marathon. And just because they aren't *having* sex doesn't mean they aren't *talking* about sex with him.”

“So at the table, that's Jenny next to him, Esme, LaTonya, Lisseth and Diane. Quite a diverse bunch. I'm surprised Anya's not over there, since there's a complete lack of blondes at the table right now,” Mrs. Churchill said.

"I think she's pouting," Lynne chuckled.

Jac smirked. "You're not wrong. I think Anya was expecting that he'd be drawn over to her, and she's been sitting alone at the bar all night watching the television, expecting Max's head to be turned."

"And instead?"

"Instead he's barely even had a chance to glance over at her," Jac snorted. "She's very much used to being the prettiest person in the room, and now that she's one of many beautiful women in Max's airspace, she hasn't yet realized she's going to have to pick up a few new tricks along the way. She'll get there. Give her time. I told you I sort of expected this to happen, that she was going to think she just deserved to be the center of Max's attention, and that eventually she was going to come around to having to do the leg work."

"You're assuming she's even *got* game," Lynne muttered. "Women who look like that usually don't know how to go get what they want, and if it ain't coming to them, they convince themselves they didn't want it none in the first place."

"Well, we all know that ain't gonna work here," Jac said. "So I guess we see how long it takes for it to register to Anya."

"I'll give you two-to-one odds she snaps tomorrow," Mrs. Churchill said.

"I'll take a piece of that action," Jac replied immediately. "She's gonna last at least three or four days."

"I'm with Jac on this," Maia said, fishing a twenty out of her purse, handing it to Mrs. Churchill. "Her patience can't be *that* short. You want in on this Lynne?"

The rotund woman scowled for a moment, then shook her head. "Nah, I think it's too close to call, and she already looks pissed off that he's not flocking to her. If it's not tomorrow, it'll be Thursday, but it could easily be tomorrow, and I ain't about to risk money I ain't got to spare."

"Wise woman," Mrs. Churchill said, scribbling the bets in her little black book before tucking the money into her pocket.

Dana Weismann – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 9:47 pm

"So what do you think, Zoe?" Dana said over the FaceTime call. "I'm sure you spent the whole day watching the feeds like I did."

"When you weren't *in* them, anyway," Zoe laughed.

"Hey, one of us has gotten a turn on the ride and one of us hasn't, so no words of complaint out of you."

"I thought it wasn't the right point in the month for you to want a ride."

"No," Dana said with a smug grin, "I said it wasn't the right point in the month for a ride to have a high degree of *success*, not that I didn't *want* the ride."

"Got a little jealous watching him have a go at all the other girls, did we?"

"Hmph. More like realizing how long it's been since some strapping fellow tossed one up me, that's all. But that's fine. I'll get mine next week, and since I'm the owner of the local chapter of Ironwood Estates, he'll see me as a less troublesome figure. But you didn't answer my question. How do you think he's holding up?"

"I was a little surprised that Jenny got him into that little professor scenario as easily as she did, but once he got into it, it looked like he checked most of his concerns at the door. That seems to be a running theme with him. So as long as we keep him from every stopping to catch his breath, we can probably keep him from looking behind the curtain for too long until he's well and truly in it. You sure he's going to be back up again tomorrow?"

"Yes and the day after that. Tomorrow he'll be up here, figuring out logistics for running the food truck out of here in Thursdays, seeing what he'll need in terms of supplies and having delivery trucks coming and going. We need to make sure he's doing gangbusters business in *addition* to doing our business while he's up here, so that we can have the food truck on site for a guaranteed one day a

week, so I've been busy reaching out to all my friends, working to set it up so that Max will be swamped with remote orders on his first day running the truck from up here.”

“Considering how damn good the man's food is, that'll probably hold in terms of keeping the food truck there for Thursdays,” Zoe said.

“I thought you'd never eaten his food,” Dana replied.

“I haven't, but you don't get this many good write-ups without having insanely good food.”

“If he's such a good cook, why wasn't he able to find a backer to reopen his restaurant?” Dana sniffed dismissively.

“Because he didn't want to give up any portion of his ownership, and I think I can respect that. Besides, did you read about how he got dicked over with his restaurant burning down? That would be enough to put anyone on tilt.”

“Mmm, I suppose.”

“Anyway, you should hit him up once more before he heads home for the night, make sure you've got it cemented that he's supposed to do site inspection tomorrow, and stress how good it will be for business for him, how it'll let him get his food in front of lots of people who haven't been exposed to the truck before. He's not a *great* businessman, but he'll see the merit in that.”

“Yes yes, Zoe, I do know how to string a client along. Toodles!” Dana said, hanging up the call with a sigh before tucking the phone back into her clutch.

Dana had spent the last few hours on the second floor of the building, continuing to establish their credibility as Ironwood Estates, getting all the paperwork in order and making sure that it would withstand at least a cursory glance of their back history. She didn't expect Max to do any digging, but business developments in the Bay had a tendency to draw attention if they weren't handled right, and the last thing Dana wanted was anyone taking a deeper look into this building and what it was going to be up to for the next three months.

It wasn't like she hadn't opened businesses on the sly before, but the sex club trade was one she didn't have any actual experience in. She had heard that they could be decently profitable, but the idea of having to be cloak and dagger about her day-to-day operations wasn't something that massively appealed to her, and she was certain that opening the business wasn't the hard part – it was drawing and keeping the clientele.

The Bay had a long history of this kind of thing dating back to the sixties, with the gay community struggling to connect with one another in a time when it wasn't considering a polite thing to be. Of course, San Francisco had been the most open and welcoming city, and the gay rights movement was practically born near Haight & Ashbury, where the Grateful Dead and the love revolution had gotten its start.

But the AIDS crisis had forced some of it deeply underground, and the government's response to that plague had been a setback of decades to sexual and personal freedoms. The last twenty years, however, had started to see a second sexual revolution, with same-sex marriages being performed at the San Francisco City Hall before most places in the country.

Dana had also heard tales of a strong BDSM scene running in the warehouses of San Francisco, and while she didn't have any personal experience with it, she'd been privy to some of the conversations about them, so she knew the places were real, and that they ranged from high end dominatrices to whips and chains in dirt-lined corners.

At some point over the club's three months of existence, she was going to have to let a few of her high society friends know about it, simply to provide smokescreens for her investment. She would let it slip that it was a business experiment she was dabbling in, but that she didn't expect it to have a high success chance. She would *implore* them to come and visit, which would practically ensure they would never set foot on the property.

There was nothing the business elite despised so much as *desperation*.

Dana headed down the stairs and found Max was seated in the bar area, holding court of sorts,

and she was absolutely thrilled to see that Danny and Liane were among the people he was talking to. She'd only met Danny a few hours ago, but he was a hard shot of normalcy, and the man had a natural ease to him that seemed to relax all the girls. She suspected a few of them were hoping he might be available, but Liane had put the fear of god into all them, stressing that he was *her* man, and that they should keep their eyes on their own prize, unless they wanted *her* taking a swing at Max.

The girls had all been nothing but polite and cordial to Danny since.

“So, wait,” Max laughed, “you're telling me that you had an Iraqi insurgent trying to intimidate you with a SuperSoaker?”

Danny grinned, one of his boots pressed against the edge of the table to keep his chair precariously balanced on two legs. It had made his pants hike up just enough so that one of his prosthetic legs was visible. “I mean, he'd spray painted it black, and it was vaguely rifle shaped, so I think he was hopin' it would be enough that no one would take a good close look at it, but c'mon, I was a trained soldier.”

“Hopefully this story doesn't end in you shooting the guy and walking on,” Jenny said, “because if it does, I gotta tell you, that's not a great way to tell a bar story.”

“Nah,” Danny said, shaking a hand. “I mean, I knew it wasn't a threat, and I told my guys it wasn't a threat, and so we just sort of ignored the guy for a little bit, continuing our sweep of the area while he was acting confused why nobody was respecting his weapon or his defensive position. After about five minutes, he realized his posturing wasn't going to do any good, so he put it down, and we shared a cigarette. He wasn't a bad guy, and it turned out, he wasn't even really an insurgent. He was just a guy trying to protect his house. We told him to get himself a real gun if he was that nervous about it, but also pointed out that we had basically secured the area, and so he didn't really have anything to worry about.”

“That happen over there?” Max said, gesturing to Danny's exposed prosthesis.

“Nah, got that shaving,” Danny laughed. “Yeah, 'course it happened over there. Sucked, but at the end of the day, s'pose I was actually one of the lucky ones. IED took off both of my legs just below the knee. Had it gone off half a second later, I'd have been another statistic instead of walking around on titanium, so while I used to be a bit bothered by it, I've come 'round to thinking that I was blessed in how little long term damage it did to me. And if I hadn't gotten these,” he said, tapping one of his prostheses with his can of beer, “I wouldn't have met the love of my life.” He reached over and squeezed Liane's hand, as she blushed a little, looking back at him. “So I think I did alright.”

“This place doesn't strike me as your scene, Danny,” Max said to him. “I mean, guy like you was used to having to keep everything hush hush, right? So what are you doing at a sex club?”

“Having *sex*, obviously,” the ex-soldier grinned back at him. “Liane likes being an exhibitionist, gets off on having people watch, so who am I to tell her no? Besides, both she and I are people watchers, so the idea of watching other people having sex gives us a bit of a thrill. What about you, Max? What brought you here?”

Max laughed, a good genuine laugh, and Dana suddenly realized this connection Max was forming might be one the best things they'd stumbled into today. “I mean, Jenny brought me up here because she thought I was in some kind of sexual drought and that flooding my life with it might help me get back on the horse.”

“You're no Chris Evans, but you're not a bad looking dude,” Liane said to him. “Why were you in a drought?”

Max threw his hands up a little. “I had a restaurant a while back that burned down, and when it went up in flames, I think maybe my ambitions went up with it. I'd sunk so much of myself into that place and to have it just be gone one morning, and for everyone to claim it wasn't their fucking fault and they weren't going to pay for their mistakes, maybe all that just broke me. Not just professionally but personally. And when I started up this food truck with my friend, I was the walking dead, just going through the motions, afraid that if I got optimistic about anything, that it would all fall apart. Maybe

that extended to my romantic life too. I'd been in a relationship when the restaurant burned down, but it was new, and within a week, it had fallen apart as well, because she said I was wallowing in it, when I was fucking *processing*, you know? I think maybe I figured once I got the food truck established, and I didn't feel like I was living paycheck to paycheck, I could start thinking about getting back into the dating scene, but while the food truck's been doing well, it's still not what anyone would call stable."

"Tell you what, brother," Danny said. "I've got my fair share of brothers in arms who are around the Bay, and since you told me you're gonna run the truck out of here on Thursdays for a while, I'll have them reach out to Dana and set up large scale orders for them and their crews, so you're always doing business, okay?"

"You don't have to do that, Danny."

Danny flipped his hand in the air. "I don't have to do shit I don't wanna, but you're a good dude, my man, and I like helping people, so consider it my way of passing on a helping hand to someone else in need of cover during their recovery."

"Fuckin' A, Danny. That's very kind of you," Max said, looking genuinely taken aback by the generosity from this man he'd just met, and that was when Dana put it all together.

Max had tunnel vision.

He'd been struggling for so long to get his head above water that he couldn't see the forest for the trees anymore, and he was just unaccustomed to people being nice to him, and for the last day or so, it had been nothing *but* people being nice to him.

In addition to Danny, Liane, Max and Jenny, Dana saw that both Charity and Janet had joined the group, although neither was pushing to get to be the center of Max's attention, a good move. Zelda, Blake, Kelly and Anya were across the room, watching television, or at least pretending to, as Anya seemed to be regularly looking over to the table. LaTonya, Esme, Diane and Lisseth had all rotated out and were out at the pool.

"Maybe you'll be in a position to do him a favor back at some point," Liane said to Max. "That's the way karma works, right? Put good into the world and hope it comes back to you?"

Max laughed. "Something like that, I guess, although what good I could do to your Captain America boyfriend is beyond me."

Liane shrugged, a sly smile on her lips. "You never know. Give it time and see."

"She's not asking to sleep with you, dude, so you can relax," Danny said with a wink. "If I'm not allowed to get a third wheel, she isn't either."

"I never said the 'no side pieces' rule was hard and fast, baby," Liane said, raking her short fingernails over Danny's arm. "We'll talk. Your birthday's coming up, so maybe we'll pick up a play partner here for a few hours."

"Li, you know you're all the woman I need," Danny said genuinely.

"Oh, I *know* I'm all the woman you need but it's okay to *want* from time to time. You too, Max," she said, looking over at him. "Don't feel bad about enjoying all of this. It sounds like you've had some super shitty luck for the last several years, so you're due for a glut of awesomeness. So don't question it, 'kay? Just surf atop it like a badass and have a good fuckin' time."

Max tapped two fingers to his forehead then whipped them out, a sort of half-tossed off salute. "Yes ma'am." He finished off his beer before moving to stand up. "As fun as all of this has been, I have *got* to get home, before I fall asleep where I'm standing. You folks may be used to this endless debauchery, but I have to ease myself into it."

"Let me walk you to the door, Max," Dana said, moving to stand alongside of him.

"We should definitely get a beer some time, Danny," Max said to him. "You swing by tomorrow and we can swap numbers."

"Sounds good, man."

Jenny moved to one side of Max, with Dana on the other, as they walked towards the front entrance of the building. "It okay if I crash with you tonight, Max?" Jenny asked him.

“Yeah, I guess, although it's *just* going to be crashing,” he said. “You gotta promise me that.”

“Scout's honor,” she said with a grin.

“Hopefully you enjoyed your first day here, even if you are exhausted, Max,” Dana said to him. “Go home, get a good night's sleep, then come back here tomorrow around lunch, and we can discuss what you're going to need to get the truck up and running here.”

Max nodded. “Will do, Dana. And thank you for the opportunity. I feel like I'm saying thank you a lot today.”

“Then it just means it was a very good day indeed. Sleep well.”

Tomorrow, Dana realized, the *real* challenge was going to begin.

Part Eleven

Mrs. Churchill – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 11:22 pm

“Okay ladies, it looks like the mark is in bed and asleep, and that marks a wrap for our first full day on the Brand Game,” Mrs. Churchill said as Jacinda was passing out glasses of incredibly expensive wine to the gathered crew. “I think most of you know Carmen,” she said, gesturing to the Hispanic woman in the corner. “As always, she'll be our graveyard shift eyes and ears, making sure nothing gets too hectic while I expect all of you to be getting a good night's rest.”

“Thirty hours in, and I think we're already ahead of expectations,” Jacinda said, taking the last glass of wine for herself, standing next to the bottles, ready to refill at a moment's notice. “That's a good start, and getting this up and off the ground without any major hiccups, that's something we should all be proud of.”

“Doctor Williamson seems to think Max's health is fine, barring a bit of expected exhaustion, and that we don't have too much to worry about moving forward,” Mrs. Churchill said, nodding towards the good doctor.

“Yes, exhaustion and overexertion are the two things we will need to be on the lookout for,” Doctor Williamson said, “but Max has a strong heart, and despite his rather paunchy physique, he seems like he'll be able to manage the stress impact with minimal disruptions, as long as he's staying hydrated and getting a solid eight hours of sleep a night. I know I stressed this before, but it bears repeating – Max getting a good night's sleep each and every night is *paramount* to this working, and the better we can stick to a consistent sleep schedule, the better off he's going to be, not just for his sake, but for all of our sake. I know there's going to be a temptation to let the girls run him into the ground, so let me assure you that it would be counterproductive to our goals to let them do so, and that we should strive to ensure whatever existing schedule Max already has is one we are fitting into, instead of disrupting heavily. Nobody likes to be the responsible adult at the party, but we all want to get our bonus out of this, so all of us should invest as much time as we are able in ensuring Max is healthy.”

“Well said, Doctor,” Mrs. Churchill said. “So keep that in mind, ladies, that the last thing any of us want is Max tapping out in the middle of this because we let those crazy bitches overtax him. If we have to give him a few days off, that's a massive undertaking, one that I don't want to have to manage, because of the sheer logistics involved in it.”

“The subscribers would probably throw a shitfit,” Maia said, “assuming we could even pull it off, and I'm not entirely certain we could.”

“Getting away from the majority of the girls would be doable,” Jacinda said. “We have contingency plans for that sort of thing, should we get that far into the weeds, but all of them massively increase the risk of Max catching on to what we're doing.”

“He's going to figure out *something* is going on by the end of this,” Lynne said. “Boy's not *that* stupid, and with the amount of trim being tossed his way...”

“As long as he doesn't figure out the *specifics* of it, that's not entirely our problem, Lynne,” Mrs.

Churchill said, taking a sip from her wine. "Let him think the whole world's gone crazy. Let him think there's some mad experiment going on to see what happens when a man gets too much sex. Let him think it's all an elaborate prank show. Hell, he can even continue to think it's some sort of con game if he wants, as long as he's still knocking up our girls. Whatever he thinks, as long as it's not 'this is a game to have me try and get as many girls pregnant as I can,' then I literally don't give a shit."

"Doc, are you ready to start testing the girls soon?"

"As I've told you repeatedly, Jacinda," Doctor Williamson said, "the earliest we would get results would be about a week after their first event. Any earlier than that is pointless. They're welcome to keep trying, hoping it might increase their odds, or if they simply want to wait, they can do that as well. That's up to them."

"I suspect all of them are going to want to keep on trying," Mrs. Churchill said.

"Most of them, sure," Jacinda agreed, "but not all of them. Some of them, like Cara for example, want to minimize the amount of time they spend with Max to the bare minimum."

"That's fine by me," she replied. "This is a *lot* of attention for an attention-starved man to be getting all at once, and there's always a risk of overload. Jenny's seemed like a good stabilizing influence on him, so I may reach out to her and offer her my thanks, but I also don't want to be seen as picking sides in this."

Jacinda shrugged. "It's Max's decision at the end who he keeps and it's way too early for there to be any odds on favorites, so you're probably fine, boss. Nothing in the rules that says we can't nudge, push and pull a bit while the game's in play."

Mrs. Churchill nodded. "That's true. In fact, we're actively encouraged to do whatever it takes for us to keep the machinery moving. Remember that, ladies. While I don't want you to get *too* friendly with these women, you *can* interact with them from time to time if and when you need to. The game above all else, so as long as it's in the game's best interest, you go for it. Speaking of getting friendly, how's Danny doing?"

"He and Liane are in the rental house just down the block from Max's above garage apartment, and he's got his usual graveyard shift person, Heather Bickers, keeping overwatch for the times when he's getting his rest in," Jacinda said.

"Heather's worked with us on a couple of gags before, so some of you probably remember hearing her name bandied about, but she tends to make sure that when principles are supposed to be sleeping, everything in the world *lets* them," Mrs. Churchill said. "Danny figured we didn't need her for night one, but now that we're on night two, there's too many women in play to just be trusting about it, so expect to hear Heather's name mentioned regularly, just so you don't forget she's around, but if all goes well, it'll *just* be as a regular check in, and *not* Heather calling one of us to circle the wagons."

"Although I'm betting we'll get at least one or two of those nights, considering this bunch," Maia grumbled.

"Oh, they aren't *that* bad," Mrs. Churchill said.

"Isabella is," Jacinda countered.

"Okay, they *mostly* aren't that bad," Mrs. Churchill chuckled. "And the occasional double shot of crazy just spices things up now and then."

"You seem genuinely nervous about this Isabella chick, Jac," Lynne said.

"Just you wait."

"She's still over a week out, so let's not panic too much yet, ladies," Mrs. Churchill cautioned. "For now, focus on the task at hand, and keep the girls we *do* have in play in *line*, and don't worry too much about the ones we *don't* have yet. Hell, start looking to Charlie group, figuring out which of them you want to be worried about and which ones you don't, because they're going to get spicier the further we go, and that's not even taking into account how all the girls in play who haven't had a chance yet are going to react."

"I *loved* watching Kelly take Blake down a few pegs," Jacinda said with a grin. "What time you

want everyone back here, Mrs. Churchill?"

"Based on Max's habits, I think as everyone's rolling into the office by 8, 8:30, we should be okay. The cleaning crew will come through a little after midnight, Carmen, so don't freak out when the doors open."

"Hell, I could just clean while I'm here," Carmen grumbled. "It's not like they're gonna be doing much other than sleeping."

"No, because I also need you to put together the day's highlight reel and splice it together into something serviceable," Mrs. Churchill said. "Jacinda's got a log with time starts and stops so you should just be able to pick out the great bits, but we want about an hour-long highlight reel of each day, as per the terms of the game Mr. Brand set forth at the onset."

"I thought I heard you say the streams were self-deleting at the onset," Doctor Williamson said.

"For the spectators, sure," Mrs. Churchill said with a laugh. "But for us, we've got it all on tape. Some of the investors don't want to watch the streams all day – they just want the juicy bits, so each day, they have a one-and-done highlights reel they can watch of the previous day. At the end of the game, we're going to delete all the old data except for the highlight reels, because the terms of the game are that we provide Max with all of those, so he'll have basically a hundred hours of him having sex on tape to watch any time he wants."

"We expect he's also going to use those to help make the decision on who he wants to keep in his life afterwards, if any of them," Jacinda added.

"Do you really think he's going to pick a wife out of all this bunch?" the good doctor asked.

"I think he *has* to," Mrs. Churchill said.

"How so?"

"He's gonna be angry when it's all over, no doubt, but once he gets past the anger, the reality is going to set in on him. He'll have dozens of children out in the world who carry his genetic lineage, and he's going to need someone who can help him wrap his head around all of it, in addition to being able to handle it herself. Someone who's been through the game is the *perfect* match, because they're going to immediately know what he's been through without him having to explain it all. She'll be able to relate to the weirdness of him knowing that his bloodline is out there, running through too many people for him to be able to safely keep tabs on, and that he basically just has to trust in the administration program that his grandfather set up to keep them all cared for."

"You don't think he's going to want to reach out to some of the kids?" Jacinda asked.

"Sure, maybe," Mrs. Churchill admitted. "But which ones? How often? Especially when the majority of these women have made it clear to us that they don't want the father involved in their raising of the kids. I imagine he'll have regular contact with a few of them, but nearly as many as I think you suspect he will."

"And you think he'll be able to get past the whole game thing to build a life with one of these women?"

"I do, but it'll take a week or two for him to get over the shock of it all. Maybe even a couple of months. But he'll remember all of this, and he'll have a list of names of women who at the end of it won't mind if he reaches out to them. And they'll get it. So yeah, he's gonna pick a wifey out of the endless pussy parade we're trotting out for him. It's just a question of which one it is. Once we have all of them in the pool, we'll open betting for who's gonna get the gig."

"What if none of us bet correctly?" Lynne said.

"Then we'll give everyone their money back, Jesus, Lynne, must you take the fun out of everything?"

"I'm just sayin' that even with all of us picking a girl, tha's only like a 10% chance of any of us picking correctly, and them ain't great odds."

"Have fun with it, and don't worry about it. We've got loads of other things more important to worry about." Mrs. Churchill finished off her glass of wine. "You ladies are welcome to hang around a

bit longer and finish off this second bottle if you want, but I expect to see each and every one of you back here in the office by 8:30 tomorrow morning with your game faces on. Carmen, tomorrow morning you and I can go over the highlight reel and I'll have some notes on it. After a couple of days that won't be necessary, but for the first few, it doesn't hurt to be thorough."

"Yeah, okay," Carmen said. "Anyway, shoo, shoo. You all desperately look like you need sleep. Go and rest up while I watch what craziness Max got up to today."

The women began to file out one by one, and Mrs. Churchill was the last to leave, waiting in the doorway a moment, looking at Carmen with a wry grin on her face. "Oh, and Car?"

"Yeah boss?"

"If you feel the need to get off while you're in here, and I wouldn't blame you if you do, having to watch all this footage, make sure you lock the door before you do, huh?"

Carmen blushed a little but grinned back and nodded. "Gotcha, boss."

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 8:22 am

When he woke up the next morning, Max was astonished he wasn't more sore than he was. He'd filled a water bottle before crawling into bed, and at a couple of points in the middle of the night, he'd woken up to take a pull off that bottle, his body yearning to be rehydrated, even if it meant constantly chugging water for a while. He awoke feeling a bit stiff, his joints protesting movement at first, but giving way to easing up as he went through a handful of morning exercises and stretches.

Jenny had crashed with him, and thankfully, she'd basically slept through the night, not waking up even the once. After the day he'd had yesterday, he was fairly certain if she'd tried to get any nookie from him in the middle of the night, his heart would've simply given out, and despite the handful of water breaks throughout the night, it had been very peaceful and effective rest.

He thought he heard her stirring when he turned on the shower, and sure enough, she joined him a few minutes later, greeting him with a soft kiss but nothing else, as if she knew he still wasn't ready to get back into action yet.

Having lots of sex all at once wasn't something he was totally unfamiliar with. Whenever he got into new relationships, he found there tended to be large bursts of sexual activity all bunched up right at the start. Two, three, four, sometimes even five or six times a day, but that was always with the same *person*. Yesterday he'd done that but never had sex with the same person *twice*. That just felt odd.

Max knew he needed to go back up to Ironwood again today, this time to do an inspection and to set up a list of things he would need from the house, but that didn't mean he was looking forward to it, simply because he suspected it could easily turn into another out of hand day, although he had to admit, it didn't seem fair to complain about *too* much sex, especially after the drought he'd just come out of.

He and Jenny headed down to another food truck where they bought breakfast burritos and shared an early morning meal together. Max felt like Jenny was making sure he wasn't too flipped out by his experiences at club, telling him that her first few months there had been similar, where it felt like she was always having sex all the time, but eventually it would level off and stabilize into something more manageable. She also stressed that he should enjoy the ride while it lasted, because when something was new, that was when it was the most stimulating.

Max told her that he had to go up there again today, and asked if she wanted to join him, but was surprised when she told him that she needed to go to the conference today, having a handful of seminars that she simply couldn't miss, but would like to meet up again with him in the evening, or tomorrow, if either worked for him, and he agreed they'd try to connect in the evening, since tomorrow would be his first day running the food truck from Ironwood, and he wasn't entirely sure what to expect from that.

After breakfast, Jenny called herself an Uber and for the first time in two days, he had a couple of minutes just to himself. It was his equivalent of a Sunday, and usually he spent most of those days

unwinding, decompressing from the rush of the food truck life. He did a little bit of yoga, watched a bit of television in his apartment and then got onto his motorcycle and headed up to Ironwood once more. The time by himself definitely helped recharge his batteries, although he did have the strangest feeling that he was being watched the entire time.

He decided before he headed up to Ironwood to check in on the Hernandez brothers and make sure that his food truck was doing well. Generally, he didn't feel the need to check up on them, but with the last few days, all bets were off on anything being business as usual.

The truck was stationed in Jack London Square in Oakland, so it wasn't a far drive, and when he got close, he could see business was doing well. There were a handful of food trucks there – Grillaz Gone Wild, All Things Bacon, Koja, usual solid cohorts – and most of them were doing okay traffic, but Constant Rotation had a line around the corner and more were already lining up.

Carlos and Joey were managing the crowd well, and while it looked like most of the regulars were there, Max also saw there were a number of good looking women in the line he'd never seen before. He was starting to wonder if maybe it was some kind of a curse he was under, where beautiful women surrounded him until he was fucked to death.

(It wouldn't be the *worst* way to go, but death was still death. It reminded him a little bit of that old Monty Python bit about a man being allowed to choose the method of his death.)

The women in line weren't so plentiful that it was absurd, but there were certainly at least two or three women he was certain he *definitely* would've noticed had they come to the food truck before. When he was cooking, he didn't spend too much time looking at the patrons, but he always made a point of handing people the food himself, which let him get a momentary glance into who his clientele were. Mostly they were business people in their thirties (or older), but he definitely saw a stripe of college students, depending on the location they were in for the moment. What he *wasn't* accustomed to seeing was a handful of people who looked like they were ready to step out onto the catwalk, dressed in the latest fashion, makeup completely on point, setting out to make the absolute best first impression that they could. And yet he saw two different women who looked like that in line at Constant Rotation as he checked in on the truck, being sure to keep his distance so that he didn't get spotted, his motorcycle helmet still on to obscure his identity.

He had considered going over and talking to Carlos, but the line was still too long for him to distract them, and Max suspected if he went over there, he was going to get approached by people, so for the moment, he was happy just to have a few minutes of anonymity again.

Max drove up towards Ironwood Estates but pulled off onto a side street about a mile away, parking his bike in a little cul-de-sac as he took his phone from his pocket and decided to do a little web research. The term "Ironwood Estates" pulled up what seemed like a litany of various apartment complexes across the country in his first Google search, but nothing about any sex club, not that he felt like it should've been at the top of the list, if it even appeared at all. Searching for the address also returned no results other than 'private club,' which made Max wonder if there was some zoning permit they had been forced to file.

The next thing he thought to search was the woman who'd introduced herself as the owner of the local chapter of Ironwood Estates, Dana Weismann. That, it turned out, was a far more fruitful search to do, because there was a glut of information on the woman. She was a powerful Bay Area investor, a real estate magnate who owned several dozen businesses and buildings, and yet still remained something of a mid-level player in the industry, although it seemed from one of the articles that he read that it was by design rather than poor business acumen. She had come from money, and also married into further money, but her husband had died very young a few years back after only a couple of years of wedded bliss.

He felt like he could be reading up on Dana all day if he wanted, considering how many various articles had either been written about her or had cited her in explaining some of the various moves made in terms of corporate housing. She'd made a killing on scooping up land before the Levi's

Stadium had been built, then turning around and selling it to residential developers, so those stories tended to overwhelm everything else. He did, however, find one profile piece on her in FastCompany, where she was described as “someone to keep an eye on.”

That was something he was most definitely going to do.

He closed the tab on his phone and tucked it back into his jacket before pulling his helmet back on, restarted his bike, and headed up to Ironwood, hoping maybe he could get in and out quietly without too much fuss. It was a Wednesday morning, so most people should be at work or class or anywhere other than the club, he figured.

He hoped, anyway.

Esme Santiago – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 11:15 am

As it turned out, when Max wasn't at Ironwood, there wasn't a whole lot to do, so Esme had turned to making sure the place's story would hold up to inspection, and that meant it needed to be treated like a real sex club might be. While Dana had taken care of most of the structural things, there had been loads of little things the woman had just never considered, like towels. Esme felt a club like this would need a *massive* amount of towels, and so she'd made a run to the local Bed Bath & Beyond and picked up a giant bundle of towels, then immediately set out to washing them, so they didn't *seem* like new towels.

While it had been shared that Max would be coming up to the club midday with all of Alpha and Beta group, Dana had stressed that anyone who was just hanging around the club on a Wednesday would need a sufficiently good cover story that Max would buy it. Some of the girls had argued that he wouldn't be asking them about such things, but Dana had stood firm on the point, saying she'd talked with him almost as much as anyone, and Jenny had chimed in around 9:30 am, after she'd split from Max and finally gotten to be able to check in. So while it wasn't utterly packed with women, there were still a handful of them who wanted to be sure and be visible and available.

Anya, Yael and Kelly were hanging out around the pool, working on their tan, and Zelda was in the lounge with Mai, sharing a nice brunch together. Of course, Zelda and Kelly had made a point of saying they'd see Max today when they parted yesterday, so their presence didn't come as a shock to Esme in any way. Dana wasn't on-site, as she needed to tend to some of her business interests, but had told Esme that she intended to get a crack at Max at some point in the next few days, and that she should do the same, before the field turned into an ocean.

She'd decided she was going to make a play for him almost as soon as he arrived at Ironwood, and had two possible paths of attack to get him into bed with her. Going after a man wasn't something she'd really had to do much back home in Doss, Texas, but she'd gone through most of the local boys and hadn't found anyone worth spending more than a couple of hours with at best. Max was a little old for her, but with his age came a wisdom and approachability. She'd never understood why she'd seen stories of younger women going after older men so commonly before, but now, having shared a meal with a guy like Max, she got it. They weren't pussy hounds on the hunt – they were people eager to have actual conversations. (Of course, that was a real pain in the ass for the game's designs, but that wasn't a huge concern to her.)

Dana had insisted that the front gate remain closed at all times, and Esme had respected that, even though she thought it was silly. So she almost missed when Max was buzzing at the gate, because she was tidying up the lounge, but out of the corner of her ear, she heard it, and sprinted over, seeing Max was holding up his keychain to the camera, and so she buzzed it open long enough for him to get his motorcycle through before closing it again.

She wasn't wearing anything fancy, because she figured during low traffic hours, the manager of a sex club would lean towards utility over style, expecting to do, well, what she'd been doing when he'd arrived – cleaning. She had on jeans and a big baggy “Everything's bigger in Texas!” t-shirt that hung down almost to her knees, her hair done up in a bun, as she smiled and met him at the door. “Heya

Max,” she said. “Thanks for coming up. We're all very excited to have a real chef on-site soon, especially with your level of cooking skill. So what do we need to get set up for you for tomorrow?”

For the next hour or so, Max was all business, making sure there was a good parking space for the truck that would still allow him to have some room to step out the back, and to keep a large trash can behind them for wrappers and litter, as well as one in front for paper plates and containers. Dana had given Esme some basic information on how the mass orders would work, and how they would be staggered throughout the day, so that Max could do them in batches, and delivery people would come by every thirty minutes or so, rather than the gate constantly being opened and closed and opened and closed. Max seemed a little doubtful that would result in the food being warm when it got to its destination, but Dana assured him it would be just like catering, and that she would handle it.

He even went so far as to draw with chalk some placement lines, marking off where the truck would sit in the large driveway circle the manor had. Max told her that it might make it a little more difficult for cars to get in and out, but that he didn't see any way he could get around that, and Esme told him it would be fine, there was nothing for him to worry about.

The more time she spent with him, the more Esme realized why Max had likely been single as long as he had. The man had an almost uncanny laser-like sense of focus, and when he was working, that was *all* he was doing, and he was immune to noticing almost anything outside of that particular circle of influence. She'd tried flirting a little with him while he was inspecting the extension cord they were going to use to connect the truck to the house's power, and it wasn't like he was being rude but more like he simply wasn't *aware* of it, like it had somehow just passed on by without him noticing it. It was something she intended to convey to the rest of the women via the message board when she had a chance, but for now, it meant she needed to turn the heat up.

“Okay, that should just about do it,” Max said. “I think that covers everything I need, and the plan sounds solid enough. If we run into mishaps along the way, are you going to be here tomorrow for me to talk to?”

Esme nodded. “Of course, Max. I'm usually not here on Mondays and Tuesdays, and my assistant manager runs the place on those days for me, but she needed yesterday off, so I was covering for her. Whatever you need, you just need to ask me, and I'll make sure it happens. And people here ordering in between those big orders won't be too much a problem?”

Max waved a hand dismissively. “Not at all. In fact, they'll probably be easier to manage than the big ones, so don't feel bad about ordering whenever or whatever you want. Hell, you personally can even have lunch on the house.”

“Max, you don't have to do that,” Esme said with a smile.

“One free meal ain't gonna kill me,” he laughed. “I should probably see about getting some lunch, though.”

“Oh! Jenny sent me a text message to tell you that she was having Ike's sent up here for you for lunch, as a way of paying you back for buying her breakfast.”

“That's kind of her,” Max admitted. “And now I know why she was asking what I typically ordered from there.”

“It'll be here in about half an hour, so you've got a bit of time to kill before it arrives. You want to take a dip in the pool?”

He grinned at her, shrugging. “I didn't bring my swimsuit.”

Esme rolled her eyes back at him. “Like *that's* necessary. Didn't you notice most people are sunbathing topless or nude out there? You can swim in the buff any time you want.”

“Yeah, well, I'm certainly not ready for *that*,” he chuckled. “Not yet anyway.”

She stepped in a bit closer, placing a hand on his arm, trying to be a bit more direct now, since the man had seemingly missed all of the flirting signals she'd sent at him during his site inspection. “Also, Max, just in case I wasn't being clear before, I'm not *just* the manager here, I'm *also* a member, so I'd definitely like to spend a bit of time with you.” She looked down, faking shyness, almost as if she

was embarrassed by how direct she'd just been. "But I know I'm just the hired help, so if not, I get it..."

The guilt trip was clearly working, because Max sputtered for a second. "Esme, you're absolutely gorgeous, but I'm sure you have good looking men coming in here all the time, and you can do so much better than me."

She clung to his arm a bit more firmly. "I don't want 'better than you,' Max," she whispered quietly. "I want *you*. Most of the guys who come in here, they're all 'wham, bam, thank you ma'am' and take off as soon as they've gotten their rocks off, but you made *Jenny* happy, and I have known that girl for a couple of years now, and she always thinks the guys are pump-and-dump chumps, but she was *glowing* about you. Hell, she brought you *here*, meaning either she's showing you off and wants everyone to see how proud she is she hooked up with you, or she's spreading the wealth, and she wants everyone to have a taste."

Max shifted a bit nervously, as they walked into the manor proper, and Esme was steering them towards the stairs leading upwards. "Jenny and I just met Monday night..."

"She's a very smart woman," Esme said. "But Kelly spent a bit of time last night after you left talking to me about what a good sport you were, and I kinda want that." She leaned up and kissed his cheek, her fingertips stroking against his chest through his shirt. "Can I have a turn? Please?" She tried to keep her voice as soft and gentle as she could, as if he might think it was an imposition as she threw herself at him.

"I am *never* going to get used to this," Max said, as he let Esme lead him up the stairs and down the hall. Of the bedrooms, Esme decided to choose the one that was the most elegantly decorated, even though she knew she'd be the one to have to straighten it up anyway. "I'm still kind of wobbly from the day I had yesterday," he pleaded.

"Don't worry then," Esme said. "Let me do all the work for you. You just lay back and enjoy it, okay?" She led him over to the bed, pulling his shirt up and over his head, setting it aside on the bed before undoing his shoes, sliding them off, followed by his pants and boxers, folding them atop of his shirt. She then pushed him back onto his back atop of the comforter of the bed, not even pulling the covers back. "You don't have to lift a finger."

"Esme, I—"

"Shhhhh," she said, touching one of her fingers to his lips. "Let me care for you." She pulled her hand back and then lifted her shirt up and over her head, not having bothered to put a bra on earlier, knowing it would've just been one more thing to take off. "I know they're a bit smaller than some men like," she said, looking down at her handful sized breasts, "but I think they look good on me, and I can't really afford to get them enlarged."

"You don't need to," Max said. "They're perfect."

Esme found herself genuinely blushing, because the way he'd said it made it clear that it wasn't just him telling her what she wanted to hear, but how he genuinely felt. "Thanks, Max." She kicked off her shoes, unbuttoned her jeans and wiggled them down her hips, along with her panties, folding them and setting them next to Max's.

Despite the fact that man had literally had women *throwing* themselves at him for the last 36 hours, he still looked at her as though he was the luckiest man alive, and Esme bit her bottom lip. It was nice to feel desirable, and his cock had swollen at the sight of her. She hadn't even touched him yet.

She slowly brought one knee up onto the bed and crawled up and over him, rubbing her shaven pussy over his cock slowly, letting him slide along that slit without pushing inside of her, as she leaned down and kissed him for the first time.

It was a lot more intimate than she'd been expecting, soft and kind, not at all like the boys back in Texas who'd been frantic and rushed.

Esme ground her body back and forth, her hips pressed down, keeping his cock pinned between them, letting them both feel the mass of it wedged against their bodies, before finally she couldn't help herself, and lifted her hips up, reaching down with one hand to grab his shaft and get it lined up before

sliding slowly down onto it, a sultry groan of delight escaping her lips before she even knew she was making it.

Her position on her knees gave her some leverage, and she placed both of her hands on Max's chest, using her arms to press her tits together, giving him a fine view of them as she rocked up then slid back down onto his cock once more, pushing it good and deep inside of her cunt.

"Fuck you feel nice," Esme muttered.

Max was about to say something, but Esme put her finger over his lips once more. "Just enjoy this. Enjoy it."

He nodded quietly, as she started to rock her hips, pushing her ass down against the tops of his thighs each time she bucked in his lap. It was a little like riding a horse, she thought to herself, as it dawned on her that this was the first time she'd ever been allowed to be on top with a man before. All the boys back in Texas had always insisted on missionary or doggie style, but for one brief moment in her life, Esme was in the driver's seat.

And she *loved* it.

She wanted it to go on forever, but the longer she took, the greater the odds that someone else in the house would come up and interrupt them and she would miss her chance, so she started riding faster, spreading her thighs wider to make her drop down harder into his lap, making his belly wobble when she did.

She wanted to talk to him, say more to him, but the moment was too intense to spoil with words, and her brown eyes held his gaze as she continued to whip her hips down, both of them starting to breath faster and faster.

She could see nervousness in his eyes, but she nodded, leaning down to press her lips to his as her calloused fingertips clung to his shoulders, her hips mostly just grinding now, clenching his cock until she felt it, and the minute he started to cum, she was dumbstruck to realize that she was cumming with him.

She'd never cum during sex before.

It was glorious, feeling her body immersed in the ocean of pleasure while he was spurting his seed up inside of her, and in the daze of the orgasm, she found herself realizing that if she had to give this five or six tries with this man before it took, well, that would actually be pretty nice.

'Dammit, Esme,' she thought to herself, 'falling for the guy was *not* the plan...'

Part Twelve

Kelly Coleman – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 11:45 am

"This whole thing is crazy, right?" Kelly asked Zelda, as a handful of them crowded around the iPad screen they were watching Esme fuck Max on. Because they knew he was there, he couldn't catch them watching, and it would let them know when they were finished. "Like, completely bonkers crazy, right? But it's too much money to pass up."

"It's not about the money," Anya said.

"It's not *entirely* about the money," Yael replied. "The money certainly has an impact on things, but it is not the *defining* thing. He's a unicorn. There's nobody like him in the entire world, nobody who's going to go through what he's going through right now. It's a story completely unlike anything the world's going to be able to understand. That's a remarkable place to be, in a spotlight beyond anyone else's understanding."

"Except nobody's ever going to know about it," Zelda said. "Nobody but the players of the game, and whoever's watching it."

"And Max," Kelly said. "Max is going to know."

"It vill bring him great pain," Anya said, her accent thick but still decipherable, "along vit de joy. It is wery Russian story."

"I don't think there's ever been a story quite like this one, Anya," Kelly said with a grin. "He's so gentle."

"I imagine he's got to be exhausted, even with a good night's sleep," Zelda said. "That's quite the amount of notches to chalk up on a single headboard in a few days."

"And he's just getting started for today," Yael said.

"Plus, is more girls arriving zis evening," Anya sighed. "Even most beautiful of diamonds can get lost among sea of sparkles."

"You think he's starting to get suspicious?" Zelda asked.

"Don't be ridiculous," Mai scolded. "Of *course* he's suspicious, but the poor boy doesn't even know what to be suspicious *of*. Nobody's asked him for money. Nobody's asked him to do anything completely against his beliefs. In fact, all anyone's really asked of him is that he have a good time. And everyone knows that most classic of American sayings..."

"Anything too good to be true probably is?" Kelly asked.

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth?" Yael tried.

"Yippee ki-yay, motherfucker?" Anya said, as all the other women turned to look at her. "Your famous movie star, Bruce Willis, he has said this in many movies."

Mai shook her head with a sigh. "There is no such thing as a free lunch."

Kelly chuckled. "Ass, grass or cash, nobody rides for free."

"Do you think he'll get suspicious of me if I try to push him off a few more days?" Zelda asked. "I'm not at the best time in my cycle."

"Not that I want to become the girl who's wasting good loads, but I think me blowing him yesterday probably helped throw him off the baby-making scent a little bit," Kelly said, "so maybe we should try something like that again today."

"I thought today was a good day for you," Yael said.

"Oh it is, and I'm *going* to get my shot today," the athletic brunette said confidently. "I'm just saying if we keep throwing things *other* than just this one thing at him, it'll keep his mind distracted." She turned to look at Zelda, as the other girls started to as well.

Zelda looked between them, then looked at Kelly as it dawned on her what she was insinuating. "Oh *fuck* no," she said sternly. "No way I'm doing that."

"I mean, *I* will," Kelly said, "but that means I'm going to take two loads today, and I don't want anyone coming at me for trying to keep the game afloat. Who else is taking their shot today?"

"I vill," Anya said, "but later in day, just before next group is unleashed. Is best time to make good impression."

"I'm not at a good time in my cycle either," Yael grumbled, "so I'm mostly just providing eye candy until next week, although if I can get him wanting me, all the better."

"Nor am I," Mai said, "but I will be in a few days, although there will be shitloads of women vying for his attention at that point, so maybe I should take an easier shot now before the pool gets too crowded."

"Except that's one less shot we've got towards raising the pool for everyone," Yael said. "Remember, a rising tide lifts all boats."

"Unless it floods harbor," Anya said. Everyone turned to look at her again and she smiled in a very world-weary way. "Ve Russians have special way to see life."

"Special like the kids in the helmets," Kelly muttered.

"Well, I did say I was going to show up with you, Kelly," Zelda said, "so I better keep to that appointment. Are you sure you want to do the other thing, though?"

Kelly shrugged a little bit. "We've got to keep his head spinning, and shit, maybe he won't be into it and I won't have to do it."

Yael looked Kelly up and down, shaking her head. “He won't turn it down if you're offering it to him. Most men want that, even if they don't have the gumption to ask for it.”

“Spoken like a girl with personal experience,” Kelly said.

“Let's just say I wanted to make sure David Levy's eyes didn't stray too far back in high school, and I was willing to do anything to make sure that bitch Amy Green didn't get her claws into him.”

“I wasn't judging, sister,” Kelly laughed. “We've all been there.”

“Anything special I should know?” Zelda asked. “He need to take it especially slow or something?”

“Just make sure he uses a lot of lube, and that when he switches lanes, he doesn't go back down to 1st gear, because I'm susceptible to UTIs real easily with that kinda thing.”

“I'll be there to make sure it doesn't get too out of hand,” Zelda assured her.

“Remember to play your part, though,” Kelly admonished. “We've got to make all this *feel* like the weird fantasy sex club story we're selling him, and if he doesn't buy it, then we're all shit out of luck and jolly well fucked.”

“And not in good way,” Anya added.

“Looks like they're starting to wrap up,” Mai said. “We should stop gathering around this one screen.”

“And you two should get into your costumes,” Yael said.

“Costumes, parts, stories... it's all a bit of a production, isn't it?” Zelda said.

Kelly grinned. “Well, as the saying goes, 'on with the show...’”

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 12:02 pm

Despite the fact that he'd had a lot of sex over the last few days, he'd felt a lot of it had been somewhat emotionally detached. He'd felt less like a person and more like a utility, but with Esme, things had been soft and gentle, and he'd felt a bit more like a person again.

She'd been so uncomfortable with asking him, so honest and genuine that he felt like he owed her the same level of human experience. He'd tried to give her what she wanted how she wanted, and there was something... relieved in her face when they'd finally climaxed together, as if some sort of pressure had been alleviated from her brain.

Max supposed at least some of that had to be the chance to actually have a physical connection of her own, after having watched all the endless sex that must be involved in being the manager of a sex club. It wasn't something he'd really considered all that much, but as he and Esme were hopping through a shower together, it was suddenly all he could think about.

The hardest part was that it wasn't something he wanted to bring up to her, simply because he suspected she'd be embarrassed to talk about it, so the two of them showered mostly in silence, taking time to wash each other. That was the one part that was the nicest, each of them giving time to massage the other.

She seemed more relaxed now, smiling more regularly, but they still didn't talk much to one another, and after their shower was done, he was going to hang around while she dried her hair, but she encouraged him to go out and mingle more, and to have a good time, unless he still needed to get more preparation done for tomorrow, in which case he should shoo the girls away until he was done.

He sort of slipped out of the room quietly after that.

Max found himself able to slip past the main area of the club and back outside so he could continue doing setup. He'd inspected the site as best as he could, but it didn't hurt to double check his work, and sure enough, on his second pass he found that of the two external facing power outlets on the side of the building, only one of them was actually outputting power.

He supposed that maybe the external ports weren't things that a club like this had any real need for, but it did surprise him that something so basic and obvious had been overlooked. He decided he would just let Esme know and that he could just use the portable generator to compensate for the power

if he needed to until they got it fixed.

All in all, the site was actually a good location for him to have the truck, and if there were couriers coming by for bulk orders, it would certainly help him manage his time better. The biggest problem, he suspected, was going to be getting Frankie to focus while they were working, knowing there might be beautiful topless women sunbathing only a few short feet away. As good as it was having Frankie around, he usually was the weakest link.

Once he'd checked, double checked and triple checked all his work, he couldn't find any reason to delay heading back into the club. Oh, he knew he could just take off and come back tomorrow, but without at least telling Esme that everything was copacetic, it might look like a slight, and as weird as all of this was, he thought to himself, it was a good business deal and he'd hate to lose it.

Besides, he realized, he'd promised Kelly a bit of fun when he'd seen her yesterday, and the last thing he wanted was people thinking he wasn't a man of his word. She'd been very easy on the eyes, so he wasn't sure why he was so reticent about all of this, other than the fact that he currently had more partners in the past two days than he had the past five years, and there was something fundamentally hinky about how that math worked out.

When he came back into the main lobby of Ironwood, he realized he didn't see Kelly or Zelda anywhere, and he wondered if he'd done something wrong by not acknowledging them when he'd first come in. He somehow suspected there were some layers of etiquette that he wasn't aware of, and yet, everyone seemed to be giving him a pass when it came to those, maybe because he was a new member and they didn't want to scare him off. He did remember Jenny saying the club had far more female members than it did male, and maybe they were going to give him extra slack because of that.

Out at poolside, he could see three women sunbathing topless – the blonde Russian girl he'd seen earlier, a Chinese woman in her late 20s and a Jewish woman about the same age, each of the three sprawled out in bikini bottoms, one next to the other, having a conversation about something or other, each of them with their eyes closed, their hair pulled back to keep as much of their faces exposed to the sunlight as possible, a three flavors Coronetto of beautifully exposed flesh.

As he moved deeper into the main hall, he saw that Esme had laid out a lunch for him at one of the tables, another Ike's Sandwiches order with a Henry Weinhard's Orange Cream soda next to it. She'd only set out the one placement, and waved for him to come over and eat.

“You're not going to be joining me?” he said to her, as he sat down.

“Wish I could,” she sighed, “but there's work to be done, both for you and for me. *I* need to do some more preparation for the party we're having here tomorrow night, and *you* have a date with Zelda and Kelly in the office after you finish lunch.”

“I can't believe that Kelly's so gung ho on having a go with me,” Max said. “She can do *so* much better than me, she's so damn gorgeous. I mean, that's true for *all* of the women here.”

“Except none of them *want* someone better than you, Max,” Esme said with a smile, squeezing the top of his hand. “They want *you*. Wisdom and experience should trump beauty every time.”

He laughed softly, starting to unwrap his sandwich. “I'm flattered that you think I have experience, Esme, but barring the last few days, I'm not exactly the most active of lovers.”

“But you're kind, Max,” she said, patting his wrist a couple of times before pulling back. “And that's a wisdom that can't be taught, only lived. Eat your lunch, and don't keep the ladies waiting too long, although a little bit probably wouldn't hurt.”

Mrs. Churchill – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 12:25 pm

“It's afternoon, and we've only gotten one load out of our boy,” Mrs. Churchill said. “I have to admit, I'm a little disappointed.”

“We knew there were going to be points of recovery, boss,” Jacinda told her, “and considering that Charlie group gets added in less than eight hours, having a little bit of calm before the storm is probably for the best. Besides, he's got Kelly lined up in just a little bit, and after that, I'd put money on

Anya making a power play at him before the gang arrives tonight. While you were out grabbing lunch, Mai, Yael and Zelda said they weren't at good points in their cycles to get pregnant, so they were going to wait until they had better odds."

"Yeah, but it's gonna be a shitload more crowded a field when they do," Lynne said, leaning back in her chair. "These bitches seem real forgetful that every day they wait means ten more bitches competing for our boy's attention."

"Nobody's forgetting, Lynne," Maia said. "There's just not a whole lot they can do about it."

"They could get up in his face, make sure he knows they're around and interested in him. They gotta make sure they're getting' seen, otherwise they're just gonna get lost in the shuffle."

"Lots of girls are gonna get lost in the shuffle, Lynne," Jacinda said. "And for a lot of them, that's okay. They're in, they get what they want, they get out, end of story. It makes our life easier if they do, so I'm hoping one or two of the girls who've gotten a go are knocked up, so we can get some people *out* of rotation while we keep throwing all the new ones *in*."

"Is there anybody in Charlie Group we need to be worried about, Jac?" Mrs. Churchill said.

Her lieutenant waved her hand dismissively. "I tried to soft pack the first few days and not get us anyone who would make our lives too miserable. Lots of beautiful women in search of a baby on someone else's dime, but certainly nobody as bad as our later hurricanes will be."

"Any wifey material?" Mrs. Churchill said.

"You're welcome to look for yourself," Jacinda said with a soft laugh, "but I like to think of Charlie Group as 'young, dumb and in need of cum,' although maybe 'dumb' is a bit harsh for, say, half of them."

"And the other half?" Lynne asked.

"The other half aren't going to be winning any Nobel prizes, if you catch my drift."

"Has Danny checked in today?" Mrs. Churchill asked.

"A couple of times this morning as Max was checking in on the food truck, but his last report said that since Max was at Ironwood, he probably didn't need him on Overwatch until he was likely to leave, and since the girls were planning on keeping him there as long as possible, Danny's probably just relaxing a little bit."

"Do you think we'll be able to keep him on site for the rest of the day?" Maia asked.

Jacinda shook her head. "Look, I know we'd like to keep him where we can contain him as much as possible, but I'd like to think after all the research I've done that I know this guy pretty well. Considering he's *got* to come back tomorrow, he's going to try and get out of staying there too much today. He'll definitely give Kelly her turn, and I don't doubt Anya's ability to keep him here a bit longer, but past that, he's going to high tail it. Shit, he'll probably head home and try to lay low, maybe work up a few new recipes to debut at the truck tomorrow. Normally, this day is spent mostly in the kitchen trying out some things for next week's menu, and the fact that he hasn't done that yet is probably eating at him a bit."

"Are any of the incoming girls aggressive enough to try and take a shot at him at his home?" Mrs. Churchill asked.

"Don't think so, boss," Jacinda said, "but with this many women, nothing's guaranteed."

"Okay, someone let Danny know that he should run interference when Max goes home, and if anyone tries to make a go at him at the house, he should wave them off," she sighed. "He's going to be at Ironwood from tomorrow at breakfast until after dinner time, and while he's going to be cooking a lot of that time, the girls can also make sure to get their shots in there when he's in between cooks."

"I'll let Danny *and* Heather know," Jacinda said. "Heather'll probably enjoy that a lot more than Danny will. He's such a softie."

"Until he needs to put someone down, and then the softie attitude is gone in a flash."

"Yeah, I remember London," Maia said.

"What happened in London?" Jacinda asked.

“Shit got out of hand and Danny settled it, permanently.”

“That sounds... dire.”

“Very, so the less you ask about it, the better you'll probably feel,” Mrs. Churchill said.

“Besides, it looks like Max is heading for the office.”

“This should be fun to watch,” Lynne said.

“I'm starting to reevaluate my opinion on whether or not Kelly could be wifey material,” Mrs. Churchill told her lieutenant.

“Yeah, well,” Jacinda responded, “I told you not to underestimate her.”

Kelly Coleman – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 12:41 pm

As soon as Max stepped into the room, from the look on face Kelly knew she'd gotten the outfit just right. She'd spent a good bit of time getting it right, picking a plaid skirt that looked like an actual schoolgirl skirt rather than a stripper impersonating a schoolgirl, getting long white stockings that came up to the middle of her thighs, finding a white blouse that was thick enough to obscure the lacy red bra she had on beneath it, even though hints of it could be seen with how many buttons she'd left undone, the bottom of it tied into a knot just beneath her breasts. She'd also gotten glossy black shoes, and done her dark hair up into pigtails. She'd been worried that the pigtails might've been too much, but Zelda assured her it gave her just the right level of naughtiness.

Zelda, on the other hand, had gone for sort of a coach like look, dressed in a track suit that she had zipped up most of the way, although it left a bit of the top of her cleavage visible to the eyes. It wasn't a great time of the month for her, so she was just going to help Kelly sell this particular fantasy all the way.

“I'm here, Professor Brewster,” Kelly purred at him, as Max moved over towards the desk.

“Ready, able and willing to do *whatever* it takes to get my grade out of this hole I've dug for myself.”

“Kelly's been quite the difficult student for you, Professor Brewster,” Zelda said, licking her lips in eagerness, “so you should be sure you take your fill from her. Leave no stone unturned.”

Kelly sashayed across the room towards him and bent forward over his desk, reaching behind her to lift her skirt up over her ass, revealing that she hadn't bothered to put on panties beneath it. “Do you think I need a spanking first, Professor? Or do you want to start right on in with fucking some sense into me?”

He hadn't asked her about the large and wicked scar on her left calf, and she was thankful for that, because it made her feel a little more normal. The scar was easily the most notable thing about her legs, a reminder of how six seconds had changed the entire course of her life. While she'd gotten back to walking normally again, she hadn't yet fully let go of the frustration and anger about it.

In just six seconds she'd gone from “the next Serena Williams” to “you're never going to play tennis competitively again.” She'd built her life around that identity and now that it had been stripped from her, she still hadn't landed on her feet with her next direction.

She was stirred from the memories by feeling his hand on her impeccably toned ass, as he lifted it up and slapped it down in a spank that sent shivers of delight up her spine. While she didn't go in for large volumes of pain, small amounts tactically applied got her engine running to the red line as quickly as anything could.

“What's it going to take to get you to concentrate in my class, Miss Coleman?”

His hand clapped down again, a bit harder this time, and she felt her knees tremble, and allowed herself a soft moan of pleasure, just so that Max would know she was into it. “I'm very sorry, sir, but you're just such a handsome man, it's hard to think straight.”

“Have you been fantasizing about me, Miss Coleman?”

Another slap of his hand warmed her flesh, and her back arched as she tried to part her thighs a bit wider, so he would see the invitation available before him. “Yes Professor, both in class and when I've been touching myself.”

Zelda slowly walked across the room over towards the desk, reaching down to push Kelly's face more firmly against the desk. "This little coed slut's not going to get anything into her head until you clear her cobwebs, Professor, so you should get your cock out and drill her until she can think again."

Kelly wasn't sure how long it was going to take to get Max into the mindset for this, but she was pleased to feel his cock rubbing against the back of one of her thighs moments later, moving to rub the head along the inside of her thigh, moving up towards her pussy.

"C'mon, Professor. I'm stuck as just a little airheaded bimbo until I get what I need," she whimpered, her hands clutching to the edge of the desk.

"This isn't about what you *need*, is it Kelly? It's about turning you back into a good student," Max said, even as the tip of his cock was toying against the entrance to her snatch.

It was taking every bit of Kelly's willpower not to just push herself back onto his shaft, because she wanted it, not just the potential of a child that lingered in his balls, but ever since she'd blown him yesterday, she'd wanted to feel his cock stretching her open, and watching him with other women had spurred feeling of jealousy in her heart that she didn't even understand.

"Teach me, Professor," she pleaded. "Mold me." She felt the tip of his cock parting her velvet walls and slowly coring his way inside of her. "*Fuck me.*"

His hands moved to grab onto her hips as he held her in place and started thrusting forward against her, his hips smacking against her ass while Zelda stroked a hand against his face above her, or at least that's what she thought the older woman was doing with Max.

"That's it, Professor," Zelda cooed at Max. "Make that little slut warm your cock. Make her clench down on your shaft like the desperate whore she is, aren't you dear?" Zelda tugged on one of Kelly's pigtales and she turned her head a little to look up at her, a groan escaping her throat.

Kelly had suspected Max to be a somewhat lackluster lover, but it was almost like he had some second sense that let him discover just what a partner wanted and to match it, a thing that was both marvelous and frustrating. In all ten boys she'd slept with, none of them seemed to have the natural rhythm that this older man did.

He pounded her firmly but not so roughly that it hurt. He knew how to make sure she was enjoying herself, and she was doing everything she could to return the favor, but there was something fundamentally strange about this moment, and she was certain he felt the same way.

It took her entirely by surprise when an orgasm overtook her, feeling her own voice catch in her throat in a strangled moan as her knees wobbled a little, and she felt her cunt clamping down on Max's dick, trying to hold him still, and those spasms of her twat around his cock seemed to be enough to set his own release off, as she felt him blasting hot cream inside of her inner center.

"Is this it?" she thought to herself. "Is this how I get impregnated?"

She could hear Max and Zelda kissing above him, and she giggled a little, as if just to remind them of her presence. Zelda knew the plan, but maybe she was getting caught up in the moment.

One of the things Kelly had been adamant about when she'd heard about this game was that they were going to have to make a concerted effort to throw Max some non-impregnating encounters along the way, otherwise he was going to wise up. So far she'd been the only one to offer false flags, but if she didn't set the precedent, maybe nobody would do it, and the whole game would be for naught.

When she'd blown him yesterday, it had made his mind go in other directions, so now she was going to do it again. "I don't think I've fully earned my 'A' yet, Miss Fujikawa," Kelly said to the two of them. "So maybe I should reiterate that I'm willing to do *anything*," she said, reaching behind her, grabbing the two cheeks of her ass to pull them apart.

"Now now, Miss Coleman," Zelda said. "Let's get you good and slick, so the Professor doesn't do any damage on his way in."

"I don't know that—" Max started to say before Zelda apparently stopped him, Kelly unable to see what she did from her vulnerable position.

"Let me get both her and you slicked up first, Professor, but you're *going* to show this girl how

you can be a pain in *her* ass if she keeps on being a pain in *yours*,” Zelda said as she uncapped the tube of lube that Kelly had given her earlier, drizzling it down the crack of her ass before sliding one of her thin fingers up through her sphincter, sending a sizzle of anticipation up her spine. “But just because you have to be cruel to be kind doesn't mean you have to be *too* cruel.”

Kelly felt Zelda's fingertip slip out of her ass and then heard the older woman's hand stroking along Max's cock, smearing as much of that lube as she could over his thickening shaft. The younger girl kept her hands in place, keeping her buttocks apart.

It wasn't like she'd *never* done this before, but it would only be her third time doing anal, and the first time had hurt like a motherfucker, simply because her boyfriend at the time hadn't used enough lube, so she'd made him stop after just a few seconds. The other time, however, she and a different boyfriend had used plenty, and she'd cum so hard she'd seen spots for a few minutes afterwards, so if nobody else was going to take one for the team, she'd be the one to do it.

Zelda moved around to the rear of the desk and stepped behind Max, as she felt him step in and lay the length of his cock along the cleft of her ass, hotdogging her a little before she could feel a brush of Zelda's arm against her skin as she reached to grab his cock and line him up against her rosebud.

“Ready to earn that A, Kelly?” Zelda said to her.

“Yes, ma'am,” she said, nodding her head. “I said I'd do anything, and if that means I need to be an anal slut for the professor, then I say bottoms up.”

“Let'er have it, Professor,” Zelda moaned at him.

Feeling his cock enter her ass, she immediately knew that Max was certainly thicker than either of her previous backdoor partners, but as that shaft works its way in, she felt those pain and pleasure signals fuse together into some surreal hybrid, and she felt a wild shiver dance along her skin.

“Fuck, professor, you've got such a big dick,” she whimpered. “Destroy me on that thing. Fucking wreck my ass.”

Because her own orgasm wasn't important here, she didn't particularly care how long it went or how rough it felt, but as soon as he started to thrust, she felt one of his hands slide across her stomach and down below to rub his fingertips against her pussy, something he certainly didn't have to do, but she found massively welcome, as his other hand grabbed onto her shoulder and pulled her back into his hard thrusts.

It was clear from the tightness that he wasn't going to last long, but he lasted much longer than she anticipated, and to her own surprise, when he finally did climax, the sensation of his sperm firing into her young ass set off another orgasm inside of her, not as strong or stretched as the previous one, but still an unanticipated blast of ecstasy, no matter how brief.

As soon as he'd caught his breath, his cock almost immediately slipping out of her, he leaned forward and whispered to her, “Are you okay?”

She let loose an almost deranged giggle as she nodded her head. “That. Was. Awesome!” She placed one of her hands against the top of the desk and forced herself up, as Zelda gave Max one last kiss, stroking his neck.

“You still owe me a ride, but I'm okay to wait for another day,” Zelda said to him as Kelly pulled her skirt down over her still smarting ass. “And you two should both take a shower before you do *anything* else.”

“The water bill for this place must be *out of control*,” Max chuckled.

Part Thirteen

Danny Garney – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 1:18 pm

“Really?” Danny said into his cellphone. “I don't *have* to do anything, baby.”

“No, I know, Danny,” Liane told him, “but if you *don't*, it's just gonna look weird. You need to blend in, and I know you're going to come back to me, so maybe for the next three months, I'm gonna

give you a hall pass for anyone in the game, as long as at the end of it, you and I have a long talk about taking things to the next level when it's all done. That and you better not knock anybody up.”

“I’ll absolutely bag it up any time I’m doing anything even vaguely risky, and if you want, I’m absolutely comfortable making the hall pass both ways.”

“Maybe I’ll take you up on it and have a go at Max’s friend, Frankie, but I’ll make sure he’s got a cocksock on as well. How’s things up at Ironwood?”

Danny sighed. “It’s mostly quiet. He’s been at it a bit here and there, but I think the real challenge is going to be either tonight, if we can keep him here, or tomorrow, if we can’t,” he told her. He saw Esme starting to walk over towards him, waving a hand. “Looks like they need me. Gotta go, babe. Love you.”

“Love you too, Thumper. Byyyyyyyyye!”

He tucked his cellphone into the pocket of his leather jacket as he smiled over to Esme. “Hey Esme, what’s up?” Right now it was nice because he knew the names and faces of all the girls in the game, but within a few days, he was going to have to start using the cheatsheet Mrs. Churchill had given him with all their headshots and bios.

“So, Mrs. Churchill told us that if we thought anything weird was going on, we should talk to you,” she said, leading him back into the kitchen, making sure to keep their conversation out of the eyes and ears of Max. “Right?”

“That’s correct,” he said. “Tell me about the weirdness.”

“So I know we’ve got new girls showing up starting early this evening, but there’s this car parked just down at the end of the block and has been there since this morning, and there’s a woman just sitting in it, and I *don’t* think she’s a member of the game. Is that something you want to check out?”

Danny nodded. “That’s *definitely* something I want to check out. I thought I’d been keeping a pretty good eye on the external cameras,” he said. “How’d you see it?”

“Well, I didn’t, but Blake just showed up since she figured she could hang around for the day since she’s done with classes for the day, and she mentioned it,” Esme said. “I had to run out for a few quick errands, since I had an idea on how to try and keep Max here longer than he’d intended, and if it doesn’t work, it won’t kill us. I saw her there myself, both when I left and when I came back, although she tried to tuck down into her car when I was leaving.”

“You get a good look at her?”

“Not that well. Brunette, late twenties? She’s in the gray Mazda 3 parked close to the corner. You can’t miss it.”

“Hmmm,” Danny said. “Okay. I’m going to go and do a little recon, but I need you to make sure Max doesn’t leave while I’m out doing it, yes? If he decides to head home while I’m out there, I won’t be able to keep up with him, and that’s bad for everyone involved, so if he starts making noises like he might be considering leaving, find some way to stall him, even if it’s only for twenty minutes or so. Got it?”

Esme nodded, and Danny tried to offer her a comforting smile. “Thanks Danny. It’s probably nothing, but I’ll feel better having you take a look.”

“I’m on it,” he said, slipping out into the back yard. Keeping tabs on the message boards had been massively useful so far, and he made a point to spend five to ten minutes every hour checking in on what people were talking about on the chat channels and the game’s main website. It was letting him profile people who might turn out to be trouble later, but it had also let him make a few specific requests from Dana when she was starting to set up Ironwood Estates.

He moved over to the fence, counting the planks on the wooden part of the fence next to the house, before he reached the eighth plank away from the house, pushing the little slide in one direction to unlock and then shoving the plank out to reveal the secret entrance/exit that had been built into the fence as per his suggestion. It was lockable from the inside, so that Danny basically had a path for him

to sneak out of the manor. He moved around the back of the building, staying on the edge of the high hill the manor was built on, sneaking along, protected from sight by the high fences the neighbors had until he reached the end of the block.

From there, he could move onto the sidewalk and head down, keeping to cover so that he wasn't going to be easily spotted, and sure enough, he could see the Mazda 3 that Esme had been telling him about. He reached into his pocket to pull out his scope, reading the license plate off the back of the car before typing it into his cell phone's Notes section.

He moved to sneak even closer, sticking to cover as he did. He wanted to get her out of the vehicle to get a picture of her, but he didn't have an immediate option on how to do that. This was the sort of thing Danny enjoyed, though, being given a challenge with no obvious solution.

A quick scan of the neighborhood revealed nothing easily available for getting her out of the car, but eventually a plan started to form. He saw there was a wheeled trashcan near the street, and the wind up in the Berkeley hills was notoriously gusty, so he quietly approached the trashcan and inched it forward some towards the car.

He could see the woman in the car was focused on the gate of Ironwood, and so she wasn't even looking his direction. He was able to get the trashcan right up near the street, and propped it up so that a good wind would blow it over and into the street, as close to the car as he could get it.

Then he moved to get back, and waited.

It took a few minutes, but he'd gotten the trashcan placed so precariously that the first good wind knocked it into the street, scattering it everywhere, and the woman hopped out of her car, moving to do her best to scoop everything into it again, giving Danny the perfect opportunity to get a bunch of photographs.

She was about how Esme had described her, with chocolate brown hair in bangs down to her shoulders, dressed in a blouse and loose fitting slacks. Danny's first thought was maybe cop or private investigator, but after she was puttering around the strewn garbage, he immediately moved to possible reporter. But how and why would a reporter get onto them?

Danny waited until the woman had gotten everything cleaned up and got back into the car. She didn't seem to pay any real attention to anything around her, until another car started pulling up to Ironwood, at which point the woman began taking pictures as the car drove past her.

'Definitely a reporter,' he thought, 'so what the hell do we do now?'

He circled back around the ridge once more and made his way back to the fence, slipping into the manor again, closing and latching the fence hatch shut again. Danny found Esme waiting for him there.

"Well, Dana said she saw the car when she was coming in, so I'm hoping you figured out something," she told him.

"It's a start," he said. "I think it might be a reporter, but let's not jump to any conclusions about these things. I'll do the work and get us some more information."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone, scrolling through his contacts list before finding the particular name he was looking for – Nicolas Braga. Nick was the guy Danny called when he needed to get information on someone, because of two very important details. First and foremost, Nick worked at the DMV, but secondly Nick's moral compass was bent quite easily by some generous cash donations. And Danny was always generous with Mrs. Churchill's money, so Nick's phone hadn't even hit the second ring before he'd answered.

"Gimme the plate, Danny," Nick said.

"Wow, all business, huh?"

"We're backed up today, and while I'm happy to help you, I need to keep people moving though the system. So hit me."

Two minutes later, Danny had a name – Christine DeSilva.

'Son of a bitch,' he thought to himself, 'I fucking hate it when I'm right.'

He moved into the office so he could sit at an actual computer instead of doing all of his research on his phone, but it barely took even two minutes before he had all the information that he needed to get properly worried.

Christine DeSilva was a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle, and she seemed like she was a pretty good one. Her name was on the byline for stories about government corruption, real estate swindles, corporate espionage and zoning malfeasance, among other things. She was known for doing in-depth series, covering not just one aspect of something, but covering all aspects of it. She was dogged and relentless, and once she got her teeth into something, it was difficult to get her to let go of it. She was going to be something of a pain in his ass, he just knew it, but it was definitely the sort of thing he was supposed to let Mrs. Churchill know about.

He debated between doing a lot more research first, but he'd learned that Mrs. Churchill liked to be in the know as quickly as possible, so the next thing he did was phone her up, because he absolutely knew...

...she was gonna be *pissed*.

Mrs. Churchill – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 2:23 pm

“What the bloody *fuck* do you mean we have a reporter on us?” she said into her phone. Danny took the next few minutes to explain to her the information he had, and based on how little Danny had to go on right now, it was clear the man had just learned about all of this. She was standing out on the balcony, away from the operating center, because the last thing she wanted was her people taking their eye off the ball. “How the hell did someone get onto us so fast?”

“Here's the thing, boss,” Danny told her. “I'm not entirely sure she is onto *us*.”

“Don't blow smoke up my ass and tell me it's just the fog, Danny.”

“No no,” he said, “I'm serious. She's been big on corruption and whatnot lately, and done a ton of exposes into real estate stuff, so I'm thinking she may be onto Dana setting up Ironwood Estates, and we're just collateral blowback in all of this.”

“So you're thinking... what are you thinking, Danny?”

He sighed on the other end of the line. “I'm thinking that making a reporter mysteriously go AWOL for three months is very much outside of my contract. I mean, if you want, I'll do it, but it's only going to come back us a lot more later if I do.”

“You want *me* to handle it.”

“This sort of thing is much more in your world than it is mine, boss,” Danny confessed. “You need someone protected, I'm your man. Extraction from a hostile country? Got you squared. I can even handle the ultraviolence, if it's gonna come down to that, but this is a very light touch affair, and I don't think I'm the right tool for the job. You don't use a bullet to do a scalpel's job, right?”

“Yeah, alright,” Mrs. Churchill said. “You said she was a reporter for the Examiner?”

“The Chronicle. You have contacts there?”

“Maybe. Let me make some calls and see what's going on.”

“What do you want me to do about her for now?”

“For now? Nothing, but don't let her stop any of our cars and talk to them, and see what you can do to make sure she doesn't get a good look at Max when he's eventually leaving.”

“I think she's going to be gone by then, but I'll do what I can to keep the area clear.” Mrs. Churchill could practically hear him scowling on the other end of the line. “Keep in mind, Charlie Group is going to start rolling in here in just a few hours, so this place is going to have a lot of women coming in for attention from Max, assuming he's still here.”

“Do you think he's going to still be there tonight?”

“Ehhhhh... call it 50/50 odds right now. Esme went out and gathered up a bunch of things so that Max could try and do his menu prep from Ironwood, and she's talking to him right now, asking him

to just stay around and experiment there. You've seen her in work – she's persuasive and I think she may be able to spin it that instead of going grocery shopping and spending all his own money, why doesn't he just stay here and use their groceries? Plus he can do a bit of early wild attempts on the people coming in. I'll know more in like an hour or so.”

“Fine,” she said to him. “I'll see what sort of rabbits I can pull out of my hat, and you can make sure that nobody gets their claws into him. You taken a look at Charlie Group yet?”

“Yeah, I was reading through them when he and Kelly were having their little tryst,” he laughed. “I imagine that got quite the ratings boost.”

“We all had a grand old time watching it in here,” Mrs. Churchill admitted. “And? Anything in Charlie you're nervous about?”

“I'm hoping the Travers sisters have dodged the paparazzi when they left LA, because if they get spotted up here, they could bring a lot of heat our direction.”

“They don't want the press here any more than we do, Danny. Shit, they may even hate the press even *more* than we do. You saw the number they did on their late father.”

“I wouldn't blame the press on that one, boss. They're sharks and when they smell blood in the water, they've gotta go for it.”

“I respect that, Danny, but they could've at least given the girls time to grieve.”

“Misery drives pageviews, boss. Gotta get those clicks.”

“So they tell me. Go. Watch your flock. I'll get back to you later.”

“On it.”

Mrs. Churchill hung up the phone and rubbed her eyes wearily. “Goddamn reporters,” she grumbled. Trying to bully this woman wasn't going to work, so she was going to have to try another tact. She opened up the Contacts section of her phone and scrolled down, finding Xavier Williams, the managing editor of the Chronicle.

“Xavier, how the hell are you?”

“There is legitimately no good reason for you to be calling me, so tell me what I can do to end this conversation as quickly as possible,” the man on the other end of the line said to her.

“Tell me all about a reporter on your payroll. Christine DeSilva.”

“Oh for *fuck's* sake...”

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 2:38 pm

“Are you *sure*, Esme?” he said to her. “I'm not going to be doing anything fun or sexual for, like, the next four or five hours if I do this here. I appreciate you trying to be helpful, but you have a sex club to run, and me boggarting your kitchen until tonight seems like it's not going to be at all helpful to you.”

“Max. *Max*. Honestly, you're helping us out a ton just by having the truck here tomorrow, so Dana has instructed me to make it as much worth your while as we can, so please, *please* just stay here and use all the stuff I bought and experiment around,” Esme said with a wide smile. “I can keep everyone completely out of the kitchen, or I can only let in people who are going to help you do a bit of cooking. Many hands make light work, as my mom always used to say.”

“You're running a *sex club*, Esme,” he laughed. “I can't imagine anyone wants to come into a kitchen and work like they're on a cooking competition without getting paid for it.”

“There's probably a fetish for that,” she said with a smile. “But I think some of the people here would just be happy to have your company for a while. If you don't want them to come in, I can keep them out, but I think just letting them in for a bit might help.”

“As long as they understand, hands off my junk while I'm working.”

For the next few hours, Max did everything he can to build a great menu for the week, starting with some recipes he'd done dozens of times and morphing them in new directions, such as the Double Cuban Sandwich (which was his Cuban Submarine Sandwich with even more bacon as well as crispy

pork belly), but also trying things he'd never ever considered before, like Buffalo Mac'n'Cheese Poppers, or a Reuben Cheesesteak.

Building a week's recipe was often filled with explosive mistakes, but he found that the pressure of people occasionally peeking their head in to see what he was doing forced him to justify every wild and strange detour, all of which brought it much clearly into focus.

Girls would sometimes wander in, ask a few questions and then dip out, but they were also just as happy to ask about what he was doing, and how they could help him. Not once did he ever turn a willing participant away, even if many of them had no real cooking experience. He found ways to make use of the extra labor, even if it was just things like stirring, turning, whipping or even watching to make sure things didn't burn.

Esme didn't come in, but it seemed like almost everyone he'd noticed at the club earlier stopped to do a small rotation and to chat him up a little bit, which made the whole thing feel more civil, and went a long way to all of the people he'd run into (and fucked) feel more like real people than just sort of one-night stands, although only a few of those women were around.

(He still didn't know a damn thing about the woman whom he fucked whose face he wasn't even allowed to see. That one still haunted him a bit.)

As he worked, he wrote down notes on a yellow legal pad, so he could constantly update and change everything. He'd type it all up into the truck's iPad tomorrow morning, but for now, he was in the raw invention state.

The people coming and going all the time also gave him one thing he didn't usually get – early taste testers. When Kelly came in, she even joked that if he had a spare minute, maybe he could whip her up some kind of calzone, and from that, in just a few short minutes, he'd made a beer brisket calzone that Kelly looked like she nearly orgasmed from just tasting, so he randomly added it to his menu as “Kelly's Wet Dream.”

He didn't want to admit it, but having people around during the creative process actually helped immensely, giving him a chance to bounce things off of people who weren't just going to automatically say that whatever he was doing was genius, which was his typical problem with Frankie. He attempted to make a kind of meat medley curry, but Dana took one taste of it and told him that the spice level in it was only going to depress people it was so mild, and with time running out, he decided that would be a battle to have another week. He didn't have to completely rebuild the menu, just about half of it.

Around six thirty, Max felt like he had a solid list of what was going to be on his menu for the next week, including an alcohol free pina colada, just to give something to cool people down if they overdosed on the Max Chili, something he'd seen happen more often than he liked.

Of course, during the week, he would make constant adjustments to everything, refining and honing each recipe down until it was a complete killer, and everything he made was hoping to get a shot to join The Hit List.

The Hit List was always exactly ten items long, and it was comprised of his best selling and most popular items, the things people were always asking him to keep on his menu. But what he'd been doing the last few years was that on the first day of every season, the thing on the top ten that had sold the least was dropped, and the thing that the most people had voted for over the course of the season got added.

He was fairly certain the Huevos Rancheros Breakfast Burrito was going to be the spring addition, but he also knew that the Cuban Sub had been giving it a run for its money, and now that he'd added crispy pork belly, that might be enough to make it stand out.

“All done?” Esme said, poking her head in.

“Well, finished for now, anyway,” he said.

“Great,” she replied. “Why don't you stay and have a few drinks?”

“Because I have to get on the bike and head home soon, then pick up the truck super early tomorrow morning.”

“C'mon, Max,” she laughed. “Stay just for a bit and live a little. For me?”

“*One* drink.”

“There you go!”

Max, as always, underestimated the power of a convincing woman, a lesson he was going to be given ample opportunity to learn from.

Part Fourteen

Mrs. Churchill – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 5:47 pm

Mrs. Churchill hated being patient, but this was one of those moments where if she got ahead of herself, she would only be making things worse. She sat in the little patio cafe at the Claremont Club, waiting for Christine DeSilva to arrive.

She'd called the woman's editor to find out what the reporter had been working on, and sure enough, it was only tangentially related to the Brand Game. Miss DeSilva wasn't even directly going after Dana Weismann, merely following up on some of the business deals she'd done with another local real estate dealer. Dana wasn't the subject of the investigation, just caught up in the fringes of it. Still, there was every risk that Miss DeSilva might stumble onto Max, and then they'd all be fucked, so best to cut it off as a seedling before the idea had a chance to grow roots or sprout leaves.

Xavier Williams, Christine's editor, had agreed to broker a meeting, an attempt to settle the peace and to keep Christine off of the Brand Game, because lord only knows how much damage a good reporter could do to the game, and Miss DeSilva was an *excellent* reporter.

Thankfully, Mrs. Churchill had a few tricks up her sleeve herself.

About four minutes late for their meeting, Miss DeSilva walked up and onto the patio, heading over to Mrs. Churchill's table. The woman was relatively good looking, if quite a bit curvier than all the women she'd been watching via video cameras for the last few days. She was darker skinned, tanned flesh similar in shade to walnuts, with her coal black hair done in bangs, dressed in a large baggy t-shirt and tan slacks. Mrs. Churchill was used to reporters wearing all sorts of random things, so the attire wasn't entirely unexpected.

Christine started walking straight for her, as if she'd been told what Mrs. Churchill looked like, ignoring the waiter who saw her along the way, almost stomping towards her table before sitting down with Mrs. Churchill, dropping her hands on top with heavy thuds, as if she was trying to use her weight to be intimidating in her arrival, no doubt a tactic she'd used with great effect on many other people over the years. Mrs. Churchill, naturally, was immune to such gumption. “So who the hell do you think you are, trying to dictate what I can and can't write about?” Miss DeSilva said to the older woman.

Mrs. Churchill smiled and dropped three sheets of paper on top the table, sliding it over to her. “Read that, and then sign it. *Then* we can talk.”

Christine picked up the papers, looking at them. “NDA? Why the hell would I sign that?” she said, dropping it back down onto the table as a waiter came over to take their orders.

“We're going to need a bit longer,” Mrs. Churchill said. “Circle back around in like ten minutes or so.”

“Of course, madam,” the waiter said, walking away slowly. “Not even drinks?”

“She said 'piss off,' Garcon,” Miss DeSilva snarled.

The waiter said nothing else, simply removing himself from the area as quickly and quietly as possible.

“You're going to read that and sign that because if you do, we can have a nice and easy conversation about what's actually going on and how you might be able to help me with it, and if you don't, well, I'm going to obstruct and obscure everything you're working on for the next year or so,” Mrs. Churchill said with a wolf's grin. “And believe me when I tell you that I'm more than capable of

doing it. I can warn off the Zhang family, you know, the people you're investigated right now, and I can let them know that you're poking around into their real estate dealings. That's just for starters. I'm barely even warmed up. I can burn loads of your sources on your behalf, expose them to people they've ratted out to you. I can dedicate every spare waking moment of my life to ruining yours." Mrs. Churchill picked up her ice tea, taking a sip from it. "Or you can read that, then *sign* that, and then we can have a normal conversation like two rational adults."

Christine frowned and started to read, making a point to scan through all of it carefully and thoroughly, clearly a woman who'd signed more than her fair share of non-disclosure agreements. She could've just breezed through it, considering how well-versed she was in what NDAs typically covered, but Christine made a point to read through each line carefully, pausing to underline things every so often with a pen that Mrs. Churchill hadn't even seen her pull out. She wasn't even sure where the pen had come from. "I take it I'm not going to be told anything about this Brand Game that's constantly mentioned until I sign this?"

"Of course fucking not," Mrs. Churchill said. "You need to agree to the terms before we'd let you anywhere near that kind of nuclear information. So either you can leave here wondering or you—"

"Don't get your panties in a twist, lady," Christine said. "I'm signing." She found her way to the signatory line and scrawled her name down, then printed her name beneath it, before scribbling the date on the line as well, passing it back across the table. "There. Now why don't you tell me what the hell I'm doing here?"

Mrs. Churchill raised a fingertip with her left hand, picking up the paper with her right hand, scanning through it in turn. All the underlines were just that, and Christine hadn't crossed anything out, which was all Mrs. Churchill was really looking to make sure of. It would've been a smart move to cross a few key lines out and *then* sign, but it also would've been an act of bad faith.

After proofing all of that, she signed the paper herself, dating it before taking it from the table, dropping it into her bag. "Good. So I'm presented with a problem, that being your presence, but I like to think of every possible problem as an opportunity, something my father taught me when I was very young. You're investigating the Zhang family's investments for your next major expose, and that's tangentially put you onto a friend of mine, Dana Weismann. While Dana may have gotten caught up in the Zhang's possibly illegal schemes, I want to convince you to forget all about her for your article and to move onto other things, because she's involved in something I represent known as the Brand Game."

"Sure, but what *is* the Brand Game?"

"Nothing of any real interest to you, I imagine," Mrs. Churchill said, trying to employ her best brush off tone. "A dead rich man doing silly things with his estate in his will, trying to teach his inheritor a lesson before granting him his inheritance."

"Lady, I read all the horrible things you can do to me if I even *mention* the Brand Game outside of present company, so I don't know why you're being so coy about the whole thing."

"There's no reason for me to be careless," Mrs. Churchill said. "So we have a handful of options in front of us. The first is we part ways and you continue on your investigation, but along another path. I can reach out to Ms. Weismann and get you a list of names of other people also involved in investments with the Zhang family, and you could consider one of those."

"I've already got loads of those, and this is meant to be a sort of quid pro quo thing, lady, so you need to give me a reason to lose a week's worth of investigation by giving me *something*."

"That leads me to options two and three..."

Anya Petrov – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 6:41 pm

Anya was growing more and more annoyed that Max seemed to be completely immune to her charms. It wasn't as though he wasn't noticing her, as she'd been on his radar, but he'd not made any action or motion in her direction, despite the fact that she was giving him her best flirt game, and had

been doing so for hours.

Max had been in the kitchen much of the day, working on crafting his new recipes for the next week, but that was still no excuse for him not to notice the amount of raw sexuality she had been outputting in his direction. She'd put on a nice form-fitting shirt that left plenty of her very toned belly on display, but even when she'd practically been shoving her tits in his direction, he'd remained focused with his cooking.

Under other circumstances, she might have found his laser-like focus to be admirable, but not when she desperately needed to get him to notice her, and to fuck her. If he wasn't going to bed her, she wasn't going to get her child, and all of this would be for naught.

Since she'd been a teenager, getting boys to notice her had been as easy as snapping her fingers or giving them just the smallest of nudges. She was a precocious child, adorable and tiny, but once puberty had hit, it had come in like a wrecking ball, giving her full breasts and a perfectly alluring face before she was even old enough to know what to do with them.

Her mother was also stunningly beautiful, so Anya had done her best to take her cues from her mother, looking to her for guidance on how to behave and how to use her newly developed assets to further her place in the world.

Of course, her father had been somewhat discouraging to boys, although that didn't seem to stop them all that much. He was a protective man, almost to a fault, trying to shelter and isolate his precious daughter, wanting to keep her safe from an outside world he saw as being overly predatory to women.

He hadn't realized that he'd been raising an apex predator in his own home, his wife training their little girl to go for the jugular as quickly and as often as possible. "Get what you want, no matter the cost," her mother had said to her over and over again.

But beyond the aggressive attitude, her mother had also taught her subtlety, the art of manipulating people into cutting each others' throats for you, rather than getting blood on your own hands. "Why do any work when others are willing to do it on your behalf?" Another of her mother's aphorisms.

And yet, despite all of her mother's teachings, none of them had ever prepared her for the conundrum that was Max Brewster.

She had tried all of her mother's usual approaches. She had laid herself out, dressed scantily enough to draw all but the most detuned or pious of male gazes. She had tried to engage him in conversation and hung on his every word, laughing almost too much, while constantly flipping and twirling her hair. She had asked him about his work, even though she generally did not find the process of food preparation all that interesting. She'd tried skirts and swimsuits alike, even suntanning topless early on, hoping that putting nearly everything out on display would be enough to lure him into her web, and yet, the man was either immune to her charms or simply so overwhelmed with female flesh that it had all gone unnoticed.

It was infuriating and unprecedented.

In less than half an hour, another batch of beauties was going to be unleashed upon Max, and that was going to make her task even more difficult. But if she did not return to Russia in 3 months bearing a child, she might never get a child, unless it was at the behest of her father, and in that regard it would be with some oily plutocrat, someone her father would see as a social climbing opportunity for either himself or for her in the long run, regardless of how she might feel about the man.

It was her mother's story to a fault.

It would not be hers as well.

If she came back pregnant, her father would certainly be angry, but he would also be unlikely to foist her upon some other man, or make her get rid of the child, lest he invoke the wrath of his wife, who had always been protective of her baby girl. Her father would employ all the techniques he knew to learn the identity of the father, but even if Anya told him, Max's money would be more than enough to protect him.

And all that was *if she came back at all*.

When Mrs. Churchill had given her presentation about offering relocation services to any of the girls involved in the Brand Game, Anya had listened extremely intently. Because the idea of going back to Russia had been something she'd been overly opposed to, and if Mrs. Churchill could get her away from her father and her country, she would take that in a Moscow minute.

While she did enjoy her father's wealth and the lifestyle it afforded her, her father's controlling attitude hadn't endeared him any, nor had the country's predilection to silencing critics of the government and their regime. One of her school friends had disappeared with her entire family last year, and no reason was given. The government claimed they'd been "relocated" to another part of Russia, but Anya knew her friend would not leave without saying goodbye, nor would she fail to write or call her once she was in her new home.

Unless she was dead.

No, Anya's plan was to get pregnant, help as many other girls as possible *also* get pregnant, then let Mrs. Churchill disappear her somewhere warm. New Mexico or Arizona, perhaps, although the idea of becoming a model in Los Angeles also held a certain sense of appeal. Maybe she didn't need to be disappeared so much as just generally repatriated. In Russia, her father's influence spread far and wide. In the United States, it wasn't even enough to get him in line at a decent nightclub.

As if she needed even more reasons not to go back, Anya considered herself bisexual, and any even vaguely gay thoughts were of grave concern to the Russian government. They were adamant there *was no* homosexuality within their borders. It had been something of a political tinderbox for over a decade now. If she stayed in the United States, she could have a husband *or* a wife *or* as close to *both* as legally possible, and she would not need to worry about the special police coming and knocking down her door in the middle of the night to drag her away without warning.

She would miss her mother, of course, but she would understand why her daughter had chosen not to return home. Anya's only real fear was that her mother might be punished on her behalf, but she thought it unlikely, as her father enjoyed her mother's company too much to hold anything against her for long.

Esme had convinced Max to stay for a drink, but it was up to all of them to make sure he stayed long enough for Charlie Group to get a shot at him, and Anya had declared her intentions to get her first shot with him today, and she would be *damned* if she let anything stop her from meeting that stated intention.

She would simply need to delve into the very back of her collection of dirty tricks to ensure that she got what she wanted, that one tool that every pretty girl had in her arsenal but knew to save as a matter of last resort.

Anya began to quietly cry at the table, doing her best to keep it from view, but making sure it was prominent enough that Max couldn't help but notice the few stray tears rolling down her cheeks. It was sneaky and underhanded and manipulative...

...and it had better goddamn work.

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 6:48 pm

"A single drink" had somehow seemingly morphed into "a couple of drinks" and Max was on his third when he spotted the blonde Russian girl crying out of the corner of his eye. She was sitting at the table with them, and had been dipping in and out of conversation for the last several minutes, although she hadn't been the center of attention.

Honestly, Max had tried to get anyone or anything *other* than himself to be the center of attention, but so far, that had felt damn near impossible. He'd done his best to ask as many questions as he could, and while he'd been able to learn bits and pieces about all of the girls who had surrounded their table, they'd done everything they could to bring it back around to him as quickly as they could.

He felt like he'd already told all of his best stories multiple times already, even if he couldn't remember who he'd told what. Everyone was too polite to correct him, though.

When he noticed Anya was crying, he reached over and placed a hand on top of hers. "You okay, Anya?" It felt like a stupid question to ask someone who was crying, but he didn't know nearly enough about her to hazard a guess as to what she was crying about. They'd been talking about something innocuous – whether rum was more for cooking or drinking – when she'd started tearing up without any warning.

"Is silly," she said to him in her quiet Russian accent, trying to put on a brave smile. "You vill think is silly."

"You won't know until you tell me," he said, keeping his voice quiet, as he seemed to be granted the luxury of all the conversation carrying on around them. "What's going on?"

"Why do you not think me pretty?" she said, turning those blue eyes up at him with genuine pain behind them. "I have been trying to get your attention since you came here and yet, you seem to look right past me, as if I am not even in room."

"Anya," he said, sighing softly. "You're a very attractive woman, I promise you. This whole..." Max gestured around at the club, almost at a loss as to what to say. "All of this Ironwood Estates experience, it may be old hat to you, but it's nearly overwhelming for me, so many women all paying attention to me all at once." He laughed a little. "I don't know that I thought this would even be *possible* when talking about a sex club, but this place doesn't have *nearly* enough men to satisfy all of the beautiful ladies here. Maybe I should extend my friend Frankie an invite, just so you ladies have more men to choose from. I'm only one man."

"Da, but you are wery handsome man, strong man," she said, licking her lips. "Experienced man. Girls all rave you are excellent lover, and you have been handing it out to many girls in club, but not Anya, never Anya, so I am left to think, am I not pretty enough? Vat vill it take to get you to take me to bed, so I might know the kindness of your touch?"

"Anya, I'm flattered, really I am, but—"

"Nyet," she said, lifting one of her fingertips to his lips, it capped with a long acrylic fingernail. "No buts. Tell Anya vat she can do to have vonderful experience with American beefcake named Max."

Max blushed a little bit. No one had ever called him a beefcake before, and the description certainly wasn't warranted, but the girl had such honest and imploring eyes that he wasn't sure she could tell her no, no matter how exhausted his body was. "It means that much to you?"

She let out a single sniff, as if steeling herself up, before giving him a firm nod. "And more. Tell Anya vat you vant, Max. You vant her to beg and plead to stop? You vant her to beg and plead to *start*? You vant her soft? You vant her hard? You vant her to suck cock here at table? You vant her to get down on all fours inside food truck? You vant to take her in ass? You vant to have her on bed like vimpering wirgin? You vant to have her on balcony like vanton slut? Vat is it Anya can do to get Max to have her?"

There was no getting out of this one, Max decided. She listed off nearly every single option that had come into her head with no dip in enthusiasm or eagerness, as if all the options were fine as long as the one box that was definitely checked was labeled "Partner: Max."

"If it's that important to you, Anya, then I guess we can go into one of the bedrooms, but I'm so exhausted, I don't know that I'm going to be able to do much," he said, hoping his honesty might dissuade her, or at least convince her that it wasn't her so much as it was him that was the problem.

"Is okay," she said, standing up suddenly, her hand taking his, pulling him to his feet as well. "Anya vill take charge and treat you like czar."

Max noticed the other girls were smiling at him, giving him playful little waves, none seeming all that upset that he was leaving, almost as if it was expected, Esme winking at him as Anya started dragging him towards one of the bedrooms on the ground floor, as if taking him upstairs was a bridge too far, and she simply didn't have the time to go that distance.

The downstairs bedroom she pulled him into wasn't themed in any particular way. In fact, it looked more like the kind of room a person would find in a hotel, innocuous and anonymous, with no real sense of personality or customization. It was a blank slate of a room which could have anything written onto it, he supposed, and a thousand different sexual fantasies had been filled in with this open-ended backdrop.

The slender blonde Russian girl tugged him into the room and pushed the door to it shut with her foot, spinning him around before pushing him back onto the bed on his back, the mattress giving off a dramatic whomp when he landed on it.

He tried to sit up, but Anya lifted one of her long legs up to place her tennis shoe on his chest for a moment, a playful little smile upon her dainty lips. "Nyet," she said to him. "Is vat you wanted, to not use any energy."

She reached down and pulled her white shirt up and over her head, revealing a plain cream colored bra that looked like it was doing major work or was possibly a size too small for her, proud plump tits strained against it. She lifted one foot up onto the edge of the bed and pulled on the laces of her shoe, sliding it off and kicking it to the floor before pulling her sock off. She repeated the motions with the other foot, then folded her hands behind her head, turning her face to one side, stretching in a motion designed to draw his eyes to those breasts yearning to be free, her tummy so toned he could see the bottom of her rib cage through her pale skin.

Before she could stop him, he reached down and pulled his own shirt up and over his head, tossing it aside, knowing it probably smelled of all the food he'd been working on for the last few hours. The last thing he wanted was to ruin her experience with the smell of a kitchen.

She shook a fingertip in his direction like a metronome of caution and shame. "Let Anya handle everything."

Next, she reached behind her back and unhooked the clasp on her bra, shrugging her shoulders forward to let it slide down and off them, exposing her breasts to his eyes, seeing them capped with tiny pink nipples, her areola so light they almost blended into her skin. She brought her arms together, pushing her tits up, mashing them together for just a moment as she licked his lips and shot him a cheeky little wink.

Anya reached down and picked up one of Max's feet, removing his shoe and sock before lifting his leg even further, bringing his foot to her lips, suckling on his big toe for a moment, slithering her tongue along the outside of his foot until he tensed up, the sensation moving from sensual to tickling very quickly, and Anya giggled as she let his foot slip from her mouth, lowering it down before removing his other shoe and sock.

He felt her hands sliding up and along his thighs as she leaned down and pressed a kiss against his chest, allowing him to feel how ridiculously stiff her nipples were against his belly. Her hands scraped along his thighs, remaining frustratingly far from his cock, as she slid down him until her teeth caught the corner of his jeans, unbuttoning them with her mouth, drawing the zipper slowly downward, feeling her breath against his body through the fabric of his boxers.

Suddenly, she grabbed onto his belt loops and pulled them down to his knees as she nuzzled her face against the swell of his dick beneath the layer of cotton, her tongue brushing out against it before her hands reached up and yanked his boxers down to be in line with his jeans at his knees. With his cock fully exposed, it stood proud and pointed upwards, which Anya took as an invitation to thrust her mouth down onto it, moaning hungrily as her tongue lashed over his flesh, doing her best to drink in whatever stray droplets of sweat or precum she found.

Anya only bobbed her head up and down on Max's cock for a minute or so, seemingly not wanting him to pop his load too soon. She pulled her head back and stood up once more, tugging Max's pants and boxers all the way down and off, setting them aside. She hooked a thumb into the belt loop of her own jeans and unzipped them, revealing a pair of simple cream colored panties, pushing them down as well, revealing her completely shaven snatch, as smooth as a milkshake.

With them both fully naked, she moved to climb atop of Max, straddling his thighs, as she reached down to rub his cock with both of her hands, having to be careful not to let her nails get in the way of her skin touching the tender flesh. She pinned his cock between her palm and her pussy as she moved up, almost in place but not quite atop him yet, as she smiled down at him.

He thought she was going to continue to toy with him, but moments later she lifted her hips up and then pushed down hard onto his cock, leaning forward to place both of her hands on his tattooed shoulders, letting her large tits hang beneath her as she lifted her ass up and then thrust back down again, a hungry, almost demanding moan birthed from her lips.

“Da, da,” she whimpered. “Is good, is strong. Let Anya give you pleasure.”

To her word, she did all of the work, snapping her hips back and up only to drop them down and forward again, a whipping motion pushing his cock hilt deep inside of her dripping hole at a tempo entirely of her own choosing.

She leaned down to kiss him once or twice, but for the most part, she was deadset on a ride, and her ass smacked down against the tops of his thighs again and again, each time she pummeled her slender nubile body down on top of his.

“Is good is good is fucking good,” she squealed. “Is thick and powerful.”

He tried lifting his shoulders up a little bit, but Anya shoved him back down onto the mattress, as if annoyed that he was trying to go back on what he'd said before. Her crystal blue eyes would open and close at odd moments, and when he was laying as still as possible, she reached one hand between them down to grind her fingertips against her own clit.

“Da, Max, da... give it to Anya... give her good release... please, Max, let us cum together... must...”

She didn't say any more, and she didn't have to, because as soon as she started clamping down in her orgasm, it milked his from him, spurting a few blasts of jism up against the back of her cunt, his body not having all that much in the storage tank, but not wanting to disappoint either.

After their releases began to pass, she slumped forward atop of him, her thin body resting atop of his belly, her head nestled in beneath his chin. “Let us stay here a few minutes, please,” she said quietly to him. “I am very happy, and hope you are, too.”

“Sorry I couldn't be more active,” Max said with a soft laugh.

“Nyet,” she giggled. “Sometimes is good to be ze queen.”

Part Fifteen

Anya Petrov – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 7:22 pm

Anya felt a certain level of satisfaction as she left the bedroom with Max in it, heading over towards the main social area of the Ironwood Estate, a number of new women having shown up while she was inside getting her first shot at getting pregnant with Max's child.

It had taken nearly every tool in her arsenal to get his resolve to break, and even then, he'd been the most passive lover she'd had in her short lifetime. But in the end, she'd gotten a release from him, and where she needed it to go, so that was a start. It wasn't a guarantee. She wasn't *definitely* pregnant, but at least there was a chance now, where only hours ago there hadn't been.

She wondered a little what it was going to be like after the competition was done. Sure, all the women were going to take their money and run, but would some of them keep in touch with each other? Would they have a reunion? Would they start a little Facebook group or something? It would be one of the world's most exclusive clubs, having gone through this little game, although perhaps they would need three groups – one for everyone, another for those who bore children as a result and one

final one for those who did not, although perhaps those who failed would not want to be reminded of how they could not succeed when so many others had done.

The game, Anya decided, was a potential mental minefield to some of the less resilient of their brethren. Those who failed might doubt their own abilities as a woman, although Anya considered there no shame in losing, simply because there would eventually be a hundred women all competing for the affection of one man, and the rules around how they could compete for it were so deliberately open that it made it complicated to stay out of each others' way.

If anything, they were being put on direct collision courses with one another, the raw meat on the hook in the center of the room, and while the girls were encouraged to work together, there was also a certain level of "I'm going to make sure I get mine *first*" that seemed to be flowing from some of them.

As she walked out into the area, she looked over the new arrivals that had decided to put their best foot forward. She'd fully expected not to recognize any of them, but instead, there were two that stood out to her immediately.

The Travers sisters were sitting at a table, sharing a drink, but positioned so that they had every entrance and exit to the room in one of their two eyelines. Either no one had dared go over and offered to sit with them, or they'd been shooed away by the two.

Brooklynn and Guinevere Travers may have been sisters, but the two would've been hard pressed to give off more different vibes. Both women were short, but Brooklynn was tanned, with bright red hair and a girl next door vibe to her, while her sister Guinevere, Gwen for short, was pale, her hair dark black, thinner and dressed in much higher fashion. Both girls were from Atlanta, but Brooklynn looked like she could be Irish or Scottish while Gwen gave off a distinctly Eastern European vibe, maybe even prim enough to pass off as one of Anya's countrywomen.

A few years ago, both of the Travers sisters had been living the high life. Both of them were successful working actresses, although neither had gotten the sort of breakout role that truly made them a star. That was okay, though, because the two were the heirs to the Travers family fortune, built on the back of their father, Aaron Travers, real estate investments, as well as his ownership of the Atlanta Falcons football franchise.

Then, last year Aaron Travers had died of a heart attack in a Miami massage parlor, and the entire web had come unraveled in a big, bad way.

The Travers family fortune, it seemed, had been one incredibly massive paper illusion, and no matter how deep any attorney or banker dug, there wasn't *any* real money at the bottom of it. Aaron Travers had died not only broke, but in unreal amounts of debt, engaging in the rich person's version of using one credit card to pay off another one, simply drifting his debt ocean liner from port to port while continually adding on to it.

Ownership of the Falcons had been sold at fire sale prices, a flagrant attempt to raise capital in order for the girls, the only two "heirs" to the family, to try and claw their way out of the endless seas of creditors and loans, and even that hadn't been enough.

While the girls had once been incredibly selective about what roles they would and wouldn't take, over the last year, they'd both taken basically anything that had been offered to them, going against their own initial rules of doing no nudity, no sex scenes, anything that would detract from them being taken seriously as actresses. There had even been rumors that the girls had been offered large scale checks to do porn, but so far, either the money hadn't been good enough or the girls' pride had been too much to stomach having fallen that far.

Nothing quite ruined romance like debt, either, and while both of the girls had been in long-term relationships when their father had died, within the first few months as word started to leak of how skint the girls were, their boyfriends had found excuses to break off the relationships, escalating minor fights into deal breakers, and getting gone as quick as they could, before the girls started asking them for help in getting their heads above water.

Being suddenly broke seemed like the upper class thought it was contagious, and that just being around the Travers sisters, they might suddenly lose their own empires, so while the girls had been regulars on the socialite scene since they were old enough to wear bras, now they found themselves basically persona non grata nearly everywhere they went.

Anya found herself wondering if the woman in charge of the game, Mrs. Churchill, had approached them or if they had approached her. Max's impending fortune certainly would be more than enough to bail both sisters out of the grave of debt their late father had left for them, without even batting an eyelash. The reported \$280 million in unpaid debts that the Travers family had wasn't even a drop in the bucket compared to what Max Brewster had waiting for him once this game was over. The sisters probably saw him as their get out of jail free card, if only they could land him, and keep him. They'd probably been livid that they hadn't been in the first group, although Anya thought it was to the girls' own benefit that they hadn't been. They needed to remember that there was a minimum number of people Max had to get pregnant, and if he didn't hit that number, the game was just going to go a second time.

The two women had a predatory look to them, like they were going to find Max and carve him up, make sure that he bent to their wills, but they were going to find out that Max wasn't so easily manipulated. In fact, he'd been surprisingly hesitant to take advantage of the parade of flesh that had been on display for him. She'd seen nothing but endless beautiful women lining the halls of Ironwood Estates since she'd first shown up a few days ago, and in her spare time, she'd actually been doing a bit of flirting with some of them. Having a partner or three to form coordinated attacks on Max's will would certainly give them an edge, and if she found herself someone to flee Russia *to* while she was here, that would be all the better.

While the Travers sisters were the most prominent newcomers, they were by no means the only ones. Mai, one of the women who'd been around since the start, was sitting at the bar, talking to two other Asian women, one seemingly boisterous and outgoing, the other appearing almost painfully shy, but Mai was doing her best to engage with both of them. They were far enough away that Anya couldn't hear their conversation, but one of the two new girls was laughing and waving her hand in the air, almost like she was trying to make herself as visible as possible when Max finally made his entrance.

Dana, the woman who presented herself as the 'owner' of the Ironwood Estates chapter they were all using to sell Max on the constant stream of attention, was seated at a table with a new and very distinguished looking African-American woman in her late thirties, perhaps, as well as the brunette from Los Angeles Anya had found herself talking to earlier, Olivia Castle, the television executive who had complained so vehemently about how frustrated she was that she would be unable to make a show about this whole game they were involved in. While it would be quite the interesting story, Anya had agreed, she found it unlikely that it would be something suitable for broadcast. Olivia had joked that of course she would have only been pitching it to cable networks.

There were several other women both new and unfamiliar to Anya, as she walked over to join both Kelly and Zelda, who were still hanging around, sharing a table over in the corner. Kelly looked up at Anya with a smile. "Get it done?"

"Da," Anya replied, "but it take much more vork than I vanted. Is unpleasant ha-wing to vork so hard for boy's attention. I do not like ha-wing to go on hunt, and for prey to be so skittish. Am I not a

vision of beauty and splendor?”

Kelly grinned, rolling her eyes a little. “Look around, Anya. Beauty got you in the front door, but past that, we make our own luck here, and Max isn't just spoiled for choice, he's absolutely being drowned by it. I don't know that any man in the past several hundred years has had quite so many women throwing themselves at him. You'd probably have to go back to the time of the emperors and pharaohs to get this kind of pussy parade.”

“Oh,” Zelda interjected, “I bet some of the rock stars in the eighties would disagree with you, but you're right, they probably spread it out over a lot longer of a period of time, and not all at once, like our poor boy Max is getting.” She looked around the room, arching an eyebrow. “Speaking of which, where is our boy?”

“Recowering, I think,” Anya sniffed. “He was tired and I did not want to be disturbed, so,” she shrugged, “may have gone too hard on him. He will recover.”

Danny Garney – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 7:50 pm

Danny knew that he could've been hanging out inside of the Ironwood Estates, now that Max knew him as a member, but today he'd decided to spend most of his time outside of the building, since the appearance of the reporter earlier had put him on edge. The last thing he wanted was to not be doing his job to the best of his abilities, and so he'd spent the last few hours on his bike, just beyond the edge of the street, down at the end of the cul-de-sac. He'd generally been looking to see if anyone was coming, or if any of the neighbors were getting overly curious, but he was still perceptive enough to see the gate over at Ironwood start to open, watching Max roll his motorcycle out the front, not having started it up yet, so as to keep his exit quiet.

“Sneaky, Max,” Danny thought to himself, “very sneaky.” He wondered how long it would be before the girls noticed he was gone, considering he was able to sneak away in the first place. It must have been in between trysts, and he must have ducked out as quickly and quietly as possible. Danny watched as Max waiting for the gate to close behind him, still rolling his motorcycle forward before spotting Danny sitting atop of his. As soon as Danny had seen Max moving out of the gate, he'd raised his cellphone to his ear, giving him an excuse as to why he'd stopped shy of the club.

Max looked a little sheepish, still bringing his motorcycle towards him before giving him a little shrug, like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. “Hey Danny,” Max said to him, as Danny lowered the phone down from his ear. “Were you talking to Liane?”

Danny had to give the guy credit – he'd been assaulted with a giant number of new names and faces over the last few days and yet, he still seemed to have a handle on most of them. It wasn't something most people were born with, and that kind of skill had to be cultivated over years, not days, so there was no way Max was just picking it up.

“Yeah, she likes to know any time I'm stopping by Ironwood Estates, just so if she sees me popping up in some other girl's Insta feed, she doesn't get jealous or anything,” Danny told him. “I'm basically exclusive with her 95% of the time, but she encourages me to dip my toe into the pool at least once a month, so I'm reminded there ain't nobody better out there, and so that she and I don't get stale. We just can't *keep* them around afterwards. She does the same, and it works for us, so we're both good. She wasn't sure what to make of you yesterday, so she decided to give off the vibe that neither her nor I hit *anyone* on the side, mostly, I think, so you wouldn't try and pawn any of the attention off on me. Not that the women here are any slouches, but she and I have such high standards that most of the time we come by Ironwood, we're just enjoying people watching her and I together. Besides, I told you I was

going to stop by and we were going to swap numbers, like you asked me to, remember? You trying to skip out on me and that beer you owed me?"

Max laughed a little, raising a hand in surrender. "You know, with the fucking chaotic week I've had, I won't lie, it *had* completely slipped my mind," Max told him. "But you're right, I promised you a beer and that we could exchange numbers. Any place in particular you've got in mind?"

"Can't beat Spats, I think. It's close and it's just the kind of place we can blend in and not get noticed."

"A-fucking-men to that, brother," Max sighed. "Anything where I can just sit and drink without women swarming around me like a warden with a fistful of pardons. It like this when you first joined up at the club? Whose idea was it, anyway? Yours or Liane's?"

Danny attached his phone to a mount on his bike then lifted his helmet back up towards his head. "Let's get over to Spats, and we can talk all about it there, otherwise the girls are gonna find you when they come out looking for you any minute now."

Max nodded, grabbing his helmet as he quickly climbed onto his bike. "Excellent point, let's ride." He tugged the helmet on, strapped it in place, started up his motorcycle and then started zipping off, as Danny did the same.

Once they were on the move, Danny tapped the button on his phone to link it up to the headset inside of his helmet, then tapped the button to call Mrs. Churchill, who picked up immediately. "You probably saw him sneaking out on the cameras, boss, but I've got Max in pocket, and we're ducking out to a bar for a couple of hours to get a drink and shoot the shit," he said to her as soon as she picked up.

"Danny," Mrs. Churchill sighed, "every minute he's hanging out with you is a minute he isn't knocking up one of the hundred or so wanton and willing women I've got on tap for him."

"I get that, boss, believe you me, but he's *exhausted* and you're only going to keep turning up the pressure on him, and if we don't give him a reason to buy into this story, the whole charade's gonna fall apart," he told her. "Lemme have a few hours with him, off the grid, away from the women and the cameras, and I'll make his disbelief stretch a bit longer. Shit, I bet I can even get him a bit more into it, *and* I think I've got a plan for getting him towards picking a wife outta this whole thing, 'cause I know you have that personal goal riding on it."

There was a dead silence at the other end of the line for a good few seconds, although Danny was pretty certain he could hear Mrs. Churchill moving out of the command center and onto the balcony, because he was certain he heard her shutting a door behind her before she spoke again. "How the *fuck* do you know *that*, Danny? *Nobody* and I do mean *nobody* fucking knows about that."

"You do," Danny grinned, "and you just told me. I was guessing, but I figured that when the old geezer set this up, he also put an extra sweetener for you personally on it, and I suspected it was either guarantee he *did* or *didn't* have a wife lined up at the end of it, so I shot my shot and you let your hole cards dip just enough for me to get a peek. Don't hold it against me, boss; I ain't gonna tell anyone."

He was a little nervous at the dead air that lingered for almost a minute, and he was starting to wonder if maybe the call had dropped, but just as he was about to do a signal check, he heard Mrs. Churchill laughing quietly. "The absolute fucking *steel sack* on you, Danny."

"Fuck steel, boss," Danny said smugly. "After I lost my legs, I encased those fuckers in a pouch of titanium and kevlar. Nothing's too good for my boys. So what's in it for you if he picks a missus from this game of yours?"

"*If* and I repeat, *if* he picks a wife from the game within a year of its conclusion, I get a fifty

million dollar sweetener, although I guess I need to give you a large chunk of that to keep you from blabbing about it.”

“Nah,” he said. “I mean, if you *want* to toss a sliver of it my way, I ain't gonna say no, but I just want to be completely in the know with what's going on, 'cause if shit goes sideways, I'm the one who's got to clean it up for you. I guess having to watch out for a potential wife doesn't really influence anything, but it's still a ripple I'd like to have known about in advance, especially if you had that in mind when you were selection girls to throw into the pool.”

“Tell you what, Danny,” Mrs. Churchill said to him. “He picks a wife and I get my fifty mil, I'll give you ten of it, simply because you didn't ask for *any* of it, and because you and Liane have been fucking indispensable since I brought you on board my team. As long as you can follow my *one* condition associated with it.”

“I'm *not* gonna tell anybody, boss,” he laughed. “I keep more secrets than the old school Freemasons and the Mafia combined.”

“*Two* conditions then,” Mrs. Churchill said. “The other being you have to ask that girlfriend of yours to marry you before the game's over. That girl is too amazing for you to let go, and I know that since your accident overseas, you've had trouble thinking long term about anything and anyone. I get that, and I know you still have the occasional flashback that wakes you up in the middle of the night, but since Liane came into your life, you've been... brighter, more optimistic and more relaxed in who you are, post-service. You know she's going to say yes if you ask... so ask already.”

The grizzled veteran grinned silently, nodding for a moment before he answered her. “Heard, understood and acknowledged, boss,” he said. “I'll have Max back on the radar in the next couple of hours, but let me have a bit of time with him and I'll put him back better than I found him. That dude, Frankie? He's not at all what your boy needs right now. I got you, boss.”

“Don't fuck it up, Danny. That's all I ask.”

“I won't, Mrs. Churchill. As if my life depended on it.”

“It very well might, Danny boy. It very well might.” She hung up on him, and it was just in time, as he and Max were pulling their bikes into the parking lot down at the end of the block from Spats. The place was a dive bar, and Danny knew he and Max would be able to have a couple of drinks here without anyone suspecting to look for them. It wasn't on the radar of Max's normal places, and it certainly wasn't the sort of place they were likely to have put cameras in.

One of the weaknesses that Danny had identified in Mrs. Churchill's plan was keeping Max within their parameters, and any time Max was out of pocket, they were flying semi blind, not exactly the way that Danny felt safe, but then again, he was paid to adapt to whatever situation they threw at him. That was the main reason Mrs. Churchill kept him around – Danny was one of the most damn adaptable human beings to ever live.

The two of them walked into the bar, and headed for one of the booths in the corner, Danny spotting one that was empty, sliding into the side with his back to the wall, letting him look out over the bar at all times. It felt trivial, but it also put him more at ease than he would've felt otherwise, and shit, what was Max to know about it.

Max slid in opposite of Danny with a soft sigh. “How the hell do you do it, Danny?” Max said to him, as a bartender poked his head over. “IPA, I don't really care which one, so surprise me. Danny?”

“Guinness, and a glass of water,” Danny said, before turning his attention back to Max. “How do I do what, Max?”

“Allllll the attention,” Max said to him. “I just joined this crazy club and now it seems like I can't walk ten feet without some beautiful woman I've never met trying to sleep with me. How the hell do you do it, Danny?”

The bartender came back and pushed their drinks onto the table in front of them. “You want to pay now, or open a tab?”

Danny fished out a credit card and handed it to the bartender. “Tab'll do.” He looked back to Max, offering a soft smile, an easy going look designed to put the man at ease, even under fire. It was an expression he'd gotten his share of practice with. “Can I give you some unsolicited advice, Max?”

“Jesus, Danny, I *just* asked for your help. That makes it solicited.”

“Heh. Fair enough. Look, you're the new guy at Ironwood, and people are always drawn to the new, especially around here. See, in most other places, their local chapter of Ironwood has too many men and not enough women, but around here? It's the exact opposite. Women around here are used to good looking men being gay, and the gay men, well, they've got loads of their own clubs to go to. If you were in Los Angeles or New York, and you joined the local chapter of Ironwood out there, your arrival wouldn't even cause anyone to bat an eyelash, but out here, things are different.”

“Sure, but these are *gorgeous* women, Danny,” Max said, in between sips on his beer. “They can get any man they want any time, and now they're all competing for me, like, like, like I'm worm on a hook, or a brass ring they're all trying to grab hold of and never let go.”

“This is why I think you're thinking about it all wrong, Max,” Danny said. “See, this isn't going to last forever.”

“It's not?”

Danny laughed, rolling his eyes. “Nothing lasts forever, Max, especially being the center of attention. You've been out of the game a while, and so you're not used to being thrown into the thick of it, and if you're at all like me, you're not used to the women doing the chase instead of having to do the chase yourself, but that's the way it is around here. For now.” Danny lifted his beer and took a long swig from it before setting it back on the crappy little beer mat. “In five or six months, the newness of you will have worn off, and while you're still going to be a welcome member of Ironwood, they won't be chasing you like they are now. They won't be swarming you, desperate to hold your attention for even a few moments. You're overwhelmed by the volume of them, but that's only going to last for so long, and after it's gone, as weird as this sounds, you're going to miss it. You're going to miss what it's like to be the center of attention any time you walk into the room, what it's like to have a crowd of people around, each vying for your notice, even if it's just for a few minutes.”

“Do you miss it?” Max asked him.

“Sometimes, but I'll tell you something. I used my time being the center of attention to find someone I wanted to give more than a few minutes of time with,” Danny said. “I was trying to get back on my feet, quite literally, and I was incredibly self-conscious about the parts of me that were more machine than man. But I strolled into Ironwood and suddenly that injury was left behind, and there were dozens and dozens of women trying to get to know me for *me*. And I used Ironwood as sort of a very intensive dating app, getting the chance to test my compatibility on every level, mental, emotional and physical. That's how I met Liane,” he lied.

Danny knew that if he could spin it that he'd met the love of his life by having sex with endless hordes of women, that maybe Max would think he could do the same. It was a daring little plan, but those who dare, win, and all that.

“You met Liane at the club?”

“I did,” Danny lied. “About two months into my time at Ironwood, after I'd fucked more women than I'd ever thought possible. Shit, I put Wilt Chamberlin's numbers into the fucking ground. And I got to try it all, every little weird sexual idea I'd ever had, all played out in a nice little experience. But when I met Liane, me and her just clicked right away, and within a week, I was swearing off anyone else at Ironwood, and so was she, although I think she liked fucking me in front of everyone, like I was her prize and she wanted to show me off. You can do that, you know. Not fuck Liane in front of everyone, but use Ironwood to find someone long term for you, someone who'll get into what you're into, someone who likes you for you and wants to be a part of your life. But you're not going to find her day one, week one or even month one. I mean, you *might*, but you won't know it until you're a few months in. But you can be looking. You can be surrounded by beautiful women and have an endless amount of sex, because you're getting it all in now. It's like playing Madison Square Garden, or appearing on the Late Show. It's a thing you're getting to do *now* but that you're probably not going to get to do forever. So enjoy it while it lasts, stop worrying about it, stop resisting it and embrace it.”

Max had been listening intently, and while Danny wasn't entirely sure the man was buying it, Danny was giving it his best sales pitch, trying to make sure the man understood it was best to appreciate something while it was here than to lament its loss later.

“I see where you're coming from,” Max said with a soft laugh, “but I'm fucking *exhausted*, man. I feel like my legs don't work and my dick's going to fall off. I've *never* gotten this much action in a *year*, much less a few days.”

Danny pointed at Max with a smile. “See, that right there is defeatist talk. Never surrender. Never let them see your resolve weaken. The first few months of joining a sex club are the best, because everything's new and everything's available. The women *want* you, Max. What do *you* want from them?”

It was a question Max had clearly never considered, because it took a long time before he finally answered.

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

The Mark (& Company)

- **Max Brewster** – *The Mark* – 42, Caucasian, doughy, with mostly black (although with some gray) hair pulled back into a ponytail, sleeved with tats, tanned skin, brown eyes (near sighted), owner of the Constant Rotation food truck, and long lost grandson and only living relative of the late billionaire Max Brand. Seems like a nice enough guy, but a bit shy and a touch socially awkward. The more women I can get him to knock up, the more me and my team get paid. He had a restaurant go up in a fire and through a loophole, didn't get any recompense from either the building owner or the insurance company, and started the food truck as a way to get a fresh start.
- **Monty Brand (deceased)** – *The Bank* – Died at 102 about three months ago. Established the Brand game before his death, whereas his only living relative (Max), gets his inheritance after he's spread their genetic lineage to at least 10 women, although he can't know about the game until after it's over. I feel a little sorry for Max, but he's going to be having so much casual sex that I can't muster up too much sympathy for him. Monty wanted to make sure that both Max sowed his wild oats and also punished him for waiting so long to do so. Monty was a tough old bastard, but he's leaving Max over a hundred billion dollars, so I guess he's entitled to be.
- **Frankie Yen** – *The Inside Man* – 38, Asian American, Max's best friend, and his coworker at

the Constant Rotation truck. Frankie also owns the house where Max lives in an apartment above the garage. Frankie's been a wonderful resource for us to use, and is in on the game, although he's also a little bit flaky, and doesn't always have the information we want. Doing our homework on the people Max had dated was exceptionally difficult, and I still feel like we're missing some key details that will make the whole puzzle make sense.

- **Carlos & Joey Hernandez** – *The B-Team* – The two Hispanic brothers who man the Constant Rotation food truck on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, so that Max and Frankie get two days off but the truck is still earning. We're going to have to find some way to convince Max to let these two take more shifts on the truck so that we get more time with him, but Jacinda's got a few thoughts on that, and some of the girls in the game have already coopted one day of the truck's schedule, so maybe it won't be as big a problem as anticipated.

Mrs. Churchill's Team

- **Mrs. Helen Churchill** – *The HBIC (Head Bitch In Charge)* – Me. 59, short cut white hair, no nonsense business-like attitude. I've been told I resemble Dame Judi Dench, which I take as a compliment. I'm the woman in charge of the Max Brewster Project, contracted by Monty Brand.
- **Jacinda Acosta** – *The Heir To My Throne* – My right hand woman. 29, from Madrid. Black hair, brown eyes, brown skin, could stand to eat a sandwich. Only has about seven months with the team. Stresses out easily.
- **Maia Brown** – *PR* – 44, former Kentucky television station manager, in charge of social smokescreens and making sure we don't draw any attention to our operations.
- **Lynne Jefferson** – *Tech* – 28, heavy set, African American. Our technical manager, who handles all our cameras and internet connectivity. The newest member to the team, brought on about six months before the start of this project.
- **Carmen Vasquez** – *Graveyard Shift* – 37, our late night set of eyes, the one I trust to watch the camera feed when the rest of us are getting our good night's worth of sleep in.
- **Doctor (Rachel) Williamson** – 44, our staff doctor whose entire job it is to keep an eye on Max's health, to make sure he's not being overtaxed or exhausted beyond his capabilities.
- **Danny Garney** – *The Muscle* – 34, ex-Delta Force, chiseled and ridiculously good looking, head of security and Max's personal bodyguard, even if Max doesn't know about it. If there's anyone I'm going to lean on if shit gets out of hand, it's Danny, who's been part of my operations for about three years now, after an injury cut his military career short.
- **Liane Jing** – *Muscle Adjacent* – Danny's girlfriend, 26, 6'6" Asian American, gorgeous and playful, knows what Danny's up to, but doesn't mind being used as cover considering it gives her a front row seat to the madness. Liane's been with Danny long enough that I have her under NDA, and if he does the right thing and puts a ring on it, I may even consider bringing her into the team, since she seems to have good instincts at crisis management.
- **Heather Bickers** – *Midnight Muscle* – 31, ex-Army Ranger. Danny can't be awake all the time, so Heather's doing nightwatch duty for him, as she has on and off for gags we've been running. Heather's smart, capable and an excellent person to serve as Danny's second.

Alfa Group

- **Zoe Hitchens** – *The Planner* – 36, business analyst, light blonde, Nordic, 5'7", glasses, blue eyes, expensive tastes, the smartest in A group, wants to organize for success, from DC. So far, Zoe's been instrumental in making the group time spent with Max feel natural and organic. I don't think she's after Max for the long haul, but she's definitely invested in making sure the game is a huge success. Might even be a candidate for my team at a later date, post kid or if she

doesn't get knocked up. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**

- **Dana Weismann** – *The Socialite* – 32, heiress/investor, brunette, 5'9", had nose job/boob job, brown eyes, doesn't care about the money only wants good DNA for her kid. Is presenting herself as the owner of the Berkeley chapter of the Ironwood Estates sex club, something the girls made up to try and sell Max on the story. She's whip smart and seems to enjoy the challenge the game presents. Definitely not wifey candidate. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Michelle Stenson** – *The Joker* – 24, pharmaceutical rep, 5'4", dark blonde, ex college cheerleader, the ultra flirt, mostly just here to get in, have a good time, get knocked up and get out, from Texas. Seems to enjoying the girls' company more than Max's, but definitely wants to get her cut. No chance of going for wifey. **Attempts:1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Rachel Munroe** – *The Intellectual* – 27, redhead, psychiatrist, 5'2", wants to keep everyone on the rails, protective of the girls' feelings. Haven't decided if she's going to try and go wifey or not, but is another smart put early in the game, as she's helping sell the story well. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Kelly Coleman** – *The Damaged Student Athlete* – 21, brunette, native Californian, 5'7", 120, in phenomenal shape except walks with a slight limp, was a rising up and coming tennis star until an accident injured her too much to ever play again, has a chip on her shoulder and something to prove. Definitely not wifey material, but will be a good touchstone for the younger girls in the game. Took one in the mouth and one in the ass to sell the story, so definitely willing to play the game as needed. Has potential to run long in the game. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Mai Liang** – *The Banker* – 30, investment banker, 5'6", slender, 2nd gen Chinese American, tired of feeling like a walk on in someone else's story, does NOT intend to keep Max around. She's got a bit of a chip on her shoulder, but I think she's going to be another get in, get knocked up, get out candidate, and won't care about upping the pool after she's gone. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Jenny Westinghouse** – *The Undercover Cop* – 33, strawberry blonde, 5'10", Oakland detective, keeps strange hours which makes it hard to have a relationship, on 3 months administrative leave following difficult UC assignment, dependable & accomplished liar. I knew Jenny was going to be a key player in our game, but she's taken to it like a fish to water. Might be wifey candidate. Certainly seems like she wants to go for the long game. One to watch closely. Her and Zoe are my current odds on favorites, although it's early. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Cara Bianchi** – *The Tourist* – 25, brunette, 5'11", business owner, visiting from Rome, wants a non-Italian father, in need of money, doesn't want to ever talk to Max. I was pretty impressed with how Dana and Esme handled Cara's incredibly specific demands, and I'm hoping it took so we can just get her out of here, as she's a massive pain the ass. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Blake Brown** – *The Party Girl* – 19, 6'2", blonde, Berkeley student, sees this as an opportunity to have a kid early in life, have the day care and her tuition paid for, studying to get into IP law. She's nowhere near mature enough to stick with Max long term, but she'll be a fun dalliance for him to dip his dick into, assuming she doesn't put him off with her flippant attitude or her incessant textspeak. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Esme Santiago** – *The Team Player* – 24, 5'4", Latina, up from Texas, wants to have a child but dislikes everyone in her small town, intends to go back home after the competition and help her parents run the family business. Doesn't seem like wifey potential, but is working well with Dana to sell the Ironwood Estates story, acting as “manager” of the club. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**

Bravo Group

- **Zelda Fujikawa** – *Doctor Wifey* – 34, 2nd gen Japanese immigrant, oncologist on sabbatical from a Miami hospital, wants to stay with Max past the game. Extremely pragmatic and

determined. Could be a contender. **Attempts: 0.**

- **Anya Petrov** – *The Eye Candy* – 25, Russian model, blonde, fit, definitely in it just for the money, literal zero chance of being wifey material. Am a little worried about her being too passive for the game, but I suspect we'll see the competitor come out in her after a few weeks of Max's head not being turned. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **LaTonya Jefferson** – *The Investor* – 27, African American, restaurateur from Chicago, not looking to stick around but wants to amp the game to get as many girls pregnant as possible. I like how this girl thinks, in that she's in it to make sure the prize pool gets as big as possible, and doesn't give a fuck about anyone's feelings along the way. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Diane Wilson** – *The Deadender* – 26, brunette, diner owner from small Kentucky town, needs the money, wants the kid. She seems nice enough, too passive to be wifey material, but is definitely going to make sure she gets her oven filled with a bun, as she's up to her eyeballs in debt, and the money to take care of the kid stretches a whole lot further in the Rust Belt than it does in the Bay. Could get cutthroat if the rest of the girls don't give her her shot. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Janet Flowers** – *The Unrealistic Clockwatcher* – 33, nurse from Oklahoma, convinced her clock is ticking despite the fact that she's still got the better part of a decade. Strikes me as overly excitable, and not wifey material, but is definitely not going to throw away her shot. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Olivia Castle** – *The Realistic Clockwatcher* – 41, TV exec from LA, knows her time is running out and that a viable pregnancy is going to be difficult for her if she waits too much longer. Can't tell if she wants to be wifey contender or not, but she's in TV, and that means she will cut a bitch for getting in her way. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Song Min-a** – *The Foreign Starlet* – 25, actress from South Korea, wants a baby completely removed from the press of her home country. Nobody knows who she is here, but she's a massive star in her home country. She had to duck the press leaving, but the longer she's in the game, the more attention her presence might bring. We're hoping to keep her presence in the Bay quiet, but it's not something that we can completely control. Doesn't want to be wifey, so won't be, but wants the father of her child to be a non-issue. **Attempts: 1, Success: Unknown.**
- **Lisbeth Rodriguez** – *The Fugitive* – 23, Latina from Arizona, wants a father for her child that her bad ex can't track down. I feel for Lisbeth, I really do, and I decided if she gets pregnant, we're going to give her a "signing bonus" to help her relocate after the game, to get away from a particularly vindictive ex-husband. We'll get her settled somewhere in the Northeast with a new name and a new life, away from that asshole. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Yael Getschmann** – *The Bohemian* – 31, Jewish, artist/sculptor, split between just wanting the kid and wanting to go for the brass ring. Could be wifey material, but also may not be motivated enough for our boy, who seems a bit of a hustler when it comes to work life, whereas Yael's pretty much had everything handed to her on a silver platter. One to watch. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Charity Morrison** – *The Kind Soul* – 38, blonde, professional caregiver, just doesn't have time to date but wants a kid. I don't know that I've ever met a more aptly named woman. Charity wants a kid, but hasn't got a great social support system for dating, and her work makes meeting new people a giant challenge. No chance at wifey status, but one of the ones I'm personally rooting for to get her fill. **Attempts: 0.**

Charlie Group

- **Marta Youngquist** – *The Nutritionist* – 33, personal trainer, yogi, cook and dietitian. Blonde, slender, pretty in a kind of naturist way. She's been offering advice on what kinds of food to give to Max to keep his sexual appetite and energy up, as well as to increase his virility, although I don't know how much of that is actual science and how much of it is pseudo mumbo

jumbo. No way in hell she makes wifey. **Attempts: 0.**

- **Brooklynn Travers** – *The Fallen Older Sister* – 36, actress, heiress to nothing, from a somewhat shattered family. Redhead, sporty, talented, a little conniving maybe. She and her sister were the heirs to the Travers fortune. You know, the one that disappeared just a few years ago, when the patriarch died and it was revealed that the family “fortune” was purely paper fiction. She and her sister are earning decent money acting, but they're used to living large, and I suspect the game is just as much about the money as it is the kid. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Guinevere Travers** – *The Fallen Younger Sister* – 33, actress, also an heiress to nothing. Brunette, thin, very pale. If Brooklynn is the populist actress, Gwen's the arthouse rebel. She's also had a long list of disastrous relationships. The two sisters are both interested in having kids out of the spotlight, and so they're doing this for themselves, although I think *both* have aspirations of turning wifey. Their chances? Not entirely sure. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Keisha Jefferson** – *The Attorney* – 37, lawyer from NYC. African-American, highly accomplished. If there's anyone who read every single line of our NDA, it was Keisha, who's here just to get herself a child without the hassle of having a father who wants to be involved in the child's life. She's going to get in, then get out, but she's also going to make sure the game does well and her paycheck is solid. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Erika Lu** – *The Songwriter* – 31, professional songwriter from LA. Asian-American, ex-choir girl, ex-cheerleader, cheery and positive as all hell. Erika's been working with lots of very well known performers, and has probably co-written a number of songs you know and love. She's hard to get a read on, so maybe she's going for wifey, maybe not. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Felicita Rodriguez** – *The Architect* – 35, one of the architects from Rodriguez & Sons construction company from Mexico City. Latina, should've been a model. She's got a bit of a chip on her shoulder that her father didn't rename the company to include her when she joined the company. Just wants the anonymity and the money. Not going for the brass ring, I think. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Nina Hanson** – *The Stylist* – 24, a beautician and hair stylist from Cleveland. Blonde, BBW, charming and personable. Needs the money, wants the kid. Feels mostly like a seatfiller, but might surprise us, considering she's remarkably easy to talk to. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Angel MacDonald** – *The Hard Sell* – 27, looks *much* younger. Blonde, slender, dresses to play into her extremely youthful appearance. I think Angel's going to have the hardest time with Max because she just doesn't appear old enough, so she's going to have to very much play into the “no one takes me seriously” angle, rather than the “I'm a cute little Lolita” shtick she's been using with boys her entire life. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Danielle Fox** – *The Fashionista* – 24, brunette from Dublin. She's a fashion Instagrammer TikTok model, and we had a *personal* talk with her about how much shit she'd be in for blogging or getting *any* of this on social media. She's gorgeous and savvy, and is used to looking pretty, but her boyfriend is impotent, and they want a child, so he's given her permission to do this crazy thing while he's uploading prerecorded stuff for the three months while she's away. **Attempts: 0.**
- **Hana Tanaka** – *The Shut-In* – 28, from Nikko, Japan, two hours north of Tokyo up the mountains. Hana is painfully shy, so I'm hoping she's going to pair up with someone else who can get her into Max's bed. She wants a child, but doesn't want to have to find a husband to do it. **Attempts: 0.**

Delta Group

- **Sunshine White** – *The Hippie* – 29, “maker” and metalsmith. You know, I've heard about people like Sunshine for years, how they would spend time at Burning Man in tutus and fairy

costumes while welding steel onto the side of an old schoolbus, but I always believed that was sort of a myth, until I met Sunshine, who is *so* that person. Is local, but way too out there to be wifey material. **Attempts: 0.**

Echo Group

Foxtrot Group

Golf Group

Hotel Group

India Group

Juliatt Group

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

Other figures of note

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