

**Brewster's Brood – Part 13 (and updated cast list)**  
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## **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. Byyyyyyyyyeeee!”

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 through 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.

## **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, 2<sup>nd</sup> 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, 2<sup>nd</sup> 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: 0.**
- **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**

### **Juliett 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.