

# Quaranteam: North West

## Chapter 12 (Beta)

By BreaktheBar

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

*This Beta draft won't be official until it receives the approval of CorruptingPower to make sure it falls in line with his plans and the overall timeline of the Quaranteam universe. As a Beta draft, it may see small or large revisions before final posting. If any major revisions are made, I'll make sure to let the Patrons know!*

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Organized chaos reigned for about twenty minutes as army-green heavy trucks continued to rumble onto the construction site. There were even more National Guard than when Miriam had broken up the protest, all of them suited up in full hazmat suits, being directed by airmen in gasmasks. It was tough to even follow what was going on.

“Harri,” Vanessa said from the ladder, getting my attention. I hadn’t gotten down from the top of the RV since I wasn’t sure how much of a contamination threat I was, but Dani, Erica and Kyla had gone to let the others know that things were safe now. Miriam was clearly busy with everything else going on around us, so I hadn’t exactly felt it was the right time to figure out what to do.

“God, I want to hug you,” I said as I did the opposite and backed away.

She smiled weakly as she pulled herself the rest of the way up. “I know,” she said. Vanessa sat down on the edge of the RV roof, her feet over the side, and I joined her about six feet away. She looked out at the hectic organization going on, listening to the shouting and the thrum of engines. “Shit.”

“Yep,” I agreed.

“I feel like it’s my fault,” she said more quietly.

“It’s not,” I said.

We sat there for a while, not saying anything else.

Eventually Miriam came back around - hazmat tents had been set up, bright white with yellow caution signs on them - and it looked like the construction workers were being split up between the tents and the trucks. Miriam already looked haggard as she trudged through the field to us. After she'd said hello earlier she'd put on a gas mask of her own, and she was still wearing it as she approached, only slipping it off once she was about ten paces away from Vanessa and I.

"How are you two doing?" she asked. "Everyone OK over here?"

I shrugged. "Tough to say," I said. "I'd like to be checking on everyone and making sure they feel safe, but Vanessa and I aren't sure what sort of risk we are to the others. Any chance there's a test or something we could take?"

Miriam sighed. "There is, but this is another one of those situations where you should've already been told this. In all likelihood, based on Vanessa's extended amount of time among the workers, she's probably carrying the virus. The best thing you two can do right now is go make sure your inoculations are running."

"What?" Vanessa asked.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

Miriam went to wipe her brow, then realized she shouldn't since her hands were gloved up and unsanitized. Instead she just sort of wiped them on her fatigues in frustration. "You need to go screw," she said. "The vaccine you all have will do its job, but you can bump up the inoculation by having sex with your partners. And Vanessa, with your out-of-the-norm condition with the vaccine, you should probably go more than once."

"Miriam, you realize-" I started.

"I know, I know," Miriam said, raising a hand to cut me off. "It sounds ridiculous. But that's what the science people are saying."

"So have sex, and we should be fine?" Vanessa asked.

"Yes," Miriam said. A radio on her belt squawked and she grabbed it, speaking into it quickly. "Look," she said, turning back to us. "The rest of this out here isn't your job, it's mine. I've got it. So focus on taking care of yourselves, and I promise I'll give you another update when I can."

"Is my Father alright, at least?" Vanessa asked.

"Brent is probably the most important person on this site," Miriam said. "He'll be at the front of the line for anything he needs. Alright?"

“OK,” Vanessa nodded.

“Miriam,” I said as the Lieutenant Colonel was about to turn away. “Thank you for showing up.”

She grimaced a little. “I should have been here sooner. All of this is coming too late.”

“But you weren’t too late for us,” I said. “Just remember that you’re pretty fucking awesome.”

She smiled, shaking her head a little. It was the same mini speech I’d given her before she was scheduled to go in and face the music back when we’d both been in the military. She’d been nervous to go and face the tribunal with her superior officers after I’d discovered the blackmail and interrupted the assault. At the time she’d blushed a little and looked down at her boots. Now she took the compliment a lot better.

As Miriam walked away back to the organized chaos of the emergency response, I shifted down the RV edge to Vanessa and wrapped my arm around her.

“We’re still not safe,” she said, but didn’t pull her away.

“We will be,” I said softly. “I just need you to know I’m here for you.”

She lifted up a hand and took a couple of my fingers in hers as it rested on her shoulder.

We ended up heading down into the compound a few minutes later and let everyone know what Miriam had said. Dani had immediately begun ushering Leo, India and Aria towards their RV. Things in my own household were a little more difficult to handle now since Kyla wasn’t interested in the idea of group sex at all - and almost more importantly, I felt like Vanessa needed something different than a group experience at the moment. She’d been the most exposed and knew the most people who were currently being affected.

“Go,” Erica said, pointing me towards the RV. “We’ll go one at a time, baby. Vanessa goes first.”

I gave her a look to let her know how much I loved her, and she smiled and gave me one back. I gave her, Ivy and Kyla each a quick kiss before I ushered Vanessa into the RV.

Once we were inside I just took Vanessa into my arms as we stood in the main sitting area. We’d cleaned up the space since Kyla had joined us; Vanessa’s luggage was stowed now in one of the storage containers except for a small bag like Ivy used. Kyla’s things still hadn’t shown up and she’d been borrowing clothes from the others. So in the empty space I stood and held her in a bear hug, and she hugged me back and let herself go.

I hadn’t seen Vanessa cry before, not that I really saw it now. She buried her face in my chest and clung to my shirt as she sobbed, and then wailed as she muted herself by burying her face in my chest even more. When she was sobbed out I picked her up and carried her down to the

bedroom, laying her on the bed and taking off her boots for her, then I laid down beside her and pulled her into a spooning position and held her some more.

We whispered to each other, though she did most of the whispering. She was worried and felt powerless. She was worried for her father, and her crew of 'gorillas'. She was worried she should have paid more attention somewhere, or made different assumptions last night or that morning. She was terrified she might have caused people to die.

I held her through it all, acknowledging her fears and worries, but assuring her it wasn't her fault.

"I just want to be able to do something," she said quietly into the dim lighting of the RV.

"I know," I said, holding her tightly. "But there's nothing we can, or could, do out there right now."

She turned in my arms so we were face to face. "But I can do something in here," she said.

I kissed her softly and then pulled back to look at her whole face. "If you're not 100% ready, we can wait a little bit more. Probably."

She shook her head and kissed me harder than I had her. "If there's one thing I can make sure of, I want it to be that I did everything I could to keep you alive," she said quietly.

"I kinda want you to stay alive, too," I said with a little smile.

We kissed again, and then we slowly worked our clothes off. Neither of us were feeling particularly randy or horny considering the circumstances and what we knew was going on outside the compound, but we also wanted to feel each other. Touch each other. Once we were naked I held her for a bit, and then she kissed her way down my body and took my cock in her mouth. At the first taste of precum she hummed a soft moan, and we both had a conflicted look for a moment as we knew that the vaccine was doing it and not either of us.

The sex wasn't special. Once I was hard she climbed up and slid onto me, her pussy wet from the chemically-induced horniness in her body even if her emotions weren't feeling it.

"I'm sorry," I said as she slowly rode me, looking down at me as her body almost fucked on autopilot.

"I know," she said, leaning down to hug me while I was inside her. "It's not your fault."

We held each other again, just staying still and feeling each other.

"I don't even know if I want to orgasm," she whispered. "I can feel my body wanting to, but..."

"I know," I said to her. "I know."

Eventually we rolled over and I took over, slowly pumping into her as I cradled her head in my hands and we softly kissed. She came when I did, the vaccine at work again. It might have been the smallest orgasm I'd had since the beginning of this, and hers wasn't particularly great either.

"I'm glad you're safe," I whispered to her as we just held each other.

"I'm glad you're safe, too," she whispered back. "I'm happy I have you."

I kissed her cheek and she squeezed her arms around my waist, hugging me down to her.

We didn't want to face whatever else was going on out there. Despite the fact that In Here wasn't feeling very upbeat, once we left the RV we would need to start processing the disaster again. Vanessa and I were both action-oriented people, and there wasn't an action we could do to start making this better, or right. Or hell, we couldn't even make it fair.

She dressed in a loose sundress from her things. It was the girliest piece of clothing I'd ever seen her wear and didn't suit her until she slipped her boots on. Then the anachronism of the ensemble felt more like her.

"Vanessa," I said, stopping her from leaving the RV. I went to her near the door and kissed her again, this time more fervently. I put my worry for her, that desperate panic I'd felt when I was looking for her on the ATV, and I put my love for her even if she didn't want to say the words, into the kiss. And she kissed me back, feeling the emotions and pouring her own back at me. By the time we were done, she was crying silent tears, and I felt my own eyes welling a bit.

She smiled sadly and reached up to touch my cheek, and then hugged me hard and I hugged her back.

"The others need you," she mumbled.

"You need me, too," I said. "And I need you."

God, 'love' was on my tongue. I'd been wanting to say it more and more. But our conversation was still settled deep in my mind and the last thing I wanted to do was fuck this up.

She kissed my chest and stepped back. "Think you can do all four of us, and then me again later?" she asked.

"For you, absolutely," I said, holding her hand.

She smirked, just a little, at the corner of her lip and stepped to the door.

I was just at the little sink in the kitchenette, wetting down a cloth to wipe myself down a little when the door opened again and a little bundle of blonde energy barreled inside and practically tackled me in a hug.

“Harrison!” Ivy cried.

Within moments Ivy was clinging to me, her legs around my waist and her arms around the back of my neck as she kissed me fervently.

“Don’t- Ever- Scare- Me- Like- That- Again,” she mumbled in between kisses.

I was holding her up with one hand on her butt and another on her lower back, which meant she had more leverage and choice in when we were kissing and when we weren’t as she pulled me tight to her. What I could do was step us over to the bench and turn and sit. Now I didn’t need to hold her up as her ass was in my lap and I brought my hands up and wove my fingers into the hair at the side of her head, pulling her away slightly from my face so I could look at her.

“I’ll try, ma dulcinée,” I said.

She broke into a huge grin at my - likely terrible - use of french. Hopefully I had the pronunciation correct, as I’d been looking up things I could call her on my phone a couple of days ago but hadn’t broken one out yet.

Ivy was the second youngest now out of the four women who were stuck with me, but she was very much the least mature in terms of the way she acted. That wasn’t to say she was childish at all, she just wore her emotions on her sleeve and lived with abandon. She was a physical person, a toucher, which was why she so often preferred sitting in the lap of myself or Erica when we were lounging around, or at least holding hands. Her dirty blonde hair, golden highlights from so much time spent outdoors lately, was a wavy, curly frame around her pretty face as we just stared at each other, smiling and trying to read each other’s minds.

Her eyes were like windows into her emotional depths, and all I saw there was need, and desire, and love.

“I love you, Ivy,” I said.

One single tear dripped from her eye as I thought her face might break she grinned so widely. “I love you, too,” she said and kissed me hungrily. “Je t’aime,” she mumbled as she broke the kiss for a breath. “Je t’aime, je t’aime, je t’aime.”

It was the first time we’d said it to each other. My relationship with Ivy had burned hot but hadn’t always felt like it had settled. She was a playmate. A sexy friend. A lover, but we weren’t ‘in love’ so to speak. My relationship with Erica had been the problem - it eclipsed what I had with Ivy

emotionally. Which wasn't fair, or right, but it was what it was. She came into our lives too soon after Erica and I had finally become entangled for her to get the full attention she deserved.

And Ivy had been OK with that. She'd made herself a little niche in our lives, and we'd done our best to carve it out larger and larger for her.

I'd wanted to tell Vanessa I loved her in that hospital room in Portland, not 24 hours after we'd had sex for the first time. Something between me and her just clicked. And with Kyla, I could *feel* the falling in love like it was a physical thing growing between us. Neither of us had said it yet or even had a conversation about it, but it was there in those soft, quiet moments and touches. With her, I shared something I couldn't with the others, something only Dani had really gotten close to because of her background with her military father. Kyla and I had been through something in our lives that had changed and moulded us to someone else's vision. We'd served, and been trained, and that understanding between us that we weren't who we'd been but still held onto the useful parts of those people... it was a connection.

But Ivy and I had so little in common that it was only in the space between the others that I saw how much I was in love with her. She was carefree where I was stoic and felt the burden of a hundred things in the back of my mind. She was exuberant where I was often reserved. But one thing was the same between us - we were both caregivers. We just did it in different ways.

Ivy and I kissed, and kissed, and then I pulled her away again. "I love you, Ivy," I said earnestly.

Again that giant smile, and she reached up and brushed a hand along my chest. "Je t'aime, mon amour," she said. "Now, I need you. In my throat first, I think, and then my ass."

Soon we were in the bedroom, Ivy on her back with her head hanging over the edge as I used her mouth and throat and she moaned happily. Her small breasts made fantastic grips when I used her like this and she relished me tweaking her nipples and squeezing her. Once we'd had enough of that, I picked her up from the bed and threw her over my shoulder, carrying her back out to the front of the RV and settling her down on the table face down, her cute little ass sticking back at me.

Ivy reached from her position and snagged a bottle of lube out from a cupboard, which made me chuckle since I hadn't even known it was there. With the amount Erica, Dani and I had picked up from the sex shop the day before, I wondered how many of those bottles were hidden around the RV now.

After a quick lubrication, I was buried in Ivy's ass as she moaned happily. Even now, after weeks of doing this with her, I was still a little amazed at how easily she took me like this. My cock looked huge between her ass cheeks, and Ivy had one leg thrown up onto the table to really spread her out so that I could thrust deep. She arched her back up, craning her neck, and I met her in a kiss as I plundered her little asshole just the way she liked.

Ivy managed to get an arm back and around my neck, twisting her torso a bit more so she could watch my face as I fucked her, which also brought her bouncing tit into view. It was her tattooed side, and I traced my fingers along the lines and shapes as she grinned and cooed happily. Then I grabbed her breast hard and pressed my forehead to hers, my other hand slipping down to her pussy and rubbing her softly.

“I love you,” I told her again.

She came, the clenching of her ass and the drips from her pussy on my fingers pushing me over the edge as well as I unloaded into her butt. We kissed hard once we had enough of our senses back, and I was still mostly hard when Ivy used the cum inside her to force my cock as deep as she could get it. She rolled over into a second orgasm at the tight pressure, her mouth opening but no sound coming out.

I pulled out after she collapsed on the table and softly wiped between her cheeks with the cloth before picking her up and cradling her on my lap as I sat back on the bench where we'd started. She blinked herself awake quickly, smiling dreamily.

“Je t'aime,” she whispered softly.

“Ivy, when we can, I want to take you on a proper date,” I said.

“Dinner and a movie?” she asked with a smile.

“If that's what you want,” I laughed. “I thought I could be a little more creative than that, though.”

She shook her head and lifted her lips to mine to kiss me again. “I've never been on a good, proper date like that,” she said. “Dinner and a movie.”

“OK,” I agreed. Now all I had to do was figure out how to make it happen.

We kissed a bit more, Ivy still coming down from her double orgasm, and then I held her as she told me how worried she'd been. It was interesting, and a little heartbreaking, to hear her side of things. Unlike Vanessa, who had been powerless because she might be a threat to others, Ivy had been powerless from the start. All she'd wanted to do was hug me and reassure me that it would all be alright, but she'd known she couldn't because of the risk of the virus and distracting me, and as things got worse she had even less and less she could do. Hiding in the storage container with Aria and India had been the worst part of it all.

She cried a little, though not as much as I might have thought. Kissing me seemed to ease her heartache, reminding herself it was over. Then, all of a sudden, she was smiling again.

“I should go,” she said. “Kyla and Erica need you, too.”



I squeezed her tightly, hugging her to me. “Je t’aime,” I whispered in her ear.

She dressed with a big smile on her lips and pushed me into the washroom to clean myself up before she left.

I was in the shower when the door to the little cramped washroom opened.

“Harrison?” Kyla asked, peeking in the door.

“Come in,” I said. I was already soapy.

“Why are you taking a shower?” she asked, stepping inside. “We’re supposed to have sex for the inoculation effect.”

“Because I didn’t want to smell like anyone else when I was with you,” I said. “And I had a feeling Erica would tell you that you should go first, and you would tell her that she could, and then she’d insist and you would go along with it to keep things smooth between the two of you.”

Kyla opened her mouth to respond, then clicked it shut and smiled softly a moment later. “That’s pretty much exactly what happened,” she said. “You’ve been paying attention.”

“Of course I have,” I smiled. “Now, give me a couple of minutes and-”

Kyla started stripping, peeling her borrowed shirt over her head followed by the simple black bra she wore, then the leggings and panties, until she was gloriously naked, golden tanned body sleek and athletic. She opened the shower door and quickly slipped inside, pressing herself to me in the tight confines.

“I didn’t want to wait,” she said, looking up at me with a soft expression.

I wrapped my wet arms around her, hugging her to me and bending down to kiss her as the water pelted my back.

She washed me, starting over from the top, taking her time. The thing was, she wasn’t doing it in any particularly sexy way. She wasn’t teasing me overly much beyond the act of being naked with me. Even washing my cock and balls she was careful and gentle, but didn’t stroke me more than was really necessary to get me clean. I stayed rock-hard through the whole thing, however, because of what was going on between us.

This wasn’t a sex thing. It was a service thing. Kyla wasn’t washing off the traces of Vanessa and Ivy, she was washing *me*. She was loving on me in a new way. Every look between us, and the way she focused on the part of me she was washing, was her learning more about me. Memorizing the lines of my muscles, the hairs on my arms, and the look of my feet. We’d spent

enough time naked together in the last two weeks to know our private areas, but she was going further than that. She wanted more than that.

When she finished, down on her knees after washing my feet, she looked up at me with a soft smile and reached for my cock as it hung in the air next to her face.

“Not yet,” I said, reaching down and helping her up in the tight space. “Now it’s my turn.”

And because of how fucking special she’d made me feel in that moment, I couldn’t do anything less than give her the same. I washed her hair, slowly scrubbing her scalp. I soaped up and rinsed her body with my hands, being careful not to get carried away with her breasts, ass or pussy. I caught myself wanting to roll her brown nipples between my fingers in particular. Once I had delicately washed between her legs I got down to my knees, but in the tight space even that was awkward to wash her legs, so I ended up on my ass on the floor of the shower, my legs spread as she stood between them so that I could wash down her smooth thighs, and calves, and then her feet.

When I finished, and she set her foot down, I looked up at her as she looked down at me. Her eyes were full to the brim, and I couldn’t tell if they’d spilt over or not because of the water from the shower. Her lips were rolled in as she pressed them between her teeth. I reached up and took her hand in mine, bringing her palm to my lips and kissing it softly.

“I trust you,” I told her. “And I appreciate every part of you. Even the things I don’t know, and the things you may not want to tell me about. I appreciate them because they helped make you who you are, and get you here.” Then I let go of her hand and encouraged her to bring one of her legs around and over my shoulder, and I pressed my lips to her pussy as I began eating her out.

I’d eaten her before, but Kyla always seemed to feel overwhelmed by it. I’d realized after the first couple of times that it wasn’t that she didn’t like it, she just wasn’t used to having someone want to dote on her. To want to tease and taste her, and take their time with making her feel good. She was the one who was supposed to tease, raise the temperature, and provide release at the right moment. She was the one who was supposed to have that power.

But on my ass at the bottom of the shower with her looming over and practically sitting on my face, I had the power.

I teased, and tasted. I kissed thigh and mound and lips. I nuzzled and I tongued.

She came the first time when I softly teased her hole with a finger while buzzing lightly on her clit. It was a quiet one, shuddering, and when it was over she thought we would move on. There was no chance I would allow that. The second time happened when I had two fingers deep in her, tapping at her g-spot while I kissed her mound firmly, trying to find the exact point outside that I was pressing inside. This time she came hard, her fingers in my hair as she gasped in the

leadup, and then pulled my head against her abdomen as her cunt squeezed and then released a wash of dripping girlcum down my arm.

“Harri!” she shouted my name. “Oh, fffuuucck-uh! Harrison, oh my- Unnng!”

I waited until she was panting, and her fingers loosened in my hair, before I added a third finger. I didn’t want to be done, but she tightened her grip on my hair and pulled my face away from her. When I looked up I didn’t see the soft expression anymore - Kyla was looking down at me with a hunger I hadn’t seen since the night she’d been imprinted.

“Take me to bed, may-ari,” she whispered huskily.

Getting out of the shower ended up being a bit of a thing that left us both laughing as I had to crawl out since I couldn’t get a grip on the slick walls. Once I was standing, Kyla was in my arms and we were kissing, and I didn’t even bother with us drying off. I picked her up and carried her out of the bathroom and down to the bedroom, dripping water the entire way.

Despite the hunger between us, we made love. Most of the times Kyla and I had been together in the last two weeks we’d been having sex. We hadn’t gotten wild, and we hadn’t been soft. It had always been good. This time could have gone to either extreme, and I could see us in the not-so-distant future fucking each other silly because God did I want to go all caveman on her. But this time we made love.

We ended with her spooned with me, her one leg up in the air as I slow-thrusted into her. Her natural grace and athleticism from her dance made it feel like she could hold that pose for hours. She’d already come a third time, and I was getting close to a release of my own despite having popped twice already in the last hour or so.

“Don’t come inside me,” Kyla said suddenly, reaching back and running her hand down my side.

“Huh?” I grunted in surprise. I hadn’t ever finished with her anywhere *except* inside of her. She’d gone off her birth control almost immediately after she’d joined us, and Erica had done the same, and I’d put a load into Kyla’s pussy almost every day since.

“I don’t want a conception tied to today,” Kyla said. “Not with everything...”

“I understand,” I said, wrapping my arms around her and hugging her back to my chest as I stopped thrusting for a moment. She tilted her chin down and kissed my arm.

“I- I want to taste you anyways,” Kyla admitted. “Come in my mouth?”

I kissed her shoulder, and then the crook of her neck. “I would love to,” I said.

We fucked a little bit more, and then I stood on the bed and Kyla got on her hands and knees and sucked my cock, uncaring of her juices on me. As she did it she looked up at me with eyes that pleaded for my release. She fondled my balls with one hand, softly massaging them, as she jerked me off near the root and suckled on the head.

When I came, I came with a groan, but I managed to keep my eyes open as she grinned around my cock and swallowed every spurt. And she shuddered as her own chemically-induced orgasm rolled through her.

I collapsed back down onto the bed, and Kyla laughed softly as she pressed herself to my side, her naked breasts against my chest. I softly ran my fingers along her back as we just shared our warmth.

“Thank you again,” she said after about ten minutes of holding each other.

“That’s the last one,” I said quietly.

“OK,” she whispered, and I could feel her smile. She knew what I meant.

Not long after, Kyla stretched and then wiped her mouth to make sure there was nothing there before softly pecking my lips. “Erica has been waiting too long,” she said. She quickly went and got her borrowed clothes from the washroom, but realized they were wet from our journey out of the shower and ended up grabbing one of Ivy’s summer dresses that she had borrowed before and put it on without underwear.

“You tease,” I said as she smoothed the dress out.

She smirked as she looked over at me. “You can take advantage later if you can still get it up after two more rounds.”

I groaned, thinking of my poor cock after five rounds in a row. Or ‘poor’ cock. Then I looked back to Kyla again. “I’m going to try, but I might just want to taste you again.”

She bit her lip and grinned, but instead of saying anything she reached out a hand to me and I wrapped my fingers in hers, squeezing softly for a moment before she pulled away and went to the door.

I didn’t even have a minute to get myself together before Erica was in the RV. I met her in the doorway of the bedroom and she practically tackled me backwards onto the bed, quickly straddling my waist as she took my face in her hands and kissed me hard and long. Everything in her showed me how much she’d been holding it together, and how much she wanted to come apart. So I rolled us over to get on top and, without breaking the kiss, I started undressing her. Her shirt and bra came up, and her jeans got undone and pushed down her thighs along with

her panties. As naked as I could get her under the circumstances. And I pressed my body down to hers, letting her feel my weight as I wriggled my hands under her so I could hold her tight.

Erica laughed out a cry, or maybe cried a laugh, when our kiss finally broke. Just one sob of relief. Then she pulled her shirt and bra off entirely and kissed me again, and this time the kiss wasn't in a need for closeness, it was a hunger.

We scrambled to get her naked the rest of the way. I just knew what she needed. With the others, I'd had to feel it out and figure out what our mutual emotional states were. Vanessa needed care and comfort. Ivy needed to feel loved and to feel like things were going back to normal. Kyla needed another step in our relationship.

Erica needed to feel alive with me.

Once her jeans were off of her, I picked her up to her feet from the bed and pressed her back to the wall of the RV, scooping one of her legs up in my arm and moving my cock to her entrance as she thrust her hips forward to meet me. She was wonderfully wet for me, her arousal a constant turn-on in my mind. I honestly wasn't even sure how I was hard again but didn't question it as I burrowed my cock into her cunt and kissed her feverishly..

We fucked. Erica's magnificent tits pressed between our chests as our tongues battled. She grabbed the back of my neck with one hand, holding on tight, as I grabbed her ass and used it as a handle to fuck her harder. In an unspoken agreement with little more than looks we tore apart and she spun around, pressing her chest to the wall and thrusting her ass back at me as she reached back and spread her cheeks. I speared into her again, her wetness squelching a little as she moaned in her throat.

Fucking her from behind, I wrapped my arms around her front and pressed her into the wall with my whole body.

"I fucking love you," I growled in her ear as I jackhammered her with short, hard thrusts while her plump ass squeezed between our hips.

She craned her neck around to kiss me, and took my lower lip in her teeth and bit me almost hard enough to draw blood.

"Fuck!" I shouted and slapped the side of her ass cheek.

She laughed wildly. "I fucking love you too, baby!"

I spanked her again, then pulled out of her and tossed her onto the bed. She scrambled to her hands and knees and I mounted her roughly, grabbing her by her thick, dark hair with one hand and her hip with the other as we started slamming into each other. I managed to shift my footing a bit so that I was fucking down into her more and she groaned wordlessly in her throat as she

came and lost the strength in her arms and legs. She collapsed onto the mattress and I went with her, not stopping my thrusting. Her cunt clenched over and over, and I turned her head and bit her ear to pay her back for my lip.

“Fuck, keep using my fucking body,” she moaned. “Use my holes. Take my ass if you want, baby.”

It was tempting, but I was happy where I was and couldn't go this hard with her asshole. Instead, I reached under us and fingered her clit and lips as I kept thrusting into her, and with a palmful of her juices I smeared my hand across her face as she let out a wordless, “Unnnngh!” as I debased her.

“I told Ivy I loved her,” I grunted as I fucked her. She was starting to bounce her hips back at me again.

“I know,” she gasped. “Fuck, the girl couldn't keep that silly grin down for a moment. You made her so fucking happy.”

“Are you OK with it?” I asked.

“Fuck yes!” she shouted, quivering under me as a roll of minor orgasm shuddered through her. “I- Yes, God yes. I'm OK with it, Harri. Fuck! Did you tell Kyla, too?”

“I'm not in love with her yet,” I grunted. “But I'm falling for her.”

“Good,” Erica grunted. She reached back and softly pushed me off of her, and I fell back onto my ass as she crawled on top of me and re-mounted my cock in cowgirl as she looked down at me. I grabbed her big tits and thumbed her nipples as she started riding me with hard, jerking hips. “The only way this works with her is if you love her and she loves you. Anything less and she shouldn't be getting your kids. What about Vanessa?”

“What about Vanessa?” I asked, grabbing Erica's hips and roughly working her forwards and backwards, encouraging her. We were both sweating hard now, our bodies glistening from the fast-paced exertion.

“Did you tell her? It's obvious you do,” Erica said.

“Fuck, is it?” I asked. “She doesn't want to be that way.”

“She doesn't know what she wants,” Erica grunted. Then she pulled off my cock and reached over into one of the little storage nooks built into the wall of the bedroom and produced another bottle of lube. She took some and reached back, smearing it on her asshole. “It's obvious she's in love with you too, maybe she just doesn't realize that's what it is.”

“I can’t force the issue,” I said. “She specifically doesn’t want that.”

Erica got my cock into position and then sat back on it, the head popping into her asshole after a moment of tension.

“Fuck,” I grunted.

“Ye-hesssss,” Erica moaned, her right eye twitching closed. She started to ride me almost immediately, though she only took about half my cock into her ass. Once she had a rhythm she leaned forward, fucking me with her hips, as she planted a massive kiss on me. “Just tell her while you’re inside her,” Erica said. “She’ll come like she can’t believe, and that’ll prove it.”

“I don’t think that’s how it works,” I said, panting as Erica worked me with her ass.

Erica shrugged, a little smirk on her face that turned into a pleased wince as she sat back farther, taking me deeper into her.

She came a few minutes later, leaning back away from me with her legs spread so I had an amazing view of her cunt dripping her juices as her asshole clung to my cock and her tits wobbled and bounced. Then she dismounted and grabbed her shirt to wipe me off, and soon I was inside of her pussy again in missionary, fucking hard.

“Are you close, babe?” she gasped.

I grunted my affirmative. I had her tits bouncing beautifully from the angle with a pillow under her ass and her thighs up around my waist.

“Fuck me full, then,” she said. “Fill my unprotected cunt.”

“You sure?” I asked. “Kyla didn’t want a chance that a conception happened on a day like this.”

“Have I ever struck you as superstitious?” Erica grunted. She grabbed me and pulled me down into another searing kiss. “If anything,” she whispered into my ear, “I’d rather make something good out of a horrible day. And if this means I get another shot at getting preggers with your firstborn before her, then I’ll take it. So breed me, motherfucker.”

I couldn’t help but laugh a little. “I’m not a motherfucker until after you’re a mother,” I pointed out.

She licked the sweat from my face as she panted heavily. “Make me one then,” she challenged me.

I roared as I came, my shout pressing into her lips as we kissed hard and I unloaded in her, and she in turn went into a shuddering orgasm of her own. My hips jerked over and over as I

pumped what felt like my fucking soul into her, I was so empty afterwards. I could feel her nipples hard on my chest, and her wetness across my thighs and groin.

"I- love you-" I panted as we both came down.

"I- love- you too," she panted back.

We held each other as I slowly softened inside her, and then we shifted to a dry spot on the bed and I spooned up behind her, holding her tightly.

"I don't care that this is all insane," Erica said quietly, reaching down to take my hand from her stomach and folding our fingers together. She turned back to look at me over her shoulder. "We weren't going to be able to wait long anyways to do this. I love you, and I can't wait to be a Mom with you."

I kissed her cheek, then grinned a little teasing look. "We're both gonna be Moms, huh?"

She rolled her eyes. "You know what I mean."

"I do," I laughed, and kissed her cheek again. "And I can't wait to be a Mom with you, too."

She snorted a laugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once Erica had peeled herself away from me and I'd gone for another quick shower, I came back out to find Vanessa waiting for me. She met me with a kiss and fondled my cock, and I was a little shocked to feel it starting to respond to her. Soon she was on her knees suckling and moaning until I was hard, and then she stood up and lifted the back of her dress and I was inside her. We fucked like we did when she needed a little something on one of her breaks during the day - quick and efficient. We'd figured out enough of our buttons that we could get each other off in a way where we both felt satisfied even if it wasn't some big event.

Though quick, in this instance, was relative. I was four orgasms in after about a little two hours, so 'quick' was still about twenty minutes. We ended up with me sitting on the bench seat and her riding me as we made out. There was something about doing it while she was still dressed that did it for me, and feeling close to her was good. I came inside of her, and she closed her eyes and her body jerked a little as she orgasmed at the feeling.

I thought about doing what Erica had said, but still thought it would break the boundary Vanessa had set up.

And then, after dismounting me, Vanessa cleaned herself off of me with her mouth, and went and got clothes for me.



"I don't know if I can fucking move," I chuckled. I'd barely gotten my ass off the bench to get my shorts on.

"Oh, man up," Vanessa smirked, giving me a little slap on the side of my calf.

I looked around at the disarray of the interior of the RV. There was a wet spot on the bench one space over from me. There was a wet smear of lube on the kitchenette table. There were puddles of water trailing from the bathroom to the bedroom. Discarded clothing was all over. The sheets of the bed probably needed to be replaced and not just washed. And the whole place stank of sex.

"Yeah, OK, I take that back," Vanessa said. She straddled my lap again like she had when she'd been riding me and kissed me. "You're an absolute stud," she whispered with a smile in between little kisses. "They should name a racehorse after you. They should erect a monument to your sexual stamina."

I sighed deeply. "Vee, I think you're dripping cum onto my shorts."

Vanessa raised her dress up to her hips, revealing her bare pussy as my cum leaked out of her directly onto my clothes. "Oops," she said, looking at me in embarrassment.

Once I had another new pair of shorts on, and my flip-flops, Vanessa and I exited the RV and I blinked at the late afternoon sun as it gleamed down at an angle on the compound. "Fuck," I grunted. "Where did the day go?"

It seemed wild, but two hours of emotional sex with four women in sequence made the entire rest of what had happened that day feel like it had been a week ago.

Everyone else was already outside, and I found myself blushing as they all turned at my first step down from the RV and started applauding in a golf clap and catcalling. I just laughed and waved them off. Soon I was getting hugs as we all started to feel like we were safe and together. And not just from my girls - Leo and I embraced and squeezed the shit out of each other. India and Aria, for all that we were basically friendly acquaintances at best since they'd spent the last two weeks getting to know Dani and Leo better while I'd been focused on Vanessa and Kyla, hugged me as well. Dani went so far as to give me a peck on the lips, which surprised me, but that silly little smile of hers and the extremely warm hug let me know it was just her being comfortable with me in a way we'd been heading towards already.

All in all, for the first time in weeks none of the girls were dressed down in a partial bikini or anything like that. Everyone was fully clothed - barring the fact that I knew Vanessa and Kyla were both lacking underwear beneath their dresses. The past two weeks had been hot even when it wasn't sunny and there had been lots of tanning going on as the girls all got comfortable with each other. Topless tanning, I'd been assured, wasn't going to actually happen despite the

pictures I'd been sent in the hospital. Everything else in the compound was mostly put back in place - the barricade in the centre of the 'yard' that Erica, Kyla and Dani were using had been disassembled, and the chairs and cornhole boards spread out for use again.

Once we were all coming down from the endorphin rush of being alive together, I climbed back up onto the top of the RV to take a look at the outside world, followed by Kyla and Vanessa.

Outside the compound the big white tents were still up, but there were a lot fewer of the construction workers milling around. I couldn't tell if the number of hazmat-suited National Guard had changed, but there was a truck pulling towards the driveway that looked like it was full of workers while another one rumbled past coming the other way. Almost as soon as it stopped, more workers were being loaded up into the covered bed.

Vanessa took my hand as we stood watching, her rough hands squeezing tight, and I slipped my other arm around Kyla's waist and hugged her to me at the hip. She leaned into me a little, and the three of us watched the proceedings. It looked like areas of the site were already under quarantine, and National Guard soldiers were walking the grounds and the fields scanning the terrain. Several of them were planting little yellow flags which, in a criminal investigation, I would have assumed were evidence markers. In this circumstance I couldn't really guess what they were for.

I ended up texting Miriam to let her know the 'inoculation thing' was all up to date. I still felt weird being open about the sex I was having, especially outside of our weird double family thing going on. She sent back a thumbs up, and then let me know someone would be over to speak to us. About ten minutes later a Hazmated soldier with a Medic symbol on his shoulders and back started trudging over to us from the direction of the tents.

"Hey folks," he said, giving us a little wave as he got close. "Sounds like y'all need to do some infection tests? I got orders that two people are at risk?"

"That'll be us," I said. "How do we do the tests?"

"Well, the best we got right now are blood tests, so I gotta come in to do the draws unless someone in there knows what they're doing to keep everything sterile," he said.

"I can do it," Kyla said.

"You sure?" he asked.

Kyla sighed under her breath even though her expression didn't change. "I'm sure."

The guy shrugged and took out a couple of packets and tossed them up. We did it right there on top of the RV, with Vanessa and I sitting on either side of Kyla as she tore open the packs and used the little alcohol swabs to clean off her hands and spots on the inside of our elbows.

“How did you learn to do this?” Vanessa asked.

Kyla glanced at me, and I knew the answer was something she wasn't ready to tell her. “I took a couple of nursing courses through a college affiliate program while I was at Uni,” Kyla lied. “I figured I probably can't be a dancer forever, so I might as well try out something more practical.”

“I wish I could have tried something like dance when I was a kid,” Vanessa said, wincing a little as Kyla stuck her with the needle after finding her vein. “With two older brothers and a Dad like mine, it wasn't ever really an option.”

“I'd be happy to teach you some stuff,” Kyla offered. “Nothing crazy, just some basics, and if you like it we could do more.”

“Really?” Vanessa asked. “I don't know, I feel like I'm not really the graceful type at this point.”

“Vee, just try it,” I said, reaching around Kyla to put my hand on Vanessa's. “You know you want to, and with the way the world is going, if it makes you happy then who cares if you're graceful? Plus, I bet you could tapdance around any of us in those steel-toes of yours.”

That made her laugh, and soon Kyla had the blood drawn and sealed into two vials. We didn't have any writing tools to mark them, so she had to toss one down at a time to the guy and he used his pen.

“Alrighty, I'll get these over and tested ASAP,” he said. “The Air Force lady said you were top priority.”

“That's the Colonel, soldier,” I said, frowning at the lack of respect the guy seemed to have.

“Yahep,” he said, turning and waving over his shoulder. “The LTC. I'll let her know.”

It was Kyla's turn to reassure me as I grimaced after the guy, and she did it by grabbing my chin and pulling me into a soft kiss. “He's more civilian than soldier,” she said.

“Soldier enough to use a proper rank,” I grumbled, but my grimace broke as she kissed me softly again. And then she glanced at Vanessa and I saw a distinct look between the two of them. “What was that?”

“Nothing,” they said in unison.

All I could do was narrow my eyes, which just made them both chuckle.

We went back down into the yard and I think for the first time since the whole thing had started I actually felt cooped up. Our little compound wasn't *that* big when it came down to it. Now with

nine people living between the two RVs and not knowing if we could step outside... well, I wasn't feeling claustrophobic. I was dreaming a bit about the old house and being able to step out the back door and lose myself in the forest within half a minute of walking.

I think Erica and Kyla could both tell I was a little off and decided between the two of them that they should give me some space. I gathered up all the firearms and brought them into the storage container with the gun safe, leaving the doors open and hanging up an electric lantern that plugged into the RV. I was just starting on the second shotgun when Dani slipped in. She didn't say anything, just looked at what I was doing and then went and got another towel and organized her own little workstation across from mine.

We cleaned each gun. The only talking was when she had to ask about a specific make or model and how it was supposed to come apart. It was soothing to focus on and restful for my mind and body to do something that took focus but was also mindless.

Once the last firearm had been stowed away in the gun safe, Dani and I were left with the 1911 between us.

'Russian roulette?' she asked with a smirk and a chuckle.

"I think we'd need a revolver for that," I laughed.

She grinned, then reached across the table we'd used for our workstations and took my hands in hers. "Harri, thank you," she said. "I know you don't feel like you need it, but you deserve to hear it."

"Dani, I-

"Just say, 'you're welcome,' jarhead," she said with a soft smile.

"You're welcome," I sighed. She was right, I didn't feel like I needed any thanks for today. If anything I felt like I should have been able to do more. Be more. The girls never should have felt as scared as they did.

Dani stood up and came around the table, surprising me by sitting in my lap and wrapping her arms around my shoulders and neck, hugging me tightly. "Seriously, Harri. You're one of a kind. Thank you."

I hugged her back lightly, but she squeezed me harder and I sighed and gave her a full bear hug. She felt good in my arms and I realized that over the last month I'd come to love Dani. Not like Erica, or Ivy. But not like my sister either. It was weird because I knew there wasn't ever any way anything could happen between us, most importantly because she was with Leo. But also because of the vaccine Imprinting. I loved her in a way I couldn't really put my finger on. She

was part of my life, part of the family. I felt like she'd been with us since the beginning, and not just since the vaccine.

And despite all the reasons that we would only ever be platonic, she felt good in my arms. I kissed her on the cheek and she did the same to me, and then we separated and she stood up.

"Feeling better?" she asked.

"I do," I said. "Thank you."

She patted my shoulder with a smile. "You really are like my Dad," she said. "It would be weird if you weren't so cute."

I snorted and she stuck out her tongue between her teeth as she teased me, and we went back out into the compound.

In the end it was Miriam who came to tell us the results. Vanessa and I met her just outside of the compound after she texted she was on her way over. When we saw she had her gas mask on I was a little worried, but she quickly assured us.

"It's just precautionary," she said. "The good news is that your blood tests both show that you were exposed to Duo Halo, but your vaccines are working. Vanessa, we'll probably want to test you again in a couple of days to make sure your situation is stable.

"OK," Vanessa nodded. "Any word on my Dad?"

Miriam nodded. "Yes. Brent did test positive for Duo Halo as well, but it was early and he was on the first truck back to Portland. We had a few different lists of potential testers for the next phases and as soon as we knew we needed an emergency response we've been getting in contact with them. We'll do our best to pair up people properly, but it's become life and death now. If he isn't matched up already, your father will have a bonded partner within the next couple of hours."

Vanessa took a deep breath and nodded, running her fingers through her hair. "That's... so fucking weird, thinking of my Dad having a new... whatever. Girlfriend, let's say. He hasn't been with anyone that I know of since the divorce from my Mom. I thought he'd be single for the rest of his life."

In the back of my mind I was wondering how they were going to find someone who would be happy to be with him. Brent was a nice enough guy, and professional, when he wasn't pissed at me for sleeping with his daughter and getting her entangled in our whole thing, but he was also one fat guy. It was something I really hadn't considered at all - Leo and I were both relatively fit. So far we'd lucked out on the women we'd partnered up with being attractive. What if someone had shown up who I didn't think was sexually attractive? What happened then?

“So what now?” I asked, pushing my other questions to the back of my mind. “Are you going to have enough people ready to go?”

Miriam’s smile slipped and she took a deep breath. “No. We’re not,” she said. “At best guess, my Docs are expecting fifty per cent losses.”

Vanessa almost collapsed, but I caught her.

“Five hundred people?” she gasped.

Miriam nodded. “About a hundred and fifty are too far gone to even make it off the site. We’re doing what we can for them in Dormitory 1. We’re triaging as best we can, but we expect another two hundred will hit that point before we can get them to Portland. And the last hundred and fifty or so we’ll lose just because of the time it will take to process everything. We’re flying a new batch of the vaccine up from down south, but the way Duo Halo works, the worst of the worst have already been infected for a couple of weeks and we’re looking at the tail end of the process. The people on the borderline will have been infected for a week and a half or so.”

Vanessa let go of me and stumbled a few feet away and threw up.

“There’s nothing else that we can do?” I asked quietly.

Miriam shook her head, her expression grave. “We’ll do what we can to save as many lives as possible.”

“OK,” I said, stepping over to Vanessa and rubbing her back once her dry heaving was coming to an end. “What about us? What’s happening with the site?”

“The site and all the offices are on quarantine,” Miriam said. “Once we’re done out here we’ll tape everything off. We’ll send teams out soon to scrub the whole place down and sterilize it. Then we’ll clear out the deceased’s belongings, and we’ll start by getting crews in to refab the dormitories. We’ll want to get work back rolling as fast as we can, but things are going to look a little different. Prepare for a lot more women moving out here with their partners.”

“Oh my God, I can’t even start to think what that will look like,” Vanessa groaned. She’d wiped her mouth and was spitting out the taste of her puke already.

“We’ll figure it out,” Miriam assured her. “As for you all, give it a day or two again before you start going out. Do more, ah, rounds together. Sex between partners seems to be the single best thing vaccinated folks can do to make sure they are healthy. After that, you can head off-site to do whatever errands you need to do, and we’ll keep you updated on when we’ll be on site. We’re combing the forest for anyone who slipped off, so once we’re done and we’ve

accounted for everyone I'll also give you a green light to go do your thing to be a mountain man."

I sighed and nodded along. It was good news that we weren't just going to be trapped here, and I already felt a bit of pressure lifted off of my chest. "OK," I said and took a breath. "How are you?"

Miriam pressed her lips together in a not-quite smile. "It's not the worst thing I've been through, but it's up there," she said.

"Well, I'm thinking about hugging you," I said.

"Thanks, Harri," she said. "Maybe next time I can get that hug *and* that beer."

"Two beers. Actually, a whole fucking case," Vanessa said. "And not the cheap stuff."

"Deal," Miriam said.

I bid my farewells, as Vanessa had some more technical questions to ask, and I left them to it.

Back inside the compound, I paused just inside the sheet-door, leaning against the butt of the RV as I closed my eyes and took a long breath.

Five hundred out of a thousand construction workers would be dead in hours, if not a couple of days.

It took me several more long breaths to get myself thinking straight before I walked back around into the compound proper. Ivy was the first of my girls I saw, and I went right to her and picked her up in my arms and walked over to a chair and sat down. She laughed as I did it, and immediately straddled my hips as I sat and gave me a kiss as she hugged me.

We made out a little, and I could tell that she knew I wasn't quite right and needed something to ground me.

As we kissed a hand trailed across my shoulders and I glanced the way it went to see Erica smiling at me reassuredly. She'd seen it too.

It was weird, living with women who could read my body language like that. Who could tell my moods. Weird, but amazing. Ivy kissed me again and then spun so she was sitting sideways, and then Kyla was there beside us handing me my latest sketchbook.

"Draw us something," Ivy smiled. "S'il te plaît, mon amour?"

I exhaled the tension in my shoulders and smiled. "What should I draw, ma dulcinée?"

“Kyla,” she said, smiling at my Filipino partner. “But as a badass warrior princess, like she’s in Game of Thrones.”

Kyla snorted a little laugh. “Really?”

Ivy grinned and nodded. God, she knew how to lift my spirits.

“Fine,” Kyla said with a little smirk. “Do I need to pose, or what?”

“Just sit with us,” I said, gesturing to the chair beside Ivy and I. “I’ll make it work.”

So I flipped to a new page and I started to draw, and I only thought about the deaths when I let my focus slip from the page or the women in my life.