

## Quaranteam: Phil's Tale – Chapter 3

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

### Chapter 3

Quarantine had been rough on everyone, and the first few weeks, it felt like living in a graveyard. People were instructed to stay at home if at all possible, not to go anywhere, not even to work, and the panic was starting to set in whenever he turned on the television. By April 1<sup>st</sup>, everyone wanted it to just be a bad dream they could all wake up from and get away from, but no such relief was coming.

Phil found himself waking up in the middle of the night from dreams about his time spent playing fighting games, and each time he did, he wanted desperately to phone up a couple of his friends and gather them for a small tourney at his place, but he knew he couldn't. It wasn't safe.

April 7<sup>th</sup> was the first day anyone on the news used the words “DuoHalo” and the minute it happened, there were a dozen calls being made to Phil's office, asking if the serum could be deployed, if it would be ready for even a small number of tests.

He didn't have answers.

Just one day later, his whole world would change. April 8<sup>th</sup>, 2020 was a Wednesday, and Phil usually met up with his friends for poker night, but that had been put on hold with the quarantine, and so Phil had decided to stop by Target on his way home. Toilet paper wasn't going to be on shelves, but he needed some basics like toothpaste and razor blades.

The advisement was that if you had to go inside, you had to wear a facemask, and so Phil had the best available. The store was a ghost town, with only the barest minimum of employees walking through the aisles, and even they were masked up, keeping as much distance between the customers and themselves as possible. Those few customers he did see, they were wearing not only masks, but gloves, scarves, hats, goggles, anything to minimize their exposure as much as possible.

The Air Force had asked him to let them take care of getting supplies, but Phil had insisted that from time to time, he was going to go out into the world, just to make sure it was all standing. They didn't like having him out in the open, worried that he could pick up the virus, but Phil told them they had to allow him at least a little mobility, otherwise he would be likely to make mistakes at his work, something none of them could afford right now.

He hoped that he and Linda just sort of blending in to the small numbers of customers that the store had, but she kept extremely aware of what was going on at all times. He pushed the cart and she walked off to one side. He'd gotten used to her mostly being around, but disappearing for a few minutes at a time, off checking one thing or another, ensuring that he was fine and safe. It all seemed rather silly to him, but he'd learned not to question her, as it only seemed to make her grumpy.

The parking lot had been a near ghost town when they'd arrived, only a dozen or so cars, almost all belonging to employees. He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen the aisles of a Target looking so utterly empty. It felt like something out of a post apocalyptic film.

He was in the shaving cream and deodorant aisle when he saw Linda start to head towards the end of the aisle, stopping to look back at him. “Wait right here until I get back, okay?”

“Sure,” he said, “I need a couple of minutes anyway.” She didn't wait beyond his first word before turning and vanishing around the corner. Normally when she left him alone, it was just for a minute or two, but she was gone for nearly five minutes before she came back to him, walking briskly.

“Leave the cart, we're leaving,” she told him.

“Are you—”

“*Now* Phil.”

“Yes ma'am.”

He didn't like leaving without making his purchases, but he'd not heard Linda be so short with him before, and decided that meant things were serious, and he didn't want to be on the receiving end

of that attitude. As they approached his blue Tesla, she made her way to the driver's side instead of the passenger side, something that caught Phil off guard.

“Linda, what are—”

“Get in the *fuckin*g car, Phil,” she growled at him, sliding into the driver's seat. “*NOW!*”

Phil hopped into the passenger's side of the vehicle, pulling the door shut quickly. The car was beeping at her, as they both struggled to get their seatbelts on quickly, and as soon as they did, she was backing the car up with a quick zip.

That was when Phil noticed the black van in the parking lot for the first time.

One thing Phil truly loved about his Tesla was that the vehicle had an immense amount of zip, and as the car whipped out onto the street, the vehicle began to play “London Can Take It” from Public Service Broadcasting, a nice electronic number with old new reel audio from the bombing of London during World War II spliced into it. “That's the spirit,” she muttered to herself. “Phil, you remember that emergency number I had you put into your phone last month? Go ahead and call that for me, would you?” She snaked the vehicle around a corner, not even slowing down at the red, as Phil glanced behind them to see the black van in pursuit. “Now, if you please?”

“Uh, right, right,” he said, fishing his phone from his pocket. She'd given him a number to call in case she was injured or other emergencies when she couldn't call someone herself. He'd put it into his phone as “All Hell Breaks Loose.” It was on his Favorites screen.

The phone rang only once through the handsfree on the Tesla before a familiar voice popped up on the other end of the line. “Doctor Marcos,” Lieutenant Redwolf said to him on the other end, “what seems to be the trouble?”

“Niko, it's Linda,” his bodyguard said, not letting him get a word in edgewise. “I need you to issue a Crimson Alert to all protectorate services we have in the field right now, and get everyone back to the base as quickly as possible.”

“I'm sorry Captain, did you—”

“Yes, I repeat, issue Crimson Alert *immediately*.”

“Copy that.”

“I also need you to issue an alert to Walnut Creek PD, as well as the Feds, and let them know there's a body of a foreign national in the women's restroom of the Walnut Creek Target. I was defending myself, and I will cooperate with their investigation, but it's a national security matter, and we need to button that shit up quickly.”

“Are you wounded, ma'am?” Niko asked.

“Negative, but we are currently being pursued by a van full of hostiles,” she said, her voice terse and to the point, although there was something relaxed about her tone, as if this was something she did every day. It was serenity that worried him the most. “I suspect they're going to break off soon, but I want you to get Walnut Creek PD to try and head them off if they can. We're on Ygnacio Valley Road, eastbound, just passing San Carlos Drive. If they can apprehend the van, that would be lovely, but tell them to consider the target as extremely aggressive.”

“Copy that, ma'am. Do you want me to remain on the line with you until you're back on base?”

“Negative, Lieutenant,” Linda said. “I need to focus. I'll see you soon.”

“Good hunting, Captain.”

He wanted to ask a million questions, but also didn't want to distract Linda from her driving. While Phil had thought he'd really put the vehicle through its paces, he was astonished how he hadn't even been in the same league as Linda, who was doing her best Steve McQueen, the electric car snaking across the lanes.

After a couple of minutes, he glanced back just in time to see a couple of police klaxons light up behind the van, who turned off onto Walnut Ave. As soon as they did, Linda swerved the car suddenly, making a U-turn right in the middle of the mostly empty street, moving in to slide in behind the police cars as they blazed around the van, swarming around it like angry bees. One of the police cruisers tried

a PITT maneuver, ramming into the back corner of the van, sending it into a spin before it smacked up into a tree.

Linda pulled the Tesla in behind the police cars, glancing over at Phil. “Stay here, keep your head down, do not get out of the fucking car, okay?”

He didn't even have time to answer before she was out of the car, closing the door behind her with one hand, drawing her sidearm from its concealed place under her outfit. Phil saw the side of the van open and four men dressed in all black, including ski masks, hopped out, AK-47s at the ready.

Before the first one could even raise his rifle to point at the police, Linda had fired off a round at the man from her 9mm, slamming into his left shoulder, spinning him back. Her second shot went through the head of the man to his left. She slid down behind one of the cop cars, where officers had taken cover.

She said something to them, as the two remaining men sprayed a wave of bullets over at the car Linda was behind. That gave the cops behind the other vehicle the chance to pop out and fire a handful of rounds into the men, who collapsed back against the van. The van's driver slowly tried to exit the vehicle, his hands raised high into the air. The officers moved in together, approaching with caution, their weapons still at the ready, as one of them moved to cuff the driver, and the others closed in on the downed men, removing their weapons, checking to see which of them were still alive and which weren't, because the second one Linda had shot was clearly never going to get up again.

The driver's side door opened suddenly while Phil's attention was on the fight, as a big, burly man in attire matching those who had just jumped out of the van, slid into his Tesla. The man had clearly intended to just drive off with Phil in the car, but was unfamiliar with how to operate a Tesla, and couldn't get the car out of park, so Phil reached into his pocket, grabbed his stun gun and tased the man for a long moment. The man's body spasmed at the high current electrical shock then slumped forward, and Phil burst out of the car, running towards Linda, shouting “Help! Linda!”

Her head whipped around and she drew her weapon back up, firing in his direction while walking towards him, as he dropped to the ground in panic. She fired exactly twice then stopped, sprinting over to help Phil back up from the ground. “You okay? I told you to stay in the car.”

“Somebody hopped *into* the fucking car!”

“Okay, that's fair then.” She walked with him back towards his car, amusement in the tone of her voice behind the mask. “You juiced him?”

“Hit him with the stun gun, just like you told me to. Now can we get him out of my fucking car already?”

“Sure, just gimme a minute,” she said, her voice as calm and cool as ever. It was almost disconcerting how relaxed she seemed about all of this. “Walk with me.”

There had been a second man just to the right of his car that Phil hadn't seen, and it looked like Linda had put a couple of bullets into the man. She wanted to check and make sure he was downed, although it looked like the man was wearing bullet proof armor that had absorbed one of the two rounds. The other had gone clean through his shoulder. She flipped the man over onto his belly, reached into one of her pockets and grabbed some plastic ziptie cuffs, binding the man's arms behind his back by the wrists.

“Weapon down, ma'am!” an officer said in her direction.

She sighed, placing her gun on the ground. “Alright, I'm reaching for my badge with my left hand, alright? I will do so slowly.” With her left hand, she reached into her pocket and pulled out a leather gatefold wallet, tossing it over towards the officer behind her. “Captain Linda Hayes, Air Force Security Services. Check your dispatch. *I called you.*”

The officer crouched down to grab the wallet while her partner kept his gun drawn and pointed at Linda and Phil. After a minute, the crouched officer stood up, nodding to her partner. “It's okay, they're friendlies,” she said, as Linda moved to pick up her weapon once more. “Sorry Captain, you know how it gets when everything gets chaotic,” the officer, who Phil could now see was named

Winters, said, tossing Linda back her wallet. "What the hell happened?"

"Not at liberty to offer up all the details, Officer Winters, but I'm part of a protectorate detail, and someone decided to take a run at kidnapping my client, and they seemed completely willing to dust up anyone who got in their way. Speaking of which, I'd like to get him to safety as soon as possible, if you don't mind. While we might have prevented this one attempt, I suspect there'll be others, and on other members of our client list."

"What about these clowns?"

"Get them medical attention, but do not let them out of your sights until someone from either the Air Force or the Feds shows up to take them into custody. Keep all details of who they are off the radios and computers, otherwise you may have people from an embassy trying to come and spirit them away before we get a chance to talk to them, and that's the last thing I want."

"Who the hell are they?" Winters asked her.

"Probably cutouts, but they just might have Russian diplomatic papers, so I'd rather not take that chance. Better silent than slippery."

"The Russians?" Winters said. "We back in the Cold War, Captain?"

"We never left it," Linda said, yanking the unconscious guy out of the front of Phil's car. She cuffed his limp body and then shoved him into the back seat of the Model 3. "I'll take this guy to the base myself, so I can start in on getting a handle on what the hell's happening." She looked back at Phil, gesturing back to the passenger's side. "C'mon, let's go."

As soon as the vehicle was back on the road, Linda asked him to call the number again. "Captain?" Niko's voice said on the end after half a ring.

"You got it, Lieutenant. I have Challenger secure and we are no longer in pursuit. Inform the General that I have a prisoner in tow, and that we have a handful more in police custody. Has everyone reported back in safely?"

Niko sighed a little on the other end. "Negative, Captain. Most teams are either back on base or are en route, but we have one detail that is dark and hasn't responded to hails."

"Which detail?"

"Beekeeper's. Captain Harris checked in half an hour ago, but hasn't responded to hails, and her transponder hasn't moved."

She sighed a little, perhaps the only inflection of emotion he'd heard from her since they'd left the department store. "Shit, that means they're already compromised. Patch me through to the General."

"One moment, Captain."

There was a brief click before a new voice popped onto the line, Major General Fielder, the head of the base. "Tell me Challenger is safe and sound, Captain."

"Yes sir, and we're just two minutes from the base, but Lieutenant Redwolf informs me that Beekeeper's detail hasn't reported in, so at this point, I would assume that he's been abducted."

"Any ID on the bandits, Captain?"

"Everything about them screams Russian to me, sir, but I cannot authenticate that guess at this time, although I have a bandit in tow so we can do some interrogation when he's conscious."

"Took one alive, did you?"

"This one Challenger tased himself, sir."

The General chuckled a little. "Shocked the bogey yourself, did you Doctor Marcos?" he said, addressing Phil through the speakerphone.

"He was trying to steal my fucking *car*, General," Phil said, his whole body suddenly feeling extremely exhausted. "I may kick him around a bit getting his ass out of my back seat."

"I don't think anyone would object to that, Doctor. Anyway, you two stay safe and get back here as quickly as possible."

"Pulling up to the gate now sir," Linda said.

"Good. I'll check in on Beekeeper." The line went dead, just as the Tesla pulled up to the

checkpoint, and Linda glared at the guard, who lifted the rail and waved them through.

“Who's Beekeeper?” Phil asked her.

“McCallister,” she told him. “How much of the project do you think he could recreate from memory if he had to?”

“Fifty, maybe sixty percent, but he'd have a bitch of a time recreated the serum without notes, and all those notes are kept on base, because he wasn't part of the initial team that built the damn thing. Why, do you think that's the intent?”

“They put a full abduction team on you,” she said. “Could *you* have recreated it without notes?”

Phil nodded soberly. “Yeah, I think me and Bill McKenna are the only two who could, and if I'm off base, Bill has to be *on* base. You guys mandated that when you came on, and I remember thinking it was silly at the time.”

“Not so silly now, is it?” she said to him, bringing the Tesla to park in a spot close to the door, as two soldiers headed towards the car. She hopped out and jerked a thumb towards the back seat. “Bag him and tag him, then get him set up in one of the test subject rooms. We don't have an interrogation room on site, so it'll have to do.”

As the two of them walked into the base, Phil turned to ask her “So, why is my code name Challenger?”

“It's on that character select screen of the game you're always playing. 'A new challenger appears!' I guess it just stuck.” Her posture was enough to surprise Phil, as she leaned her back against the elevator like it was just any other day.

“I don't understand how you can be so calm during all of that,” he said to her.

“It doesn't help me any to get worked up, so I just dial in on the work that needs to be done and do everything I can to make sure you're safe and that we have an exit that keeps you on American soil.”

When the elevator hit the bottom floor, another question sprung to mind. “Were you expecting someone to try and kidnap us?”

“We didn't just put the details in place for no reason what so ever, Phil,” she said, the slightest flicker of amusement in her voice. “The Chinese, the Russians, hell, a bunch of people we call allies are probably looking to get their hands on your research right now, as the bodies keep piling up. Speaking of which, we need to both get tested quick here, make sure we didn't pick anything up from those assholes. I wouldn't put it past them to try and send infected soldiers after us.”

The two of them walked immediately down the hallway and into the isolation room, sealing the door behind them.

“What are we going to do if we are infected?” Phil said.

“Let's just pray we aren't,” Linda said. “You're a good Catholic, right?”

“Yeah, although I haven't been able to go to church for months now.”

“I think God'll understand, given the circumstances.”

“I hope so,” he said, drawing a bit of his blood before drawing a bit of hers, putting the two vials into the centrifuge, so that it could be tested. “We'll know in a couple of—”

The doors opened and suddenly shut again, as Audrey rushed into the room, hugging him before he could tell her not to come in. The diminutive Hispanic woman clutched onto him tightly, her arms forming a hard lock around his midsection. “Jesus, Phil, don't fucking scare me like that!” she yelled at him. “I heard that someone had been kidnapped and all I could think of was that you weren't on base, and I got so fucking scared!”

He and Audrey had gone on a couple of 'dates,' if they could be called that, over the last few weeks. They'd done the classic 'dinner and a movie' but the dinner had been a meal at the commissary and the movie had been streamed on his computer.

“Audrey!” he said. “We're in quarantine in here! We were attacked and we could've been infected, so you should've waited outside! Now I'm going to have to test you too.”

Linda shook her head. “No need, Phil,” she sighed. “We're all infected.” She held up the vial,

the telltale green flecks in their blood having appeared immediately after she'd introduced the testing solution. "Well, fuck."

A few hours later, Doctor Charlotte Varma had agreed with Phil's assessment – they were going to have to be the first human guinea pigs for the new modified serum. Dr. Varma had come up with something she was relatively certain would splice onto the serum, and that it would be safe to inject into women, and then to pass on to men through contact, but it hadn't been tested yet, so they were going to be the first people to put themselves on the line.

Dr. Varma agreed that she alone would monitor them, and an hour later, just as Phil could feel himself starting to cough, Dr. Varma slid two injection guns through the pass through chamber to them, as Phil chuckled a little bit.

"This is not how I wanted our first time to be, Audrey," Phil said as she injected herself in the arm with the serum. "I really like you, and the last thing I wanted is for you to feel like that feeling wasn't genuine."

"Oh, I know Phil," she said to him with a warm smile. "But if I have to choose between our first time being a little awkward and not having our first time at all, well, it's not really much of a choice now, is it?"

Linda was already injecting herself in the arm with the other shot before Phil even had a chance to say something. "Linda, what the hell are you doing?"

She smirked a little. "You know, Phil, you may think I'm just a bad ass bodyguard, and while that's true, it's not the *only* thing I am. I've been paying attention to you and the rest of the nerd patrol when you're talking about this serum of yours, and I'm smart enough to know what things like efficacy rates are. With you and Audrey knocking boots, you have about a sixty-five percent chance of survival without any side effects, but if you add me into that mix, that brings your odds up to the low eighties, and I did tell you I gave a fuck whether you lived or died. I just didn't expect that to be so literal." She shrugged a little, starting to unbutton her shirt. "Not that I mind. You okay with that Audrey, having to share him with me?"

Audrey blushed, looking demurely at her feet for a moment before looking up at her, nodding. "Yeah, I suppose that's okay, if it's going to help us make sure he lives," she said, reaching down to grab her t-shirt, pulling it up and over her head, exposing that heavy duty bra she wore beneath to keep her massive tits from jiggling too much. It was lacy and frilly and beautiful, Phil thought to himself.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Phil said. "You need to let the serum get at least an hour's worth of time in you before you're going to be able to transmit any kind of antibodies to me."

"So we can spend an hour or so making out," Linda said, her voice a little huskier than it had been before maybe. "I like making out. Don't you like making out, Audrey?" Linda leaned in to kiss Phil for a moment, and he was surprised at how soft she felt, her lips against his, how tender and inviting the kiss was, far more romantic than he'd expected based on her cavalier attitude. "And besides," she said, "I did tell you last month that you, me and Audrey would make a nice little threesome, so now you're gonna get that."

"And you're sure you're—" he started to say before Audrey placed both of her hands on the back of his neck and pulled him into a heated kiss of her own, far more intense than what Linda had given him, as he slid his hands onto her hips.

Trying to keep them from going too far too fast was a strong challenge for the next hour, as the three of them peeled off their clothes and began to get seriously frisky with one another. The two women provided such a stark contrast from one another.

Audrey was Rubenesque, curvy and plump, with immense breasts the size of his head and an ass that Sir Mix-A-Lot would've certainly approved of, her skin dark for a Latina, a deep shade of earthy brown, with even darker nipples, her black hair in a bob cut down just past her chin. While it was clear she trimmed her pubic hair, it looked as though she might not have shaved her legs for a week or so.

Linda, on the other hand, looked more like a model or an athlete, although maybe she was a bit too short to be strutted down a catwalk any time soon, at least half a foot shorter than he was. She was lean and muscular, although he almost thought he could see a bit of embarrassment on her face as she removed her sports bra to reveal a small pair of breasts, certainly tame in comparison to Audrey's engulfing mounds. Her skin was pale, but there were tanlines on her arms, a pair of rings that marked where her skin was exposed to the sun when she was out on her run. Her nipples were a bright pink, almost the shade of old time bubblegum. Her blonde hair had been pinned up, but when she stripped down, she removed the bobby pins to let it fall down past her shoulders in golden waves. She also had a small thatch of golden curls above her pussy.

The tension had been rising while they'd been stripping, and the girls had worked together to strip Phil naked. He'd been a little bothered growing up that he didn't have any hair on his chest, but the girls didn't seem to mind, kissing and licking at his exposed flesh as they peeled his pants and boxers off of him, the three of them now fully naked in the quarantine room, at least ten minutes ahead of schedule. There were a couple of cots in the room, but Phil was fairly certain they'd been designed exclusively for sleeping, and not the kind of sexual activity they might be subjected to momentarily.

Audrey smoothed one of her hands on her own belly before looking up at Dr. Varma with concern. "Uh, doc? There might... uh... there might be something wrong with the formula," she groaned. "Didn't you say it was going to be like six to ten hours before we'd start to feel any form of sexual alterations?"

Dr. Varma clicked on the button to turn on the speaker. "Because of Dr. Marcos's infection, I had to give you both significantly higher dosages than I imagine will we use when we start rolling it out on a larger scale, so you may feel the sexual need much earlier than expected. But we needed to make sure we could get as much of the serum into Phil's bloodstream before the DuoHalo has a chance to do any serious damage to him. How are you feeling, Phil?"

"Like I'm exhausted. Like I've been stuck in a smoky room for a couple of hours. Breathing hurts a little bit."

"Hang in there, Phil," Charlotte said to him. "Help is coming soon. It's been nearly an hour, so if you want—"

Before that sentence was finished, Audrey had grabbed Phil's head again and kissed him hard once more as her hand had been stroking his cock. Linda's fingers closed around his balls, jostling them between her strong fingertips as she nuzzled in against the two of them. "Look at her, Phil," she whispered into his ear. "I think she's ready to fuck, and I don't blame her, 'cause so am I. God, I don't know that I've ever been so ready to fuck in my entire life. Here, feel how wet you make me."

She took one of his hands and pulled it down to rub his fingertips across her snatch, and true to her word, she was soaked, slippery far beyond any partner he'd ever had before, and while Phil wouldn't call himself a lothario, he did okay, even if it had been a couple of years since he'd had a partner. Linda's fingertips on his wrist forced him to push a couple of fingers up and inside of her pussy, which made her groan, trying to get his hand even deeper inside of her.

"How about you, Audrey? How are you feeling? You wanna fuck Phil?"

Audrey pulled back from the kiss and nodded, her forehead bumping against his a little. "I should be a good girl like my momma taught me to be, Phil, but I can't, I won't, I can't, I can't even think straight, my little pussy's so itchy and wet, and it's so fucking empty, and I know how that's how sluts talk, but that's how I feel right now, and you need to fucking help me, okay? You need to fucking fill that emptiness. Dios mio, you gotta fill me up, you gotta stuff me full before I go outta my fucking mind, okay?"

The two women were basically pushing him down to the floor, and as strong as he was, the two of them easily overpowered him, until he was on his back atop of their pile of clothes, as Audrey moved to straddle over him, her bright red fingernails lightly pressed against his shoulders. "Here, let's get you on top of that thing, Audrey," Linda said, grabbing her hip with one hand and his cock with the

other, shifting him and her to get them lined up. "Here you go."

As soon as Linda pushed Audrey down onto his shaft, the Latina's body began a tremble so intense that Phil thought for half a second they were in an earthquake. "There's a good girl," Linda cooed at her. "Did that feel good?"

"F-f-f-fuck Phil... is... is that supposed to happen?" Audrey whimpered. "I just came harder than I've ever cum when you pushed inside of me. That's the hardest I've ever fucking cum in my life, and I'm still thirsty, I still want more, I still feel needy. Gimme more."

She had the widest hips of any girl he'd ever been with, but she certainly knew how to use them, lifting and dropping her booty into his lap with a rhythmic tempo that just bopped up and down along his shaft, impaling herself again and again.

Normally, Phil liked to think of himself as being able to last a decent time, but the whole situation was so unexpected that it was only a couple of minutes before he found himself on the precipice of orgasm, trying desperately to hold out, only to feel Linda give his nuts a soft squeeze with one hand, her other hand stroking his face, nodding at him lazily.

With that, his resistance crumbled and he dug his heels into the cool floor, arching his back to push up, making sure his cock was stuffed as much inside of her as he could when that release punched his gut and forced a heavy blast of sticky sperm up into her. The sensations must have been even more intense for her, as she began to whimper and whine, while her body quivered all over again, aching tremors until she slumped forward onto his chest, her body completely given out, whispering the word "imprinting" into his ear.

It was strange, but he felt a little bit better, even if he still felt slightly short of breath. Linda helped roll Audrey off of him and over to one side, using a handful of clothes to form a pillow beneath her head, her entirely body deathly still except for her lips, still whispering.

Linda laughed a little, husky and wanton. "Fuck, that looked like it blew her mind when you blew your load," Linda said.

Phil nodded a little, lifting one forearm to wipe sweat from his head. "I feel a little bit better too," he said to her.

"Well that's good, because I don't," she grinned. "But I will, once I've gotten you inside of me." She crawled over and pushed her head down onto his cock, suckling a bit of his lingering cum from his shaft, which had started to soften but immediately hardened again as he watched the blue eyes of the Captain roll back in their sockets as she moaned whorishly around his dick, her tongue slithering frantically along his shaft before she popped her mouth off his uncircumcised tip, looking up at him with adoring blue eyes. "If I get orgasms like that all the fucking time, then all of this will have been worth it," she groaned to him, forcing herself up onto her knees before standing up, bending over the table in the center of the room. "Come and get me."

It took Phil a few seconds to get his balance to be able to stand up, but once he did, he moved over towards her, realizing his cock was completely ready for another round. He slowly shifted to get into place behind her, reaching down to hold his dick, working to get it lined up against her twat, and once he did, she practically shoved back onto him, her head falling forward, her forearms resting on the top of the table. "That's it, I saved your ass, now I want you to rail mine."

Whereas Audrey had taken the driver's seat, Linda seemed to want him to take control, so both of his hands grabbed onto her hips and yanked her back onto his cock with a fierce tug, punching out another deep sultry moan from her lips.

"Yes, you bastard, I've been sexually frustrated for months now, so fuck me! Fuck me like you wanna knock me up, like you wanna mark your territory, like you wanna carve my cunt into the shape of your fucking dick, you motherfucker, fucking do it!"

The pace he and Linda set was as far from gentle as they could get, his hips slamming back into her ass hard enough to bang the front of her thighs against the edge of the table. Eventually, he decided to get daring and reached forward to grab a fistful of her hair, which only seemed to excite her further.



With the edge having been taken off by his first orgasm, he lasted significantly longer with Linda, and he was fairly certain she went through a couple of orgasms before he finally reached his second climax, his cock tunneled as deep as he could get it inside of Linda's snatch as he could when he finally felt that inescapable pressure rushing from his balls to escape his body, drowning the inside of her pussy with his thick cream, sending her body into a ripple of howling orgasm.

A moment or so later, she slumped forward onto the table, faceplanting on the metal surface, but her arms having slowed the fall a bit, as she muttered the word “imprinting” endlessly once more.

And goddamn it, Phil thought to himself, I feel *fine*.

As tired as he was, he laid Linda down on the floor next to Audrey, then went and drew a bit of his own blood, running the test again, as he glanced over at Charlotte through the glass, it a bit fogged up, and her looking a little disheveled on the other side of it.

Sure enough, a few minutes later, the test came back *clean*.

Despite its crazy side effects, despite all the hoops involved, they'd invented a way to survive DuoHalo. He couldn't help but laugh.