

Quaranteam: Piper's Prelude – Part Three

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Part Three

The look on Fiona's face made it clear she understood what sort of territory they were starting to venture into, and while it was the beginning of the parts Fiona wanted to know about the most, they were also the parts that Piper wanted to relive the least. Still, the athlete had decided if she told her story and got it out there, once it was down on paper, she wouldn't be forced to focus on the details themselves, and could instead simply accept and address how appalling Covington's behavior had been, and maybe spot how to fix the flaws in the system.

“Do you think Covington was able to procure you because of his donor status? I've heard he used much of his wealth to help set up and fund New Eden and the serum, so do you think that's what let him have so much control over the pairing system?” Fiona asked her.

“I think that prick is so used to buying people all the time that he figures whatever he wants is always available, once you know the price and how to pay it,” Piper sighed. “I fucking hate him, more than any human being I've ever known.”

“I keep meaning to ask – do you know if the serum has a name? I can't imagine they're just calling it the DuoHalo vaccine around the office.”

Piper let a slightly bitter laugh slip from her lips. “I heard Rachel call it the Quaranteam serum offhandedly one point, but who knows if that's what they're actually calling it, or if it's just a joke among some of the staff. Niko would probably know. Phil *definitely* would know.”

“Like Phil's going to tell me *anything*,” Fiona sighed. “He's probably going to want to disown Andy when he finds out I'm writing a book about this whole experience.”

“Mmmm...” Piper said. “You might not know Phil quite as well as you think you do. I think when the pandemic started, Phil thought he was doing the right thing under the worst possible circumstances, but Andy said he's been different since everybody arrived in New Eden. Less sure of himself, and to hear Andy tell it, there's never been a time when Phil hasn't seemed completely confident about *everything*. So it wouldn't hurt to talk to him.”

Fiona nodded, flipping the page of her yellow legal pad over to the next sheet of paper, clearly taking copious notes the entire time they were talking. Piper also noticed that Fi's phone was recording the conversation as well, to catch whatever she couldn't get written down fast enough. “I know these next few bits aren't going to be any fun for you, Piper, but I feel like once you have them out of you, once you've *told* someone about what you went through, you'll feel a bit better.”

“I don't know if that's true, but I suppose I can try.”

“Have you told anyone about your time with Covington?” the older woman asked.

“I think I've told Andy about half of it, and he's the one I've told the most about it,” Piper sighed. “I wanted to tell my mom and dad about it, but...”

“You didn't want them getting into Covington's crosshairs, I imagine.”

“Well, yes, but...” Piper said. “I didn't want them to think less of me, and before you start in on telling me it wasn't my fault, that I was caught up in the system... I *know* all of that. I rationally know that I'm the victim in this story, but nobody likes feeling helpless, even when they were. *Especially* when they were. My dad would drive up here and try and kill Covington himself if he found out.”

“He's *going* to find out from my story, Piper...” Fiona warned her.

“Oh I know, but hopefully by then, there'll be some justice taking place,” Piper answered. “Just the fact that you're *writing* this book is going to shine a spotlight on some of the atrocities that have been taking place here. We've all been *very* lucky, considering how scrupulous and kind Andy is. It's very important we show that not everybody is Andy Rook. In fact, I think most people *aren't* Andy Rook. You definitely want to investigate what sort of challenges and problems people like, say, the level 1 and 2 men are going through.”

Fiona clicked her tongue a little bit. "That's just it, Piper... there *aren't any*."

Piper stopped mid sip of her juice, lowering the glass down from her lips. "What are you talking about, Fiona?"

"So I can't tell you who I heard this from, but I have a source who's told me that any man who was rated a level 1 or a level 2 and is still *alive* at this point has been elevated to level 3," Fiona said, leaning back in her chair a little. "In fact, the whole system is going through a very dramatic reworking right now, ahead of the President's speech tomorrow. Because the casualties are even higher than people know. I think maybe even Phil and his team have been kept in the dark, mostly to try and keep morale up."

"Jesus Fucking Christ, Fi, how bad *is* it, I mean, really?"

"As of 2019, the male population of the US was about 160 million. Nobody seems to have a definite account of what it is right now, but the estimates in the upper echelons of Washington are that we have somewhere between five and nine million men alive in the USA. Some of the more optimistic estimations are putting it as high as twelve million, but my source seems to think that's rose-tinted goggles, and shouldn't be given any credibility."

"Eight million is *five percent* of what we used to have," Piper hissed quietly. "What's the female population looking like?"

"It was 166 million in 2019, and now I think my source in Washington thinks it's about 140 million these days, give or take twenty mil," Fiona said. "It's very dangerous to us, no doubt about it, but DuoHalo is infinitely more dangerous to men. To us, sure, there's some fatalities, but mostly it's long term lung damage, immune system compromises and a whole litany of muscle, bone and organ damage. But men? Shit. They're dead within a *day*. Knowing you could be gone just like that?" Fiona let out a soft whistle. "That's going to do a number on all the men who are still alive."

"How are they keeping all this secret?" Piper said. "Shit, I mean the local *Target* is still open..."

"Sure, but at what cost?" Fiona laughed. "I mean, haven't you figured out *how* it's still open? It's entirely staffed by women, partners of all the support staff for people living around, but not in, New Eden. Dos Eden, Little Eden, all the weird little feeder communities that staff up everything here. The men are kept in their little bubbles, and those of us with the high end men stay and keep them warm and cosy, but the ladies in the lower tiers, they've still gotta pay bills somehow. I'm more amazed the shipping lines haven't completely broken down myself."

"People panic if things don't feel at least a little normal, so maybe that's their top priority," Piper said. "People need to feel protected..."

"Exactly. The people who *are* protected, they're probably still scared that something could go sideways. And the men who aren't protected yet? They've got to be scared out of their fucking minds, hunkered down, knowing just how vulnerable they are. We're all going to have PTSD by the end of this, but the men who survive? They're going to have some weird combination of survivor's guilt and hyperactive fight-or-flight responses. So the government is doing literally *anything* it can think of to try and keep men alive. No level 1s, no level 2s... they just want to make sure any living man in the US *stays* alive. In every sense of the word, every American man is some level of a VIP. Because they have to be. And god knows, it's just as bad, if not worse, abroad."

"When are we going to hear more?"

"I think once President Pelosi comes clean about our losses, so will most of the rest of the countries," Fiona said. "I think a few of them are going to try and project strength, but in the end, it's going to be pretty easy for those illusions to get shattered, so we'll see."

"Most of the men of the world are dead, and the politicians of the world are still engaged in dick measuring contests," Piper sighed. "It's maddening. We should be in a new world. With the numbers you're talking, it's over ten-to-one ratio of women to men."

"If it's the worst case scenario for men's fatalities and best case scenario for women's fatalities, it's nearly thirty-to-one."

“Suddenly, Andy having twenty partners doesn't seem so silly, does it?” Piper laughed.
“Whatever it takes to keep men alive, that's what we have to do.”

“All men?” Fiona said. “Tell me about your first meeting with Covington.”

Piper groaned, shaking her head. “Not *all* men. If Covington fries, I wouldn't mind one bit. Hated that prick right from the start...”

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When the escort came to collect me the next morning, I felt like shit. I'm told that's sort of a side effect of the serum, that the day after, until you get paired, your body feels almost incomplete, like it's lacking something, like you don't have the energy you feel like you should. Rachel said it was normal, and that as soon as I'd been imprinted on Covington, the sensations would pass, and she urged me to get it over with as quickly as possible. Her words, not mine. I remember, because it made me nervous in advance, especially since she wouldn't explain in any detail.

I wasn't alone in the pickup either.

There were two of us being delivered to Covington that day. Rachel was escorting us, along with our handlers. I know a lot of people seem to have gotten nice rides to and from the base, but for us, we were signed, sealed and delivered by the Air Force Security Services, with Rachel DeMarco leading us down the highway to hell.

Along with me was a woman named Layla Greene. You might actually know her, or at least know *of* her, considering you have slightly similar backgrounds, although only partially I guess. She was a reporter and analyst for Fox News. She's like the majority of women there – white, blonde hair, blue eyes, busty figure, superiority complex a mile wide and yet, still willing to be subordinate to any man she thinks can help her make progress up the food chain. They must print them out like Barbie dolls in Kansas or something.

Layla had on a short black skirt that barely reached past mid thigh, with dark stockings on underneath it, and a loose, expensive looking red blouse, with a large Donna Karan purse that probably cost more than everything in my little wheelee suitcase combined. I didn't even want to imagine what was in hers.

She recognized me from the GIF because of *course* she did, and as annoyed as I was about *that*, I think she was equally annoyed that I didn't recognize *her* from Fox, because no way in hell am I watching that garbage network. That pissed her off, but she tried very hard to hide it from me, because she thought we were going to living together for the rest of our lives, so getting off on the wrong foot would mean too long to clean up.

I'd put on track pants, a sports top and a track jacket, hoping to look as shabby and unappealing as possible. I'd been getting nothing but bad vibes up until this point, so I remember thinking that maybe if I looked slovenly enough, maybe this Covington person would turn me away.

We were encouraged not to talk too much on the way over, thankfully, so after some brief introductions and a little idle chit chat, we rode silently most of the rest of the way over to Covington Manor, which, I have to tell you, is a goddamn fortress.

Andy's seen it, but I know you haven't, so let me tell you, there is an Aryan poster child of a woman with a machine gun manning the gate, and I think he's got at least two to three others patrolling the grounds, not to mention the cadre of dogs. I think it might have only been two or three guards in total when I arrived, but around the time, well, that I started to lose myself, the day before Andy rescued me, I'd counted at least five, so I suspected he was getting them delivered during the point between my arrival and my departure. By now, I imagine his home is practically goddamn Fort Knox, maybe even better and more secure.

I'll come back to that in a lot more detail later...

The plot of land that Covington Manor lays on is massive. Maybe that's why it lays on the

corner of the New Eden area. It means that technically, he has an exit from the campus that he has total control over, even if a lot of it is on a goddamn hill. He doesn't just have one house – he has three. The main manor is where Covington and his inner circle of bitches live and play. That's got to be where they held the poker game, and where I imagine Andy found me. Apparently the cook, Veronica, also doubled as the card dealer for their little game.

I know Rachel, as one of Covington's favorites, lives in the main house, as well as Alicia, the mother of Covington's children, although she divides her time with the children in one of the other houses.

Alicia's a weird force at the house, almost kind of like a ghost, rarely seen but often spoken of, and her presence is felt *everywhere*. I think she doesn't like the idea of having the children seeing all the weird shit Covington gets up to, so the kids don't come into the main house. In fact, during the entire nine days I was there, I only saw Alicia the once.

We'll get to it, I promise.

Sorry, I know I'm getting shit all jumbled up. I'm trying to focus, but this is a lot of shit I'd much rather forget about. No no, I'll get through it. I just have to keep on talking.

When we arrived at the building, Layla and I were given our little suitcases and taken into a large living room, where we were told to wait. We weren't given our cellphones back, despite both of us complaining that we had people we needed to call to inform where we were.

The thing about Covington's house is that no matter where you go, the fucker is *always* showing off his wealth. The living room we were left in wasn't the biggest one in the house, we would later find out, but that didn't mean he wasn't above hanging a Renoir to show off that he could spare one. Three couches, no television, bookshelves on the walls all filled with first editions of books over a hundred years old – Dickens, Swift, you know the type.

Rachel sat down in one couch, with Layla on a second and me on the third. “So, ladies, Mister Covington will be in in just a little bit, but I thought I might give you a little briefing about what your life's going to be like here. You just mostly need to keep your head down and stay out of his way and then you can enjoy a life of luxury, but anytime you're around Mister Covington, you have to realize that he is the Master of House, and that whatever he says is what goes. He owns this house, he owns the land it's on and, frankly, he's probably the most powerful man in all of New Eden, maybe even in Northern California. He has a way he wants things done, and a way he wants people to do and act. It might seem a little old fashioned, but whenever he's not around you, you can do whatever you want around the house.”

“What do you mean 'old fashioned?’” I asked Rachel.

“He's in his 60s and he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Piper,” Rachel sighed at me. “If you're expecting a modern man, you're going to be very disappointed. He's about as conservative as they come, and that includes believing women should take a back seat to whatever the man thinks. That means you should agree with him on just about everything. When he's not around, you can do whatever you want, but when his attention's on you, it had better be 'Yes sir,' 'I understand, sir' and 'of course you're correct, sir,' otherwise there'll be hell to pay.”

I remember being very angry at that, as you can imagine. “What the hell happened to 'giving you your ideal match' and all the other nonsense they fed us when they came to pick us up?” I said to her, fuming, unable to sit down, pacing around the room like a caged lion.

“Don't be naive, Piper,” Rachel sighed, exasperatedly. “You live in the same country I do, and the rich make all the fucking rules, so when Arthur Covington the 4th decides he wants you as one of his brides, that's just what's going to happen, no matter what you want.”

“This isn't the fucking Handmaid's Tale, Rachel!” I shouted at her. “I'm not a piece of property or cattle to be traded away for some parcels of land and a better title! Covington doesn't just get to *decide* that I belong to him, no matter how fucked up the world is right now!”

“He does and he *has*, Piper,” Rachel said. “And that means you are, you do. You do belong to

him now and forever more. And you may *think* all of this sounds terrible, but any time he's not around, you live in a fucking *mansion*, with servants catering to your needs. There's a full pool, and a gym, and you can continue with your Olympic training and do whatever else is you want to do with your day-to-day life, but for a few hours a week, you get to pretend you're a docile little girl back in the 1500s, because that's how Arthur likes his women. If you really don't like him that much, then just be as boring as possible, and he'll lose interest in you, and you'll only have to service him during your spot in the rotation, but other than that, he'll barely even know you're around." She looked at me with a very stern expression on her face. "But if you try and struggle, if you fight back or try and do something awful to him, he can utterly make your life a living hell."

"And what if I just get up and leave?! What about that, Rachel?"

"How, Piper? There's dogs and sentries guarding the perimeter, and they're all completely loyal to Arthur. They're going to chase you down and bring you back here, and you won't have gained anything, will you? All you'll have done is piss Arthur off, and then he's only going to make it that much worse on you."

"Worse? How the fuck could it be worse?"

"You *really* don't want to know," Rachel sighed. "I've been with Arthur since the whole program formed New Eden here in June, and if you want to cause trouble, he will take great delight in breaking you, like a stubborn horse that needs to be trained." She laughed a little. "Oh yeah, there's a stable here, so you can go horse riding any time you want. If you're especially nice to him, maybe he'll buy you a pony."

"I'm not some twelve year old girl he can buy off with a goddamn *pony*, Rachel. I'm not going to put on a pretty little dress and parade around for him like I'm happy in a life of slavery. I'm going to get the fuck out of here."

"You're not, Piper," Rachel told me. "I know it sounds like it sucks, but there's like a 95% chance he's going to fuck you and then forget about you, and as long as you stay out of his way, he won't even think about you when it isn't your time to service him. Your best option is to just make yourself *forgettable*, if you really don't want to cozy up to him. There *are* benefits to being on his good side. Artie's got enough money that if he likes you, he can buy you whatever or whoever you want. He could bring one of your friends here to join you, so you've got someone to spend time with. They'll have to tend to Artie's needs as well, but you can do that together, which generally makes it easier."

"I'm not bi-sexual," I said to her.

"Neither am I," Layla said, reminding us both of her presence for the first time in minutes.

"You will be," Rachel laughed. "He'll turn you into one, force you to learn to like it. Or you'll at least learn to fake it. But it'll be better to come around. Your biophysiology is changing right now, in ways you can't even begin to understand, making your mind more pliant, more open to suggestion, to doing new things, to losing societal taboos. Every woman thinks she's not going to change or be changed by the serum, but every woman learns that *nobody* beats science. That's why it's science. Science always wins. You're going to learn to crave Artie, to yearn for the sweet release of the orgasms he can give you, to feel that rush of endorphins flooding your system over and over again. Shit, you'll go into it thinking you only want to do the bare minimum you need to survive, but eventually you'll start craving the orgasms more and more, and you'll find you have less and less morals in your way to getting them, especially if he decides to hold out on you and make you wait, because the frustration, the pain and the suffering from *not* getting them? I watched my sister deep in the throes of heroin withdrawal, and that didn't hold a fucking *candle* to what women in need of their orgasms are like."

The way she was talking scared me, especially since she was a doctor over at the base, which meant she had a *lot* of experience with the serum and its effects. It wasn't like Rachel was threatening me; it was like she was explaining what would happen if I didn't get along and go along, and the sort of 'this is already settled' tone she had about her didn't make me feel any better. Everything about her words and demeanor said 'resistance is useless,' like that fucking robot invasion from that one show.

“There are fifteen women here, including you two. Two maids, three guards, the cook, the gardener, the stable master, Artie's personal physician, his lawyer, his assistant, and, of course, his wife. More still on the way over the coming weeks.”

“Yesterday you said I would be his tenth partner,” I said to her. I was angry, but I also knew that details were important, and that if I was going to make a break for it, I should know how many people could possibly be following me.

“Sure, he doesn't consider the maids or the guards *'partners'* per se, just staff he also happens to fuck,” she sighed. “It's a whole thing, depending on the prestige of the work you do, I guess. Layla, you're going to end up being his communications manager, and Piper, I suspect you'll end up being his personal trainer. Everybody gets some kind of job here.”

“What's yours?” Layla asked her.

“I'm the Inside Man,” Rachel said with a soft laugh. “I'm his liaison with the base, so I keep him abreast of all the ongoing developments with the serum, and with the development and expansion of New Eden. As part of his terms in cofounding New Eden, he wanted a seat at the table, and someone loyal to him on the inside. So the General managing the base asked around, and found me, willing to trade a little bit of comfort and liberty for a whole lot of power and money. I mostly stay at the base, so Artie really only thinks about me when he needs me, or when it's my turn on the rotation. So, I'll go and get Artie and he can come in here and imprint you both. Before I go, any questions?”

“Yeah,” I told her, steel behind my eyes. “What if I refuse to be imprinted?”

Rachel turned her eyes back to me and shook her head again. “Like I said, then he's going to break you. He'll wait until you're *begging* him to be imprinted, and then he'll probably make you wait even longer, because you dared to tell him no.” She seemed frustrated that I wouldn't just get in line and get along, and was willing to stir up shit.

“It's not going to break me,” I said, trying to convince both her and myself with my words.

“Shut the fuck up, bitch,” Layla said to me. “You're gonna fuck it up for the rest of us, you selfish cunt.”

I turned over to look at her with fire in my eyes. “I will straight up knock you the fuck out, you little bimbo ass kisser. Don't fuck with me.”

“Like I even need to,” Layla said, rolling her eyes. “I hope he fucking hurts you.”

“And I hope he treats you like shit, even after I'm gone,” I replied. Not my finest hour, I know, but I was fucking *pissed*.

“Well, you're welcome to try, Piper,” Rachel said, standing up, “but you won't make it, and, honestly, I say this as your friend, you're only making it worse for yourself.”

“Friend? You're no fucking friend of mine. How's it going to be worse, anyway? Is he going to force me to get imprinting?” I sneered at her.

“Oh no,” she said, shaking her head. The look on her face was sad and patronizing, like I was a small child having a temper tantrum instead of being a woman fighting for her free will. “He won't have to. Like I said, you'll be begging for it before you know it.”

“We'll see who's right, you fucking Benedict Arnold,” I spat at her. “I ought to kick your ass for even going along with this shit.”

“I'll see you on the other side, Piper. Once you're an actual person again.” Rachel moved to the door, knocked on it three times and then it opened, letting her slip out before it closed again, the door locking once more.

I immediately started checking all the doors for the room, but all of them were locked, and they were all made of very sturdy wood. I was debating how much trouble it would be to knock one down when the doors opened again, and I saw Covington for the first time.

You haven't met him, so I suppose let me give you a brief description of him. He's in his 60s, slender with gray, thinning hair, and a very sharp, angular nose. When you first meet him, he's going to scream rich pompous asshole to you, and you should trust that first impression. He came walking into

the room we were in dressed in a silk robe, fuzzy slippers and nothing else, like he thought he was Hugh Fucking Heffner or something.

For his age, he's in excellent shape, although some of that may be a side effect of the Quaranteam serum, because I know that it's indirectly having a bunch of changes on the physiology of everyone exposed to it. I'd sort of hoped he would be old and frail looking, but my first impression of him was that he was going to live to be at least a hundred, and I knew there was no way in hell I was going to be able to stomach forty years of not being a person.

Also there was his personal bodyguard. Her name is Melody Park. She's of Korean descent and is incredibly good at just disappearing into the background, despite the fact that she's utterly beautiful. It's where she stands, where she sits, how she occupies a room, so that she can conceal all of that and that no one will look at her until she wants them to. Hell, I bet she's been in a room with Andy a bunch of times, and he's just never seen her, because she was doing her best to blend in. She's got at least a couple of weapons on her, but I noticed she was also carrying a stun gun that day, so I'm guessing he'd had problems with women awaiting imprinting before.

His assistant was there as well, a sort of mousy little woman named Lisa, who was easily the most broken woman I'd ever seen. She never once spoke to any of the women while I was there, and when she spoke to Covington, she always did so very quietly, as if her words were for his ears only. Wherever Covington went, Lisa was always there as well, just a couple of steps behind him.

"Ah, Miss Brown, Miss Greene, thank you for accepting my invitation to join the Covington family," he said, his voice high, nasal and reedy, condescension dripping from his words. "Let us see about getting you both imprinted, shall we?"

"No," I said to him. "I would rather not. In fact, I'd much rather you simply let me go, and I'll go find someone else, *anyone* else, to get imprinted to, instead of living here in this prison camp you mistakenly call a home."

He turned his gaze over to look at me as I was talking, and he smiled. I remember him smiling, because it was a creepy fucking smile, like a serial killer sizing up his prey, or a parent getting ready to tell their child what a stupid thing they'd just said. Any little lingering doubt I'd had about trying to fight what he was planning on doing to me died with that smile, because, based on that look *alone*, I decided, yeah, fuck this guy.

"I will make you a compact, Miss Brown," he said smugly. "If you survive not asking me for my cum for two weeks, I will happily let you walk out that door with no repercussions and no retribution. But when you fail, and make no mistake about the matter, you *will* fail, *when* you fail, you will follow the rules of my house. You do not speak to other people in public without my permission. You do not disagree with me. You do not refuse me. You will eventually bear my children, and while those children will be part of the family, they will not be direct heirs to my fortune, as it is reserved for the children I have had with my wife."

"I'm *not* going to fail, so as long as you honor your part of the agreement, that's fine. One way or another, I'm getting the fuck out of this freakshow."

"And you, Miss Greene? You are willing to become my spokeswoman and communications manager, in addition to being one of my playthings?"

I saw Layla blanch just a little bit. "I'll fuck you, but do you—"

"You can critique my communications *after* you're imprinted, not before," he told her. "Why don't you strip down and we will show Miss Brown what she'll be missing for the next week or so while she deprives herself of it?"

Layla looked over at me, then back at Covington, like she hadn't even considered there would be an audience for her first time with him. "Right here?"

"If you're unwilling, I can let you wai—" He didn't even get the chance to finish the word 'wait' before Layla started kicking off her high heels and unbuttoning her puffy blouse, exposing a very high end black lace bra beneath it, keeping in check two tits that had clearly seen a surgeon's touch. She kept

going without Covington saying anything, unbuttoning her skirt, reaching down to her side to unzip it, then pushing it down and stepping out of it, wearing black lace panties and a garter belt that was holding up those stockings. She started to reach for the clips between the belt and the stockings when Covington cleared his throat. “You can leave the stockings and the garter on,” he added with amusement.

“Yes sir,” Layla said, reaching up to pull down her panties, exposing that she had obviously shaved her pussy clean in the past few days, although I wondered how she'd squeezed it in, but clearly she'd taken the instructions about sexual pairings to mean she should put her best bits forward, and those certainly weren't between her ears.

“Get down on your knees,” he told her, as he untied the robe belt around his waist, opening the robe and sliding it off. He wasn't as soft and flabby as I expected he would be, with a smattering of silver curls on his chest and his cock had a rat's nest of white hair around it.

As much as I would love to tell you that the man has a tiny dick, covered in warts and with a hook in the middle, I'm pretty sure the Quaranteam serum makes some improvements and alterations to mens' physiology over the first few months, because he had a sizable cock, covered in faint blue veins, massive and swollen, not quite as thick as Andy's, but not far from it either, and probably an inch or so longer than Andy's. It was certainly paler, though, as most of Covington's flesh looked like it had never seen the sunlight in his life. I'm guessing that Ash convinces Andy to actually *use* the pool attached to the house, but I doubt Covington's ever done anything but lounge around his, and even that he probably does from the safety of an umbrella.

“Taste of my body and experience a gift from your god,” Covington said to Layla as she moved down onto her knees on the cold wood floor in front of him. His arms were spread wide, like he was a priest making an offering. She looked up at him, a last glimmer of trepidation on her face, as he smiled down at her. “I know, you think me arrogant and pompous, but you will learn the gift of my seed is as close to touching a god as you will ever come. We men are the modern day pharaohs.” She looked down at his cock and then back up at him again. “Suck it and see. Allow me to change your world.”

Layla seemed like she held her breath but there was a bubble of precum on the end of Covington's cock, so she leaned forward and ran her tongue against it, sending her body into a series of shocks like I'd never seen. I'd have been worried about the girl's health if it hadn't been clear that she was in the throes of a serious orgasm, the kind I'd only seen in that video I'd watched the day before. The video had not been lying, and that was worrisome.

As soon as she'd come down from the release, she shoved her face hard and fast onto Covington's cock, whatever hesitation she'd had gone and replaced with a sort of carnal need that terrified me. The reserved, conservative news analyst had been swapped out, and in her place was a feral bitch in heat, a primitive cave woman, bobbing her head up and down on his cock like she was auditioning for a job as a porn star.

The hardest part about the entire thing was that while it was happening, Covington wasn't watching Layla – he was watching me. His eyes never left me the whole time, despite Layla's attempts to please. It was infuriating.

I think he was trying to last a long while, as if he wanted to show me how strong and powerful he was, but Layla was voracious, and after a minute or two, he let loose a load into her mouth. She slumped forward against him, and he just pushed her back and away until she fell onto her back on the very expensive rug covering up the wooden floor. I'm sure she probably had a bump on her head when she woke up, but I saw my first person saying “imprinting” over and over again.

Covington and his bodyguard walked out of the room without saying anything else, a single guard entering the room to keep tabs on me for the rest of the night. Her name was Hope, ironically enough, and she was taking no shit from me. Over the next few days, as she guarded me each and every night, I'd find out that she used to be in the military, but once the pandemic had set it, she'd been brought to New Eden right when it was being set up, one of the first people given to Covington.

“You just going to sit there all night and watch me?” I asked her.

“Yep,” she replied.

“How did you get roped into all this?”

“Came in with my sister, Rachel,” she said to me. “Mister Covington brought us in around the same time. When he found out Rachel had a big sister who was in the military, he thought I'd be a good guard for the house, and here I am.”

I remember being shook, because I sort of knew what she was implying, but I thought she couldn't possibly be talking about what it *sounded* like she was talking about. “Wait... both.. both you *and* your sister have to fuck that bastard?”

“Whatever he wants,” she said, her voice almost flat and emotionless, as if she was somewhat dead inside at this point, maybe as some form of mental self-preservation.

“But... never together, right? Never at the same time, right?”

Hope blinked slowly, as if the question I was asking her didn't make any sense. “Whatever Mister Covington wants.”

“She's your *sister!*” I shouted at her.

“We're both property of Mister Covington, you ungrateful bitch,” Hope sneered at me. “Odds are we'd both be dead if he hadn't rescued us, given us a home, given us safety. If we weren't dead, we'd certainly be struggling to get a partner to protect us. Get fucking *over* yourself. If that means I have to go down on my sister now and then, it won't fucking kill me.”

“You're fucking family!”

“The gardener's the mother of one of the maids,” Hope spat. “And Mister Covington *only* fucks the two of them together, at the same time, and they've gotten over it. Because they're fucking *survivors*. Take your fucking hangups and leave them in the fucking past, because sooner or later, the need to get fucked like a good little slut is going to fucking eat you up inside. And you're going to spend weeks, no, *months*, paying for being a bitch up front. I'm going to enjoy watching you whimper and cry, rubbing your cunt, trying to get off, but being unable to, letting it drive you fucking mad.”

“And what if I decide to go kick down that door?”

“Then I'll tackle you, taser you if I have to, handcuff you and leave you like that until morning,” she said, confidently. “I encourage you to try it and see if I'm bluffing.”

Now, as athletic as I am, I don't have any real combat training, and Hope looked like she was itching for a bar fight. I was taller than she was, but she was much more muscular than I am, and I could see she had a taser on her belt, as well as a pair of handcuffs. They were at least a little worried about me on that first day, because later, every time I saw them they also had either a pistol on their hip or a rifle in their hands. So I nixed the idea of a quick escape for the time being, and hoped she'd get bored enough to just leave me alone, or drift off to sleep, so I could get away.

No such luck.

A few hours in, I tried to go and put my track jacket over Layla's body as a sort of makeshift blanket, but Hope yanked it off of her as soon as I did, shooting me a dirty look. I wanted to try and take her in a fight right then and there, but I knew I didn't have any fucking clue what laid beyond those doors and where I'd go even if I got past them.

The two of us were locked in with Layla's slumbering form until morning, when they came to take her away and to her own room, with Melody asking me if I had changed my mind.

When I said that I hadn't, she looked right into my face and said, “You will.”

I didn't, but it wasn't for lack of them trying...

* * * * *

“Fuck, Piper, I'm almost scared to ask about the rest of your time there.”

Piper sighed, closing her eyes and nodded. “You should be, but I need to get through it. Believe

me, this was only the start of the shit that asshole put me through. It gets *a lot* worse...”

Fiona reached over and squeezed Piper's hand with one of her own. “Tell me how...”

“Strap in, bitch, because here's where shit gets *super* fucked up...”