

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 babymaking 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 will,” 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 pigtails 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.