

Brewster's Brood – Part Sixteen

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A Patreon exclusive

Part Sixteen

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 9:15 pm

“You're absolutely right, Danny,” Max said. “I haven't really given any actual thought to what I'm getting out of all of this, and I *have* been taking it for granted. I mean, what kind of idiot complains about getting *too much* sex? I've been so caught up in work these last several years that sort of everything else has fallen by the wayside. I haven't thought about looking for a partner, or even looking for Miss Right Now...”

“Jesus, man,” Danny laughed. “You must do a *lot* of jerking off.”

Max smirked, rolling his eyes. “Not any more than any other dude, I think, but maybe you're right,” he replied. “You know a gay friend of mine once told me he never understood how straight people dated, considering they wanted so damn long to see if they were sexually compatible.”

Danny lifted his second Guinness of the night in salute. “See? There you go. What do *you* want out of a partner sexually?” The man's other hand fidgeted with his phone on top of the table for a second before letting it rest on the table again, as if he was considering looking at it but had decided against it.

“I mean, I'm getting a lot of it right now, in that apparently all the women want me,” Max laughed.

“Sure, but go beyond that. Do you like it when they're aggressive?”

Max swirled the bottle of beer in his right hand while he thought about it, knowing he should finish the last few swigs out of it and get another to keep up with Danny, but not wanting to rush it, the drink or the thought. “Sometimes?”

“That's not helpful at all, man,” Danny laughed. “And I mean helpful for you. If you don't know what you want, how are you going to recognize it when you find it?”

He lifted the bottle to his lips, drawing the last of the IPA from it, swallowing it down before waving over to the bartender for him to bring over another. “The more I think about it, the more I think I want a woman like my cooking.”

“Excellent but unlucky?” Danny teased.

“Ha ha, Mister Smart Guy,” Max grumbled back. “No, I mean, if you look at how I run my truck, I'm always bringing in new things and getting rid of things that don't work. Sure, there's some stuff that's basically permanent staples now, but the majority of the menu is full of new things each week. I want a woman who can surprise me, who can keep me off guard, who can spot when I need to be surprised and when I need something comforting and familiar. I need a woman who isn't always going to act the same way all the time. Someone who isn't afraid to push me from time to time, but also is emotionally aware enough to know when to back off and give me a little space.”

“Fuck's sake, Max, no wonder you've been single so long. You're practically a chick.”

“Hey hey, I thought you said you weren't going to judge me.”

"I'm not judging," Danny grinned, as the bartender slid another bottle in front of Max before heading back to the bar. "I'm being insightful. I knew a guy like you back in high school. Wanted to be respectful to women, considering all the shit they constantly went through, so he tried to stay out of their way, figuring if any of them were interested in him, they'd come and talk to him eventually. You know what happened?"

"He went on to found Facebook?"

"Not far from it," the ex-soldier said. "He's ahead of his time, and the women, they aren't ready for that kind of thing yet. They *say* they don't want to be bothered by men, that we should respect their space, not invade their personal space, not interrupt their time talking with their girlfriends, but, like, ninety percent of women, if they actually got that, they'd never go on any dates, never have boyfriends, never get married. Some comedian once said that picking a girl up is just successful sexual harassment, and that sort of mindset *still* plagues this guy I know. He doesn't want to harass girls, but he does want them to notice him. And, y'know, the guy ain't as ripped as I am, but, shit, I *love* aggressive women, and barring my time at Ironwood, I don't think *any* woman has ever approached *me* in a bar, and I'm fucking gorgeous."

"And so utterly humble, too."

"A-fucking-men to that, brother," Danny laughed. "So you want a woman who's going to push when you're pulling and pull when you're pushing. That's a start. What else?"

"They say opposites attract, and while I don't quite believe that, I need a woman who compliments me," Max said. "I'm going to need someone outgoing, someone willing to barrel forth and shake the hands of everyone she meets, never once getting caught up in worrying that she might be interrupting something, or that she might fuck it up somehow."

Danny had been taking a long sip from his beer while Max had talked, nodding as he set it back down. "You're like 70% introvert, so you need a woman who's like 70% extrovert. Yeah, I can see that. That makes sense. What else?"

"She probably needs to be an optimist, to complement my pessimism."

"You're not a pessimist," Danny said, grabbing a handful of pretzels from the bowl on the table.

"Yeah, Danny, I am."

"No no," Danny replied, tapping his temple with one fingertip. "You *think* you are because a bunch of people have *told* you that you are, but they were wrong. It was too simple a reading of who and what you actually are."

"Oh, and you, this guy I've only just met, you know me better than I know myself?" he said, reaching for some of the pretzels himself.

"Shit, Max, your *truck* knows you better than you know yourself. If you were *really* a pessimist, you wouldn't have started up the food truck after your restaurant burned down. You would've said to yourself, 'Well, anything I create collapses, so I should just go work for someone else as a chef.' Because you totally could'a done that, couldn't you?"

"Sure, but—"

"But nothing," Danny shot back, popping a pretzel into his mouth. "You picked your ass up off the ground, and started thinking of what you could do next to do what you wanted the way that you wanted. And sure, that didn't happen right away, and the food truck wasn't an overnight success, but you own one of the top ten food trucks in the Bay now. I bet if you went out looking, you could find the funds to open a new restaurant again no problem. It might take a little longer if you wanted to keep

total control, but I don't think that's a deal breaker. In fact, I'll bet you twenty bucks right now that by this time next year, you have at *least* one restaurant you own."

"I'll take that bet," Max said, reaching across the table to shake Danny's hand. "Even though I hope I'll be paying it out, I don't think that I will."

"Did you think you were ever going to be a member of a sex club a month ago?" Danny laughed.

"Yeah, okay, that's fair too," he nodded. "Life is full of unexpected twists and turns."

"So, a woman who's not just always the same way, someone who's more extroverted, someone who's more optimistic than pessimistic," Danny said, almost like he was making a list, even though he wasn't writing them down. "But we haven't really talked about what you like sexually. I know some dudes aren't comfortable talking about that kind of thing, but you aren't like that. So what's the dealie-o?"

"I mean, I like a talkative partner, someone who's willing to tell me what I'm doing right and wrong and isn't just going to sit there."

"You're not afraid of criticism?"

"Shit, Danny," he said, taking a long pull off his fresh beer. "If people don't tell you how to get better, how the fuck are you going to get better, huh? I mean, as long as they aren't fucking cruel or rude about it, I'm more than happy to take direction and suggestion. Besides, women aren't like ingredients. Generally, any two onions are basically the same, but any two women can be widely different. What turns one on isn't necessarily going to be what turns another on. So, yeah, I want a woman who's going to tell me what she wants—"

"What she really, really wants—"

"She wanna—"

"Huh!"

"She wanna—"

"Huh!"

"She really really really wanna zigga zig aaaahhhh."

Both men fell about laughing, shaking their heads, before Danny spoke again. "That's one I agree on. Liane'll share her opinion on anything at the drop of a hat, and even if we don't agree on things, we make it work."

"You two disagree on things?" he asked Danny. "That surprises me."

"She thinks cilantro tastes like soap," Danny said, rolling his eyes. "I can't abide by that, but it just means we don't make Mexican food at home. We get burritos out instead of making our own. And she *loves* mushrooms, where I can't fucking stand them."

"Sure, but all sorts of people have differing opinions about food, Danny," Max said with a grin. "I'm told they call it 'taste.' Madness."

"She's Catholic and I'm an atheist. She's anti-war all the time, and I don't think it's so black and white," he said, yawning a little bit. "I'm sure there's a bunch of other things we don't fall into the same path on, but we try and get past them any chance we can. Sometimes getting past them means just agreeing to disagree. It is what it is. All couples fight. But she's the best I've ever known at knowing when I need to be taken care of, when I need someone to make sure I'm doing okay."

“Danny, I'm pretty sure you could kill someone with the keys to your bike,” Max laughed. “You don't ever need somebody taking care of you.”

“I mean, yeah, I could probably kill three or four, but everybody needs somebody in their corner, somebody checking to make sure they don't go off the deep end,” the muscular guy sighed. “War is hell, even for those who come back physically intact, because most of us have some psychic scars. Sometimes I just need somebody to ask me if I'm doing okay, and even if I *say* I'm okay, to check and make *sure* I'm okay.”

“Shit, yeah, sorry about that, Danny,” he said. “It's very easy to forget you've got prostheses.”

“I appreciate that,” Danny replied. “I try very hard just to be like anybody else.”

“Anyway, you've given me a lot to think about. I can try and see if any of the women I end up fucking give a damn about me after they're done with me, and if they want to get into my life as much as they want to get into my pants.”

“And if they want to get into your pants?”

“Then as long as they aren't trying to get anything *too* freaky, I guess I just let'em in.”

Danny laughed, holding up one single finger. “Wait wait wait wait *wait WAIT*... I know what's too freaky for *me*, but what's too freaky for *you*?”

“Shit and piss stay in the bathroom, and nothing larger than a finger goes up my ass. Also, I don't think I'm really interested in a devil's three-way, and since all the women are coming on to me, that shouldn't be too much of a problem. And I suppose since I'm laying down won'ts, I'll also say there's a couple of role-playing things that I'm not going to get into, like being someone's brother or father or priest... I can't get into that headspace...”

“I heard you did the teacher thing, though,” Danny teased.

“Yeah, well, some of the girls have that fetish about being students, trying to seduce the person in power, to corrupt an authority figure,” Max said in amusement. “And yes, I realize I'm completely hypocritical with being okay playing a teacher but not a priest, but they're my lines, and I get to draw them any where I want, right?”

“Absolutely, man, you do you,” Danny said, finishing off his second Guinness. “Liane called me 'Daddy' once, real early on in our relationship, and it absolutely killed my woody. It all just felt so... y'know... creepy. We talked about it, and she gets it and she's never done it again. You set your lines anywhere you want to set them, and that's your call to make.”

“Right right, cool cool,” Max said. He reached out, offering a hand for Danny to shake.

“Danny? I'm very glad to have met you, and I can't tell you how much I appreciate your advice in all of this. It's meant the world to me.”

Danny reached out and shook Max's hand, a less controlling and domineering handshake than Max had expected, just two men in mutual admiration of each other. “Hey man, those of us going through this kinda madness need to stick together. You need to talk to someone who's been through a bit of what you're going through, and believe me, I know what it's like to be the center of a whole lot of attention, and sometimes you just gotta vent to somebody else. Brothers in arms, am I right? Anyway, drinks are on me. I'll be around a bunch and you've got my number, so if you ever need to, just gimme a call and I'll come running. And when you're on the other side of this, maybe four or five months down the line, you can return the favor.”

“You always eat free at my truck, Danny,” Max said with a broad smile.

“That's good enough for me,” Danny laughed, standing up. “Yeah, I'm good. Two beers isn't enough to do much damage to me. I'm mostly Irish, so it takes a true bender to knock me on my ass. You think you're good, or you need me to call you a Lyft?”

“You think two IPAs is gonna do anything more than relax me?”

The ex-soldier laughed even harder at that. “Shit, man, I dunno. You could be a fuckin' lightweight when it comes to holding your booze. I'm not gonna judge.”

“I'll be fine, Danny,” Max replied. “Make sure you swing by Ironwood tomorrow, see what the first day working there is like.”

Danny stepped over to the bar, as the bartender brought him the bill to sign. “Right on, man. And make sure you get some sleep, because the last thing you want is to be dead on your feet when you're providing both food and fucking.”

“I ain't fuckin' *anybody* while I'm cooking,” Max said, standing up from the booth, moving over to join Danny, reaching into his wallet to pull out a fiver, throwing his own tip onto the bar. He probably couldn't really afford to be giving away tips on the regular, especially since Danny was paying, but the bartender had given them just the right level of service, and he didn't want to be an asshole about it, so adding into the tip felt right.

“Before and after, though...” Danny said, signing the bill before taking his credit card back, tucking it into his wallet. “And during your breaks, and on your lunch break...”

“Yeah yeah yeah,” Max said, picking up their helmets from the table, handing Danny his before getting ready to pull on his own. “No more saying 'no' without a good reason, I got it.”

“And there's *rarely* a good reason,” Danny said, tugging on his helmet. Max fistbumped him and then the two men each headed to their bikes and into the night.

Danny Garney – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 11:33 pm

Danny had driven off first, but he'd only driven a very short amount, pulling his car into a little cul-de-sac so he could wait for Max to head off, allowing him to follow the man without incident. While he waited, he turned on the Bluetooth headset inside his helmet and dialed up Mrs. Churchill.

She picked up on the first ring, as if having Max out of her control for a few hours had her nervous.

“Tell me it went well, Danny,” were her first words to him.

“Better than well, boss,” Danny assured her. “It probably won't hold for all three months, but I think I bought you enough credibility for the legend to hold up for at least a month or so. Maybe two. I sort of spun him a tale about how new men in the Bay Area have experiences similar to this, and how overwhelming it can get.”

“Did he buy it?”

“I think he was a little skeptical at first, but I know how to color a story with the right amount of details, and I put a sweetener on top for him, one you're gonna like.”

“What's that?” the older woman asked him.

“I told him I met Liane at the club, and that's how she and I fell for each other.”

There was a long pause on the other end of the line, and for a split second, Danny worried that

he might have fucked up, or that the phone's connection might have died.

Then Mrs. Churchill began to laugh harder than he'd ever heard.

“You weren't kidding about that kevlar sack you have around your nuts, Danny,” she finally said when she could breathe again. “And he bought it?”

“Hook, line and sinker,” Danny said, seeing Max pull out, so he pulled out after him, just at a decent distance, his headlight off, so he'd just blend into the night. “I also told him that the slew of hot women throwing themselves at him relentlessly wouldn't last forever, so he should just give in and enjoy it while it lasts.”

“There has to be more to it than that, Danny.”

“Sure sure, I'm simplifying a bit, but I think I bought you plenty of time for the girls to have their ways with him. Even better, I got him to talk about what he does and doesn't like in partners, and he wasn't even aware I was recording it all. Once I'm sure he's at home safely, and Heather's taking over for the night shift, I'll upload it to you, and you can distribute it to all the ladies.”

“Sounds like it was a very profitable evening, then.”

“Should be. I wanted to suggest a couple of minor rule tweaks, if you're open to them, boss.”

“What did you have in mind, Danny?”

“Just two things. First, we ensure he always gets eight hours of shut eye, meaning maybe we establish a 'sleeping period' where no woman can take any shot at him,” Danny said, as he watched Max pull his bike behind the Hernandez brothers' house. “If they're with him, and they want to sleep, and I do just mean *just* sleep, that's fine, but for eight hours a day, the man gets to sleep and nobody gets to pry him for nookie. If we set an eight hour window designated for sleep only, he'll stay in better physical and mental health.”

“I think that's fair,” Mrs. Churchill replied. “I can send out an alert to all the women that we're implementing a 'resting phase' for each day. It won't be that hard to code into the page, I'm sure, so everyone will know when he's out of play on any given day. What's the second?”

“So unless women are going at him in a group, we give him like an hour break after he's had an encounter.”

“That's a lot of time getting eaten up, Danny,” Mrs. Churchill replied, skepticism in her voice.

“Sure, but hear me out, boss. It encourages the women to come at him in *groups*, so that it doesn't seem quite as suspicious, and during that cooldown period, he's getting his energy back up, so he's not given any woman a lower-than-normal chance encounter. If they keep hitting him back to back to back, he's gonna have lower sperm counts for the latter fucks, and nobody wants that. A little room to breathe is good for him.”

“Let me think about that one,” she said, as Danny watched the Constant Rotation food truck pull out, Danny bringing his motorcycle into a following position, as Max started driving the truck over to a Safeway, clearly going to get supplies for the things he would be making tomorrow.

Max historically preferred to get his groceries from CostCo, considering how he was buying them in bulk, but Danny had kept him out too late drinking, so CostCo was closed. He suspected Max was going to have Frankie do the run tomorrow, since as soon as the work day was done, Max was going to be inundated with more partners than he could shake a stick at.

“Yeah, I figured that one was going to take a little bit more thought,” Danny said. Following the truck was a little bit harder, but was aided by the fact that Max wasn't paying anywhere near as much

attention as he would be in the morning. Max was tired and maybe a little buzzed. He hadn't even hung around talking to the Hernandez brothers as long as Danny had expected him to. "Don't just dismiss it out of hand, though. Let it roll around in your head a bit, and see what comes of it."

The drive between the Hernandez brothers' house and Max's above garage apartment wasn't a long one, so Max had the vehicle in place, locked it all up and was heading up the stairs to his apartment to crash for the night.

On the other side of the street, Danny saw Heather was in her little hidey spot, ready to keep an eye on their boy for the rest of the evening. If he didn't know exactly how and where to look, he would've missed her.

Heather was damn good at her job.

"Get home to your girl, upload that recording and get some sleep, Danny," Mrs. Churchill told him, as Danny turned his motorcycle to head away and towards Liane's condo. "I imagine tomorrow's going to be quite the show."

"Bet we can't even guess the half of it, boss," he said before hanging up the phone, praying he wasn't right.

He was.

Mai Liang – 3/8/2017 – Thursday – 4:15 am

God, Mai, thought to herself, I fucking hate being up this early.

She knew that Max was going to be at Ironwood Estates *very* early, since he wanted to be ready to provide for the morning rush. Dana had set it up so there would be large volumes of orders for both breakfast and lunch, and that meant the orders would start rolling in by five thirty. That meant he would begin prepping at around five, which meant he would be on site at Ironwood at 4:30, which was too fucking early for any human being alive to be awake.

But the early girl gets the sperm, she thought to herself, and most of the rest of the bitches were going to sleep in and not sacrifice a little, which would give her an easy window. And as someone who often worked on international currency, she was used to forgoing sleep if the need was there.

Before she headed out, though, she found that the Brand game hub website had been updated, including a recording of what Max wanted in a partner, both in the short term and the long term. For the long term, she didn't really care, because she wasn't planning on staying with him, but for the short term, it was useful to know that he liked aggressive women, something that worked for her just fine.

Mai was the youngest of her brothers and sisters, and as such, the expectations for her had always been high in her family, even when she'd gone out of her way to buck against them. Her parents had wanted her to marry a doctor, and instead, she wasn't going to get married at all. But she still wanted a child to carry on her legacy, so the Brand game had been exactly what she was looking for.

She knew the kind of quickie fantasy she wanted to sell him on, and short time constraint would make sure they were done in a hurry. While she'd been listening to Max talk about what he wanted and didn't want, she'd gotten herself ready for the morning.

It wasn't all that different than her normal morning preparations except for one small change – she hadn't bothered putting on panties, as they'd only get in the way. Otherwise, her attire was mostly the same. A nice button up silk blouse, an attractive but efficient lacey bra, a skirt that ended right above her knees and a pair of high heels to give her a couple more inches of height. She wasn't always

fond of wearing heels, but she wanted to look like she was giving it her all for Max.

When she pulled into the Ironwood Estates lot at 4:40, she saw that the Constant Rotation food truck hadn't even arrived yet. Esme had marked off a part of the front area for him to set up the truck, as well as a column for runners to come to and from the truck itself.

As expected, there were only a few players at the site this early, which meant Max would have an easy time focusing on his cooking, and it would feel like a mostly normal day for the man, she expected, although the women were likely to try and bang him during the down time in between rushes.

She headed into the building itself, so it didn't seem like she was waiting for him, getting herself a cup of coffee, but it turned out she didn't have long to wait, the truck arriving some five minutes later.

Once the truck pulled up, Mai went with Esme and Dana out to see Max and Frankie working to set up the truck, the two men moving as one, the sort of unspoken familiarity that men who have been sharing a job for some time were. It was actually nice to see Max in his element, but she still figured she would be able to peel him away for just a few minutes. The quick rush of it might even put a spring in his step for the rest of the work day.

"Orders will start rolling in around 5:15 or so, Max, although it might even be as late at 5:30," Dana said to him. "I know you're used to getting orders as early as 5, but I think the extra volume will make up for it."

"I started all the stuff we normally do in bulk, like the chili, on the way over here while Frankie drove," Max said to her. "So I should be ready either way."

Now, Mai figured, was the time to make her move.

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Thursday – 5:02 am

This was the part of every shift where Max was always a little nervous. The first day of any week meant a bunch of new recipes were going to get demoed, and the one big concern he had about staying in one location was that he wouldn't get as much feedback about what was and wasn't working on the new items. Dana had *assured* him, however, that she would get detailed thoughts on all the items from the sites she was having things delivered to. That had been a requirement of the deal that had him working out of Ironwood Estates on Thursdays.

"You're welcome to just chill for a little bit, my dude," his friend Frankie said to him. "Until we have our first order in, we don't need to panic. You need to relax."

Max groaned a little. "I'm shit at relaxing on a work day, Frankie, you know that."

"Maybe I can offer a suggestion?" a woman he'd seen around the club over the last few days said to him, moving over to him with a smile. She was a slender Asian woman, dressed in professional clothes that still wanted to have a degree of sex appeal to them, like a stock broker or a business executive. Something about her radiated confidence and power. "I'm Mai Liang," she said, taking his hand in hers. "I'm a money manager, and I have an idea that might clear your head a bit. Can we speak privately a moment?"

He hated leaving the truck so close to the beginning of a shift, but Frankie was right – there wasn't really anything *to* do, so he nodded, and followed Mai over around to the side of the building, the truck blocking them from view. "What did you have in mind, Mai?"

'Don't say no, Max,' he thought to himself. 'You promised Danny. Don't say no.'

"I was thinking something quick, and fast. I was thinking I could just hike my skirt up, unbutton

your pants, wrap my legs around your waist and you could fuck me into the side of the house until you got your rocks off,” she purred, pursing her lipsticked lips at him. “And I do mean quick and fast...”

Max was a little taken aback, but Mai had already hiked her skirt up, exposing her snatch to him, fine black hair neatly trimmed, her other hand grabbing his shirt, pulling him closer to her as she nodded at him, a playful smile on her lips. Once he was close, she let go of his shirt and unbuttoned his pants, unzipping them just enough to let her reach in and grab his cock as she pressed her lips against his, squeaking a little into him as she started to stroke his dick, sliding one of her legs up along his hip.

He'd agreed not to say no, so he stepped in a bit closer, feeling her get his cock lined up as she hopped up and wrapped her legs around his waist, sliding down onto his dick, a sultry moan escaping from her mouth into his before she broke the kiss.

“That's it,” she whispered. “Fuck me hard and fast. Just fucking nail me into the building, before we get caught.”

He really had all the control in this position, but he also kept thinking that he needed to get back to work soon, so he started railing her onto his cock quick, his hips punching up and into her each time she tried to wiggle her weight down onto it further. Outdoors sex wasn't something he regularly did, especially with his best friend literally feet away, but Mai was right – the feeling of being in a hurry and the fear of being discovered heightened the sensations.

Max thumped forward like a jackrabbit, even as she clung onto him.

“Fuck yes fuck fuck god fuck harder faster fuck me fuck me fuck I fucking want it shit I'm gonna fucking cum already Jesus fuck yes more more more more oh shit shitshit do it do it...” she spat at him lustily, her eyes focusing on his face before her body went into spasmic shock, and when her cunt clamped down, Max found his tension and his cum getting drained from his body, one just dissipating and the other flowing into Mai's body, his hands clinging to her ass to keep her body held up even as he felt his body relaxing.

A few moments later, she uncurled one leg from around his waist, then the other, moving to stand up again, tugging her skirt downwards to cover herself back up. She laughed quietly, reaching into her purse to get a tissue, wiping her lipstick off of his mouth for him. “See? Don't you feel way more relaxed? I feel warm and tingly all over,” she said, giving him a wink. “Maybe this should be your morning ritual while you're here. Now get ready, because I want to be the first person to order from you while you're here.”

Max nodded with a wry smile. “Yes ma'am.”

Danny had been *entirely* right. Going with the flow was *so* much easier...