

## Brewster's Brood – Part Six

by Corrupting Power ( <http://www.patreon.com/CorruptingPower> )

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 1:50 pm

Max stepped out of the shower and stopped to look at himself in the full length mirror inside of the ornately tiled bathroom. How had he gotten here? How had his life lead him to this? And, most importantly, where the hell was it going to go from here?

He'd had sex with four different women in less than a day, and by the looks he'd been getting when he'd left for the bathroom, he could have sex with at least two or three more, if he wanted to, not to mention the smoldering looks like the girls by the pool had shot him.

Last week when he and Frankie had gone out for dinner, he'd been bitching that women never seemed to be interested in him, and now it felt like everywhere he turned, beautiful women were noticing him for the first time, and refusing to let him walk away.

As he toweled down, he wondered if maybe there had been some article in one of the papers about the food truck that had given him this sudden blast of fame, but nobody had mentioned it, and he couldn't imagine someone wouldn't have mentioned it by now.

It took a bit of time for Max to wring his longer hair out, but thankfully it wasn't so long that he found himself in constant need of a hair dryer. The little rubber band he'd left on the sink was still there, so he bound his hair back up in a ponytail once more, sighing in dismay that there always seemed to be more gray each time he looked.

The rubber band, however, was pretty much the only thing that was where he'd left it.

It was with some amusement that he noticed his clothes weren't still in the bathroom, but there was a Post-It Note stuck to the shelf where he'd left them. “Decided they needed a wash. Just wear the robe down to lunch, and they should be dry by the time you're done with the meal. -E.” He assumed the note must have been from Esme, and that there was a large terrycloth robe hanging from a hook on the back of the door, and that his wallet was in one of the big pockets of it, like they wanted to make sure he knew he wasn't being robbed or pranked. His cell phone was in the other pocket.

Max had been a little surprised that they hadn't checked cell phones at the door, but he guessed at this point that people were accustomed to policing each other enough so that it wasn't a problem, or at least wasn't a manageable one.

He grabbed the robe from its hook, pulled it on over his body, then stepped into the slippers they'd also left him, tying the robe closed as he started to walk out of the bathroom, finding Jenny waiting outside of the door for him, reading something on her phone that she stopped looking at as he approached.

“Anything interesting?”

“Just news of the day,” she said, tucking her phone back in her pocket. “You look like you needed that shower something fierce, but you seem to be shifting into the lifestyle very easily.”

“Then I'm fooling you pretty well,” he said, as she slide her arm to hook into his. “All of this is incredibly overwhelming. I feel a little like a man with a fistful of pardons in a women's prison. I'm not Brad Pitt. I'm not Ryan Gosling. I'm not even half a George Clooney.” They walked down the hallway, making their way to the stairs, starting to descend them. “Did I die? Is that what this is? I mean, if it is, you can tell me. I promise I can handle it.”

Jenny giggled a little bit, shaking her head at him. “You're not dead, Max. Not unless I'm dead as well, and we died having sex with each other last night. That's possible, I guess, but it just doesn't seem all that likely, you know?”

“And you're *sure* that all this is safe?” he said as they walked downstairs into the main room. “The last thing I want is to catch an STD or get somebody pregnant.”

“You *do not* need to worry about either of those, Max,” she said, kissing his cheek as they walked through the lounge room into an area that seemed like it was a small dining area, with a handful

of tables scattered around the room. Rachel and Esme were sitting at one, Dana off somewhere else for the time being, Max guessed. “Any time you walk through those doors, you are in a sexual wonderland where almost anything you might want to do is probably available to you.”

“That's what I'm afraid of,” he said with a little laugh of his own. “I mean, really? Anything I wanted? That's an insane amount of power to lay at the feet of any one man...”

“Well,” Esme said as Max and Jenny moved to sit down at the table. “Just don't abuse it and everything should be fine, yes?”

“Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely,” Max said, shaking his head.

“Sure, but knowledge is power, and we're supposed to fight the power,” Jenny said. “So maybe let's not let old slogans dictate how we run our lives, shall we?”

“There's wisdom in old words,” Max scolded. “You ignore them at your peril.”

“All I want's a little peril,” Rachel teased.

“Nope!” Esme laughed. “It's unhealthy!”

“The best things in life usually are,” Jenny said, glancing through the menu. “This is truly remarkable, how many options you have here.”

“Well, don't be *too* impressed,” Esme said. “Only about a fifth of the menu is made on location, and the rest is delivered by DoorDash. But we don't advertise that, because why would we? People get the food they want, so why would they care where it comes from?”

“Yeah, I suppose that's fair,” Max said, “although food's always better the less distance between the chef and the person eating. That's the advantage of the food truck business – the food's always right there, just a few feet away from the person making it. So if people have a problem with my food, they can come yell at me.”

“You mean when they're delighted with your food, they can come and put tips in your jar,” Esme said. “Ms. Weismann said it was in the article the Examiner printed, how you had to empty out the tip jar at least five times a day because it was always overflowing.”

“I'm sure they were exaggerating with that,” he said with a smile. “I mean, I know Frankie empties it once a day, but most food trucks are like that.”

“The hell you say,” Jenny grumbled. “A lot of the food trucks around here have empty tip jars, and deservedly so. Most of them are inconsistent as shit.”

“Everybody's trying to survive,” he said, glancing through the menu, recognizing where a handful of the dishes on it would likely be brought from. “Lots of food trucks don't make it past the first six months, and they're selling their truck to some other person with a dream and a little bit of cash. That's the game. Evolve or die.”

There was something about the height of the chairs and the tables that felt odd to Max, almost like the top of the table was nearly at shoulder height in comparison to the chair. It wasn't *quite* that bad, but it certainly felt like the table top was up much higher than it normally would be in comparison to the chairs. He wondered a little why it was set up that way.

“A bunch of these sandwiches sound amazing,” Rachel said to Esme, pointing at various things on the menu.

“Oh, they are,” she assured her, “but they're from Ike's Sandwiches, a local chain, and they're usually swamped with orders, so unless you want to wait quite a bit for your lunch, maybe skip anything with that little icon below it.”

“I see,” Rachel said, “the icons tell you which things come from where, so you can set your expectations of how long you're going to wait. That's smart.”

“That's it,” she replied. “And anything with our logo beneath it is made here on site, usually by me, but a couple of the other girls are known to help out here and there.”

“Oh hey,” Max said with a smile. “You support Bruno's Deli. They're fast and not too far from here, so yeah, I think I'll take a Bad Jew from them.”

“Bad Jew?” Rachel said with a laugh. “Dare I even ask?”

"It's a pork belly Reuben sandwich with loads of melted Swiss cheese on it," he replied. "Unkosher as sin, but delicious in *so* many ways."

"You never struck me as Jewish, Max," Esme said to him.

"I'm not, I mean, I think," Max said with a sigh. "I never knew my mother, and my dad, before he died, well, he never really talked about her all that much, no matter how much I asked him about her. And dad died pretty young as well. But anyway, Judaism is passed down on your mother's side, and since I don't know anything about my mom, I can't say one way or another if I'm supposed to be. But regardless of what I'm supposed to be, I'm not a religious man in any stripe."

"I think I'll have the meatball sub, Esme," Rachel said.

"The California Chicken Club for me," Jenny said. "You'll join us for lunch, won't you, Esme?"

"I mean, if you'd like, I'd be more than happy to."

"I wouldn't hear otherwise," Jenny said with a smile. "Order yourself something then come back here and we can all chat over lunch."

Esme excused herself to place the order, saying she'd only be gone a few minutes, as Jenny looked over to Max, a quizzical look on her face.

"So, glad I introduced you to this place, Max?"

"It's a little overwhelming," he said, laughing quietly. "I'm just now having a chance to catch my breath and sort of take it all in."

"You can't fool me," Rachel teased. "I saw you eyebanging those two coeds by the pool when we came in here. The brunette looked like she might be kinda into you."

"I mean, it's like Esme said – right now I'm the only man in the building, so that immediately gives me at least a little bit more sex appeal than I deserve."

Max felt Rachel reach over and squeeze his hand. "Knock that off, will you? If people are interested in you, let them be interested in you and don't just immediately brush them aside. I'm starting to think you've been single so long because you always shoot people down as soon they express interest in you. Maybe try going a few months saying yes to everything and see what happens. At the very least, you'll have a wild time."

"Okay, Rachel, okay. I'll try always going for the yes, unless I feel like I'm in danger."

"No no!" Jenny laughed. "Even then! Especially then! Always go for the big yes!"

A few minutes later, Esme returned but this time she brought her phone with her, setting it down on the table. "As soon as the delivery's here, they'll let me know," she said. "But it shouldn't be too long. I chose priority delivery, so they'll hurry."

For the next few minutes, they seemed to make small talk, Max doing what he could to divert the conversation onto the ladies, only to have it turned back on him again and again. It was all starting to feel a little suspicious, how little people seemed to want to talk about themselves and instead focus on him, but if it was a scam, he couldn't see the angle.

Whenever anything was too good to be true, it usually was, but Max had learned it often wasn't too hard to spot the flaw in the con. This, however... it felt a little like a con, but didn't have any of the usual guideposts that made them relatively easy to spot. There wasn't anything illegal about the club, and while they'd given him a free membership, he wasn't being asked to do something in return. Normally, that could be like the sweetener, the thing con men put into the pot in order to get something back. It was the one point in the con where you could theoretically get ahead of the con, but generally they didn't do that unless they knew they had you hooked to give them all that back and more. And he wasn't the kind of person with much to give.

When Esme's phone buzzed again, she stood up and headed to the main door, buzzing the delivery guy in at the gate. In a few moments, she returned with a large bag from Bruno's Deli, as well as three cans of soda and one bottle of water. As she started to pull things out from the bag, identifying who had what, handing the little boxes out in turn, one of the two women Max had seen by the pool earlier, the brunette with the large scar on her thigh, stepped into the room, a shy smile on her face.

She looked to be in her early twenties, fit as a fiddle, with a sculpted stomach and toned thighs, although the one with the large scar seemed noticeably smaller than the other one, as if she had still been unable to fully recover from the wound that Max suspected couldn't be more than a year or so old. Her skin was flawless, except for the scar, and reasonably well tanned, with small, pert breasts, proud and untouched by the ravages of age, her stiff nipples a deep shape of pink, almost bordering on red, with tiny aerola. Her hair, a shade of deep lustrous shade of ebony, was mostly drawn back into a braid that hung down just past her shoulders, but a few bangs had escaped the tie and framed her face on either side. She had a prominent nose, nothing so big as to overtake her face, but still large enough to be a notable feature, and yet, somehow it didn't detract from her beauty, as if it was the only possible size that it could be.

It was at that point Max realized he didn't even know her name.

"I hope you won't mind if I have a bit of a snack myself," the girl said to them as she walked into the room. "I promise not to disturb anyone."

Max was about to ask what she meant when the girl dropped down to her hands and knees and crawled beneath the table, hidden from view by the tablecloth. He was about to bend down when he felt a hand on his arm. He glanced over to see Jenny, a wry smile on her face. "Let her have her fun."

Beneath the table, he could feel her pulling his robe apart, her slender fingers wrapping around his cock. Based on her age, he had expected her to be rough and hurried, but found her touch soft and sensual, deliberate and intentional.

"Don't neglect your food," Rachel told him, as everyone at the table proceeded to dig into their lunches like nothing unusual was happening, even as he felt the girl's tongue starting to flick along his dick, a slow, measured drag from base to tip.

For the next several minutes, Max did his best to try and focus on his lunch as the girl's mouth enveloped his cock, pushing her head down onto it, aided by the high table height. She was exceptionally good at sucking dick, her mouth slipping back and forth along his shaft, all the sensations massively increased in effectiveness by his inability to see what she was up to.

There was something so surreal about feeling a woman's mouth suckling on his shaft while he was encouraged to do his best to eat lunch and continue a conversation about what kinds of trials and tribulations a food truck had.

While he was trying to carry on unabated, in the end, the girl was simply too skilled a cocksucker for him to be able to conceal her efforts even more, and eventually, he could feel himself racing towards an orgasm, despite how exhausted his body felt.

She placed her hands on his hips and thrust her mouth down until her lips were around the base of his dick, his balls wedged up against her chin, the tip of his shaft lodged in her throat when his body started to tremble and he spasmed inside of her, giving her a meager load of cum to swallow, as Jenny held his left hand and Rachel held his right, keeping him steadied.

Despite the fact that they'd let him sleep in this morning, he desperately wanted to go home, crawl into bed and sleep for another day straight, considering all the activity he'd been having for the last day. His body felt like he'd run a marathon, like he'd been going nonstop for days. He understood it wasn't quite that bad, but his body wasn't accustomed to all this excitement, all these sexual engagements. Sooner or later, he was going to be very sore.

As the moment passed, he felt the girl's tongue swiping him clean, ensuring she didn't miss a drop of his jism before pulling his robe closed once more, tying it shut, before slowly crawling out from underneath the table, this time on his side of the table.

She moved to stand next to him, leaning down to press a kiss to his cheek. "I do so love older men," she purred at him. "My name's Kelly. I hope we'll be seeing a lot more of you around the Estate. You were... very *tasty*." She giggled a little bit, squeezing his shoulder, before walking away from the table, each step a little swaggery saunter towards the door.

"Guess she wanted dessert before lunch," Jenny offered with a laugh.

Dana Weismann – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 2:45 pm

“I have to admit, Kelly,” Dana said to the former athlete, as they sat together in her office, enjoying a brandy. “I didn't see you being the first person to willingly take a load from our boy without getting it inside of you. Bravo for that. It's a bit of confidence I didn't anticipate you having the bluster to do it.”

The 21-year old former volleyball player shrugged. “We can't all be up in this dude's business with only one goal, and you said we needed to sell the fantasy, so that's what I did.” She smirked a little bit, shifting in her silk robe as she swirled the glass of brandy in her left hand. “He's certainly going to remember me, and hopefully the scar won't be a problem.”

Dana shook her head a little bit. “I know that injury dramatically changed the course of your life, dear girl, but you shouldn't be so worried about it defining you. You're a beautiful young woman, bright and educated. I know you were hoping to make the Olympic team, but if you ask me, I think you deserve better than the typical path of an ex-athlete.”

“Cheers to that,” Kelly said, tipping her mostly empty glass towards Dana. “I know Blake's going to come at him guns blazing soon, and that girl doesn't strike me as one who knows how to gracefully take a no, so I figured I should get my name in the hat before she did. Besides, don't we have an entire army of new women showing up soon?”

Dana nodded. “7 pm tonight, ten more women get added to the pool. As if we didn't have enough stress going on in the poor boy's life already. I suppose Mrs. Churchill knows what she's doing, but it quite an epic amount of women to throw at one man all at once. The Estates will be quite busy tonight, so I hope Max enjoys having a light afternoon before the onslaught begins tonight.”

“We can't keep him locked up here all the time,” Kelly laughed. “At some point, he's going to want to go home.”

“We've got a start in on him now, so we will just have to see how he reacts to having even more women fawning over him,” she said with a smile. “Zoe seems to think she's got a decent enough handle on the second group to get them to at least pace themselves and not have them all attacking at once, but she did warn me that the place will feel a lot more crowded tonight. She also thought we should get at least one other man to come by, even if it's just for show.”

“I could get my older brother Logan to stop by, give off the impression that Max isn't the only guy here, although I have to say, someone's gonna have to give him something if he's going to be surrounded by beautiful women all night and can't do anything.”

“Oh, I'm sure someone can suck him off in the bathroom, at the very least,” she said, waving her hand in Kelly's direction. “Make the call. We can't afford to slip up on the illusion now.”