

Quaranteam: North West

Chapter 5 (Alpha)

By BreaktheBar

Erica, as usual, took to the rapidly changing social situation a little faster than I did.

“So you’re sure about all of this?” she asked the girl, Ivy. We were sitting in the lounge area of the RV that the government had delivered to us that morning.

“Well, it is too late for me to back out now,” Ivy said. She was French Canadian, with that very specific Quebecois accent that extended vowels and clipped some consonants. I only really knew the difference between hers and a traditional french-from-France accent because I’d once drunk with a unit of French soldiers while I was deployed in Germany. “I have already been poked with the needles. I chose Harrison because he reminded me of a sexy version of the boys I grew up with in the north of Quebec. Very sexy lumberjack, yes?”

Erica smirked, glancing at me and patting my knee. “Yes, very sexy woodsman.”

“As I said, I was not expecting a sexy woman as well, but I am the bisexual,” Ivy continued. “In fact, Erica, you are very much my type.”

“And what type is that?” Erica asked.

Ivy grinned but blushed, biting her lip for a moment as if she were embarrassed, but I could see the hunger in her big, expressive eyes. “Most girls in my job, they have what you call the ‘Daddy Issues’, yes? Well, my father made many mistakes, but was always very good to my sister et moi. An ex I have, she said I have ‘Mommy Issues’ instead. I like strong women, older than me, with tits and ass like yours.” The little minx actually reached out and caressed the side of Erica’s tit when she said it.

“What job is it you’ve been working?” I asked, though I had a feeling I knew the general field.

“I am a dancer,” Ivy said, turning back to me and looking all the world like a worried teenager, rather than the seductive woman clad in mesh lingerie that was sitting between Erica and I. “I hope that is not so bad to you, Harrison. I know some men, they think it means I am dirty or spoiled. But I am not.” Then she got another little lascivious smirk as she tilted her chin down looking up at you through her lashes. “Well, I could also be a *very* dirty girl for the right man. Or woman.” She touched Erica’s leg without looking.

“OK, seriously Ivy,” I said. “Unless this is really who you are, and who you want to be, you can tone down the seduction. Erica and I aren’t going to turn you away, but you have got to be real with us.”

Ivy frowned, and it was like she went through a little transformation as she absorbed what I said and metabolized it. She bit the inside of her cheek for a moment, then nodded and stood up, crossed to the murphy table that was in the kitchenette and pulled a robe I hadn’t even noticed from where it was hanging. She wrapped it around herself quickly and then sat back down. “I am sorry,” she said. “I am- this vaccine is making me very horny. I did not know what to expect, yes? I thought it best to treat you like private clients.”

“Oh, sweetie,” Erica sighed. “I know. The nervousness, that little itch all over?”

Ivy nodded.

“Maybe let’s start from the beginning,” I suggested. “Just be honest with us.”

“I was being honest,” Ivy said. “My name is Ivy Gauthier, I was born in a little town in northern Quebec and raised by my father and grandmother, along with my sister. I am an exotic dancer. I started in Montreal, and decided to try and do a tour of the USA. My visa was running out when the Quarantine happened. They said it would not be a problem if I took the experimental vaccine.”

“Wait, hold on,” I said. “Fuck. Would you have taken the vaccine if you weren’t worried about your visa?”

Ivy thought about it and then shrugged. “I don’t know? Maybe? I never had to think about it without the visa on the table.”

“This is fucked up,” I said.

“And it’s too late to change anything,” Erica said. “Harri, you know it’s too late.”

“I know,” I grunted. “But that doesn’t mean I have to like it.”

“And you know if it’s not you, it’ll be someone else.”

I took in a long breath and nodded. “Ivy, I assume you went through the whole set of meetings and videos that Erica did, but I just have to ask - are you absolutely sure you want this?”

Ivy pursed her lips, looking between Erica and I. Her hands were in her lap, most of her tattoos covered by the worn, velvet red robe she was wearing. She looked younger and older at the same time. She ended up looking to Erica. “Is he a good man?”

“The best,” Erica said immediately.

“And is she a good woman?” Ivy asked me.

I took Erica’s hand in mine. “Better than anyone could ever deserve.”

“Then I am fine with this,” Ivy said. “It is the end of the world, oui? Why should I not be with two sexy people who love each other, and will share their bed with me?”

Erica laughed. “Well, she’s direct.”

“Alright. You know what the next steps are?” I asked Ivy.

“You fuck me, and I will become your- how did they say.? Umm, bonded something?”

“We haven’t figured out the right word yet either,” Erica said. “For now, it might be easiest if you’re just our fuckbuddy.”

“I like this,” Ivy said. “You two are a couple, and I will be your fuckbuddy.” The way she said it made it sound a little sillier, a little naughtier. This girl would have been dangerous if Erica and I weren’t in the current situation.

“You have some time,” I said. “Would you rather wait a bit, or do it now?”

“Now,” Ivy said. “I would very much like to taste you, Erica. While Harrison fucks my ass.”

“Wow, that’s very hot and specific,” Erica said.

Ivy smiled. “I am what you would say is an ‘Anal Queen.’ My father, he had children with three different women. It made me afraid of pregnancy, so I learned as a girl to prefer it in my butt.”

“Well, I guess you’re getting to crush some ass, babe,” Erica said, smirking and then kissing me on the cheek.

“Hey, you know what?” I asked. “However you want it, Ivy, I’m happy to provide. Is there anything else you’d like us to know before we go to the bed?”

Ivy stood up, slipping the robe back off of her and hanging it back up. “I can be very loud,” she said. “Just a warning. And I like many things, but this time, I think we keep it to a simple threesome, yes? I will suck cock and eat pussy, and I would very much like to be fingered, and fucked in the ass.”

“So simple,” Erica chuckled. “Ivy, I think Harrison is still a little hesitant - he is a natural protector, so don’t think he’s timid. He’s just worried and doesn’t want to take advantage.”

“Oh,” Ivy said, looking at me for a moment with a cocked head, taking my measure. “Now I- OK, yes, I understand.” She came forward and pushed me back by the shoulders until I was sitting fully upright on the cushioned bench seat instead of leaning forward. Then she crawled into my lap, on her knees with them outside my legs, and sat her perky bum on my legs. “Harrison, I have told you I think you are sexy, yes? Well here, I will prove it.” She took my hand and brought my fingers to her lips, taking my pointer and middle fingers and sucking on them lewdly, then bringing them down between us to her crotch. She pulled the mesh panties aside and put my fingers against her hole and pivoted, taking my two thick fingers into her clenching cunt. “I want to fuck you. And I will tell you another thing about me - I like a man who takes me how he wants. Throw me on the bed, put my legs behind my head. Make me your little pretzel girl as you fuck my ass. I am sure I will love this ‘big brother’ you in time, too. But I need you first to be my man.”

Then she kissed me, grinding on my fingers. I breathed in through my nose, and she pressed her chest against mine, and I reached around her with the hand that wasn't busy at her pussy and grabbed her ass firmly. “Mmmm, yes,” she mumbled into my mouth. “Like that.”

“God, I hope I didn't look that fucking horny when I kissed you that first time,” Erica said. She was still sitting on the other end of the L-shaped bench from us, watching me get frenched by the little french minx who had just fallen into our lives.

I pulled back from the kiss, and Ivy looked at me with concern, searching my face. “Go kiss Erica,” I said.

She grinned and slipped from my lap, my fingers leaving her cunt, and slid right onto Erica's lap and pulled my girlfriend into a hard kiss as their disproportionate tits pressed together. Erica was much bustier than Ivy, though the younger woman's figure was just as sexy. As they started to make out I stood up, walking to the back of the RV and surveying the space. The back of the vehicle was dominated by the bedroom, which had what looked like a bed that was too big for the space. I pulled the blanket and top sheet off of it, knowing how Erica had a tendency to leave wet spots after fucking, and then kicked off my boots and returned to the women.

“Alright, come here,” I said, and lifted Ivy off of Erica and tossed her over my shoulder so I was carrying her ass forward. She howled a laugh, kicking her legs, and I offered Erica my other hand up.

“She is going to be a lot of fun,” Erica said.

“I know,” I said. “But I need to ask you, too. Is this what you want?”

Erica smiled, almost sadly, and shrugged. “I told you I'd introduce you to a lot of strippers. I just didn't know it would happen so fast. Like she said, it's the end of the world, at least as we know it. Why not?”

I nodded, and then bounced Ivy on my shoulder and gave her a soft spank on the butt. "What are you giggling so hard for?"

"Nothing," she said. "Everything."

"Crazy french girl," I said, and carried her to the end of the RV and tossed her on the bed like she wanted. She landed and immediately twisted and turned, biting her lip as she positioned herself on her stomach, looking at me eagerly as she slowly kicked her legs and her little bum bounced, humping the air a little.

"Oh, I think she wants to suck your dick," Erica said, coming up behind you and resting her cheek on your shoulder. She reached around your waist and started lowering your shorts. "Is that what you want, Ivy?"

Ivy nodded, grinning.

"Well, I've got a surprise for a naughty girl. You are very lucky, because you picked a man who happens to have a very nice, fat cock." Erica said, and dropped my shorts, letting my mostly-hard dick out.

"Oh, fuck," Ivy said, her eyes going happily large. "It is a very good dick." She looked up at Erica. "May I please suck the very good dick?"

"Good manners," Erica said. "Yes, Ivy, you may suck Harrison. But from now on you should call it his fat cock."

"Yes, mo-" the rest of what she was saying became garbled as she leaned forward and spoke with the head of my cock between her lips, and came.

She hadn't been expecting it, and her legs started to kick as she tensed up and pulled away from my dick, lowering her face to the bed. Then her body released all its tension and she sucked in a deep, ragged breath. "Whhoooo-aaah!" she exhaled, loud and wordless, as a second wave of the orgasm passed through her.

Erica reached around and ran her fingers through Ivy's hair as the smaller, younger woman rode a third and final wave of the vaccine-induced orgasm. She was left panting, and rolled over onto her back and looked back up at us in confusion and what looked like drunken delight.

"What was that? I have never come so fast," she said in wonder

"Didn't they tell you to expect that?" Erica asked.

Ivy shook her head.

“Huh, that’s weird. They told my group,” Erica said. “That was the imprinting process starting. Can you feel that ache, down in your clit? That’s the vaccine too. Soon you’ll feel it on your tongue, aching to get Harri’s come anywhere you can inside you.”

“I already wanted this,” Ivy said, her grin not slipping. She rolled back over onto her stomach and opened her mouth, but then hesitated. “Does this-”

“No,” I said, “Not every time.”

“Too bad, but also good,” Ivy said. “It would be very hard to suck your cock if this happened every time.” Then she took me back into her mouth and began bobbing her head quickly. I had a feeling she was actually a brunette and dyed her hair up to the dirty blonde. The dark undertones were more real than the light ones.

Erica came around me now and slipped out of the shorts she’d been wearing, going down to her panties and my shirt, and got on her knees on the bed next to Ivy. She sat tall, and I kissed her as Ivy suckled on my cock. “Enjoy yourself, babe,” Erica assured me. “We both want this.”

I raised an eyebrow and reached around her, grabbing her meatier ass. “You don’t need to keep reassuring me, E. Or does ‘mommy’ need a good seeing to as well?”

“Oh, I *always* need a good seeing to,” Erica grinned. She started to lower down slowly, maintaining eye contact with me. “But first I think I need to make sure our naughty girl here knows how to treat you properly. Let me see you suck his cock, Ivy.”

Ivy beamed up at me, eyes flicking between my face and Erica’s as the older woman leaned close.

“Good, really slobber on that cock,” Erica said softly, stroking Ivy’s hair. “It’s going to be cracking that cute little ass of yours open soon, so it needs to be very hard and very slippery.”

Ivy mumbled something unintelligible.

“But don’t forget his balls,” Erica said.

Ivy immediately took my cock from her mouth and lifted it with a hand, trying to take my sack between her lips but only fitting one nut as she tongued and worked her mouth. Erica took Ivy’s place at my cock, putting her lips around the head and starting to blow me.

“Oh, fuck, that’s new,” I groaned, looking down at both women staring up at me with smiles in their eyes. I put a hand on each of their heads.

Ivy didn't let up, switching from one ball to the other as my cock rubbed across her face, but Erica popped off of the end and grinned at me before sliding back on the bed and taking up a position behind Ivy.

"Now, what do we have here?" Erica asked, wrapping her fingers into the elastic band of Ivy's mesh panties. "Someone is a *very* naughty girl, dressing so slutty. Look, I can see everything! So what could possibly be the point of this?" She started pulling the panties down over Ivy's ass, and the younger woman shifted her hips eagerly, letting her do it.

"Back to my cock now," I grunted, and Ivy followed my orders. Once I was back in her mouth, I ran my fingers down the side of her face, just watching as she looked up at me with adoringly needy eyes.

Erica had gotten Ivy's panties off, and she tossed them aside as she knelt next to the pale girl and started to massage her upturned butt. "Ivy, you have a very cute ass," she said, stroking the girl's smooth skin. Just like her front, Ivy had a thin black line running down the middle of her spine, bisecting her from her hairline all the way down to her ass crack. On one side of the line her pale, smooth skin was flawless. On the other, she sported a collection of black tattoos - most of them flowery and nicely designed, a few of them more 'witchy' like flying crows and a jagged, leafless tree.

"M'ank 'oo," Ivy mumbled around my cock, and wiggled her butt.

Erica quickly sucked two fingers into her mouth and, biting the inside of her lip as she grinned, she slipped them down between Ivy's legs and began slowly, teasingly fingering her pussy.

Ivy immediately responded by shuddering and starting to blow me faster, bobbing her head as she moaned with my cock in her mouth, pressing against the inside of her cheeks.

"For a girl who prefers it in the ass, our naughty little girl gets very wet," Erica said to me.

"Is that right?" I asked, and looked down at Ivy and her big eyes. "Do you get wet and ready for a cock even if you don't want one?"

"Mhmm," she hummed and nodded, then pulled her lips from my cock. "When I am ready, the right man will have a very good time with my naughty pussy."

Erica leaned forward, bringing her lips to Ivy's ear from behind. "And what about Harrison? Is he the right man?"

I could see the conflict warring in Ivy. She didn't know - her instincts were to shy away. But the vaccine, that need and horniness it had put in Erica, was in Ivy as well. She wanted me, wanted my cum. Wanted it inside her, to match with the vaccine.

Chemically, she wanted to say yes.

“You don’t need to answer that,” I told her reassuringly, stroking the side of her face again. Then I glanced at Erica, who raised an eyebrow at me, but I just shook my head.

Ivy, a thankful look in her eyes, quickly went back to blowing me while Erica played with her pussy. Eventually I pulled away, and in one move picked up and flipped Ivy over onto her back. She giggled, and I was glad that she’d been honest with me about wanting to be thrown around in bed - I would have likely asked, or maybe told, her to move. Instead she seemed to really enjoy the manhandling.

“Get the rest of the lingerie off,” I said.

The mesh bra did nothing to hide her perky, small boobs from me, but I wanted her naked. There was a practical element - once the bonding process was completed, she was going to zonk out and having that strappy lingerie on for hours and hours wouldn’t be good for her or it. But there was also a primal thing in me that just wanted this strangely innocent, strangely filthy girl naked for me.

She stripped quickly, and Erica took that time to peel off my shirt that she was wearing as well, revealing her bigger, heavy tits.

“Oh, my,” Ivy said, and sat up, reaching for Erica’s chest. “You are so beautiful, Erica.”

Erica grinned and leaned forward a bit, allowing Ivy to press her face into Erica’s cleavage. “She’s like a horny teenage boy,” Erica laughed. Ivy was kissing and licking her cleavage all over.

“So am I, when it comes to you,” I said, and slipped off the bed to stand behind her, kissing her on the cheek and then down to her neck while I reached around and cupped her tits from below, lifting them for Ivy to feast on.

“Oh, god, this is heaven,” Erica moaned, leaning her head back on my shoulder.

“Have you ever done a threesome before?” I asked her quietly.

“Once. Three women,” she mumbled. “Not that great, really.”

“Too much fake dick?” I asked.

“That, and tribbing is stupid. Doesn’t do anything for me, and they both loved it.”

“Hear that, Ivy? No tribbing,” I said.

“But can I eat her pussy?” Ivy asked, coming up for air from the bounty of tits she was enjoying.

“I think my answer is, ‘whenever you want,’” Erica laughed.

“First I want more of your mouth,” I said to Ivy. “Lay back down. And Erica, I’d love to see you eat her out.”

Erica grinned. “Ever seen a lesbian act in person before?”

“Nothing more explicit than two drunk girls kissing to rile up some guys at a party,” I said.

Ivy had lain back, spreading her legs, and Erica knelt between them and slowly brought her face down to Ivy’s bare cunt. It was pretty, almost like the clean and clinical specimen you would see in a biology textbook. “Do you want me to lick your pussy, Ivy?” Erica asked teasingly.

“Yes, please,” Ivy said and grabbed the bedspread in her fingers in anticipation.

Erica went to work, and Ivy moaned loudly and wordlessly as her body tensed and then relaxed into the sensations.

“Is it good,” I asked.

“Uh-huh,” Ivy nodded and moaned.

I knelt down next to her head and turned her face sideways, tapping my cock against her lips. She immediately opened them, and I slid between her lips and she began suckling. Then, after looking down and seeing the smile in Erica’s eyes as she watched me getting blown and her eating pussy, I began to thrust lightly into Ivy’s mouth. She dropped her jaw, and worked her tongue, and soon I was pumping steadily, treating her lips just roughly enough to feel divine. I reached down and palmed her tit, which so far had been almost entirely ignored. I happened to grab the tattooed side of her, where the boob itself was still a blank canvas but it was surrounded by them.

Her nipple was a firm little nub in my palm, and her moaning on my cock changed to a higher pitch when I grabbed her more firmly, and then began playing with her nipple between my fingers. Erica, seeing the change in Ivy, mimicked me and reached up for her other breast and grabbed it as well.

“Mmuuuuuuh,” Ivy moaned, but didn’t try to pull away from my thrusting. She whined on my cock, thrusting her hips up and down, grinding against Erica’s face. Then, seeing her coming to a peak, I thrust in and held my cock deep in her mouth, but not to the point of gagging her. I pinched the nipple I was holding, and Erica focused on her clit, and Ivy went off with a long shudder and another muffled howl.

I pulled my cock from her mouth when she was coming down. "Keep going," I told Erica. "Get her there again." Then I stepped off of the bed and behind Erica, whose panty-clad ass was up in the air at the edge of the bed. I pulled her panties down to her thighs, set my cock against her puffy pussy, and thrust inside firmly, claiming her as mine again.

"Yes, babe," Erica gasped into Ivy's pussy. "Fuck, yes, my fucking stud."

"Oh, fuck," Ivy groaned, eyes half-closed as she grabbed at her own tits harshly and watched me fucking Erica from behind. Within five thrusts I was burying deep into my girlfriend at a good, steady pace. "You two are so fucking hot," Ivy said breathily, her accent turning every croon into a delightful sentence instead of something that might have come across as crude.

I fucked Erica steadily, one hand on her hip and the other keeping hold of her wonderful ass, and she thrust back at me while trying to keep her lips and tongue working. I wanted Erica to feel how desirable I found her, even in this threesome with a brand new woman between us. I wanted her to know she wasn't just forced on me - she was a choice. She chose me, and I chose her back.

Leaning forward, I let go of her waist and ass and grabbed her tits hanging below her, palming them and lifting their weight and she remained ass up and face down in Ivy's pussy. "I fucking love you, E," I said. "I love your body, I love your personality, and I love your mind. And right now, I really love your sexual being especially."

"Fuck," Ivy groaned. "Fuck, that is so hot."

Erica was starting to falter in her fucking back at me, which I knew meant she was getting close but I wanted to push her farther. "Ivy," I said. "It's almost time. How much prep does your ass need?"

Ivy licked her lips, that carnal need growing inside of her with every passing minute. "For most guys, two fingers would be enough. But for you, I think three, if Mommy will do it for me?"

"What do you think, 'mommy,'" I grinned. "Are you up for prepping her?"

Erica slurped off of Ivy's pussy and flipped the girl onto her stomach, then spread her ass cheeks and spit onto her asshole. "For her, and to watch you fuck this cute little ass, absolutely," Erica said.

I really couldn't see all that much of the oral portion of the prep, since I continued to fuck Erica. I slowed, and thrust deep and firm instead of faster and harder, and gave her the chance to work. Soon enough, Eric had two fingers in Ivy's ass and was adding a third.

“Oooh, mommy, yes,” Ivy moaned. “Finger my ass. Spread my asshole for our man. God, I want that fat cock up my ass so badly. Harrison, please don’t make me wait. Please don’t back out, I need it so badly.”

“Who does this ass belong to now, Ivy?” Erica asked her.

“Fuck, fuck,” Ivy gasped.

Erica slapped the side of her ass cheek. “Who does this ass belong to now, dirty little girl?”

“Harrison,” Ivy moaned. “Oh, fuck, Harrison. Fuck my ass. Take my ass. Take it. Take it.”

I pulled out of Erica, watching for just a moment as her cunt was split by me and didn’t want to let go, then hopped back up on the bed. Erica pulled her fingers out of Ivy’s hole, and I spun the younger woman around on the bed and pulled her up onto her hands and knees. Ivy dropped her face to the mattress as she reached back and held open her ass cheeks, her buttohole winking at me.

“Fuck my ass. Please, Butt fuck me. Own my butt,” she panted.

I placed my cock to her asshole and pressed forward.

“Ooooh, fuuuuuck yes,” Ivy almost howled. “Oooh, it is so goooood. Merci, merci, oh fuck yes.”

I was halfway in when she finally clenched and I stopped. Erica, meanwhile, had shifted her seating on the bed so she was on her ass, and she spread her legs in front of Ivy’s face. “Hey, it’s time to lick my pussy, dirty girl,” she said.

Ivy lifted her head and groaned as she tasted Erica for the first time, and as she did Ivy’s ass relaxed, and I pushed in the rest of the way.

“Yes,” she mumbled. “Yes, fuck, so good. So full.”

I slowly pulled back out, then pushed back in. I’d tried anal before, once with a German girl I met off base, but it had been tough going. With Ivy, it was like she was just built different. She squeezed back at me, pushed to get me deeper.

“She really is an Anal Queen,” I gasped to Erica, who opened her eyes and grinned savagely at me.

“I can’t believe you’re fucking her in the ass right now,” she said.

“Neither can I,” I said, and started to properly thrust into that tight but forgiving asshole.

“She’s fucking good with her tongue, too,” Erica groaned. “I can feel myself getting soaked.”

“Careful,” I snickered. “There are the only sheets we have right now.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Erica laughed.

I had just started fucking into Ivy harder still, and she was sucking in deep breaths and moaning like a pornstar, when there was a loud banging on the main door of the RV.

There was absolutely no way they couldn’t hear what was happening in here, let alone I had to assume the RV was rocking a bit.

“Don’t stop,” Ivy gasped, lifting her face from Erica’s pussy and begging me over her shoulder. “Please, keep fucking my ass. You can’t stop. I need you to keep going.”

“Fuck, I was so close,” Erica groaned, and the knocking happened again, banging on the door. Erica rolled off the bed. “You can’t stop now, you might break her mind. I’ll deal with this.”

“Yes, Harri, fuck me. So good, fuck my ass. Fuck my ass!” Ivy moaned, even fucking louder now that she didn’t have Erica’s pussy to muffle her.

Erica stalked naked out into the main area of the RV, and she slipped on the robe that Ivy had been using earlier. She pulled it closed in the front and opened the door.

“Hey, so this is awkward-” I could hear Vanessa say, but then I was shocked when instead of going outside to talk to her, Erica reached out and pulled her inside the RV.

“Fuck, E! You didn’t shut the door,” I said.

“Oh, shit. Sorry!” Erica called, and I only half believed her.

There was one long moment of chaos where Vanessa was inside, looking down the length of the RV and right at me as I was thrusting away, my nuts slapping against Ivy’s pussy as I fucked her ass at speed.

“Fuck,” I grunted, and I made to pull out.

“No, please, merde. Don’t stop fucking my ass. Don’t stop. Fuck my little ass. Come inside, I need you to come inside. Rempli-moi, mon homme. Mon cher. Fuck, mon amour!”

I couldn’t stop. I was so fucking close to coming, but I also had to move. So I did the only thing I could do - I wrapped my arms around Ivy’s torso, fucked my cock as deep into her ass as I could, and picked her up and lifted her off of the bed.

“Fuck, mon amour. I love you fucking my ass. Own my ass, mon amour. Fill me, fuck me,” she babbled.

I got us out of direct line of sight, pressing Ivy against the wall of the RV just next to the door to the bedroom, and I fumbled with one hand and slammed it shut as I kept thrusting into her.

“Fuck. Fuck! I want you, I want it inside. Je veux croquer la pomme. Je suis très mouillée pour toi, mon amour. Fuck me. I love you?” she gasped the last words, like she was unsure, but enlightened by the idea.

And then I came, pressing her up against the wood panelling and carpet of the RV walls. I came deep inside of her ass, and she leaned back into me as her entire body shook. Her jaw was clenched tight, a small whine coming through almost like one of those dog whistles.

“Sorry about that, Vanessa,” I heard Erica talking through the walls. “We got a new vaccine partner who moved in with the RV. We were just, um, going through the bonding process.”

“That is- I mean, I’m sorry?” Vanessa mumbled. “It was obvious what was... happening, but we kind of need to get to work again. I wasn’t expecting you to...”

“That’s totally my fault,” Erica said. “I was a little fuck drunk - Harrison is very capable, and our new partner Ivy has a very skilled tongue.”

“..... Okay,” Vanessa exhaled.

That was when it felt more like I was holding Ivy up, rather than her standing on her own, and I carefully pulled my cock from her still-clenching butt and scooped her up in my arms.

“Imprinting. Imprinting,” she was mumbling.

“Still fucking creepy,” I grumbled, shaking my head as I looked at her in my arms. She was all woman, but like this I couldn’t help but feel protective of the young woman who’d been forced into making choices that led her to my bed.

The whole experience was amazing, but it was still... ugh.

I set Ivy down on the bed and lay the sheet over her, and she curled up around a pillow and continued to mumble. This let me find and pull my shorts back on and exit the room.

Erica was sitting on the murphy table, which she’d folded down, and Vanessa was sitting on the L-bench.

“Vanessa, I am so sorry you got an eyeful of me like that,” I said.

“No, it’s fine,” Vanessa said, raising a hand. “You guys explained some of it last night, and Erica was just telling me again about the whole vaccine process and stuff. I didn’t realize that’s what this was and you couldn’t, ah, interrupt the process.”

I nodded, and during the following brief conversation I apologized a couple more times. We quickly went through the plan for the day - which included finishing up all the rest of the moving out of the house so that it could be demolished the next morning.

“And that’s it,” Vanessa nodded. “Uh, before I go - could I see her?”

“You mean Ivy?” Erica asked.

“Yeah,” Vanessa said. “I mean, not if she’s in a compromising position or whatever. But last night you and Leo talked about the ‘imprinting’ thing, and I’m probably going to have to do that eventually. I’d like to see it beforehand.”

I sucked my teeth for a moment, then nodded. “Sure, I think she should be decent.” I led Vanessa to the back of the RV and opened the bedroom door. Ivy was still where I’d left her. Vanessa scooted around the outside of the bed, leaning forward and watching Ivy’s face as she smiled and mumbled ‘Imprinting’ over and over.

“That’s freaky,” Vanessa whispered, standing back up and coming out of the room. “But she’s also gorgeous.”

“Just wait until you see her tattoos,” Erica said. “She has some really interesting work done.”

“Yeah?” Vanessa asked. “Cool. I’m looking forward to meeting her.”

Erica smiled. “So, uh, how long before you need us?”

“Like, twenty minutes ago,” Vanessa smirked.

“No,” Erica shook her head. “I mean, how long until you *need* us.”

“Oh!” Vanessa said again, her eyes going wide. “Um.. another... fifteen minutes?”

Erica smiled and winked. “I’ll make it work.”

Vanessa, blushing, left the RV and shut the door behind her, while Erica turned and dropped the robe, revealing her naked body to me again. “I need you to fuck my orgasm back to life, babe,” she said, staring hotly. “Fuck me fast and hard.”

I pulled her into my arms, laughing along with her as I glanced around the RV, deciding which part of the big luxury vehicle we should christen first.

* * * * *

With Ivy safely tucked away in the back of the RV, and Erica and I working the knots out of her system quickly, it really was time to get to work. While Erica and I had been busy, Leo had been equally busy, going to wake up Danielle and show her their new temporary home as well.

“Come on, rabbits,” Erica called, knocking on the back window of their RV.

“You would have been so pissed if he did that to you,” I said.

Erica laughed and shrugged. “Yeah, so?”

“You two have a very different relationship than me and my sister,” I said.

The curtain on the window pulled aside a little, Leo glancing out and glaring at Erica. “Fuck off,” he said, flashing her the finger.

“We need to get to work!” Erica called again.

Leo looked like he was about to say something snarky, but was pulled away and Danielle was now in the open corner of the window. “Sorry,” she said, barely audible through the glass and over the sounds of construction work happening nearby. “I’ll make sure we’re quick.”

Her angelic face flashed us both a smile, and then she dropped the curtain.

“Did you see what I saw?” Erica asked, turning to me.

“You mean her whole naked tit?” I asked.

“God damn, it’s like that girl was manufactured to be ‘Sexiest Woman Alive,’” Erica chuckled.

“I don’t know about that,” I said, taking her hand and leading her away. “You’d give her a run for her money.”

“Compliments will serve you well, boyfriend,” Erica smiled, squeezing my hand and winking.

It turned out that the surveyors didn’t need major tours again, so I was more free to help with the packing and the moving. Once Leo and Danielle joined us - letting us know the water pressure in the RV showers was pitiful at best - the work went quickly. We moved our clothing and things we knew we’d need sooner than later into the RVs, everything else got moved into the storage containers. A third container was dropped off to help with housing Leo’s woodworking equipment, which gave us more space to start organizing things as well.

How long did a house take to build? How long until they even started on our houses? These were the sorts of questions we just didn't have answers to, so we had to guess we would probably be in the RVs at least through the fall and winter and into next year.

It was around the middle of the afternoon, and I was busy securing my father's old gun safe in the storage container with the woodworking tools, when I heard the telltale sound of another vehicle pulling up the driveway. Not three days ago, that sort of commotion would have had me wondering who it could be, and why they were out here in the middle of nowhere. And that wasn't just because of the pandemic quarantine - it had been that way my whole childhood. There were three kinds of visitors to the Black family ranch - expected, in need, and unwanted. Now I heard vans and trucks moving almost constantly, and there must have been thirty or more people working just within fifty yards and I'd only met half of them. It was strange.

"Excuse me, Mr Black?" A man asked. I turned from the gun safe and found a scraggly-looking kid, maybe all of twenty and looking like he was all bones and unkempt facial hair. He was wearing a reflective construction vest and had a hard hat tucked under one arm.

"Just Harrison is fine," I said, shutting the safe and spinning the dial to lock it. "What can I do for you? Is Vanessa looking for me?"

"Who? No, I don't think so," the kid said. "I'm with the grading crew working on the highway? There's, uh, some people who showed up demanding to talk to you."

I took a breath and nodded. It could have been a couple of different people. "What did they look like?"

"Well," he hesitated. "There were two women and three men, and they pulled up in a green pickup truck and a white panel van."

"Kid, are they all Natives?" I asked.

"Um, yeah," he said, clearly uncomfortable. He'd likely grown up somewhere far from a reservation, and probably in a major city, so his experience was limited to a little bubble.

"Alright, I know what this is," I sighed. Part of me considered opening the gun safe back up, but I ended up figuring it would just make things worse. Guns usually did.

It was tempting, though.

I followed the kid out to the front and waved down Erica and Vanessa as they were talking on the front stoop of the house. "Hey, I need to head down to the highway," I said. "The Band is here to chew my ear off."

“Oh, shit,” Erica sighed. She hadn’t met any of them, but she’d heard some stories from Leo and I.

“Wait, you mean like people from the Reserve?” Vanessa asked. “Are they going to cause trouble?”

“Not today,” I said. “Probably. They aren’t going to like any of this though.”

“Fuck,” Vanessa sighed. “Well, I guess I need to come with you. I’m technically in charge of the site right now, other than the surveyors. All the other work crews are getting their orders in via radio from my Dad at the temp headquarters at the motel until his office gets set up here, so I’m the emergency contact.”

“I was going to ride one of the quads down,” I said. “You’re welcome to the other, unless you want to get your truck.”

“Same speed, but the Quad’s more fun,” Vanessa grinned.

I fetched the keys and she and I were just turning over the engines when Erica came hustling over from our RV - she’d done her makeup quickly and changed into a fresh white tank top with one of my old button-down flannel work shirts hanging open with the sleeves rolled up, and her favourite black jeans that hung low on her hips and accented her ass.

She stepped up and swung her leg over the back of my RV, settling in behind me and hugging her arms around my chest.

“What’s with the change of clothes?” Vanessa asked.

“Battle armour,” Erica said.

I just shook my head, not wanting to get into the details. We’d kept the ‘visitors’ long enough.

Driving down the widened driveway was a strange experience - I likely could have navigated the old driveway trail by memory and the feel of every bump in the road. Now it was smooth and gravelled, and a water truck had even driven through a few times with little sprayers, hosing down the dust. And some of my landmarks, fallen trees or weird-looking rocks, were just gone. Cleared away by the grading crew. It set my teeth on edge, thinking about how everything was changing. Nothing was going to be the same, whether the pandemic got better or got worse - I’d changed my family legacy indelibly.

I think Erica might have felt me tensing up, and without a word she hugged me a little tighter around the waist and kissed the back of my neck softly.

When we reached the bottom of the driveway - only a couple of minutes' drive on the quads, I saw that the work had been continuing. The turn-in was now almost five times as wide as it had been before, and a highway crew was working on not only making sure there was clear drainage and the turn was smoothly graded, but they were also installing an extra wide shoulder on the far side of the highway as well which could only mean they were taking considerations for extra-long truck beds making wide turns.

There were three work trucks and a big panel van, and most of the guys seemed to be working diligently - in fact, it might have been the hardest working highway crew I'd ever seen. Deadline quotas tied to money seemed to do the trick. But down the highway about twenty yards, three of the construction workers were lounging against the tailgate of one of the trucks, their arms crossed as they kept watch on our five guests.

I drove slowly around the workers, out onto the highway and then back around to park on the other side of the trucks, between the workers and our guests from the Band. Erica squeezed my arm as I dismounted, and she quickly followed as Vanessa fell in beside us in her chunky work boots, slim-fit work jeans and long sleeve t-shirt. She looked the part of a construction worker, and even a foreman with the extra notepads and carpenter pencils stuck in her reflective vest pocket.

"Kara," I said by way of greeting.

Kara was glaring at me from behind a bandana tied across her face. Her silky, long black hair was tied back in a thick braid and her warm, tanned skin was mostly covered up by the beige work shirt she was wearing. The other two women were similarly dressed, each one with the Community Center logo for the Rez emblazoned on the left breast of their shirts. The two, hulking men stayed in the back, doing their job of glaring at me angrily to an admirable degree.

"Harrison, what the fuck is this?" Kara demanded, gesturing at the work crew and the expanded driveway.

"Well, even though it's none of your business," I said, keeping my voice as even as I could. "This construction is because the Feds are developing my land. All of it."

Kara's eyes went wide, and I could only imagine her jaw going slack. She looked around quickly, then up the slope towards my home and back. "You wouldn't," she said.

"I did," I sighed. "I didn't go looking for it, but it was the only reasonable choice."

"You *can't*," she said again, eyes starting to steel over.

"I'm sorry, Harrison," Vanessa interrupted. "Hi, I'm Vanessa Colson, I'm the Site Super right now. Is there something I can do for you, or-?"

“You can stop working immediately,” said one of the other women. “This land doesn’t belong to the government, or the Blacks. This is tribal land.”

Receiving backup, Kara nodded sternly.

“Yeah,” I sighed. “Same shit, different year. My Dad almost went bankrupt fighting your lawsuits, and my Grandfather before him. The Band has made my family miserable for generations, and you’ve lost every single time. The State court declared you have no standing whatsoever over my land.”

“Your family has *murdered* our people for generations!” Kara shouted. “You stole this land from us.”

“And you’ve murdered us,” I said back. “But there hasn’t been a death in eighty years, Kara. Eighty years! And the State recognized the original bill of sale, my great great great Grandfather purchased this land fair and square and you *know it*. But this isn’t my fucking problem anymore! You want to sue? It’s not going to be my Dad, it’s not going to be me. You’re going to be squaring off against the Feds, so go ahead and have fun with it.”

“Fuck you, Harrison,” Kara said. “Standing by your murdering family line. You could have made something of yourself, could have made a difference. Righted the past.”

“Alright, this is just edging into harassment territory,” Vanessa said. “Look, unless you show up here with a legal writ saying we need to halt work, there is no way in hell that I’m stopping work.”

“We’ll make you stop,” the other woman said. “We’ll stage a protest, bring in the media. I’ll tell everyone who will listen about my grandfather and great uncle and how they are buried in unmarked graves in those woods.”

I grimaced, realizing that behind the mask was Feather Callingwood, a long-time activist for all sorts of issues on the local rez and one of the featured ‘witnesses’ that had been paraded out during the last lawsuit, telling the oral history of her family. “Feather, you can try anything you want,” I said. “But I’m telling you, there ain’t no unmarked graves up in those hills. Not because there weren’t any - I believe you. I believe your grandfather and his brother trespassed, and my great grandfather and grandfather killed them and buried them. But my Grandfather was a spiteful sonofabitch, and he went to some pretty ridiculous lengths to clear out every single body that wasn’t Black. And he’s fucking dead and in that ground now, so there’s no one to blame except ghosts.”

She glared hate at me, and I just shrugged.

Kara was fuming as well, but she held it in better, because as Feather looked about ready to rush at me Kara signalled and one of the big men put himself in front of Feather and after a brief, whispered conversation they went back to the van and inside. Kara then signalled to the

others, who hesitated but turned back towards that truck they'd come in, leaving just Kara facing off with me, Vanessa and Erica.

"So what?" Kara asked. "You go off and join the military, and now you just lick the heels of the government?"

"Hardly," I said. "They made me a deal that was too good to refuse, with a stick too big to ignore."

"So you're a sellout, then," she said.

"Sure, Kara," I sighed in exasperation. "I'm a sellout. After six generations, I decided that rather than give in to you I would just blow the whole thing up out of spite. Does that really sound like me?"

"Fuck you, Harrison," Kara said, but I could see the conflict in her eyes. "We'll be back. Feather isn't wrong, we'll protest this thing into the fucking ground. We'll march on Portland, hell we'll march on DC if we have to."

Erica snorted, which raised Kara's ire again. "What? What does the white woman have to say about my people and our persecution?"

"Jesus Christ," Erica said. "This isn't a fucking race thing. I'm snorting at the fact that you think you can protest this away. After what I've seen, with the resources I know they are throwing behind this? All I've got to say is 'Good Luck.'"

Kara set her jaw stubbornly, I could tell it even beneath her bandana mask, and turned on her heel and stalked towards the truck. And I wanted to see her go. I really did. But also there was history.

"Kara," I called after her, and she turned back. "Kara, this pandemic is serious business. It's bad. Just... be careful, alright?"

"You think I don't know that, Harrison? All of our community programs have had their funding shut off, and have to operate under the radar because they're technically illegal. We haven't been able to staff our medical clinic for two months, all of our volunteers are worked to the bone in the city even if they did have the time. But if it's as bad as you say, where the hell are your masks? Where's your 'be careful?'"

"All of our workers are being tested frequently," Vanessa said. "Quarantine before they come on-site, and no close contact off of site once they are working."

"Sure," Kara said. "And what about you, Harrison? And who's this, your white whore?"

“Erica is my girlfriend, Kara,” I said. “And is living with me. And part of our deal with the Feds was getting into an experimental vaccine program.”

Kara’s eyes hardened. “Of course it was. Because why offer that chance to the people who actually need it the most?” She stormed off, and I knew it wouldn’t be long before I saw her again. Likely with a picket sign.

The Natives reversed and drove off, heading back up the highway towards the reserve.

“Alright, what the fuck was that?” Vanessa asked once the vehicles had travelled around the bend.

“As you could probably tell, there’s a long and unsavoury history between my family and the Reserve,” I said.

“Don’t bury the lede, Harri,” Erica said.

“I’m not. There is also history between me and Kara. We... dated in high school. First loves, first- yeah. I didn’t care it pissed off my Dad, she didn’t care it pissed off her parents either. Then she took this internship for course credit in our senior year with the Elders on the Rez, and I guess they knew about us, and they told her all about the history between my family and the Tribe. She cried as she broke up with me, but said she couldn’t ‘betray her people.’ It always sounded like brainwashing to me. She ended up becoming a paralegal after college, and I joined the military. Life went on, and I never heard from her until my Dad finally passed. Then she came back around, as a representative of the band, trying to get me to give up the land despite the legal wins. And for the past five years, maybe every 18 months or so, she’s filed lawsuits for one reason or another and they’ve always gotten tossed out because there’s no new evidence or reasoning.”

“Fuck me, that explains the whole ‘white woman’ schtick,” Vanessa groaned. “Now I know what you meant by battle armour, Erica.”

“I wasn’t about to just let her try and walk all over Harrison without showing up,” Erica smirked.

Vanessa breathed in deep and then out slowly. “This isn’t just going to go away, is it?” she asked.

I shook my head. “Not likely. I don’t know how fast they’ll move, but they’ll do *something*.”

“Fuck,” Vanessa said. “Guess I need to make some calls.”

“Sorry it’s landing on you,” I said.

“No, it’s really not,” Vanessa sighed. “I just know I’m going to get an earful of it anyways. I wish my brother was here, he’s negotiated a bunch of contracts for industrial sites with Native groups before.”

“I don’t think some guaranteed jobs are going to cut it here,” I grimaced.

“Yeah, didn’t sound like it would,” Vanessa nodded. “Alright,” she turned to the work crew that had been listening and chatting, their work forgotten. “Shows over, y’ bums. Remember those deadline bonuses? You want to hit those or what? You ugly mugs gossip more than a knitting circle after someone announces a divorce, Jesus Fuck!”

Erica gave me a soft smile and took my hand. “You handled that well,” she said quietly.

“Thanks,” I said. “I wasn’t sure how I’d do. Telling her about the Feds could have been my breaking point.”

“Well, it wasn’t,” Erica nodded and pulled me into a hug. “Can you imagine if you told her the details of the vaccine, though? Her head might have popped right off.”

“I know,” I said, hugging her back. “But that’s also what worries me.”

* * * * *

By the end of the day the barn was empty, the vehicles were moved into a makeshift parking lot next to the RVs, and the house was sitting with the windows and doors open, everything of any significance piled into the storage containers. More office portables had been moved in, and some of Vanessa’s ‘Gorilla Crew’ had already gotten to work setting them up. Soon there would be a small complex of portable offices to manage the construction site. A tree clearing crew had also shown up late in the afternoon, starting to walk around with the surveyors, marking out areas where they would start work in the morning.

I sat in the empty living room of the house I’d grown up in, looking out the front windows at a skyline that hadn’t changed in thirty years, and then changed all at once in three days.

“Hey,” Leo said behind me. He was standing in the kitchen doorway, leaning his hands on either side of the jam. “You OK, buddy?”

“Yeah, yeah,” I said. “I’m fine. Just feels weird.”

“I can only imagine,” Leo said. He walked over and sat down next to me, offering me a beer he must have brought from the RVs. “You know, Erica and I never lived in a house longer than five years growing up?”

“I didn’t,” I said. “I know you mentioned moving, but I never put the timeline together.”

"It's true. Our Pops was always looking for the better thing. Better house, better job. Better wife, when he got tired of our Mom - not that I fully blame him, the piece of work she was. But this has been the best home I've ever had, living here with you. So thanks," Leo said sincerely, and lifted his beer.

I clinked bottles with him and smiled. "It's been good having you, brother."

"Not your brother yet," he said. "You haven't put a ring on my sister's finger."

"It's been three days, fucker," I laughed.

"Yeah, but you love her," he sighed. "Can't fucking hide that, even when I'm trying not to see it."

"And what about you?" I asked. "You and Danielle are as all over each other as Erica and I. Maybe even more. Did I see your RV rocking in the middle of the afternoon?"

"No," Leo scoffed, then let a smirk slip through. "Maybe."

"You dog," I laughed.

"It's not the same though, I think," Leo said after taking a drink. "Danielle is- Fuck, she's just way out of my league on every level. Physical, mental, ambition, you name it. But we fit, and it's awesome, *but* we're still getting to know each other. You and Erica? You don't need to do that."

"Are you trying to tell me to propose to your sister?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Hey man, you did say the upside was getting you as a brother-in-law," he grinned. "I'm just trying to get there as quick as I can."

We laughed and chatted as we finished our beers. I made no promises about a ring for Erica - we were in love, sure, but we were also in the wildest honeymoon phase I could think of. 'Hey, the world is ending, and here's a chemical that will save your life but it makes you entirely dependant on the sexual satisfaction of your partner' didn't make for a convincing argument for a long-lasting relationship to me.

Plus there was Ivy to consider, still zonked out in the RV with the imprinting process.

Leo eventually left me to my brooding, teasing me on the way out as only a real friend could, and I wasn't alone five minutes before new footsteps came in behind me and Erica slid to sit down, hugging me from behind.

"Hey," she said, resting her chin on my shoulder and looking out at the sunset with me.

“Hey,” I replied.

“I left a note for Ivy in case she wakes up,” Erica said. “I knew you’d want to spend one more night here.”

“Thanks,” I whispered.

We spent the night camped out on the living room floor, nothing between us except a single blanket. We mostly talked, and Erica slipped out twice to grab us beers from the RV. She came back once giggling and scandalized because she’d almost stumbled into Danielle fucking Leo in nearly the same spot on the lawn as we’d been fucking the night before.

And we made love, there on the floor. It was slow and pleasant, and we didn’t try to compete with each other. And after I came inside of her, she hummed a tuneless lullaby to me and stroked my hair as I rested my head on her bosom. And then she whispered naughty things to me, and told me if I was going to be fucking our little fuckbuddy in the ass regularly, she was going to need to get her own ass ready for me too - she just needed a few days, if I could wait that long. And all of that led to another session on the floor, and then all too soon we were waking up with the first sliver of light stabbing through the back kitchen window and slicing a beam of light across the house.

We had to dress quickly, since we could already hear the rumble of vehicles on the driveway. By six o’clock there were already two dozen workers in the area, and by six-thirty an excavator and a bulldozer were being unhitched from the flatbeds that had trucked them in, and three dump trucks were on standby.

“Morning,” Vanessa said, trudging toward Erica, Leo, Danielle and I as we stood in front of the RVs.

“Morning,” I said. “Coffee?”

“Yes, please,” Vanessa nodded.

“I’ll get it,” Erica said, trailing her hand over my shoulder as she dipped back into our RV.

“Not quite the exciting hello I got yesterday,” Vanessa commented with a smirk.

“What happened yesterday?” Danielle asked.

Vanessa told her side of the story, putting a blush on Leo’s cheeks and making Danielle giggle and bite her tongue cutely. Erica came out most of the way through the story, another steaming travel mug full of coffee. “Two and two, right?”

“How’d you get my coffee order so quick?” Vanessa asked.

"I asked around," Erica smiled. "Feel free to come over whenever you want."

"I appreciate it, and I'll try not to rub it in the Gorilla's faces too much."

We stood, quietly sipping and softly chatting until one of Vanessa's crew came around the building and waved at us. Vanessa turned to me. "Ready? Any last things to do?"

I shook my head. "No, go ahead."

Vanessa waved back, and the guy disappeared.

About five minutes later, a guy came out the back of the house, having done a final check to make sure no one was inside, and radioed to the excavator.

The demolition didn't take as long as I thought it would. Chomp by chomp, the house started to dissolve, collapsing in on itself.

"Erica?" Ivy asked. "Harrison?" She was dressed, thank god, and wasn't pulling a Danielle.

"Hey, honey," Erica said, leaving me to go whisper with Ivy on the steps of the RV where she was poking her head out. I turned back to watch my childhood continue to disappear.

Then I had Ivy hugging me from the side, and Erica slid in on the other and hugged my arm, resting her cheek on my shoulder. I put my arm around Ivy, thankful that even if everything was changing, at least some of the changes were turning out to be silver linings.