

Brewster's Brood – Part Five

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Part Five

Dana Weismann – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 11:29 am

In less than 24 hours, Dana had turned an empty house into a mythical underground sex club, and she'd done it with time to spare. Sure, she'd been forced to call in a handful of favors, and to get some contractors to scurry up and do some work on the quick, but these were the sorts of things money was good for, and unlike the majority of the women in this game, the money meant less than nothing to her.

Dana's life had been rather strange up to this point. Her parents had died half a decade ago in a private plan crash in the Bahamas, and that had left her in a rather strange position, not even thirty and worth nearly a hundred million dollars.

That had brought the suitors calling in droves, and she'd found a darling little man whom she fell in love with, a children's doctor who stumbled into her at a cocktail party, and a year later they were married, but a year after that, he was dead, suddenly and unexpectedly, a brain embolism, completely out of the blue and instantaneous.

Dana had gone back to her old life and her old name immediately, but the desire to get back into the dating scene was lost, the urge to find some other man to grow old and soft with had passed, and instead she was left with only one problem – she still wanted a child of her own.

There were many options she could've gone with, but there had been a rumor of some sort of underground competition involving scores of women sleeping with a single man, and while the thought of competing with women for a man's attention was antithetical to what she believed in, the idea of it sounded amusing, and so she went along to hear the pitch.

Unlike almost everyone else in that room not so long ago, she'd known more than a little about the mysterious Mrs. Churchill before she'd walked in the door like she owned the place. The woman was capable and dangerous, smart and ruthless. Had they met in another context, Dana could've seen the two of them becoming fast friends.

When the game was explained to them, Dana immediately knew that getting Max between her legs would be effortless, but as the explanation went out, the sheer audacity of it amused her to no end, and she decided she wanted to be a part of it, not only for the man's seed, but for the very insane sport of it, for the fun of participating in something so patently ludicrous that the scale of it boggled the mind at the very thought of how it could be done.

But it *could* be done.

Dana was certain that it *could* be done.

The amount of work involved in the undertaking, though, that would be something definitely entertaining to see, and even more enjoyable to be a part of.

From the moment the other woman, Zoe, had started detailing her plan, Dana knew she had found a kindred soul, someone who was focused on not the down and dirty details of the moment-to-moment, but someone capable of seeing the *entire* picture, the whole big thing for all the moving pieces it was going to take, even to get a decent enough start at it.

Those who started the man in motion would set the expectations, and therefore be the most important players in the game, because they would build the framework, give the man some reason to explain why his life had gone from no women at all to the Hugh Hefner of the 21st century.

Getting pregnant had become something of a secondary goal in the last 12 hours, because now, more than anything, Dana wanted to be able to see as much of the game played as possible, and to help fashion and shape the paths this man was going to go barreling down at such a blistering path that his brain would be struggling to keep up.

While Dana and Mai had hired people to come in and do the key parts of the work they couldn't do themselves, for the most part nearly all the work at Ironwood Estates had been done by the girls without aid. Some had complained, some had dragged their feet, but everyone who wasn't part of the initial incursion team had rolled up their sleeves and helped build out this building to make it into the Ironwood Estates Berkeley Chapter, and despite a few minor problems, it looked stunning.

In fact, Dana was idly considering keeping the Ironwood Estates as a genuine swingers club once the game had reached its conclusion.

A tall three-story manor, the building had been in excellent shape, but hadn't been used or lived in for years, so the first thing they'd been forced to do was your basic cleaning job, in addition to having someone come out and clean the pool in the back yard.

The building was a decent distance from the nearest neighbor, but the fence in the backyard had been torn out and replaced immediately with something taller and more protective. Thankfully, the exterior windows of the building already had reflective glass, so that no one could peek inside of the structure without considerable effort.

The repair work had been aided by Mrs. Churchill's team, who had brought in their collection of cameras to line the entire building inside and out. Some of them weren't concealed at all, and would simply be passed off as basic security cameras, such as those on the exterior of the building or overlooking the pool. Others were ensconced in walls, behind mirrors, part of furniture or chandeliers or anywhere else they could be hidden.

Furniture had been delivered all at once, mostly relocated from some of Dana's other properties, but also some things constructed on site, and a handful of things delivered by specialty dealers, such as the stripper poles or the St. Andrew's Cross that had been installed in their makeshift dungeon.

They'd also make sure to stock the kitchen, not only with the things sex play would dovetail with such as whipped cream and chocolate, but also some basics for cooking, as if they could double as a restaurant. Each of them had volunteered something they knew how to make well, and from that, Dana had built a menu. Depending on what Max and friends ordered, the woman with that respective skill would be rotated in to make the item in question.

The major undertaking had surprised her, as when they were replacing the fence, Mrs. Churchill's team also laid down a very large fiber optic line, burying it just beneath the surface. The team's technical manager, Lynne, had explained that while the house might have been set up to manage decent amounts of data, it was in no way prepared for the amount of cameras they had now set up within the newly erected Ironwood Estates. The woman had tried to explain how much data throughput they were likely to be using, but Dana had assured her that if Lynne thought it was necessary, then Lynne should definitely do it.

One bedroom had been converted into what Dana liked to think of as the Madam's Office. Yes, the room still had a small twin bed in the corner, but there was also a desk, a cabinet and a bank of monitors, allowing whoever was in the room to view the obvious cameras. The idea was that the room could double as a playroom in a pinch, but would mostly be more of a staff and management office.

The main living room had been given four televisions across the walls, each set to something different, but each with the volume turned down low, so that whichever was currently the center of attention could have its volume turned up without much difficulty. It gave the room the feel of a sports bar, although it was also reminiscent of what she'd seen in the open lounge when she'd visited a brothel outside of Reno. That was a story unto itself for another time.

The ground floor had two other bedrooms, each of which had been slightly themed, one to look ultramodern with minimalist colors and curves, and the other to feel incredibly plush, with velvet and cushions everywhere.

The final nail in the coffin was the Ironwood Estates logo, three letters I W E, laid in overlapping paths, enclosed in a circle. They'd worked with the metalworker from one of the latter groups, Sunshine White (a name Dana *still* felt had to be a nom de plume, because no parent could

possibly be that cruel), to come up with the logo and to make a large version of it to hang on the wall out of cast iron.

Once the logo had been decided, making small keychains of it had been relatively easy, and Sunshine had delivered a box of twelve of them to Dana the night previous. One of those logo keychains had been left on the porch of Zoe Hitchens' AirBnB, and early in the morning, Jenny had sneaked out to get it and affix it to her keys, so that she would have it when they showed up today to give Max his tour of the club, to convince him to accept a free membership to the place.

They'd touched base this morning by phone, and Jenny had informed her of all the things they'd told Max about the place, so that none of their stories would contradict, and that they could sell Max on this whole fantasy world they were building for him.

The plan of bringing him up for lunch was a good one. And it would let them control where he was for at least the next few hours. In just under eight hours, Bravo Group would be gaining access to Max, and that meant everything was going to get kicked up a notch, because instead of ten women vying for the man's attention, it would be twenty.

Most of Bravo Group had seemed to buy into Zoe's plan, but a couple of them seemed like they were just interested in getting in, getting knocked up and getting out, which could prove to be a problem if they weren't careful, but Esme seemed to have identified who those people were and how they could rotate them in and out of Max's orbit as quickly as possible with minimal disruption.

Dana felt a little bad that she had underestimated the Latina woman on first appraisal. Esme Santiago was a cattle rancher from some small town in Texas that she'd never heard of, working on her parents ranch, and Dana liked to think it was because the woman was from a small town that Dana had set her bar so low and not because the woman was Latina, but she couldn't be entirely certain. What she was certain of now, however, was that Esme was going to be incredibly capable in helping to keep the Ironwood Estates illusion up and running.

While the plan may have been Zoe's and the building and setup may have been Dana's, Dana had to admit that Esme was managing a sizable amount of the players in making everything work, and because of that, Dana intended to make sure that Esme got her turn at Max today, before the madness started too much. In fact, the plan for the day was to get both Esme and Cara taken care of, so that Esme would be more than capable of keeping the machine running for the rest of the game.

Cara, on the other hand, had a very specific set of requirements she wanted, and while Dana had figured out a way to make it work, the feminist in her was slightly appalled at the solution she'd come up with. Still, Cara wanted what Cara wanted, Dana rationalized, and who was she to decide what another woman could or couldn't do?

"How soon are they going to be here?" Esme said, moving to stand alongside of Dana, as she was doing some minor adjustments to the furniture in the entryway. She'd had a maitre d's podium set up right in the entryway, as well as a large logbook. The book had been empty, something that Dana knew would immediately raise red flags, so she'd been making all the people working on the house write in fake names and dates on the in and out, so it looked like the logbook was just for this month, and had seen a dozen or so visitors, all with their own handwriting.

"Jenny said to expect them sometime between twelve thirty and one, so we had better be doing the last touches right now," Dana said with a sniff.

"As much as we can do, although I don't understand why you didn't want to paint anything," Esme said.

"Because, the smell of paint takes too long to dissipate, and it would've shattered the illusion. Stapled carpet, freshly laid stonework, all of that can give the impression of a place that's been in existence for a long time."

"I understand that, ma'am, but considering the story is that this place is constantly changing, I think the smell of paint would've been okay."

"Not on his first arrival, but later we can do some, and pass it off as touch up work, or a room

being renovated at the request of some of our members,” Dana said with a soft smile. “And because his first impression won't have that, his mind will override any initial flaws he might have seen the first time he's here. Besides, we have a second wave coming in tonight. How comfortable do you feel with Bravo Group?”

“I think it'll mostly work out. There's one or two people in there that might end up being a pain in the ass, but they mostly appreciate the work that Zoe put in to get this whole legend established, so there's some rhyme and reason for what is happening to Max, and everyone hopes it's going to hold.”

“It'll hold but by the time we're getting towards Foxtrot Group, I don't know that any legend is going to be enough, considering the sheer volume of women that will be approaching Max. No plan survives contact with the enemy,” Dana said with a gentle laugh. “By that point, though, maybe he'll be so swept up in his new lifestyle that he'll be unable to stop and think for too long.”

“Where do you want people when Max arrives?”

“Have Kelly and Blake sunbathing at the pool, topless preferably, and you, Mai and myself can be manning the lounge area, although you'll need to greet them at the door.”

“What's our story going to be?”

“I'll be the owner of the club, while you'll be the operations manager. That technically makes me the madam and the boss, but you as the person who does all the actual hard work. Keep in mind, however, that also gives you a lot more minute-to-minute control over Max and his time inside these walls. I'm hoping to get you first or second crack at him today, while he's inside the house for the first time, before anyone else has shown up. That way you can help us manage the estate most of the time. If it takes, well, then you're sailing on easy street, and if it doesn't, then you'll be in prime position to get more attempts at him later. The thing everyone needs to remember is that we have *three months* at this to make it work, and if everyone rushes him all at once, we're going to tip our hand and scare him off. We can't just throw 5 women into his bed each and every day and expect him to simply fuck them and then fuck off.”

“So who are we aiming to have him sleep with today?”

“As I said, you will be one of them and the other will be Cara,” she said with a sniff. “The woman's expectations of what she wants out of this are ridiculous, so the sooner I can get a bun in her oven is the sooner I can get her the fuck out of out kitchen. If we're lucky, we can also get one, maybe two, of the girls from Bravo Group into his bed tonight as well.”

“Do you think he'll go for it?” Esme said. “This is all very sudden.”

“I think if Jenny sells it right, and sticks around for a while to help make the transitions easier, then we can probably get it to work. I know the man likes to think of himself as honorable and scrupulous, but when you have an endless amount of beautiful women basically flinging themselves at you, even the strongest willed man crumbles like the paper he is,” Dana sighed.

“I don't know,” Esme said. “I watched a bit of him playing Truth or Dare last night via the cameras, and he seemed pretty grounded. The girls really had to turn up the heat, and even when they did, he seemed kinda stuck in second gear, like he was worried about pushing them too far.”

“That's the notion we need to disavow him of while he's here. We need to convince him that the whole purpose of Ironwood Estates is to exist as an adult playground, a sort of sexual wonderland where anyone can do anything, as long as everyone's down for it. Hopefully Zoe made that clear to all the groups in the chat she had.”

“There will be some downside of that, you know,” the Latina said to her. “What if he wants to dabble in things that don't involve risk of pregnancy?”

“Like Mrs. Churchill told us, 'may the most ruthless bitch win,’” Dana said in amusement. “That means some of the women in this competition are probably going to have to swallow a load or two over the next few months. At least a few of them are probably going to get fucked in the ass, because I haven't met a man yet who didn't at least want to dabble in back door delights. And a whole lot of them are going to have to get used to sharing, which I personally expect to be the most difficult task for some

of these whores. We seem to have mostly gotten lucky in the Alfa Group, but the further this goes, the bigger a problem every little thing will end up being. We're going to have to keep this man being passed around like a hot potato, and you know at least some of these women are going to catch feelings for the man, and far sooner than they should."

"Most women said they didn't want to have a husband to help them raise their child," Esme said meekly, as if she was trying to lean on what Mrs. Churchill had said to them earlier.

"That was a hundred billion dollars ago, Esme, and while for a select few of us, that money isn't that important, for a great many of the rest of you, it would be completely life changing, and that's turning wheels in a lot of their heads. We'll see how they feel about that opinion within a month or two. Some of them will hold to their convictions, but I definitely suspect at least a few of the people who said they didn't care about the money very suddenly will a great deal, and therein the problem lies."

"I didn't get a chance to look at the streams this morning – did Zoe get her turn on the stick?"

"She got a load in her, but whether or not it took we won't know for some time. So the three of them are basically going to avoid taking a turn on the stick for any reasons other than trying to keep the fiction going, so that he buys the story that we're selling him."

"So it's just him and Jenny coming here today?"

"No, they're also bringing Rachel, so that Max doesn't feel like the only new fish."

"That means I should act like I'm just meeting Rachel, yes?"

"Well, you *are* just meeting here, Esme."

"You know what I mean, Dana."

"I do, but also remember that you and Jenny need to feel like old friends, or at least casual acquaintances, as she's claiming to have been a member here for some time, and you're going to be the operations manager of the club," Dana said.

"So how do I do that?" Esme asked, a look of confusion on her face.

"Just go along with whatever she says, and try not to add any details that she hasn't already said first. Other than that, be friendly and familiar with her. That's all you need to do."

"Right right. And no matter what happens, never confess. Got it."

"Go and post the address of the club to the web page, and mention that we will have keychains for everyone as they check in for the first time, as long as we can verify them on the list."

"Sunshine said she'll have the rest of them done tomorrow, so we'll have 120 keychains in total to do whatever we want to with. Once she got the mold made, replicating it was something she could do on scale without too much effort."

"Good, good," Dana said. "At least this part's going smoothly, because I just know things are going to break off sooner or later." Her phone buzzed as she fished the Android from her pocket, lifting it up to glance at it. "They're just now starting to get gathered up to head up here, so we should expect them within half an hour or so. That means final checks and then everyone to places. You go get the collegiate girls into order; I'll go handle Cara."

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 12:38 pm

'How the hell did I get myself into this?' Max thought to himself as the Nissan Leaf quietly scaled the hill, moving up into the Berkeley highlands, Jenny behind the wheel and Rachel in the back seat. Max had done everything in his power to insist that Frankie come along with him, but his best friend had said that he was having a late lunch with his parents, and considering how tightly they held the purse strings over his life, saying no to them was not an option.

Despite how much Frankie liked to pretend that he was independent, it was amazing how beholden he was to his parents, when it got right down to it. Both of Frankie's parents were doctors, and they had spoiled their middle child with support, helping him buy the house that had become his primary source of income. That meant if they said he was having lunch with them, he was definitely having lunch with them.

He'd not been entirely surprised that Jenny wanted to take him up to show him this Ironwood Estates place, but he *had* been caught off guard that Rachel had wanted to come with them. In the car ride up, she'd teased a little that she was jealous, having heard everyone else have a far better time than she had had the night before, describing Frankie as 'a bit selfish of a lover,' which came as no real surprise to Max, at least when it came to one night stands.

With women in Frankie's life, they clearly fit into one of two categories, and nobody was allowed to fall in between. The smaller group was that of regular partners, people who were part of Frankie's polycule or polypod or whatever trendy term they were using this month. The larger group was people whom Frankie would sleep with once, maybe twice, and then move on from, without developing any real attachment or feelings for. When Max had asked him about it, Frankie had responded with "Well, if I don't try them, how will I know if I like them?"

Rachel had clearly fallen into the second category, someone that Frankie had tried and passed on, for whatever reason, although that definitely surprised Max, as the woman seemed both lovely and intelligent, although maybe she was *too* emotionally mature for Frankie. Like the song lyric went, Frankie was an addict for dramatics, he confused the two for love, so the women Frankie partnered with tended to be high on complications, as it gave Frankie something to focus on contributing to in their lives. Max, on the other hand, steered clear from drama like a high school jock.

Back in his early days of dating, he'd been drawn to the overly dramatic girls, but very quickly he'd decided that the ridiculous amount of effort needed to keep himself sane while dating a girl who seemed to go *looking* for drama wasn't worth what he was getting in return.

Since then, Max had been notoriously finicky about his partners, something that his friends had never ceased giving him grief over. He went on a reasonable number of first dates, but he'd turned into a master at spotting the warning signs, and generally by the end of any given first date, he knew why it wouldn't work long term, and was ready to move on.

Some of the women from those first dates had complained that he'd seemed distant, or uninterested in their problems, but Max had sort of stayed true to the decision he'd made when he was younger – that if he got into a relationship again, it would be with someone who had their shit together.

But despite that attitude towards dating, he never expected to be heading into a private sex club to be presented as a possible member. He'd tried convincing Jenny over breakfast that it wouldn't be his scene, that he wouldn't fit in, that he wouldn't feel comfortable being himself, but she had been methodical and precise in dismantling his argument, leaving him without any real justification in why he shouldn't join.

He'd tried to claim he couldn't afford it, but Jenny had offered to pay for a five year membership for him, and after that, he could reevaluate. He'd said that he wasn't sure about the idea of exploring his sexuality so casually, but Jenny had pointed out that if he didn't try things, how would he know what he did and didn't like? He'd claimed that people wouldn't find him attractive, and Jenny had argued that he'd just fucked three beautiful women in less than a twelve hour period, so clearly his judgment on such things was compromised.

So when he'd finally run out of reasons, he'd agreed to just go and see the place for himself, thinking in his mind that even if she did get him a membership, he'd probably just never use it. It would be just like his membership to Crunch Fitness – something he had, but never really used and didn't generally think about. He felt a little bad that he'd never really used the Crunch Fitness membership that Frankie had bought as a birthday present from him, but the only days when he'd really had any openings to go to the gym, Tuesday and Wednesday, he'd generally been too exhausted to want to bother. Maybe an Ironwood Estates gift membership would be the same.

The Nissan Leaf turned a corner and headed into a slightly wooded area of the Berkeley hills, down a rather windy narrow road that felt like it almost should have a gate turning it into a private estate, but that the people who lived in the area must have thought it would draw too much attention to them, and had instead gone the route of just trying to conceal the area through use of greenery and

pathways. It wasn't as though the area was protected, but the way the trees had been planted and shaped, it was easy to miss the pathway into the grove.

Once past the tree archway that partially shrouded the entrance, the enclave seemed to be full of incredibly high end houses, the sorts of buildings that could be called mansions although almost felt like a simplification. The homes weren't cookie cutter McMansions, but they also weren't the sort of ridiculous opulence that one would find over in, say, Palo Alto. They were homes of wealth that didn't feel the need to advertise their wealth, comfortable in being comfortable. He wondered idly how many of them knew they had a sex club in their neighborhood before it occurred to him that it was entirely possible the owner of the club also owned one of the other homes. He also suspected that the neighbors kept a very strict 'don't ask, don't tell' policy, so they might not even know the building held what it did, or that it wasn't the only unusual thing in the neighborhood. Maybe there was a cult compound hiding around here or something, he considered.

Most of the estates in this area had rather tall fences, but the building they were pulling up to seemed to have much taller fences in the back than the front, something he expected was probably to protect a pool area of some kind, although he wasn't sure what would keep drones from flying by, other than maybe shooting them down, or, again, maybe just the obscurity of the location.

As the car pulled up in front of the gate, Max wondered how they knew who was and wasn't allowed in. Jenny reached into her pocket and fished out her car keys and held them out the window, showing off a keychain of some kind so the camera could see. A soft buzz signaled its approval as the gate started sliding to one side, moving to let them in. The little hatchback slid into the estate and the heavy gate moved to close behind them as soon as they were inside.

"How do you even find out something like this exists?" Max asked as they got out of the car. There were a handful of cars in the driveway, each given its own parking spot so there was room for any vehicle to get in and out, aided by how long the driveway itself was.

"You get invited to it, obviously," Jenny said, closing her door, not even bothering to lock the vehicle behind her, as if she was perfectly confident that nobody would go into her car without being invited. "I had a boyfriend who invited me to join about four or five years ago, and while the boy didn't last, the membership did."

"I imagine bumping into him here makes things awkward."

"Nah," she said, leading them over to the front door. "He dropped his membership a few years back when he got married. His wife's a square, didn't have any interest in the scene. He doesn't come around and I don't have to worry about it."

"That actually seems to happen to many of our male members," the woman who opened the door said. She looked like she was in her early thirties, and had a very refined beauty to her, but Max suspected some of that beauty was aftermarket. She was dressed in a comfortable black silk blouse and loose black silk slacks, her dark hair done up in a refined bun, her grass green eyes behind slender golden spectacles. "Good to see you again, Jenny. I see you've brought in new meat?"

"I still need to convince him to join the club, ma'am, but I think he'll come around," Jenny said to the woman. "This is Max Brewster."

Dana cocked her head to one side. "Of the Constant Rotation food truck?" she said, a sly smile on her face. "I remember reading the profile in the SF Chronicle, detailing your rollercoaster story that led you to having a food truck, although I can't say that I've had the privilege of trying your food. I'm Dana Weismann, the owner of this local chapter of the Ironwood Estates Club. I don't always spend every day, but we were doing some minor renovations to the building today, so I wanted to make sure all the changes were up to my standards."

"Ms. Weismann's a bit of a perfectionist," Jenny said to him, as the four of them moved into the building, stopping at a podium right inside of the doorway, where a Hispanic woman in her early twenties was waiting. She had black hair swept back into a ponytail, brown eyes that looked warm and inviting and a lean, almost muscular physique, beneath an outfit that was similar to Ms. Weismann's,

except that it had streaks of red flowing through the silk top, giving it some flourishes of color. “And this is the manager,” she said, pulling her keys from her pocket, handing them to the woman, so they could be hung up on a key rack behind the podium, the keychain prominently displayed. There were three other sets of keys on the rack. “Three people here today, I see?”

“For the time being, although that doesn't include Ms. Weismann and myself, both of whom have been known to partake in pleasures with members,” the Latina said to them, her smile kind. “I'm Esme Santiago, the day-to-day manager around here. I understand you're both applying for memberships?” she asked Max and Rachel.

“I thought we could see the place first?” Max asked.

“Oh, of course you can,” Esme said. “But if you're applying for a membership, or even considering it, all I would need is your driver's license and a small bit of blood for your tests, to make sure you're clean. It shouldn't take more than a few minutes, and then you would have a complete run of the place.”

“What does that *mean*,” Max asked.

“It means you could have sex with any woman in this place, assuming she's interested, which, let's be honest, I think most women here would be, if Jenny here is vouching for you. Her standards are impeccable and ridiculously high,” Ms. Weismann said. “Could we trouble you for that much?”

Max hesitated, but realized he was already here, so why not go all in? A few minutes later, both he and Rachel had gotten tested and their results had come back clean, and copies of their driver's licenses had been made. With the clear results, Esme had also given them each keychains, saying that Jenny had bought them each one-year memberships to the club, and at the end of the year, if they wanted to renew, the option would be on them.

He was surprised at how fast they'd sort of pushed them through it, but Esme insisted that references went a long way, and that if they'd been non-referred, the process would've taken a great deal longer to do. They'd been asked to affix their keys to the keychain and then each of them had their keys hung on the board behind the podium. They'd also had their pictures taken so that if someone else was working the counter, they could verify they were members. Once all that had been done and they'd been confirmed as members, they'd been given a tour of the place.

The club wasn't very full, but Esme insisted that was simply because of the time of the day and the day of the week that it was. Max pointed out that it was likely if he was showing up here, it would be on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and Esme retorted that once he'd been seen around the club on those days, the women would probably start being around more.

There were two women sunbathing beside the pool, one a very tall blonde who had sprawled out on her deck chair like a cat in a sunbeam, the other an extremely fit brunette with a noticeable scar on her left calf who looked engrossed in her book, the latest Nick Herron thriller.

Neither had a stitch on.

Max felt a little nervous about looking, but the brunette caught him glancing her direction and almost preened for his attention, shifting to give him a better look of her supple form, inviting him to come over and get a better look, but for the time being, Max decided to focus on the tour.

Esme and Dana led them upstairs, showing off the various bedrooms and playrooms the building had, Max's eyes widening a little more each time. There really was something for every stripe of sexuality here, and some things he'd never even considered.

As they headed up to the third floor, Dana put her hand on Max's shoulder. “Look, Mr. Brewster...”

“Please, call me Max...”

“Only if you agree to call me Dana,” she said with a smile, then started again. “So Max, look, you could be doing me a great favor if I could borrow you for, say, five minutes or so, to indulge one of our members with a *very* specific fetish,” she said, as they reached a closed door. “You wouldn't need to go in alone. Jenny and Rachel could both accompany you, as could Esme and myself, if that will make

it easier.”

Max narrowed his eyes a little bit. “What *kind* of specific fetish? While I consider myself pretty open minded, I'm a bit worried there's stuff going on here that I definitely don't want to get involved with, so if you want me to get strapped down or beaten up, I'm going to have to take a pass on that.”

Dana laughed softly, almost amused by his limitations. “No no, nothing quite so blasé. What we have behind this door is a member who relishes in completely anonymous sexual experiences. She has a heavy blindfold on, sound mufflers, and is bound, bent over, so she can be penetrated easily. You would be doing me a *great* favor if you could go in and give her a quick anonymous fucking. She normally hangs around hoping for men to stop by, and when she heard a man had shown up in the building, she went and got into position hopefully.”

“Anonymous?” Max said, tilting his head. “You mean, she doesn't want to know *anything* about me? I mean, I get the thrill of not knowing someone's name, I guess, but not knowing who else is in the room even? That really gets her off?”

“Very much so,” Dana said, opening the door. On the other side, laying atop a tall bench, was a tall pale brunette, her eyes completely blacked out, her ears covered in heavy duty sound mufflers, her face basically concealed by all the sensory deprivation gear. She was completely nude, her ass pointed in the direction of the door, her legs spread wide, her pussy in direct line of sight as they stepped into the room. “There's a note beside her on the nightstand, just in case you need some sort of confirmation to feel better.”

Max couldn't help his own curiosity and stepped into the room, hearing Jenny and Rachel moving in behind him while Esme and Dana waited at the door. There was a small nightstand to the side of the bench, and atop of it was a single piece of paper. On it, there was a note, in elegant cursive handwriting, someone who had taken great care in making the letters look as regal as possible.

“To whomever reads this, I assure you, this is what I want, a sexual encounter with no names, no voices, no sights or sounds, merely pure physical touch. If you need reassurance, simply double tap the back of my left thigh and I will give three slow leg lifts, to acknowledge that what you read here is true. Thank you for indulging my wants. -X”

“She didn't sign it with her name,” Max said as he turned back to look at Dana.

“No, she chose not to. She wanted this to be completely disconnected. But she did leave instructions so you could establish the validity of the note.”

He looked over at the nude woman again, this time taking more time to appraise her body. Her skin was tan, and she was curvy without being overly so. He'd never considered something like this before, but when would he get this kind of opportunity again? He reached down and extended his index finger, tapping twice on the back of the woman's left thigh.

As promised, she then lifted that leg once, twice, three times, before lowering it back down into her position, keeping her legs spread wide. Then she even gave a little shimmy of her hips, wiggling her ass as if to invite him to partake of her.

“Like I said, Max, I'd definitely owe you one if you could help me with this...”

Rachel Munroe – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 1:10 pm

“C'mon Max,” Rachel said to him, purring into his ear. “It'll be fun. I can see the look in your eyes that said you're thinking about it.” She gestured behind Max's back for Jenny to come over and join her. This would be crucial in establishing this kind of open sexuality was going to be the norm for him moving forward, and Jenny would provide an established link to what he was already comfortable with, so the woman's help would be invaluable.

“We can be right here with you, encouraging you to give it to her,” Jenny said, nuzzling in against his other ear. “I have to admit, it's pretty hot, seeing her presented like this for you to just sink your dick into. Once in a lifetime experience, right?”

“That's right,” Rachel said, her hand smoothing over his chest, teasing down along his belly.

“And if you don't like it this time, you don't ever have to do it again...”

“But you can focus on just what *you* want,” Jenny said. “She won't say shit, she won't do shit. She'll just lay there and be a wanton willing hole for you to stick your dick into...” The strawberry blonde was unbuttoning his jeans, and Max seemed transfixed by the sight in front of him, as the two of them moved him to get closer, bringing him into position.

Esme and Dana seemed to remain at the door, uncertain whether or not their presence would be too much, but unwilling to back away, wanting to watch as well. Rachel gestured behind her for them to move in, to get closer, knowing establishing their presence now would make it feel more regular in his mind moving forward.

Getting Max into the right mindset was going to be crucial, she thought, although Max didn't seem to be voicing any objections when Jenny reached in and fished out the man's dick, slowly stroking it, although it was clearly already erect.

“She's just going to get the sensations of it, Max,” Jenny giggled, forcing him to scoot forward even with his jeans around his knees. “That's what she wants, to be confused and lost in the pleasurable sensations of feeling you inside of her.”

“I'm not sure about this,” Max said, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

“Oh, just go with it,” Rachel said, turning his head to face her as she leaned in and kissed him. When she'd been with Frankie the night before, she'd let him fuck her, but had insisted on no real intimacy outside of what she was using to sell Max on the games. Now, however, she wanted to taste the man, to establish how he was the one she was interested in, and when her tongue pushed between his lips, she was pleased to feel him kissing her back.

Rachel couldn't see, but felt Jenny shift him, getting him lined up, when Esme and Dana stepped in behind him to push him forward, and Max groaned throatily into her mouth. She pulled back from the kiss and looked down to see they had shoved him hilt deep inside of the woman beneath him's pussy. She assumed it must be Cara Bianchi, the woman who'd said earlier that she didn't even want to talk to Max, just get his semen inside of her, but wasn't entirely certain. “Oh, look at that... her hips are trying to wiggle back into you, Max... I think she likes it. I'm actually a little jealous of the little bitch.”

“Don't worry,” Jenny giggled. “With you and Max both being club members now, I'm sure you'll get a chance to play with him sooner or later.”

Esme's hand reached over the top of Max's right shoulder, her fingertips dragging up along his sternum. “And keep in mind, sir, I'm not just faculty, I'm also a member,” she said, trying to be as sultry as she could, although it was clear the girl didn't have a ton of practice in it.

“As am I,” Dana said, placing her hand on Max's left shoulder. “But for now, why don't you just fuck the life out of that girl beneath you? You can tell she's very much into it.”

Clearly, Cara must've been tight, because while Max was thrusting hard and fast at first, his breath grew quick much faster than Rachel had expected. Or maybe it was the fact that he'd fucked three different women in the last twenty four hours and now here he was, hilt deep inside of the pussy of a fourth.

“I can't... I shouldn't... fuck, I'm gonna... I should...”

“No no dear,” Dana soothed. “This is what she wants, to feel sullied and spoiled, to feel sodden with your cum dripping out of her cunt while you exit the room. She needs to feel it, to know that she's done you right, and in that, she will take her satisfaction. Give it to her.” Dana pushed her hips against his ass, like she was trying to fuck Cara through him, and when he collided with her once more, his body tightened up in that familiar look a man gets when he's mid orgasm, and all of the women in the room knew he was cumming inside of Cara.

'Four tries in less than a day,' Rachel thought to herself. 'Not a half bad start.'

They gave Max a moment to recover then slowly pulled him back and out of Cara's pussy, even as the woman slid forward a little bit onto the bench, trying to angle it better so that nothing would run out of her.

“Why don't you hop through a shower, and then we'll meet you downstairs in just a little bit for lunch?” Dana said to him, while toweling off his crotch. “There's a bedroom with a bathroom next door, and we'll close the door so our friend here won't ever know a thing about you.”

“Is... is it like this every day here?” Max said, licking his lips, and Rachel knew they had the hooks well into him at this point.

“Oh heavens no,” Dana laughed. “This is a *slow* day.”