

Quaranteam: North West

Chapter 18 (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.

“God fucking damnit,” I groaned, and someone grabbed my hand and said something.

My head was pounding and I felt dizzy for a long moment even with my eyes closed. That passed, and the *whom-whom-whom* in my ears started to clear around the same time as I peeled an eyelid open.

I was kind of surprised to find Miriam was the one holding my hand. I was looking up at her and a hospital room ceiling - well, the ceiling was just a ceiling, but the hospital bed I was laying in was a big clue.

“You back with me, Harri?” she asked me quietly, almost whispering.

“Mmf,” I grunted, trying to sit up, but she put her other hand on my chest to keep me down.

“Don’t,” she said.

“How long?” I managed to croak.

“Six months,” Miriam said, her face a graven tombstone of emotion.

“- What?” I exhaled, leaning back into the pillows. Six...? “How?”

She snorted and her expression broke into a smirk. “How the fuck are you so gullible, Black? It’s been three hours.”

“God fucking damnit,” I groaned again, rolling my eyes.

Miriam moved aside, showing me that Kyla was sitting in a plush-looking chair in the corner of the hospital room, her eyes closed as she slept but her hands knotted into fists.

“She’s OK?” I asked.

“Better than you,” Miriam said. “A little shaken, once you were in surgery. Before that she was ice. She called me instead of 911 when you collapsed.”

“We’re in your place, aren’t we?” I asked, looking around the hospital room. On second glance it was newer than I would have expected of any random hospital, and the door was able to be hermetically sealed. We were in one of the quarantine rooms that I’d seen when I’d been able to visit Vanessa while she was here.

“We are,” Miriam nodded. “I wasn’t about to feed you into the hospitals even with you being vaccinated. It’s...” She stopped and took a breath. “Let’s just say you would be just as likely to die there as get better, and you aren’t that bad off.”

“What *is* wrong with me?” I asked.

“Well, two inches higher and I could have been razzing you for getting yourself shot in the ass,” Miriam said. “You got hit in the meat of your thigh, Harri. Straight through-and-through, doctors aren’t even sure if you got hit straight on or if it was a ricochet. The main reason you collapsed was blood loss because you didn’t patch it, you idiot.”

“Lucky that’s all it was,” I grunted. “Asshole opened up on me with an Uzi or some shit.”

“I was told,” Miriam said. “Wasn’t the idea for you to be staying *out* of trouble?”

“This wasn’t supposed to be trouble,” I sighed. “The Staties asked for the help, it should have just been some driving around.”

“Yeah, well, I got read in on the situation with the prison systems,” Miriam grimaced. “Whatever you think you know, it’s worse than that. Let’s just say that you would have been turned away at the gates even if you did reach Columbia River.”

“Fuck,” I sighed. “Who even was it that hit us?”

Miriam sighed and shook her head. “You’ve got a hole in your leg and your truck looks a little like Swiss cheese, let alone any damage to the front end and the axel after you tried to fuck a van with it.”

“Sorry,” I said. “Guess I’m not playing nice with the toys you sent me.”

“Yeah, well, when I get you something new don’t worry about adding on to our meal tab,” she said. “I’m going to ask you for something sooner than later and it’s going to be more than a meal to pay it back.”

“You’re dodging my question, Miriam,” I sighed. “What happened?”

"You need to rest, Harri," Miriam said.

"I'm not trying to get up and go here," I said. "I just want-" I trailed off, looking over at Kyla again. "Hon, you can stop pretending to be asleep."

Kyla's eyes blinked open and she rose from her chair in one graceful movement, stepping around Miriam and leaning down to kiss me as she cupped my face with both her hands. "I'm so glad you're OK, *mahal ko*," she whispered against my lips, though it was a new couple of words she hadn't used before. She kissed me again and stared into my eyes for a long moment.

I knew why she'd been faking her sleep, and I was a little proud of myself for noticing it. Miriam had been dodging questions, sure, but she'd also be fairly open and Kyla had wanted to listen in. I probably would have let her if I hadn't wanted her in the conversation properly.

"Now," I said. "One of you better tell me something here."

"It was a prison break," Miriam said with a little shake of her head. "I haven't been tapped into whatever the investigation is, I just deployed a security force to scoop you and a couple of the other wounded officers up and brought you here for medical aid. The most I know is that it was likely a biker gang, or them and some other allies, trying to spring someone or everyone being transferred."

"In the middle of downtown Portland?" I asked, feeling a little incredulous.

"This isn't the city you remember, Harri," Kyla said. "It's gone wild. More brutal. I heard one of the officers saying that there wasn't a single 911 call from the area during the shooting. People are afraid of everything, including the police."

"Fuuuck," I sighed. It was like the city had turned into an old Western town when a gunfight was about to happen. People cleared the streets and only the bravest even watched from their windows.

"It's not your concern now," Miriam said. "The Marshalls are all over it, and they've got backing from the Feds. I've got a feeling organised crime is pulling this kind of shit all over the country right now if things are the same in other states."

I grunted and nodded, and felt down at my leg with the hand that Miriam wasn't still holding and got a nice spike of pain from it as I touched the bandage. "Do the girls know?" I asked Kyla.

"They know," Kyla nodded.

"Vanessa is on her way here," Miriam said. "Erica gave me a chewing out like I haven't had since boot camp, but I can only bend so many rules and I can't let her or Ivy in the building."

Vanessa can give some blood to check up on her vaccination status, so I can get her in here with you.”

“OK,” I sighed, nodding. “OK.”

“He needs to rest,” Kyla said, feeling at my forehead.

“I’ll go check on things,” Miriam agreed. “And you two also need to... boost your vaccinations. At some point. I’ll be back once Vanessa gets here.”

I meant to say goodbye, and thank you, and probably some other things, but my mind was feeling a little foggy. I blinked and when I opened my eyes Miriam was gone but Kyla was standing where she had been, holding my hand. “How drugged up am I?” I mumbled.

Kyla smirked and leaned down to kiss my forehead. “You’re on the good stuff, Harri. Just get some sleep.”

I closed my eyes again but didn’t drift off immediately. Or maybe just not entirely. I could hear Kyla talking and I realized she was on the phone, but whatever she was saying was getting muddled in my mind. It was just good to know she was there.

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“It’ll be fine, the nurses know the deal,” someone said.

“I just don’t want to-”

“Kyla, you both need it. Just suck his dick to start.”

“Mmmmngg,” I grunted.

“Harri, baby,” Vanessa said. “I’m here.”

“Vee?” I asked, confused for a moment as I blinked myself awake. She had crawled up on the hospital bed and was laying next to me on her side, resting her chin on my shoulder as she held my hand in both of hers.

“How are you feeling?” she asked me.

“Am I on morphine?”

“Pretty sure that’s what they give people who get shot, Harri,” she said.

“Get me off of it,” I said. “It’s fucking with my head.”

“Kyla?” Vanessa asked.

“Harri, you need pain meds,” Kyla said.

“So switch me to powerful Tylenol or something,” I groaned. “I can handle the pain, but I want my head clear.”

“OK,” Kyla said. “I’ll get the nurse.”

Kyla went to the door to the room and pressed a button on the wall. When she walked away I noticed she was out of her police clothes and was now dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a pretty cotton t-shirt that clung to her fit form. I rolled my head to look at Vanessa and she met me with a little kiss. She was dressed in similar sweatpants but had on what looked like one of my undershirt tank tops with an athletic bra underneath.

“It’s good to see you out of uniform, Vanessa,” I chuckled.

“That’s what you think of at a time like this?” she laughed. “Let me guess, you decided to get shot so that I would take an afternoon off, too.”

“It worked, didn’t it?” I smiled, but blinked and when I opened my eyes there was a nurse standing over us.

“He really should be on the morphine for another six to eight hours at least,” she was saying. “If I switch him over now he’s going to hurt like a motherfucker.”

“Is it going to be that bad tomorrow?” Kyla asked.

“Mostly,” she said.

“He wants it,” Vanessa said.

“OK,” the nurse said. “I’ll order it up.”

“Thanks,” I grunted.

They fussed over me a bit, and I drifted again since the morphine hadn’t actually been cut off yet, and I woke up to an odd sensation.

“Mmph,” I groaned and twitched.

“It’s OK, baby,” Vanessa whispered in my ear. “Just lay back and enjoy it.”

I blinked my eyes open and looked down my body. Vanessa was still laying next to me cuddled up as she kissed my cheek, but my hospital gown was lifted up to my stomach and Kyla was kneeling on the bed as well, straddling one of my legs as she slowly sucked my cock and looked up to meet my gaze.

“Don’t have to-” I started, but Vanessa interrupted me by turning me by my chin to meet her lips.

“Shhh,” she shushed me. “She wants to, *and* she needs to. You were both exposed to multiple potential vectors, Harri. You need to make sure the vaccine is working at high capacity. So Kyla is going to suck you off until you fill her mouth. Then we’ll let you rest a little, and then we’re going to reenact what you and I did when I woke up in a hospital gown in this building. Then, after a little more rest, you’re going to fuck Kyla as well.”

“Yes, nurse,” I groaned, letting my head fall back. Kyla was using her tongue to slither around my cock head and even though the sensations were weird and dulled from the meds I was on it was still pleasurable. My cock was obviously enjoying it too as I was already close to full mast.

“God, look at her,” Vanessa whispered to me. “She’s so fucking pretty already, but somehow she’s even hotter with your cock in her mouth.”

I reached to Kyla with the hand that Vanessa wasn’t holding and Kyla caught it with hers and intertwined her fingers with mine, smiling with the whole head of my cock between her lips. This wasn’t usual for us, being sexual with one of the others present - the only time it had really happened before was after that shootout at Mary’s and us being detained overnight when she’d participated in the ‘Whose Mouth Is This?’ game with the others. Kyla was still uninterested in women and our time was just for us.

But here she was blowing me with soft, slow motions that spoke of her desire for me, and to make this last, while Vanessa was with us in bed and watching.

“I’m mad at you, you know,” Vanessa whispered to me.

“For getting shot?” I guessed.

She nodded. “And not making me take more breaks. I miss spending time with you and the girls. But especially you.”

“You wanted to work,” I said. “You love doing your job, and it was emergency pacing.”

“I know,” she said. “But... you should have made me.”

“I don’t think I could make you do anything, Vanessa. I don’t know if *anyone* could make you do something you don’t want to do.”

"You could," she whispered. "You *can*. Don't let me be away from you, Harri. I-" She stopped and swallowed.

I turned to her and kissed her hard, or at least as hard as I could considering the situation and the positioning. She kissed me back just as firmly, our lips mashed together as our foreheads touched. The kiss ended but we kept our faces touching.

"I love you, Harri. You big fucking bastard," Vanessa whispered.

"I love you too, Vanessa," I said quietly.

"Finally," Kyla said, taking her lips from my cock and nuzzling the shaft with her face as she looked up at us. "Jesus, Vee. Took you long enough."

"Shut up," Vanessa said, obviously a little embarrassed by her own emotions. "It's- this is all happening too fast. It's not normal."

"None of it is, but you've clearly loved him since I joined the family," Kyla countered. "And you've been making him wait to say it because he didn't want to push you away."

"I have?" Vanessa asked in surprise. "I thought... we were just supposed to be..."

"Vanessa," I chuckled softly. "I wanted to tell you I loved you that first time we were alone together. It's almost ironic that you're saying it to me here, when I wanted to say it to you like thirty yards from this spot."

"God," Vanessa laughed gently. "I'm so messed up."

"No you're not," I said, squeezing her hands with mine. "You're you, and I love you."

She kissed me again, and Kyla went back to blowing me as she held my other hand. It was a long, slow process that they took to build me up - and they *were* working together even if they weren't communicating or even looking at each other. Every once in a while Vanessa would stop kissing me and turn my face to look down at Kyla with my cock in her mouth, and she would kiss her way down my jaw to my neck and then up to my ear to whisper naughty things to me. Then Kyla would squeeze my fingers and flick her eyes to Vanessa, signalling back to kiss the other woman again.

"God, I love you both," I groaned softly in between kisses. "I'm close."

"Do it, baby," Vanessa said. "Fill her mouth. Give her your cum. She wants it so bad. I know because I want it too. I crave it from you. Give her your load and remind her why she wants to have your babies."

"I want his babies for more than being his little whore," Kyla said, taking her lips from me for a moment and jerking me off with her hand.

"Well, yeah, but..." Vanessa said, smiling and looking down at the other woman for the first time in a while.

"Fair," Kyla smirked. "She's right, hon. Usually I would want your load in my pussy. I love that ooey gooey feeling when you go off in me, but I want it in my mouth now. I want to taste you. Can I have that, Harri? Can I have your delicious seed all over my tongue? I'll even share it with Vanessa if you want. I'll give her half."

"Yes, please," Vanessa whispered to me. "Can I have some too, Harri?"

"Fuck," I grunted, closing my eyes and letting my orgasm roll through me. Kyla dropped her mouth to my cock and I released right onto her tongue, four big spurts before she started sucking hard, pulling the rest out of me as she hummed a gleeful, almost manic laugh while her own body shuddered through an orgasm brought on by the chemical bonding from the vaccine.

I let out a long, loud exhalation as my orgasm finished, but opened my eyes when I felt Kyla leave my cock and climb up the bed carefully. Then, to my astonishment, she leaned down to Vanessa and kissed her, their tongues swapping back and forth as they traded my cum. Vanessa's body twitched and flexed as she was fed it, and she gripped my fingers tight.

"Fuck," I groaned again. I never thought I'd see Kyla kissing one of the others beyond a friendly peck.

"Mmmm," Vanessa hummed as Kyla finally pulled away. "Thanks, Kyla."

"No problem," Kyla smirked. She sat back, carefully avoiding my injured leg, took my cock in her hand and started to slowly jerk it again. "Harri obviously enjoyed watching that."

"Kyla, I mean- It's was hot, and surprising, but I don't expect you to-"

"I know, hon," she said, gently squeezing my cock to silence me. "I know. I'm not changing my stance on things. I'm straight. I just... it felt right in the moment. And it's not like I regret it."

"Neither do I," Vanessa smirked.

"Good," Kyla said. "Because now it's your turn. Get your pants off, I want to snuggle him while you fuck him."

I, apparently, didn't have a say in this, and soon Kyla was in the same spot as Vanessa had been and laying her cheek on my shoulder. Vanessa had hopped down from the bed and shucked her sweatpants and panties, then climbed back up. It took some doing for her to find a

way to mount me that was comfortable enough for her to slowly grind on my cock while also not putting pressure on my left leg.

“God, fuck,” I groaned once she was settled, my cock stuffed deep into her. She was leaning forward slightly to keep her weight high and was grinning down at me. Kyla, meanwhile, had shifted higher on the bed as well to give some more room and was sort of curled above me a little and looking down at me from above, running her fingers through my hair.

“Just close your eyes and enjoy it, Harri,” Kyla whispered to me. “You’ll be back to ravaging us soon enough. Let us take care of you.”

“Fuck, even shot and dopey from the drugs this is still the best cock I’ve ever had,” Vanessa groaned. “I love you so Goddamn much, Harri.”

“I love you too, Vanessa,” I groaned. “I love you both.”

Kyla kissed my forehead, and Vanessa kissed my lips, and then they both made soft, sweet love to me one after the other.

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I was released from the medical wing of the Air Force building the next day. Vanessa and Kyla had both been allowed to keep their phones this time and that night I’d video called with Erica and Ivy, then with Leo, Dani and Aria for a couple of minutes. They were all glad to see I was OK and sent their love.

The tone of things changed once I was back home.

“Fucking asshole,” Erica said and punched me in the arm. Hard. “Don’t fucking do that to us again!”

“Ow, fuck,” I said. Erica wasn’t super strong or anything but she could throw a punch. “Jesus, Erica. I didn’t get shot on purpose.”

They had at least given me time to get back inside our compound, using a crutch to help keep weight off my wounded leg. Vanessa had driven Erica’s car into the city and Kyla and I had hitched our ride back with her since my truck was- Actually, I wasn’t sure *where* my beautiful truck was. But based on what I vaguely remembered Miriam telling me, it wasn’t exactly in driving condition at the moment and must have been towed somewhere.

I was sitting down - tenderly - in one of the deck chairs and Macho had jumped up on my lap and squirmed around in glee that I was home until I was giving him a rough belly scratching and he was lolling his head to the side with his tongue hanging out. That’s when Erica hit me.

“She is right, *mon amour*,” Ivy said, perching herself on the armrest of the chair and glaring at me even while she took my chin in her fingers and pulled me into a kiss. “There was no reason to put yourself in so much danger.”

“It wasn’t supposed to be dangerous,” I sighed. “No one expected someone to attempt a big jailbreak.”

“Still,” Erica said, continuing her frown at me as she sat in the chair next to mine. “You scared the shit out of us.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, resting my hand on Macho’s belly and just scritchng him with my fingers. I’d never thought I’d be the kind of guy with a lapdog, but the little guy had grown on everyone quickly. “I- Kyla and I were doing something that we thought would be helpful, and then when we *were* in danger we did what was necessary.”

“That’s some bullshit, Harri,” Dani said, coming from inside our trailer with three bottles of beer in each hand fetched from the fridge and starting to hand them out. “You were being the hero again. And I, for one, am pissed at you as well but I’m not going to give you shit for it. You two shouldn’t either. You knew what you were getting into when you picked him, Erica. And Ivy, I know you love the fact that he’s a protector and super capable at that, so stop trying to give him shit for doing just that.”

“Stop being reasonable, you bitch,” Erica sighed with a little self-deprecating smirk for Dani as she accepted a beer from her.

“I’m sorry, Harrison,” Ivy said, wiping under her eyes to try and keep herself from crying.

“No, ladies,” I said and then sighed out an exasperated breath. “Don’t start apologising. You two... I get it. And you have a right to feel the way you are. Especially since you couldn’t come to check on me like Vanessa could. You’ve been bottling all that in. You can take it out on me, that’s OK; you need to get it out.”

“That’s not what- ugh, OK, maybe that’s part of it,” Erica said, curling her feet up under her in her chair as she looked over at me with an expression that was more frustrated with herself than with me. “I’m not asking you to change, babe. I’m not even asking you to not ever get in a risky position again or anything. Just... make sure it’s *worth* it. To us. To people who... God, maybe this sounds awful, but to people who matter to us. Moving random prisoners from Point A to Point B doesn’t change anything for us, doesn’t protect us or make our lives any easier. Fuck, you weren’t even getting *paid* to do it, Harri. The only reason you were out there was because you thought it was the right thing to do but it wasn’t right or wrong, it was just *a thing*. We could have lost you and Kyla for nothing, and then what happens to us?”

I had to close my eyes and let her words run through me because they were something I’d been stewing on myself internally and I hadn’t put to voice for myself yet. She was right. I could make

an argument for the community policing stuff *because* it was in my community. The more people were safe in Jewell and around the area, the more they acted civil and protected themselves and each other, and the better this place would be long term. Helping Mary and the kids had been *good*. Helping the women at Valkyrie Falls was good. Even driving down to Eugene on what had really been a fool's errand from the start had been a good thing to do because it helped Melina with her peace of mind and stopped her from risking herself.

Maybe, potentially, the prisoner transport thing could have earned me a favour with the States. But what were the chances of that favour ever being paid back? Or them feeling like it was actually owed?

Getting those men out of that prison had been a good thing, certainly, but I hadn't needed to be there for it. One more prisoner in the big SWAT truck instead of our vehicle wouldn't have made a difference. It was possible that Kyla and I had saved a couple of lives with our actions, but could I judge risking my life and the lives of four women I loved for something like that?

The soldier in me said I'd just been doing my duty, and the man in me said it was a thing worth doing. But the husband in me... the boyfriend. The lover. The father, sooner or later. Those parts of me that had found and bonded to these women that I loved...

"Stop pushing him," Vanessa said. She'd been hanging back a bit, likely since she'd had time with me already and felt like she owed it to the others. "Look at him. I can see his mind going a mile a minute. He knows all of this, Erica. You don't think he's already considering this?"

"I know he is," Erica said. "But sometimes..."

"Sometimes a man needs it put to him straight, or he'll run around it in circles until his legs fall off," I said and snorted a little laugh. "That's something my mother used to say about my father."

"Smart woman," Dani smirked from where she was standing behind Erica.

"OK," I said. "Erica, babe, I hear you. Ivy, I'm sorry. I love you."

"I love you too, *mon amour*," Ivy said softly, shifting to lean against me from her perch on the armrest.

"Kyla," I said, looking around. She stepped up behind me and put her hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry I put you in a position like that again. I'm- God, I'm so sorry, and so glad that you didn't get hurt."

"I asked for it, Harri," she said. "It was- Fuck, I don't know. I love you."

Macho was not amused that I took my hand from his belly to put it on Kyla's on my shoulder and he rolled over and stood on his hind legs in my lap and started licking at my face.

“OK, OK,” I said, fending him away. “Fuck, dude. Not on the lips.” I pinned him down to my lap again and he wagged his tail and looked up at me with that little wide-eyed innocent look of his as he got his belly scratched again.

“Vanessa,” I said, looking over at her. She met my eyes and smiled and nodded. “I love you.”

“I love you too, you big bastard,” Vanessa said.

That seemed to be news to Erica, Ivy and Dani, who all reacted like they were high schoolers and immediately were talking a mile a minute as they surrounded Vanessa and were hugging her. Kyla took that opportunity to lean down from behind me and give me a kiss on the cheek and let me know she needed to go take a nap - she hadn't slept since we'd left the morning before for Sheridan.

That left me with Macho for the moment, but I noticed that Leo had come out of his RV - he, Aria and India had disappeared after first welcoming me home to give us some privacy for the conversation. He was frowning a little and gave me the universal guy nod for *'follow me over here,'* so with a grunt and a grimace I got up from the chair and hobbled after him with Macho tucked under one arm like a little furry football as he played with my fingers, gnawing on them lightly.

Leo led me around the side of the RV, out of sight of the girls, and turned and waited for me before leading me beyond the hanging sheets outside of the compound and next to one of the storage containers.

“It was just your leg, right?” he asked me, obviously concerned. “No concussion or anything?”

“Just the leg,” I said with a sigh. “Thank-”

Leo punched me in the face.

Now, Leo wasn't a big guy. He didn't work out, and I doubted he ever really had with any seriousness. But he worked with his hands, and he wasn't necessarily *out* of shape, so when he punched me it staggered me back a step and blossomed a nice shot of pain in my nose and a black circle in my vision for a moment.

“Fuck,” Leo hissed, grabbing his hand.

“Fuck,” I grunted, feeling at my face with the hand that wasn't holding Macho. “You could have at least let me put the dog down.”

“Yeah, then he might have run off,” Leo grimaced, feeling his knuckles with his thumb. “God damn, you have a hard face. Fuck, Harrison. God fucking damn you. You need to stop fucking

around. You scared the shit out of me and Erica. Do you know the last time I saw my sister cry? Like really cry? Cause I can't. But she did when she heard you'd been shot, and she came to me because she couldn't put it on Ivy or Vanessa. She *needs* you, Harri, and I'm not just talking about the vaccine. She needs *you*, OK? Fuck, we all need you. How long do you think I could take care of three live-in girlfriends, let alone my sister and any of the others, without you? You're changing all of our lives and I'm so fucking grateful for that, but fuck you for it, too."

I grabbed Leo and pulled him into a hug. Just the two- well, three- dudes in this mess together. Macho seemed to sense the moment and didn't squirm, instead nuzzling his way between the two of us a bit.

"I'm sorry," I told Leo.

"It's not just you, Harri," Leo said. "She needs you. I need you. I love you, dude."

"I know," I said. "I know. I'm sorry."

We hugged it out for a bit, and then both of us backed away feeling a little chagrined. I felt my nose, making sure it wasn't broken, and he checked his knuckles again. Then I slapped him on the shoulder and nodded, and he nodded back, and we went back inside the compound.

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Over the next couple of days I was on 'bed rest,' which meant I was popping Tylenol 3's on a schedule, was limited to one beer a day so I didn't fuck up my meds, and tried to move around as much as possible to stretch my legs while being harassed that bed rest meant I was supposed to stay in bed.

The blowjobs were nice, though.

Vanessa went back to work the day after we got back, and we got a couple of updates when she was back late that night. The renovations on the barracks buildings were finished and the first 100 workers were getting shuttled in - which actually meant 50 trained construction workers and 50 of their new vaccine partners who Vanessa had to work with the other labourer foremen to train and get into jobs. The canteen that would be feeding the entire camp was supposed to be kicking off as well, and within a couple of weeks there would be about 700 people living in the barracks buildings, and another 300 or so still living in the closest motels. The big plan was to erect another two major barracks buildings, and then work would really get started on everything. It was early July and they wanted the first of the McMansions to be finished by the end of September, and winter wouldn't be stopping construction.

It seemed insane, but with so many people to throw at a problem I had to assume things would go quickly. I didn't really know anything about construction; was there a critical mass issue of having *too* many workers working on one house?

I managed to get in a quick walk outside our little compound when my truck was delivered. Part of me wondered if the fact that the bullet holes in the sides had been repaired but painted a slightly different black colour was Miriam giving me a reminder. All of the windows had been replaced though, and the front end had gotten repaired and there weren't any noticeable axle problems when Kyla took it for a quick spin. I also remembered to ask about Jackie Fallows, the prisoner we had been transporting - apparently, he'd caught a glancing blow from one of the bullets that had spattered the truck and had a nice crease in his upper arm but was otherwise alright. He'd gotten loaded into the back of the SWAT truck once it had been freed from its precarious position after getting hit by the transport ambush. One of the men in there hadn't been so lucky and died from the wild impact.

Along with the truck, Miriam or Laura had also sent a new care package with more ammunition, heavier-duty Kevlar vests and other SWAT tactical gear that seemed like overkill, and two new M4s to replace the one that had eaten a shotgun blast. There was also, much to the giggling delight of my girls, one of those doughnut seats that people with tailbone and ass problems had to sit on. I tried calling Miriam, but she texted back that she was busy unless it was an emergency, and that it better not be an emergency. I sent her back a Prayer Hands emoji, a Truck emoji and a Water Pistol emoji to thank her, and she sent back two fists bumping each other and a heart that made me smile. If Greerson hadn't manipulated the back end of the Air Force into putting her on this project, I couldn't imagine what kind of extra shit I would have been in by now.

It was the third day of 'bed rest' that, following my morning blowjob from Ivy, I was presented with fresh bandage wraps for my leg and my gym clothes.

"We're going up to Valkyrie Falls," Erica told me. "Abi is going to check you out and see what kind of physical therapy you might need."

"Abi's great at what she does, but she's not a physical therapist," I pointed out.

"She's the best we've got, Harri," Erica said sternly. Then she kissed me on the forehead as I sat on the edge of the bed. "Just do what I say, OK?"

I wrapped my arms around her torso and pulled her to me, pressing my face into her soft stomach. "I will, babe," I promised her. "I will."

That seemed to mollify her, though I did manage to make her hesitate in us leaving so early when I slid my hands down to give her bum a squeeze. No such luck, however, and soon I was dressed in my gym gear and getting helped into the passenger seat of my truck. Kyla ended up driving, while Erica and Dani piled into the back seat.

The drive, more than even being at home again, felt like things were starting to go back to what we had come to think of as normal. Sure, my leg hurt like a bitch, but I could mostly ignore that

to just focus on the banter between the girls. Kyla reached over and took my hand while she was driving and squeezed my fingers, then grinned and slid her hand onto my thigh like I often did with her. That made me laugh and I had to fend off her hand as she slid it higher and brushed against my crotch.

We pulled into the Falls through the automatic gate - thankfully the remote we kept in the glovebox was still there when I thought to check for it - and as we were pulling into the parking lot we were met by the ladies. All of the ladies.

“Apparently there are no secrets in this world anymore,” I muttered and chuckled as the crowd of them came into view.

“I told Abi and Sara when I did the mini-supplies run two days ago,” Erica said.

“I told Josie and Spencer over text,” Kyla admitted.

“I... might have mentioned it to Melina,” Dani said. “We’ve been chatting and she asked after you.”

“It’s fine,” I laughed. “Just- I don’t know. Don’t let me get swamped here.”

“Yeah, because you wouldn’t love to be dogpiled by a bunch of muscle mommies,” Erica teased me. “Come on, just face the music, babe. You’re a lovable guy.”

I made a dramatic grumbling noise that drew some laughs from the girls, and Kyla shut off the engine and I popped my door open.

It was, thankfully, a quick swarming. The ladies wanted to know what happened, and some wanted to see the wound while others turned away very much *not* wanting to see it. I got hugs from a bunch of them and all the sorts of words of encouragement that I expected. Josie was biting the inside of her cheek when it was her turn and she gave me a once over like she was worried I wasn’t real for a second, then she wrapped her arms around my waist and hugged me gently as I bundled her up in my arms. It was fast, but I could tell she was shaken by the news of my injury. It was also weird seeing her a little shy and nervous compared to her usual boisterous self, though she managed to mostly get back into it when the hug ended.

Spencer had the opposite reaction; the quieter girl practically tackled me against the side of the truck as she hugged me hard and loudly proclaimed she was happy I was OK. I rubbed her back for a moment and patted her, not sure how comfortable I was hugging her fully only because of the crush she’d had. I didn’t want to lead her on even by mistake, and she was too young for me even if things were different.

Melina gave me a hug as well, and a kiss on the cheek as she whispered her thanks to me again for my favour the week before. Her eyes looked a little sad, but she smiled, and I could tell

that she was managing some complex emotions. Abi and Sara also hugged me, both of the tall women taking care not to squeeze me hard but giving me encouragement and slapping me on the back a bit.

Everyone knew everyone already so there were no introductions to be made, but Erica had never been here for an actual workout. It didn't take long for Josie and Melina to take her on a quick tour while Spencer got Dani and Kyla started on their workouts and I was partnered off with Abi. I did notice that the three of them stuck close to us though, never more than a few yards away from where Abi started working with me.

"So, how much pain are you really in?" Abi asked me as we took up a spot in the outdoor gym area and she dragged out a couple of padded mats from a little shed and set them down.

"Call it six out of ten," I said. "Seven if I whack it or do something stupid."

"Alright," she nodded. "Better or worse when you put weight on it?"

"Worse, but manageable."

"Any range of motion issues?"

"The girls have been keeping me limited so far, so I'm not sure," I admitted.

"Alright," she nodded. "Then let's start there."

Abi worked me over in a way that we'd never worked before. Whether it was stretching, light cardio work or even just some basic curls to do some upper body work, she was checking on my thigh for tightness or stabilizing my back or hip. There had always been some casual touching during my workouts as she adjusted my posture or stance, or occasionally had me put a palm on her to feel a specific muscle group as she showed me a new exercise. This was different though, and I put it down to her worrying about not wanting me to overdo it or strain anything.

The thing was, she wasn't the only one doing it. As soon as Melina and Josie had finished with Erica's tour the three of them joined us, and soon I had four women fluttering around me to make sure I was all good. I wasn't sure if Erica had talked with them about it or anything, but somehow I ended up being ministered to by Josie and Melina as I was by Abi. Erica, meanwhile, was constantly nearby encouraging me, and occasionally rewarding me with a kiss when I exceeded Abi's goals.

It was weird. And honestly a little annoying, having four of them all over me. Two I could have handled, but four became almost restrictive. But I didn't have the heart to ask Josie or Melina to let me be after the way they had greeted me, even if Josie had slipped back into her joking and energy.

“Alright, I think I’m done for today,” I groaned as I slowly sat up from doing some sit-ups. I had Abi on one side and Melina on the other both taking my hands to help me sit up, and Josie behind me supporting my back.

“You sure?” Josie asked. “I can tell you can keep going.”

“No, he’s right,” Abi said. “It’s the first day, we don’t want to push him too hard.”

“We’ll be back tomorrow,” Erica said confidently. “Hell, we’ll be back every day until he’s at 100 per cent.”

“That might be a *bit* much, babe,” I said as I allowed Melina and Abi to help me up. Well, allowed might have been a bit much considering the two of them could lift me off my feet.

“Two days on, one day off,” Abi said. “You’re not lacking range of motion, so it’s just making sure you don’t let it get stiff. Rest days are important too.”

“Not that you get many rest days with four girlfriends, eh Harri?” Josie chuckled, nudging me.

I just shook my head and rolled my eyes a little. “How about you guys take Erica up to show her the falls?” I suggested. “I don’t think I can do the uphill walk, so I’ll just walk it out here and see what the others are up to.”

“That’s a good plan,” Abi agreed. Soon she had wrangled both Josie and Melina into going, and I could tell she knew I was feeling a little smothered at the moment. I got a kiss, long and with a touch of tongue, from Erica when they left and I knew she was doing it to make sure they knew I was hers.

“Fuck me,” I groaned once they were gone, taking a moment to stretch out my back. That had been a bit of an experience. Instead of dwelling, and wanting to distract myself from the dull roar of pain in my leg, I limped my way across the outdoor gym to the water fountain and refilled my bottle before going to look for Kyla, Dani and Spencer. I ended up finding them in the indoor gym, with Dani up on the Stairmaster and Kyla looking like she had just finished on it herself, dripping sweat as she slowly walked in circles to cool down. Spencer, meanwhile, was doing a set of Bulgarian deadlifts with a look of concentration on her face. The plates of the weightlift bar were set to around where I would have been working them, and I could tell she was pushing herself at her max weight.

“Hey, hon,” I said as I approached Kyla.

“Hey,” she said and leaned towards me and puckered her lips. I smiled and gave her a kiss, avoiding otherwise touching her since she was so sweaty from her workout.

“How you feeling, Harri?” Dani asked me from up on the Stairmaster, already starting to drip sweat herself.

“Achey,” I said honestly. “And not the good kind. But it’s good for me so I can’t complain.”

“That’s what I keep telling myself about this fucking thing,” Dani panted. “God, I hate this.”

“And yet your ass loves it,” Kyla smirked at her.

“You know it,” Dani laughed breathlessly.

“And your ass,” I smirked a little, whispering to Kyla.

“*Your* ass, as soon as you’re better,” Kyla grinned back.

There was a clang as Spencer finished another three rep set and let the weights hit the floor a little heavily. She stepped away from the block she’d been using to prop up her back foot for the Bulgarian lifts and was breathing deep and hard as she peeled off her trademark bulky sweater. Her skin was flushed from her heavy exertion and she was wearing another of her thick athletic bras.

“Hey, cutie,” I said with a smile, stepping over to her and putting an encouraging hand on her shoulder from behind as I stepped up beside her. “That was a fantastic set. You’re really-”

“No!” Spencer yelled, recoiling from me as if I’d slapped her or something, pulling away from my hand as she looked at me in a panic. Her eyes were wide and she looked like she’d seen a ghost or something.

“Spencer-” I started.

“Just stay away from me!” Spencer barked, and then she rushed out of the gym room leaving her weights still on the bar and her sweater and water bottle discarded on the floor.

“What the-?” I wondered.

“What the hell?” Kyla asked. She’d been close enough to hear everything. “What was that?”

“I don’t know,” I said, shaking my head.

The Stairmaster shut down and Dani climbed off, breathing hard. “What just happened?” she asked.

“Spencer freaked out,” Kyla said. “Harri didn’t even do anything, he just patted her shoulder and encouraged her.”

“That’s... weird...” Dani said. “One of us should probably go check on her.”

“I’ll go,” Kyla said. “You stay with Harri just in case.”

“In case of what?” I asked.

“In case she tells someone else something different than what we saw,” Kyla said.

I closed my eyes for a moment and sighed. Hard. I had no idea *what* was going on with Spencer, but the last thing I needed was for this place to go from super welcoming to ‘you are rapey’ because of it.

Kyla rubbed my arm. “Seriously, Harri. You didn’t do anything. Don’t worry. I’ll find her and talk to her.”

“Alright,” I sighed.

Kyla left and Dani didn’t feel like continuing her workout after that, so I helped her clean up what the three of them had been using including Spencer’s weight plates. By the time we were finished, Kyla hadn’t come back so Dani and I went out to the bench outside the gym courtyard. Kyla eventually came and found us, shaking her head as she sat down in between Dani and I.

“I don’t know,” she said. “She was up in her room, but she refused to talk to me. A couple of the other women were around and giving me looks, so I told them what happened and they didn’t know what it would be either.”

“Fuck,” I sighed. “I- It doesn’t make sense unless I did something to trigger her. Maybe it was touching her shoulder, or something I said.”

“Spencer never let on that she had something in her past,” Kyla said.

“Doesn’t mean that she doesn’t,” Dani said, leaning forward and frowning. “People can hide shit like that.”

“Fuck,” I said again.

“It’s not your fault, hon,” Kyla said, taking my hand.

We sat in silence for a few more minutes before the quartet of ladies came back down from their walk up to the falls. The four of them were laughing and chatting until they saw the look on my face as they got closer.

“What’s wrong?” Erica asked.

“Spencer needs... I don’t know,” I said.

“She needs to talk to someone,” Dani said, turning to Abi. “Probably you.”

“What happened?” Abi asked with a frown.

Kyla told them since she’d been the witness, and Abi, Josie and Melina all frowned but said they weren’t sure what it was.

“I’ll go see her,” Abi said.

“I’ll come too,” Josie said quickly.

“No, just me,” Abi said, patting Josie’s arm. “The fewer people the better, if it’s something from her past she needs to work through. She knows you’re her friend, Josie. It’s probably for the best if the rest of you get cleaned up and head out for the day to give Spencer space no matter what is going on.”

“Alright,” I said with a sigh. “That makes sense. Thank you for the workout, Abi.”

“You’re welcome,” she said with a soft smile on her broad lips, then held up a finger. “Tomorrow, same time. No excuses.”

“He’ll be here,” Erica said definitively.

“I’ll be here,” I agreed.

Abi went off, and I kind of wanted to head back home, but Dani and Kyla were both still sweaty and sticky from their more intense workouts so we gravitated towards the showers.

“You don’t mind if I join you guys, do you?” Melina asked the girls, surprising me. Josie always ended up showering with us, but Melina hadn’t before.

“Not at all,” Erica smiled, taking Melina’s hand and giving it a friendly squeeze for a moment.

Inside the changing room Kyla, Dani and I all had our own lockers now and I quickly helped Erica find an empty one as we started to get undressed.

It was kind of weird, having Erica there, and it made me feel a little self-conscious about the whole thing. I was used to getting naked with Kyla and Dani now, and with the banter and flirting from Josie though she was more subdued than normal even if she did shoot me a couple of appreciative looks in between a couple of concerned ones as I hitched my breath while taking off my shorts and briefs, the pain in my leg spiking for a moment with an odd movement. Erica

being there was just different, and I felt like I should be more... loyal to her. But then, there she was, stripping down right next to Melina and talking casually with the blonde athlete.

The difference between the two was stark, even if they were both beautiful.

Erica was soft curves and heavy hips and breasts. She was dark hair and casual toughness and tattoos and her eyes were like deep waters I could get lost in when she glanced over at me with a little smile. Melina was sharp angles and hard curves that were at the same time attractive and almost disproportionate. Where Josie had a tall, naturally athletic frame and Abi had her tree trunk abdomen and powerful limbs, Melina was almost too sculpted to be real. She'd had a boob job sometime in the past, and naked it was more obvious than when she was dressed even if they didn't look bad. Her waist just looked too thin for her shoulders and hips even if it was toned and defined. Her ass was almost too much. Too big, too tight, too firm. Melina was all kinds of attractive, from her gorgeous face to her toes, but she was like looking at a drawing that an artist would post up on social media of a muscle woman. All she needed was a chainmail bikini and she could have been some horny fantasy of a barbarian.

I led the way into the showers, trying not to stare. Or at least get caught staring.

Kyla followed me quickly, catching my hand just inside the door and pulling me down the centre of the shower room and around the benches. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"It's obviously something," she pointed out, crossing her arms over her chest.

"This just feels weird today, is all," I said. "The thing with Spencer. Erica being here is a different vibe, and Melina..."

"Melina likes you," Kyla said. "She thinks you're attractive, and feels like you went above and beyond for her, but she's also still in mourning so she isn't sure what she's doing. Just be kind to her, maybe give her a compliment. Nonsexual. She could use it."

"I'll see what I can do," I sighed.

"And don't worry about Erica, hon," Kyla said quietly. "Or, well, maybe do worry about her, but not like you are."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

Kyla just gave me a little lopsided smile and shook her head, then went to her usual shower head. I got in under the one next to her, and soon the others were joining us and the room filled up with steam, splashing water and the appreciative groans and laughs of the girls.

“God, why didn’t I come here sooner?” Erica groaned from the shower on the other side of me from Kyla. “This water pressure is *amazing*.”

“You guys are really all living in an RV together?” Josie asked. She was directly across the room from me today.

“It’s temporary,” I said.

“Well, yeah,” Josie said. “I know the facts. I’m more interested in the weirdness of it. How do five adults all live together?”

“We get close really fast,” Kyla said, grinning over at me as she ran her fingers through her black hair, in the middle of washing it. The suds from her shampoo slowly slid down her shoulders and over her breasts, and I had to look away before I got stuck staring.

“Do you all sleep in the same bed?” Melina asked.

“Just pointing out, I’m in a different RV,” Dani said from her usual shower on the other side of the room. “Not that I don’t mind a good snuggle, but yeah.”

“We do,” Erica said. “It’s a little cramped for all five of us, and waking up with Vanessa’s alarm every morning is a bit of a bitch, but it’s all part of the fun.”

“Do you all, um, like- Is it a group thing, or...?” Josie asked.

“Sometimes,” Erica smirked. “Though we like one-on-one time with Harri too.”

“I’m totally straight, so I’m just about one-on-one time,” Kyla said. “And they respect that... mostly...”

“Blowjobs don’t count,” Erica waved over at her and laughed. That made Josie snort.

“What does that mean?” Melina asked.

“It means that they generally keep the hardcore sex separate from me, but sucking Harri’s cock is fair game anywhere in the RV whether I’m there or not,” Kyla said.

“Or out in the forest,” Erica chirped happily.

“You guys are crazy,” Josie laughed.

“Crazy in love,” Erica said, and bit her lip as she walked the few steps from her shower spray to mine. “And lust. And everything in between. Right, babe?”

“Abi has one hard rule in here, Erica,” I said, putting my hands out to catch her by her upper arms.

“No hanky panky!” Kyla, Dani and Josie all said at the same time, putting on equally terrible accents and trying to mimic the tall blonde.

“Well, I don’t see Abi here, do you?” Erica asked with a lascivious smile. “And like we said, blowjobs don’t count.”

Erica dropped to her knees, her hands finding my soap-slick cock, and I groaned as I immediately started to get hard.

“Holy shit,” Josie said, watching from her own shower.

“Erica,” Kyla scoffed.

“What?” Erica asked, looking over at my other partner. “You can’t tell me you haven’t wanted to do this.”

“That doesn’t mean you should,” Kyla said.

Erica shrugged and leaned forward, taking the head of my cock into her mouth and softly sucking. I grunted in my chest and closed my eyes, putting a hand on the wall to keep myself upright. I lost myself in the feeling of Erica’s blowjob and the heat and pressure of the water beating on my shoulders, and the dull thudding pain in my leg. I’d had to peel the bandage off to take my shower and the water running over the two sutured holes on my thigh was both soothing and painful depending on how I stood.

When I finally opened my eyes and looked down at Erica she was smiling up at me, taking about half my cock in her mouth and gently fingering herself as she looked up at me. Then I glanced around the room.

Dani was sitting on one of the centre benches in the room out of the spraying water, watching Erica working on my cock, with her tongue stuck against the inside of her cheek and slowly plucking at her nipples. Across the room, still under her shower, Josie was standing stock still except for her hands running rhythmically up and down her torso, not really washing anything. Her mouth was a little open and her eyes were riveted to Erica and my cock as well. Melina, meanwhile, was leaning back against the wall completely out from under her shower and was slowly teasing her pussy lips with one finger and looking a little conflicted. She was the first to notice me looking their way and she flushed, biting her lower lip, and put both of her hands behind her back like I’d caught her doing something naughty.

Which, I guess I did.

Erica pushed herself further down my cock until her lips were stretching to kiss the root but not taking me into her throat, then came off of it completely and stroked me with both hands as she looked over at the others.

“Josie,” she said, breaking the other woman out of her euphoric stare. “Blowjobs don’t count.”

“Hmm?” Josie asked, blinking like she’d been asleep and dreaming.

“Blowjobs,” Erica said. “Don’t. Count.”

“Really?” Josie asked. Then she looked at Kyla behind me. “Really?”

“If you want,” Kyla said. “But if Abi comes in, I’m washing my hands of it.”

Josie took two steps and stopped. “Do you-?” she asked me.

“I’d love it, if you want to,” I said. “And the boss says yes.”

“The boss definitely says yes,” Erica said, motioning Josie closer with two fingers.

Josie crossed the middle of the shower room, and it was like doing that removed her inhibitions about the whole thing as she quickly stepped over to me and pressed her naked, wet body to mine and kissed me tenderly with those downturned lips of hers. She was hard and soft at the same time, the feel of her reminding me a little of Kyla except firmer, but her kiss was tentative and sweet. The kiss also got cut off by Erica grabbing her hand and pulling her down to her knees.

“Here,” Erica said, tilting my cock towards Josie. “He’s big, right?”

“Just right,” Josie said and looked up at me with her clear green eyes as she took the head of my cock in her mouth.

“OK, Goldilocks,” Erica smirked a little, reaching back and gathering Josie’s wet hair behind her head. “Have fun.”

I growled, low and deep in my throat, as Josie started to blow me. She was different from my girls, using less tongue but using her lips more to create different pressure and suction than I was used to. I ran my fingers over her wet forehead and down her cheek as she teased and played with me and she smiled around my cock. She could take a little over half of it before she would choke a bit, and once she found her limit she slowly pulled off of me, grazing her teeth down the length of my shaft before wrapping her lips around the head and coming off of it with a *pop*.

“God, you have a nice cock, Harri,” she said huskily.

“Yes, he does,” Erica smirked. Then she leaned in and pulled Josie in as well by the back of her neck, and they met kissing around the head of my cock.

“Fffffuh-” I breathed out, watching them as they made out with my cock between them. I glanced up and Dani was now slowly fingering herself as she watched my getting a double blowjob. She was as gorgeous with her hair wet and slicked back as that morning she’d come down naked into my old living room, and she was biting the inside of her cheek as she got herself off. Across the room, Melina was now openly fingering herself as well, her enhanced chest rising and falling as she breathed deeply.

Kyla stepped up behind me, hugging me as she pressed her tits to my back briefly. “Have fun, hon,” she said to me quietly.

I reached back to her, getting my arm around her to stop her from leaving. “Are you OK with this? Really?” I asked.

She smiled and went on her toes to kiss me. “I’m fine with it, *mahal ko*. I just don’t need to watch, I’ll have you to myself later.” Then she slipped from my arm and kissed my palm before heading out of the shower room.

My eyes were drawn back down to Josie as Erica was pushing her down onto my cock. Josie looked up at me as she took me deeper and deeper, and I groaned and leaned down a little so that I could palm her chest. At some point in the past few days, she’d swapped out her usual barbell nipple piercings for little silver rings and I could feel them scraping against my palm as I felt her up and she pushed her chest against my hand.

She came off of my cock with a gasp and Erica leaned in, kissing on her exposed neck, then pushed her back onto my cock again. This happened a few more times and each time Josie would stick out her tongue from her wide-open mouth, grinning as she waited for my cock to return to her.

“You like teasing my fiance, don’t you?” Erica said to her in a low voice. “You’ve been flirting with him, showering with him, showing off this fantastic body for him for a few weeks now.”

“He’s so fucking hot,” Josie moaned before starting to kiss her way down one side of my shaft.

“What’s your favourite part of him?” Erica asked.

“I used to think his smile,” Josie said. “I love a good smile. And he has a great ass, too. But now?”

“His cock,” Erica smirked.

“Mhmm,” Josie hummed, taking the side of my cock between her teeth and slowly grazing them off.

“What part of you do you think he likes best?”

That pulled Josie up short for a moment as she had to think about it. “I don’t know,” she finally said. “He always has that cute blush and smiles when he sees me naked, but I don’t know what he likes best.”

“Stand up,” Erica said. “Show off for him.”

Josie chewed on the corner of her lip for a second and then rose to her feet, looking at me as she took one step back so I could see all of her naked. “What do you think, Harri?” she asked. “Do you really like what you see?”

“I love what I see, Joss,” I said. “God, you are fucking hot as hell.”

“Yeah?” she asked, breaking into a smile.

“You are an absolute work of art,” I told her. “From head to toe. If you want to know my favourite physical part of you though, I have to say it’s your naked back and ass.”

“Really?” Josie grinned. “I really like the way my back looks too.” She turned around and flexed a little, pointing her butt back at me as she tilted her hips to accentuate it a bit.

“God, that is a nice ass,” Erica said, giving it a wet little smack. Her other hand had been busy jerking me off rapidly. “You wanna get Harri off, Joss? You want him to come for you?”

“Fuck, that would be hot,” Josie said, panting a little as she looked back at me over her shoulder.

“Harri only likes to pop once he’s sure the woman he’s with is ready too, Joss,” Erica said. “So you better start fingering yourself thinking of this big dick.”

“Mmm,” Josie hummed, leaning forward a little more for balance as she slid a hand between her legs and started frigging herself.

“Get that cheek pulled open, babe,” Erica told her, giving her ass another little spank. “Make sure he can see how fucking horny you are for him.”

Joss did as she was told and reached back with her other hand, getting a slippery grip on her buttcheek and prying it wide, revealing her perfect little butthole and her pussy lips as her fingers were diving between them.

“That’s it,” Erica crooned. “Good girl.”

“God. Fuck, Erica,” I groaned. She was stroking me hard and fast, pushing me towards my orgasm quickly. Dani fingering herself openly off to my right, still in my field of view while I watched Joss, wasn’t helping.

“What do you think, Josie?” Erica asked. “Getting close? Cause he won’t pop until you do.”

“Getting there,” Josie grunted, adding a third finger and sawing them in and out of her pussy. The muscles in her shoulders and back flexed rhythmically as she did it.

“Where do you want him to come when he pops? Should I suck it down, or do you want it somewhere?”

“My ass, Harri. Come all over my ass and back,” Josie begged me.

“Fuuuck,” I groaned, barely holding on. My eyes were trained on her ass. Her firm buttcheek. Her fingers. I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to mount her right there in the shower room and I wouldn’t care who was watching and I would fuck her hard and fast, and if I popped out of her I would push my cock back in every time until I’d claimed her.

That last thought brought me up short a little, thinking how close that was to the way the vaccine got the girls going but in reverse, but I was falling over the edge. I didn’t have the wherewithal to worry what having four girlfriends was doing to my lizard brain.

“Here it comes, babe,” Erica said.

“Fffff-Gawd!” I groaned and released my mental stranglehold on my orgasm, letting it flow out of me and I popped one strand of cum after another as Erica pumped me with long, firm strokes. Each rope of cum hit Josie’s muscled, perfect back except for the last one which lost a bit of its power and hit the small of her back close to her tailbone and immediately started sliding into her buttcrack.

“That’s it, babe,” Erica crooned. “Get it all out. Fucking shoot your cum all over her.”

I was emptied, and I had to stagger back and away to keep Erica from continuing to jerk me off. Instead she stood up and leaned in, kissing Josie briefly. “Blowjobs don’t count, OK?” she said.

Josie nodded and I realized her neck and shoulders and back were all tense as she was having an orgasm of her own, two of her fingers buried deep inside of herself as the third twitched against her outer lip.

“You know, if you’d been thinking clearly, you could have asked for him to come inside you and then I might have let you get fucked,” Erica whispered to her.

Josie jolted a little as another spasm of her orgasm shot through her at the thought, and I stepped forward and put my hands on her hips to keep her up. She leaned back into me, her ass pressing to my hip and her naked back to my chest as she rode out her orgasm. When she was done I quickly washed my cum from her back and ass, but didn't linger and instead gave her a little swat on her behind. She turned and kissed me again, her playful smirk back in place but her eyes seeking an answer in my face. I don't know what she found, but she seemed to be happy with it as she winked at me, gave my ass a slap in return, and then skipped back over to her side of the showers.

Dani was laying on her back on the bench, breathing slowly with her legs closed, and Melina was sitting down against the wall, likely having slid there when she got herself off.

"Erica, you are some fucking *trouble* when I let you out of the house," I said.

"Guess you'll need to keep me locked up," she said with a smirk and then kissed me.

We washed off quickly, and the banter in the changing room as we got dressed again was light compared to usual. Kyla was waiting for us in there and stayed behind when the rest of us left, whispering with Josie. I wanted to go look for Abi, but I knew that probably wasn't a good idea at the moment and instead we headed out to the truck. Kyla caught up to us in the parking lot.

"Everything good?" I asked.

"Fine," Kyla said. "She just needed reassurance that I was OK with what you guys did in there."

"And you are still, right?" Erica asked.

"You guys talked about that ahead of time?"

"Not, like, exactly that scenario," Erica said. "But something along those lines."

"I really am fine with it, Harri," Kyla said. "Josie hasn't had a boyfriend for a long while because of the nature of her work keeping her moving around, and she has a big lust-crush on you. She's happy as a pig in shit after that, and you got blown by a beautiful woman. It's fine."

I wanted to tell them that it was a little crazy, if not insane, but I shut my mouth and just shook my head.

"Good, you're learning," Erica said with a smile as she ran her fingers through my still-damp hair.

"Oh, yeah?" I asked.

“Yeah,” she said. “You aren’t arguing, and you don’t feel guilty. That’s progress.” When I glanced over at Kyla she was smirking and fishing for the keys in the little workout bag she brought with her. Then, just as she was unlocking the truck, my phone started ringing and she handed it over to me.

“It’s Vanessa,” I said, frowning and swiping it open. “Hey, Vee. We’re-”

“Harri, we need you back here right now,” Vanessa said, the tone in her voice strained.

“What’s wrong?” I growled, my heart dropping into my chest. I forgot everything that had just been happening. I forgot the pain in my leg as I went around to the passenger seat. The girls were looking at me in alarm at the sound of my voice.

“We’re being fucking attacked or something,” Vanessa said. “I’m getting reports from all over. We need you *now*, Harri.”

“Drive,” I ordered Kyla.