

# Quaranteam: North West

## Chapter 31 (Beta)

By BreaktheBar

*The following story is based on the fantastic [Quaranteam](#) series by CorruptingPower over on Literotica. You can continue to expect general themes of light Mind Control, bonding and Harems from the original, but with a slightly edgy and alternative cast.*

### Returning Dramatis Personae

#### House Black

- Harrison '**Harri**' Black - Sheriff of Black County, 'Jason Momoa-looking motherfucker' mountain man (mixed heritage), former Army MP
- **Vanessa** Peters - Construction Forewoman, Daughter of Brent Peters the head of the construction project, Brunette
- **Ivy** Gauthier - Quebecoise stripper, half-tattooed, Dirty Blonde anal queen
- **Kara** Swiftwater - Harrison's high school sweetheart, former community leader of the local Native band, Gerty's second cousin, Raven hair
- **Tanaya** Airington - Former rodeo barrel racer and native relay rider, petite and stoic native
- Gertrude '**Gerty**' Swiftwater - Kara's second cousin, Tribal police on the Rez, Voluptuous Native, Raven hair
- **Erica** LaCosta - Fiancee of Harri, Italian Tattoo Artist, Leo's sister, Dark Brunette
- **Kyla** Bautista - Trained dancer, Phillipino Spy, Harri's Deputy Sheriff, Raven hair

#### House LaCosta

- **Leo** LaCosta - Harri's best friend and former roommate, Italian carpenter, Erica's brother
- **Aria** - Girlfriend of India, Stripper/Sugar Baby, Ginger, Member of House LaCosta

#### Military

- Lt Col **Miriam** Abarbanel - Military friend of Harri's, Air Force Lt Col, Jewish heritage, Commanding Officer for Valhalla Hills construction and the Oregon Quaranteam research project
- Captain **Laura** Bloomberg - Air Force JAG serving as Miriam's second, Blonde

#### Construction Crew

- **Brent** Peters - Vanessa's father, the Project Manager for the Valhalla Hills construction project, very overweight

### Referenced Characters

- Danielle '**Dani**' - Australian stripper, Brunette
- **India** - Girlfriend of Aria, Hippy Stripper/Sugar Baby, grew up in a commune, Brunette dreads and braids

- **Julia De Luca** - Helicopter Pilot, former Air Force Pararescue Pilot. Friend and Client of Erica.  
- **Yvonne** ??? - Slender Estonian brunette, very fit, secret nerd, Leo's friend  
- **Rachel** ??? - Tall, very fit black bodybuilder, looks like a superhero, massage therapist, Leo's friend  
- **Valerie Black-Krouse** - Harri's sister, lives in Northern California with her husband and daughter.  
- **Kashm** - Short Persian woman with an attitude, daughter of ??? the Guns of Thunder Club President. Big tits, hourglass figure. Dating Chuck.

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"What the fuck was going on out here late last night?" Leo asked me as he slapped me on the shoulder before flopping down into the lawn chair beside me. It had been a rainy morning and so everyone had been slow to get moving - well, everyone except for Vanessa, Miriam and Laura.

"You heard that?" I asked him.

"I think they heard it in Portland," Leo laughed.

I sighed and shook my head.

"Well, Erica, Kara and I went up to the pond to figure some stuff out," I said. "And things got... y'know..."

"Yeah, I don't need the details about what you were doing with my sister," he waved me off.

"Right, so the problem was that our phones all died while we were up there," I said. "And we couldn't, uh, find all of our clothes. Thank fuck we managed to find our shoes at least. So we had to stumble back here in the dark half-dressed, and it turned out Gerty and Vanessa had been waiting up to make sure we were OK. You know that scene in movies where the teenager sneaks back into the house and their parents flip on the light?"

"Oh, fuck," he started laughing.

"I couldn't find my pants or shirt, so I just had my briefs on," I chuckled. "Kara had found a shirt, but it ended up actually being the one Erica had been wearing. And Erica was wearing her shorts but it turned out the thong was the one Kara had been wearing before. And they were each wearing mismatched shoes. So Kara had her ass out, and Erica was topless, and I was in my underwear when they turned on that big flashlight Vanessa has. All three of us froze, and we must have looked fucking ridiculous because Gerty started laughing *loud* and that got Vanessa going, and then that got *us* going. That's what you heard."

Leo was snorting repeatedly, his head down in his hand as his shoulders shook with his laughter.

It was well past breakfast and everyone had eaten already, and I'd already spent time that morning doing a short tour of my family's double RV situation. I was fucking thankful, once we'd gotten back last night, that the sleeping situation had been decided for me by the women because I didn't know if I'd have had the heart to make the decisions myself.

Kyla, still somewhat recovering from her extra-long days while I'd been in the regenerative sleep, had been more than happy to crash in the 5th Wheel because it had those 'road tour' style bunks that lined both walls. She loved sleeping next to me, but still preferred her own bed, so that worked out easy. Tanaya was another easy one, easing into things but not completely comfortable with the big social change yet, so she took another bunk. Vanessa had made the executive decision to take a bunk as well to try and give me and everyone else a break from waking up with her in the early mornings for work on the site. That left one more bunk, our bed in the original RV, and five women.

In the end, even though there had apparently been some major pressure to choose otherwise, Miriam put her foot down and took the final bunk since she wasn't Teamed up with us yet. Her winning point was that, like Vanessa, she and Laura were also planning to be up early to start tackling the whole situation of setting up her command post properly.

That left me in the bed with Erica, Kara, Gerty and Ivy. The same number of warm bodies as before all of the shit had hit the fan with the attack and the manhunt. I'd ended up in the middle with Gerty on one side of me and Ivy on the other, two very different body types providing different turn-ons. Gerty wore one of my T-shirts to bed, and Erica climbed in behind her wearing the same and hugged the woman from behind. Ivy, meanwhile, came to bed in only a thong and somehow by the next morning had lost it. She'd practically hauled Kara into a spooning position so that my newest partner could lay her hand on my chest as we slept.

New people, and a new living situation, meant our morning routine was different too. Still, after weeks of doing it and back in familiar surroundings, my internal clock had woken me at pre-dawn and I'd slipped from the bed in time to meet Vanessa as she'd been coming out of the 5th Wheel on her way to work. The look on her face, and the kiss, had been well worth the effort before she'd taken one of the ATVs to ride down to the main camp. Miriam had come out shortly after Vanessa, dressed in fatigues and fully put together, but I'd only gotten a moment to touch base with her as we held each other in a hug before Laura had come out of Leo's family 5th Wheel looking even more put together than Miriam. I'd been surprised when Dani had leaned out the door, calling a soft 'Have a good morning!' and then laughing as she realised I was standing well within view to see that she was naked.

*That* was a situation I wanted more information on because Leo, Aria and India had definitely been sleeping in their RV. But it was also one of those ones that I'd let Erica loose on instead of prying it from Leo.

"So today's the day I guess," I sighed, looking up at the still-overcast sky.

“Huh?” Leo asked. “Don’t tell me some other big thing is happening. Please, dear *Lord*, I’m not ready for that.”

“They’re starting the public rollout of the vaccine over in Portland,” I said. “On the down-low, but not part of programs or anything.”

Leo frowned, checking his phone. “July 15th. And Erica and Dani got vaccinated back at the start of May. Why the fuck-” he grunted a sigh, shaking his head. “OK, so I get why it had to wait for trials and shit, and to get their systems worked out. But why keep it on the down low now?”

I shrugged. “Not enough to go around, I assume,” I said. “At least not yet. Miriam didn’t have enough to try and stop the outbreak on the Rez just last week, remember?”

“Yeah, but hope and the truth are important,” Leo said. “People deserve to know there’s hope coming.”

“Persons deserve that, not people,” I said. “Every individual, normal person? Fuck yeah, they deserve to know. But *people* are different. People start riots when their favourite team *wins*. People trample each other for Black Friday sales. Remember what I saw down in Eugene? People do that, not persons.”

Leo looked like he’d sucked a lemon. “Well, you didn’t need to go and be right and shit,” he snorted.

I knew Leo was still a little conspiracy-brained when it came to all the secretive government program stuff, and I wasn’t sure if it was my time in the military or something else that made me accept it more. What I didn’t tell him was that some individuals didn’t actually deserve to know hope was coming, because they would immediately try and abuse it and twist it. Give a real evil fucker time to examine the thing that will save people, and they’ll figure out how to break it, corrupt it or take advantage of it.

Kidnappings. Hostage-taking. Preemptive murder. I could probably start generating a dozen ways that someone who knew the vaccine was coming, and what it did, could make life hell if they had a few weeks or months to dream up some heinous shit.

And that didn’t even include the likely protest movements that would disrupt the system *and* cause more outbreaks.

I noticed Leo checking his phone a few times while we sat and talked a bit, letting our conversation veer away from the morose and towards the new show on Netflix that I hadn’t had time to watch yet.

“Who is texting you so much?” I finally asked. Aria and India were outside and across our new compound yard doing yoga, leading Ivy, Kara and Kyla through... whatever you called a ‘round’ of yoga. Dani, meanwhile, was sitting in one of the other arranged areas with Erica, Julia (who had apparently slept in the 5th Wheel with Dani and Laura), and Gerty as they talked about something with animated hand movements, the occasional chorus of laughter erupting.

“No one,” Leo said quickly, flipping his phone over.

“Really?” I asked, raising an eyebrow. “I mean... *really?*”

“OK, it’s someone,” Leo said.

“Please, fucking *please*, tell me it’s not Judith.”

“No,” Leo said quickly. “Fuck, no. It’s not Judith.” His past, long-distance ‘girlfriend’ who had been an utter snake was not someone either of us wanted to somehow show up with the vaccine and a sheet for Leo to sign.

“Well, who is it then?” I asked. “Someone from back in Portland? Now that the rollout has started you could end up getting more partners.”

“It’s, uh, well it’s mostly Yvonne,” Leo said. “From the Falls.”

“Oh,” I said, raising my eyebrows. “Like, brunette, medium-height, cute?”

“Right,” he said.

“And Dani knows?”

“Dani and Erica pretty much threw me at her,” he said. “And, uh, Rachel. The-”

“*Rachel* too?” I asked, almost incredulous. Rachel was a black Amazonian goddess who was taller, bigger and more of a forceful personality than Leo. Her one leg was probably stronger than both of his put together.

“It’s not like a *thing*,” Leo said. “We’re just, uh, friends. Well, I did kiss Yvonne and she kissed me back.”

“My *man*,” I said, forcing a smile as I offered him a high-five.

Why the fuck did I feel like punching him? Why did him telling me those two women, who I’d really only spoken with very briefly and seen around the Falls, make me feel... aggressive? Possessive? They were both pretty women in their own ways, but I really had *barely* interacted with them.

I swallowed the feeling, clenching my jaw, and smiling again as Leo gave me a high five with a self-deprecating smirk and shook his head. I let him change the subject, pivoting away from the awkwardness of him flirting with women who weren't his partners, and the pressure in my gut eased off.

Lunch was an easy affair, though we were definitely going to need to do a proper grocery run. Erica started gathering the shopping lists - an act that would take a while since there were currently fifteen people in the compound. Food wasn't the only thing needed, especially for Kara, Tanaya and Gerty. Not to mention any orders put in by the Valkyrie Falls ladies.

I had my own list of things I needed to accomplish, not that it was very long. While Erica got to work organising the shopping trip I hopped onto our other ATV and started down towards the main site camp. The sky had only cleared up a little, with pockets of blue peaking through the general grey clouds threatening at least a sprinkle of rain at any moment, but with only a mild breeze it felt good to just get out and do something normal. Except even the new normal wasn't like it was before. There was a tree-clearing crew working up on top of the ridge where our houses would be, finishing up whatever work Vanessa had ordered thanks to my switch-up request. A utility crew was digging a trench headed towards the rise, ready to bring electricity, gas, sewage and internet up there. I passed more crews on the way, realising that avoiding those same trenches was going to be the real trick for a little while when getting around.

I'd texted Vanessa before I left, and I slowed to a stop outside the main camp. The fourth barracks was going up *fast*, and I had to guess that there were dozens of framers, roofers, carpenters, electricians, plumbers and every other trade ready to be unleashed on erecting the houses once foundations were poured and set. Julia's helicopter was still out on the 'helicopter pad' and looked fine, and the 'office' part of the camp looked like it had grown again, bulging out on the north side with a few more trailers. Checking my phone, I saw that Vanessa had responded to me but wasn't available. She did, however, point me in the right direction for where I needed to go so I put the ATV back into gear and swung wide around the main camp, heading down the road that had once been my winding driveway.

There were no trenches here, at least not anymore since the crews had already laid whatever pipe and wires they needed to and covered it up again, replacing the gravel on top. Half of the offshoot roads already had the same treatment. I opened up the ATV and let the roar of it envelop me as I drove at a reckless speed for a minute before slowing down as I approached the cleared area closer to the highway.

It was almost sad, the amount of trees that had been taken down. Unlike in the residential areas where clumps and individual trees had been preserved on lots, and there would be patches of proper wild growth (thankfully someone had pointed out that removing too many trees would destabilise the hilly ground and make erosion - and mudslides - much more likely), down here in the flat area they'd done a near-clearcut.

I knew the reasons, even if it didn't thrill me - to my right would be the strip mall area, a double block with a decent-sized parking lot, anchored by a grocery store. I had no idea how that store would fuck up the market for the one in town, but considering that when all was said and done Black County would probably double the local population of Jewell at least, I hoped it wouldn't cause too many problems. On my left, and where I was headed, would be the Air Force facility.

The RV had been pulled onto the lot and the Humvee that Miriam and Laura were using was parked alongside two more. A command tent was erected and heavily tied down in front of the RV, with folding tables in rows to provide working space and weighed down with cinder blocks on their feet to keep them from flying away. Rollable side panels for the tent were currently up but could be dropped with a velcro pull at the first sign of rain. Two more seacan shipping containers formed a U-shaped outer wall to their little office compound.

I didn't see Miriam or Laura, but there were a couple of Airmen futzing around as I pulled up and they gave me suspicious, and then just plain curious, glances as they clearly started to make themselves look busy. Laura came out of the RV as I turned off the engine, smirking just a little as she glanced over the Airmen and then stomped over to me.

"Harrison," she said.

"Captain Bloomberg," I said, snapping to attention without a salute - I wasn't military anymore, so even the sharp, erect posture wasn't necessary but it made her smirk a little more. She was back to being tightly wound together, her blonde hair pulled into a severe bun, her fatigues looking like they'd been starched and pressed somehow that morning. "How's things?" I asked.

"Fucking quiet," Laura responded, shaking her head, and I relaxed my posture since she'd casually dropped an F-bomb. "Let's just say we're feeling the... backwoods nature of the post already. Two dozen members of the Air Force on base total, including the Colonel and myself."

"Bit of a downgrade, then," I sighed. It had to sting, for both of them, to go from being a couple of the most important people in the State to this.

"A bit," Laura grimaced. "I assume you're not here to shoot the shit with me, though. The Colonel is just on a call right now, she'll come out when she's done."

"Well, I do have one favour I could ask you," I said. And then it hit me again, that hungry, possessive urge. That thing in my gut that said that Laura Bloomberg was a *woman*, one that I found attractive, one that wasn't attached. One that I should be taking and making mine.

"I'm not *completely* bored with nothing to do," she said sarcastically. "But you've piqued my interest."

She'd 'tested out' things with Leo and Dani. She should get the real show, and taste what it would be like with *me*. It wouldn't even be a competition. "I'm hoping you can find out for me

what the state of things is over at the Rez,” I said, clamping down on that wild, feral feeling in my gut and chest. “And if we can go over there. Kara, Tanaya and Gerty are each hoping that they can salvage some of their property, and maybe get some... closure, or something, with a look around.”

Laura nodded softly, pursing her lips as she thought for a moment. “The National Guard is still in charge over there, I think. Not that there’s anyone else to really *be* in charge of it. I’ll make some calls and let you know tonight?”

“Sounds good,” I said. “Thanks.”

“You know, you keep making these jokes about how you’re supposed to owe Miriam a steak dinner and all that. I think you owe me just as much,” she smirked. “Eugene. Black County. Goddamn drone coverage? When am I getting my payback?”

It came at me again like a snarling wolf. “Miriam’s payback is joining my team,” I said, my voice dropping a little gravelly, then I cleared my throat and blinked once as I managed to shake it off before I said something I couldn’t take back. “So what do I owe you? Are you calling in that steak dinner since Miriam gave it up?”

“We can start with steak, but I’m thinking full surf ‘n turf. I want some damn lobster or crab to go with it,” she chuckled. Was I imagining it, or had her eyes dilated just a little when I’d slipped? Had she just glanced at my lips quickly?

“Surf ‘n turf it is,” I said. “Though it might need to wait until the houses are built and we have actual kitchens to work with.”

“I can wait,” she smirked. “We’re pretty much stuck together now anyways. And I know where you sleep.”

Miriam came out of the RV then and we both turned towards her, but other than a quick flash of a smile my way she first started giving orders to the Staff Sergeant and the Airman who had been lingering around. They both nodded along before breaking off to take care of their tasks, and Miriam came over to Laura and I.

“Good afternoon,” she sighed as she walked right into my arms, hugging me quickly before stepping away.

“Afternoon,” I said. “Captain Bloomberg said you’re getting some Hillbilly Culture Shock.”

Miriam snorted and rolled her eyes. “I assume you mean the pace of things?”

“That and feeling the disconnect from the city,” I said, then sighed and shook my head. “I *am* sorry that you both got shafted like that.”



"It was never supposed to be our posting to begin with, or our facility," Miriam frowned. "Not that it doesn't sting. But upper command had it all planned out from the get-go."

"Here's hoping General Prewitt just fucking follows the plan we set up for her," Laura grimaced. I knew *that* particular feeling - the one where the people doing the work were used to someone with power coming in and sticking their fingers into it just to stir it around and make sure it had their 'personal touch' at the last minute.

"Like kids licking stuff to claim it," I chuckled.

Both of them snorted and smirked. "Exactly," Laura said.

"From what I know, she's not awful about doing shit like that," Miriam said. "Her staff, though? Who knows." She shook her head, then took in a breath and let it out. "I've got another call coming up with one of said staff. I'm assuming this isn't just a friendly visit?"

"Captain Bloomberg is already handling my one question," I said, shooting Laura a thankful smile. "So I just need to know if there's anything your local Sheriff can do for you, and make sure you're answering Erica's texts since we're organising a shopping run."

"I'll check my texts," Miriam said. "And I don't have any current law enforcement issues. Captain?"

"Already answered, and I do have an ex-boyfriend who could use a punch in the nose but he's stationed down in Florida right now," Laura smirked. "Feel like a road trip?"

"Might be a little far to get there and back in time for dinner," I chuckled. "Let me know if he comes around though, I'll run him out of town tarred and feathered."

"Noted," Laura grinned.

"Last thing then - did you two eat lunch?"

"We had food brought down from the cafeteria kitchens up at the main camp," Miriam said. "So no need to check in on us, *Dad*."

"Harrharr," I deadpanned at the lame joke.

"We're good, Harri," Miriam said, putting on an easy smile as she stepped back towards me and put a hand on my chest as she looked into my eyes. "Thanks for checking in."

I grinned and winked at her, and when she pursed her lips a little I leaned down and gave her a sweet, lingering kiss.

“Disgusting. Utterly disgusting,” Laura joked.

“So you crashed with Dani last night?” I asked her as Miriam backed away from me again.

“Did you guys hear that?” Laura asked, just a hint of a flush rising up her neck. “I think that’s the phone inside. I better go answer it.” She left, leaving Miriam and I laughing.

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I managed to track down Vanessa and her father on my way back, meeting them outside the office trailer park. Brent shook my hand, congratulating me on the rescue mission, then gave me a punch in the arm for making Vanessa worry so much. *That* was a little irritating, but he at least softened it with a self-deprecating chuckle and admitting he wouldn’t have been able to do what we’d done.

I got a quick update on our place - the foundation for the main house was going to get dug and levelled tomorrow, and the cement poured the day after. We were officially losing any privacy up at the spring pond from that point on since work would start on Leo’s house right after, followed by my sister’s. That, of course, reminded me that I needed to call Valerie and give her some life updates - she knew just about everything up to around the original raid on the site, but a *lot* had happened since then.

It was hard to know what she’d be more pissed about, me getting into more gunfights, or Kara being back in my life.

Older sisters could be protective, and she’d been the major support system for my parents in regards to the Tribe lawsuits until I’d left the service. Double strikes against my high school sweetheart.

The last thing I needed to confirm with Brent was the most pressing, once I did the math on how long I’d been incommunicado after the raid.

“Have you got that job we talked about setting up for the bikers?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he nodded, taking a bit of stress off my shoulders. “I spoke briefly with that lady who’s acting as their go-between - she was a little, uh, nosy about you by the way - and then forwarded her number on to the two main shipping outfits that are managing our supply deliveries. If I hear good things back from the owners and drivers, I’ll pass them on to the other smaller outfits as well.”

“OK, that’s good,” I said with a relieved sigh. “No problems yet with them?”

“They’ve done one shipment, delivery at the gate,” Vanessa said. “I spoke with the Air Force guys down there and made sure they knew what was up with expecting them but not letting them on site.”

“Did you warn them that not *all* bikers are expected?” I asked. “Because-”

“Yes, Harri,” Vanessa said, patting my arm. “I’m not exactly going to forget that you recently got shot by a biker. Bikers are being watched if they pass by on the highway, not that it’s happened yet, until they are confirmed to be the Guns of Thunder.”

“Stupid name if you ask me,” Brent said. “But then, I guess I’m not a biker.”

I thanked them for the update on the official stuff, along with the brief ‘family update’ - Brent was still living off-site and driving in every day. His original partner Doreen had been joined by a second woman, closer to his age, named Charlotte, and they were occupying a pair of adjoining rooms at one of the nicer motels. That made me wonder, as I was driving back up to our RV camp, when more partners were going to start showing up for the regular workers - with the public rollout starting in the city, there might be more ladies getting delivered down to the site.

More mouths to feed, more hands to keep busy, and more unskilled labour to train.

And more people likely to need grief counselling.

I shot off a text to Miriam and Vanessa with that thought once I parked the ATV in our row of vehicles.

Inside our compound, I was expecting to go change and then head out into town for our shopping run, but was disabused of that idea when I found that it was apparently ‘haircut afternoon.’ The ladies were working together to give each other trims - no one was a proper stylist, so there weren’t any major changes going on, but several months of quarantine had the ladies feeling like they needed to take care of split ends and trim off an inch or two of length.

That apparently included me, as I got escorted to a lawn chair that sat low enough that Ivy was able to reach me easily. She brushed out my hair, luxuriating in running her fingers through it as she murmured in French, fully knowing I had no idea what she was saying - I assumed it was some mix of compliments, dirty thoughts and teasing jokes. She used a spray bottle to wet my thick locks and was ready to start trimming when a ‘discussion’ broke out among my partners because *someone* had decided to show around pictures of me from high school.

“Sorry-not-sorry, baby,” Kara said with a teasing grin.

I’d had short hair then, and with an older sister to guide me, I’d actually had a half-decent haircut. Kyla, Kara and Gerty favoured me trying out a similar look now, wanting to shear my hair off and go for a clean, tapered shave on the sides. Erica and Ivy were vocally opposed, and

Tanaya admitted after some good-natured pressure she liked me with long hair. Vanessa and Miriam were even consulted via text until I finally put my foot down.

“You do realise that, while I appreciate wanting to look good for you all, this is *my* hair, right?” I asked. “Because I started growing this out the minute I left the military. I spent *years* with my hair regulation-short, without many choices otherwise, because I wasn’t some special forces guy or something. Same with the beard. They’re part of who I am.”

That, thankfully, eased off the pressure as I got an apologetic kiss from Kyla, and Kara admitted she liked the beard a lot on me, it just needed tidying up. Gerty, being the only one left in the ‘take it all off’ camp, laughed her loss away and said she’d get over how it reminded her of a couple of guys she’d used to arrest perennially on the Rez.

Ivy was finally able to give me my trim, taking a bare inch off the ends and trimming around my ears and sideburns. Then she set to work cleaning up the back of my neck with a trimmer while Tanaya came at me with a pair of scissors to trim my beard. She started out hovering, leaning in a little awkwardly, until I had her climb onto my lap, straddling my legs as she faced me. She smiled as I rested my hands on her slim hips, and went back to work. When Ivy finished cleaning up my neck, she leaned around and kissed my cheek before moving over to help Dani with India, whose faux braids and dreads mixed into her wild hair with real braids and would apparently take half the afternoon to remove and then replace.

“I was wondering if I could ask you something?” Tanaya asked me as she carefully snipped another length of beard. It felt *good* to have her close to me like this, and intimate in a way that was different from sex. She was pretty, her eyes focused intently on what she was doing, and I couldn’t help but appreciate how she was wearing one of my unbuttoned flannels with what I was pretty sure was a sports bra borrowed from Vanessa underneath, giving a look at her thin waist and stomach.

“Tanaya, hon, even if you weren’t holding a sharp metal object near my face and neck I would still answer all your questions,” I joked.

She smirked a little and shook her head, taking another few careful snips before speaking again. “The... sex so far... It’s been good, I’m not going to try and hide that.” I was quiet, letting her put her words together in her mind. Her lower, husky voice was quiet, and I felt like she didn’t want to say whatever this was in a way the others could hear. “That first time was... well, it was what it was. The second time, at the base... I felt like I needed to figure out if the first time had been a one-time thing, and it was a stress reliever we both needed. But now, I, uh... I know the others are all pretty *open* about sex.”

“Especially Ivy,” I guessed.

Tanaya flushed a little, looking away for a moment and nodding before coming back to her task. "Especially Ivy," Tanaya said. "I'm... not like that. And I was hoping that maybe we could... cool off a bit if that's alright with you?"

"You want to take a step or two back, because this has all been really fast," I guessed.

"Exactly," she said with a little sigh, stopping her trimming and looking me in the eyes. "It's not that I don't- I just-

I brought my hands up from her waist to around her back, gently pulling her into a hug and squeezing her tight as I pressed my lips to her ear. "It's not fair you had to be rushed into anything, and I respect whatever you want. I promised you I'd do anything I could to help make you feel safe, and I'll stick to it."

Her body, slightly tense, relaxed a little more as her hands slid around my sides to my back, hugging me in return. "Thanks," she murmured.

I let her go, my hands sliding back down to her hips as I looked her in the eye. "That doesn't change the chemistry of what's going on, though," I said. "The serum apparently needs... feeding."

Tanaya nodded again. "I'm not going to try and ignore it. I just want some time. I'm supposed to be able to go for something like a week and a bit without any problems, so I'll try for a week while I get comfortable. And then... I don't know."

"And then I'm going to take you on a date," I said. "If that's what you want?"

"I... don't know," she repeated herself, and I noticed she glanced towards Kara. "I don't know what I want."

"OK," I said, making a mental note to mention this to Vanessa. She'd been the one holding out on emotions before, so she'd probably be the best one to chat with Tanaya about where she was at. "Whatever makes you comfortable."

Tanaya leaned in and gently kissed me on the lips for a long, slow moment until she finally pulled away, the woody smell of my own body wash mixing with the soft lilac shampoo the ladies had been using lately mixing in my nose.

We let the conversation sit there as Tanaya went back to work, and when she was done with the main part of my beard she used the trimmer to clean up my neck and edge my cheeks. Once the job was complete she let me stand up and brush all the beard hair off my shirt, and then I was paraded around as all of my present partners, along with Julia, Dani and Aria, sang Tanaya's praises and said I looked much more put together and 'hunky' instead of 'savage cave-man.'

Leo, smirking and in the middle of getting his own haircut, said I looked like Gerard Butler as Leonidas if he'd had long hippy hair. I told him I'd take it.

I headed into the RV to get changed while the haircuts were continuing but only got as far as pulling off my shirt and unbuckling my belt when the door to the RV opened and footsteps let me know one of my partners was coming in. I was surprised when, of them all, it was Gerty. She was wearing another one of my T-shirts and those same grey sweatpants, but she was making it work. She kicked off the plain, brandless sneakers the Air Force had put on their feet and came down the length of the RV to me in the bedroom.

"So," she said, drawing out the word a little as she eye fucked the hell out of me, her eyes roaming my bare torso. "I'm not saying I'm tracking it or anything, but by my math, I'm pretty sure that Tanaya and I are the only two of us who haven't gotten a piece of you since we got here."

"Well, it's rude to kiss and tell," I said, pushing down my pants and stepping out of them before closing the distance between us so she was looking up at me. "But I guess in this weird family we might need to. Kyla hasn't had *that* kind of time with me either yet, but I wasn't exactly trying to keep any of you waiting."

"Good, because I-

I interrupted her by taking the hem of her shirt and pulling it up. She grinned and helpfully raised her arms as I took it all the way off, her heavy breasts spilling out. Gerty shook out her hair once the shirt was free of her, and I tossed it behind me somewhere into the bedroom before leaning down to kiss her. I snaked one hand behind her head, weaving into her silky hair to hold her close, while my other hand landed on the small of her back and then went under the waistband of her sweatpants, grabbing her meaty ass cheek.

"Mmmf," she groaned, our tongues fighting as her hands travelled as well, both starting on my chest and then one down to my abs while the other travelled to one of my biceps. "Fucking hell."

I pulled away, giving the tip of her nose a little playful lick as I went. "You were saying, sexy?"

She laughed, pushing me backwards and coming with me until I was backed all the way up to the bed and sat down on it, now looking up at her with her breasts right at my eye level. "I was saying, Studmuffin, that our first time I was pretty much out of commission and our second time was a quickie in a dark room. And both times were fucking perfect for what they were. Now I want the full Harrison though."

"The 'full Harrison,' huh?" I asked with a little smirk.

“Well, most of a full Harrison,” she chuckled. “I’ve been convinced that we should save my ass for a special occasion. Like next Tuesday or something.”

“It *is* a very nice ass,” I said, reaching around her and tugging down the back of her sweatpants so I could grab both bare cheeks. I noticed that she had a lot less bush in the front than the last two times I’d seen her naked, meaning she must have cleaned herself up since getting to the camp. “Celebratory, even.”

“Ain’t it though?” she smirked. She’d put her hands on my shoulders and now she pulled me in, pressing her tits to my face. “These, obviously, are all yours whenever you want.”

I licked and kissed all over them, and then we were beyond flirty conversation as I pulled her up onto the bed with me.

Gerty was the curviest woman on my team, and the curviest woman I’d ever been with, but I would never have called her fat. She was thickly built, a little broader than Kara or Miriam, but she’d also been an active duty police officer - I’d also later learn she was a casual rec league soccer player and had coached a kids kickball league on the Rez. So even if there was a little extra jiggle in her wiggle, it was in all the right places.

Despite wanting ‘the full Harrison,’ we both knew we were technically on a time limit since I needed to get out into town for the shopping, so while we both enjoyed some naked making out and groping we also pushed things forward. She was already on top of me so it was pretty natural that Gerty shifted a little, reached between us to get my cock into position, and then sank onto it with a highly satisfied sigh.

“There it is,” she groaned with a big grin. “Fuck, it really is as fucking thick as I remembered.”

“Take your time,” I murmured, stroking my hand through her hair to get it out of her face. When it wasn’t tied back she had what I thought of as ‘hot girl hair,’ with a natural swoop in the front that girls had always been styling for when I was back in high school.

“Fuck that,” she said and sat her ass down hard as she speared my cock deep into her. She groaned wordlessly, wiggling her hips a little as she closed her eyes and just absorbed the feeling of our connection. Then she opened them and looked down at me, our eyes meeting, and I was struck again with all the little similarities between her and Kara. Just enough to see them reflected in each other, but never enough to confuse them.

“Fuck, you’re gorgeous,” I said, and she let out a laugh as she rocked on my cock.

“You’re pretty gorgeous too,” she said, and then kissed me and started using her hips to do wonderful things.

And what hips she had. We both groaned in appreciation as my hands travelled up and down her thighs and across her hips, grabbing onto them like firm, meaty handles as she bounced her ass up and down on my cock like a pornstar in the middle of the performance of her life. This meant she had to lean forward, and her big tits were brushing against my chest as her nipples poked against me lightly as stiff little nubs. Her areolas were large silver dollars, slightly oval, and as she continued to get hornier and hornier they swelled just a little, emphasising the soft difference in colour from the rest of her skin tone. The thing that really got me though was her face. Her lips, slightly parted as she breathed through her athletic effort on my cock. Her brow, slightly furrowed in concentration. Her eyes, playful but intense.

I let go of her hips and brought my hands up to that face, pulling her down to me so I could kiss her thoroughly as we both groaned. She lost a bit of her leverage, pulled down fully against me, so her hip action got weaker but she started to rock on me instead, not wanting a moment to go by without my cock sliding in and out of her.

My hands travelled again, reaching down and grabbing her ass, feeling it flex with her efforts. She planted her hands on the bed on either side of me and raised up a little, looking down at me again.

“I want to taste you,” she said. “Fuck, I want to swallow this goddamn cock whole if I can.”

She dismounted and we shifted, me getting higher up on the bed and her crawling to me on her hands and knees, straddling one of my legs as she flicked her hair to one side and leaned down, taking a big, nasty lick of my cock as it glistened with our mixed lubrications.

“You do realise I’m not going back to fucking until I get a taste of you too, right?” I asked with a smirk as she teased the tip of her tongue around the head of my cock.

“You say that like you’re the one in charge here,” she answered with a grin.

I sat up, using a finger under her chin to raise her up as well, and I kissed her firmly before giving her a look. “I’m going to *devour* that pussy before my cock goes back inside,” I told her.

She grinned. “Fine,” she said. “But first let me show you what I can do with a blowjob when my lungs aren’t about to explode.”

I kissed her again and leaned back as she dropped back down and took my cock in her mouth again.

To be fair, the last blowjob I’d gotten had been a double with Erica and Kara, so I wasn’t exactly getting blown away as Gerty put her moves on me. What she lacked in a doubles partner she made up for with energy though, slurping hard, fast and noisy as she bobbed on my cock rapidly before driving it deep into her mouth and slowly sucking on as much of it as she could as she slithered her tongue up and down the underside of the shaft. Then she was right back to the



rapid blowing, working the top half as she wrapped a hand around my root and squeezed encouragingly. When she went back to taking me deep she went a little too far, my cock head hitting the back of her throat, and she came up coughing and blinking her watering eyes.

“Fuck,” she laughed. “You’re too fucking *fat* down here.”

“Sorry?” I chuckled.

“Never apologise for this,” she said, taking my cock back in her hand and wiggling it lightly. Then she grinned. “Just means I’m gonna need to practise so I actually *can* swallow it whole. That gonna be a problem?”

“As long as I’m the practice dummy, I haven’t got a problem with it at all,” I grinned back.

She winked at me and lowered back down, starting to blow me again for another few minutes. I noticed that one of her hands had disappeared down below her, and I knew she was probably playing with herself as she did it. That would have been a job I would have happily taken over but the angle was wrong, and while I was sure a 69 with her would be fun, I had an evil little plan I’d been brewing.

That plan came to fruition when she came off my cock again, a long strand of spittle hanging from her plump lower lip and connecting her to it for a moment before it finally snapped and landed against her bulging tit. “Fuck, I need this in me again,” she muttered, knee-walking up and intending to mount me again.

“Ah, ah,” I said, sitting up and grabbing her waist to stop her.

“Mmmm!” she hummed in frustration, giving me a pouty look that made me burst out laughing, which she joined in on as I manhandled her onto her back while I got up on my knees. “Fuck, that’s hot,” she groaned as she hit the mattress. I had a feeling, with her thick build, whoever she’d been with before hadn’t been able to do that to her.

I took her knees in my hands and slowly opened her legs, looking down at her hungrily as she looked up at me with an excited grin, biting her lower lip.

“You look like a kid about to meet... I don’t know, Elsa at Disney World or something,” I chuckled.

“If Elsa was going to eat my pussy as good as the girls say you do, I’d look like this too,” she laughed.

I tutted, shaking my head. “They really can’t keep *any* secrets, can they?” I didn’t let her respond, instead making her gasp as I dropped quickly to my elbows and buried my lips against her pussy. She’d cleaned up all that pubic hair, leaving her lips completely bare and smooth,

revealing a pretty little open wedge between them with tidy little inner labia pointing the way down to her entrance. What hair she had left was in a tight, neatly trimmed little inverted triangle on her mound, and I buried my nose into it as I used a thick, flat tongue to begin exploring the nooks and crannies of her pussy. She tasted of warmth and lust, just a slight tang, and I groaned as that flavour coated my tongue while she closed her thighs on me like earmuffs.

“Gaaawd,” Gerty moaned.

I chuckled, letting my hot breath wash over her clit, and reached up her body with my arms around her legs so that I could grab her tits. Her hands clapped down over mine, pinning them there, and I started the process of learning what sorts of things got the most fun responses out of her.

The real fun, of course, was once I found out what would really get her going and could drive her towards an orgasm. For Gerty that ended up being using the edge of my tongue to drive down against the side of her clit hood while I pressed my upper lip, stiffened by my teeth, firmly just above it. I would have added in some fingers, or maybe a thumb, to fuck her little clenching hole with as well but she really did have them pinned to her tits.

Once she'd grunted hard, her body rocking and her thighs squeezing around me as she rode the swell of pleasure and release, she relaxed and I was able to finally release her breasts, push her legs away and climb up her body to loom over her and plant a messy kiss on her. She responded lazily for a long moment, still on the tail end of her orgasm, until she groaned and fished for my cock with one hand, trying to get it into position while also grabbing my beard with her other hand, holding me in the kiss. When she got me in place I slipped just the crown of my cock into her, teasing her so much that she let out another humming whine and humped her hips up at me.

My return humming chuckle was apparently not appreciated, because she looped a leg around the small of my back and pulled me into her. We both groaned in unison as I buried deep into her again.

We fucked in missionary for a bit, though it was closer to lovemaking than fucking with how much we were kissing and how slow the thrusting was. I eventually ended up behind her again though, just like our imprinting sex, but this time she was standing off the side of the bed instead of flopped onto it and she had one foot up braced on the mattress to one side, showing a nice amount of flexibility while also opening herself up with an arched back. The position let me fuck deep into her, and also made her ass look fucking fantastic and jiggle with each heavy thrust as she pushed back to meet me. She started to do this thing, rotating her torso, and it felt like she was corkscrewing on and off my cock.

“Fuck!” I groaned. “God, Gerty!”

“That’s a new one, huh?” she asked with a bright, feral grin as she tossed her hair with a flip and looked back at me over her shoulder.

“That’s a new one,” I gasped. Then I reached forward and grabbed her by her hair, pulling her up to standing until her bare, sweaty back was pressed to my chest. I mauled her tits with my other hand and kissed her hard on the side of her neck as she rolled her head back against my shoulder.

“Oooh, mother-fuck,” she moaned, bouncing her ass against my pelvis.

“You’re going to make me come,” I growled as I kissed a trail up her neck towards her ear. “I can’t fucking get enough of you.”

“Sounds good to me,” she laughed breathlessly. “Fuck! You can *fuck*, Harri.”

“So can you,” I said, reaching her ear and then sucking lightly on her earlobe.

“You gonna gimme that cum?” she whimpered. “You gonna shoot that fucking cum in me, Harri?”

“Is that where you want it?” I asked, growling it softly into her ear. “You want me to fill you up? Or maybe I should pull out and spray it all over this perfect fucking ass? Or these big fucking tits?”

“Wherever you want to put it,” she panted. “Just get it *in* me somehow. Fucking put it in my ass right now, if that’s what you want. I just want it.”

I let go of her hair and wrapped my other arm around her, holding her by both tits again and fucking her with half a dozen savage thrusts before I pushed her forward and went with her, falling down on top of her in a prone fucking position as I grabbed her hands and pulled them over her head, holding them there with both of mine.

“Fuck! Harri, God, I’m coming-I’m coming-I’m coooming,” she whined, working her hips back at me as I fucked into her, and as she clenched up with her orgasm I lost what little control I had left and thrust into her hard.

Whatever her initial orgasm did to her, it was wiped out by the tsunami that was the serum-gasm. I unloaded into her enough that, when we both finally caught our breath, it was leaking out of her around my still-half-hard cock.

“OK,” she said, putting a hand between her legs to try to keep it all in after I pulled out of her. “So, I’m thinking I could do that, like, once a day going forward? Yeah?”

I chuckled, wiping the sweat from my forehead and then finding the shirt I'd been wearing earlier and using that to wipe my face and chest. "I'd be happy to, but you might need to discuss that with the others."

"Hey," she said with a grin, rolling over and getting up onto her knees as she faced me, then leaning down to bring her lips towards my cum-covered cock. "I didn't say it had to be with just me."

I groaned as she started to suck me clean, and it was matched by her pitched moan as she got a taste of our mixed juices.

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"You guys have the list and everything?" I asked.

"No, I totally forgot it at home," Erica deadpanned back to me.

I rolled my eyes. "I meant are you guys good to go," I said.

"We're fine, Harri," Aria chuckled from the back seat of my truck, the designated Team Leo representative on the trip into town. "You're the one we should all be worried about."

"He'll be fine," Kyla said, sitting beside me in the passenger seat. She reached over and squeezed my thigh. "I'll be watching his back."

"No, you won't," I said, putting the truck into park as I landed in a spot out in front of the grocery store. "You're going in with Erica and Aria to watch *their* backs."

"Fuck that," Erica said. "We're going into a grocery store, not a biker den."

"A grocery store that's been hit repeatedly by looters and thieves," I said. "Whereas the bikers are our sort-of friends. Or at least we can make deals with them."

Kyla was clenching her jaw when I looked over at her, and I could tell she wanted to argue but also knew I was right. Erica didn't have any qualms with barreling right through my logic, though. "Since when did you get to start making all the decisions in this relationship?" my fiancée demanded. "This isn't a life-or-death choice, Harri. I gave you the raid, I gave you the manhunt, I didn't complain *once* that you were doing the hero schtick again. But—"

"Erica," I interrupted her. "You're my wife, and pregnant with our future child. If you think I'm leaving you unprotected in a public place currently known for being a hot spot for trouble, we've got some big holes in understanding each other. And if you think I'm bringing you anywhere near the biker clubhouse that you think could be dangerous for *me*? Really?"

There was a long enough pause in the argument that I looked back at her through the plexiglass barrier between the front and back seat, and saw that she was breathing deeply and glaring at me, her jaw thrust forward in frustration. When I met her eyes I didn't back down and just looked back at her, waiting for her to process. Aria and Kyla both seemed keenly aware that neither of us were looking for help.

"Fine," she finally said. "Give me a gun, and Kyla can go with you."

Aria snorted at the look on my face, and Kyla chuckled.

"Alright, you got me there," I sighed. I couldn't exactly tell her no, especially since I was the one who'd taught her to shoot to begin with.

We piled out of the truck and I handed over my main sidearm to Erica, who put it in her purse, along with my backup piece for Aria to carry in hers. The other woman didn't have much experience at all, but she at least knew which end to hold and how to flick the safety on and off.

That left me without a firearm, so I ended up circling around to the back and opening the secured box in the bed of the truck, pulling out the MP5 that Miriam had returned to me that morning. She'd brought down all the weapons that Kyla, Julia and I had been relieved of when we'd been brought to the Portland facility, and they'd all been cleaned by an armourer and fully serviced when we got them back. Supposedly some MP had wanted to hold onto them for the eventual investigation into the action at the old church, but Miriam had leaned on them. That would have never flown back when I'd been in the service, but mid-Pandemic was as different an animal as mid-War on Terror, deployed in country.

I would have rather had an M4 with me, but we'd left the long guns at home as a 'just in case' for Gerty and Dani.

The kiss with Erica to say goodbye was terse, and we both came away frowning from it.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"You're always going to see the option I don't," I said. "I'm sorry too."

I kissed her again, this time with more passion for *her* in it, and she responded in kind, reaching up and holding onto my beard to keep me in it until she'd gotten her fill.

We split up, and I was pretty sure I heard Aria say to Erica, "OK, now how do I get Leo to kiss me like *that*?"

"You know, I could just stay here and watch over them," Kyla said once we were halfway across the parking lot. "If that's what you want."

I sighed, shaking my head. “No, I- We can’t live in perpetual fear,” I said. “And things aren’t bad enough that they can’t go shopping without me. They did it, what, two days ago for the last Valkyrie Falls run?”

“About that,” Kyla nodded. Then she shook her head. “You’re still not wrong, though.”

“That’s the frustrating part,” I sighed.

She slipped her hand into mine, squeezing it tightly. “Wanting to protect her isn’t a bad thing.”

I stopped us and pulled Kyla to me, taking her other hand as I looked down at her. “It’s not about protecting *her*,” I said. “It’s about protecting all of you. Including *you*, Kyla.”

Her eyes softened a little, and she leaned forward to press against me lightly as our fingers intertwined. “Thanks, but you know I can handle myself better than the others. I wasn’t taking it as you didn’t *want* to protect me.”

“Good,” I said softly. “Because you might be my complete badass, but that doesn’t mean I want anything less than you being as safe as possible.”

“Says the man who’s been shot twice since we got together,” she smirked.

“Once,” I frowned. “Being shot *at* doesn’t count.”

She reached up and ran her fingers through my hair and along my scalp as a reminder.

“Oh, come on, that doesn’t count,” I said.

“It would have if it had been an inch lower or you hadn’t been tripping on a bad leg,” she pointed out.

“A couple of birdshot to the dome would’ve barely left a mark,” I grumbled.

She snorted and shook her head. “I love you, Harrison, but sometimes your ego is almost as big as your dick.”

“So... big, then?” I asked with a grin.

“Yes, you Cock,” she rolled her eyes. “Come on, let’s go see your big titty biker chick.”

“OK,” I said as we started walking again, rounding the back corner of the grocery store and heading towards the green space that led to the old lumber warehouse. “First of all, that’s not very feminist of you, referring to Kashm by her breast size.”

“When did I ever say I was a feminist?” Kyla asked.

“Fair,” I said. “Then second, she’s not *my* anything.”

“Based on the last time we met her, she wouldn’t mind it at all,” Kyla said.

“Which doesn’t mean anything, because she’s kind of a little crazy, and she’s involved with one of the bikers,” I said. “Plus, she doesn’t know *anything* about the vaccine or our situation so it’s not like she’d have a reason to think I’m even available if I *wanted* something to happen.”

“That was way more than ‘second,’” Kyla pointed out. “But how about this? You don’t have a problem with a ‘little crazy.’ And she’s got eyes for you bigger than whatever she’s got going on with her biker paramour.”

“Paramour? Really?”

“It sounded better than ‘fuckbuddy,’ and I wouldn’t say ‘boyfriend’ because I have a feeling it isn’t exactly an equal relationship,” Kyla said. “And as for the vaccine and being available - some women don’t give a flying fuck, Harri. How do you think cheating even *happens*? It takes two to tango.”

“Oh, hear that?” I asked. “Another reason *not* to pretend getting involved with Kashm is a good idea - because she might lean towards the Cheating type and that could *literally* kill her in the new world order of things.”

“Thou dost protest too much, Harri,” Kyla murmured with a smirk.

“I think it’s ‘doth’ not ‘dost,’” I said.

“...Shit, I think you’re right,” Kyla sighed. At this point, I wasn’t even surprised she knew Hamlet well enough to be able to mentally check that sort of thing. I only knew it because I’d had to do the scene back in Grade 10 English. “Alright, come on. Let’s go chat with *the* big titty biker chick. That better?”

“Yes, dear,” I chuckled.

“You know I’m going to make you say it when it happens,” Kyla said.

“It’s not going to happen.”

Kyla gave me a look, and while I knew for sure that Kashm wouldn’t ever be part of the family, I could almost believe that Kyla could find a way to make it happen if she really wanted it to.