

Chapter Two

July 10th, 2020

“You know, if Lucy was here, she’d be chewing our asses out for being nice to you,” Meg laughed, leaning back on the couch.

“Who’s Lucy and what the hell did I do to offend her?” Tom asked.

“Lucy is one of the members our volleyball team, and what you did wasn’t to her, but to her boyfriend,” Mel added, sitting next to her friend. “Does the name Tyler Straithairn mean anything to you?”

Tom smugly smirked and nodded his head with understanding. “Okay, yeah, that name definitely means something to me.” Tyler Straithairn was the star player of the University of Oregon golf team that Tom had played against late last fall. The UO team had come into the tournament feeling overconfident, and Tom had quietly dismantled their team one member at a time, with Tyler being the last challenger he had to defeat to win the series. Tom had basically locked Tyler out by the time they’d reached the back nine. “Brother or boyfriend?”

“Lucy’s boyfriend,” Meg said. “She spent like a week trying to cheer him up after you kicked his ass up and down the links.”

“It wasn’t anything personal. I just wanted to make sure I won.”

“I think that’s what she said pissed him off the most about it,” Mel giggled. “That he told her you were so *nice* about it, apologizing for doing well on a course you hadn’t played before.”

“Tyler’s kind of an asshat anyway,” Meg said. “He gets pissed about anything, even when people really aren’t doing anything wrong. Can you imagine how dense you gotta be to get mad at someone for being *nice*? But whatever, that’s Lucy’s problem and not ours.”

“I imagine that either of your boyfriends wouldn’t be thrilled about you being here either, though,” Tom offered.

“They would be—” Mel started.

“—if we *had* any,” Meg finished. “It’s a little hard making time for a boy when we’re constantly with the volleyball team, practicing.”

“Not that we don’t think about it,” Mel laughed. “I mean, I know Meg’s thought about picking up a couple of F’n’F’s while we’ve been touring for games.”

“F’n’F’s?” Tom asked.

“Fuck and Forgets,” Meg groaned. “Thanks, Mel; now I sound like a total fucking slut.”

“No you don’t,” Tom said. “It’s good to have a healthy sex drive. I’ve never understood when women who want sex are considered sluts when men who want sex are considered studs.”

Meg pointed at Tom with one hand and put her other fist up in the air. “Right on! That’s it exactly. I’m taking back the word slut and reclaiming it for pride!”

“I don’t think it works li—” Mel said.

“I’m taking it back!” Meg said, standing on the couch her arms in the air. “I’m a proud slut and there’s nothing you can do to stop me!”

That made all three of them start laughing at the absurdity of it, but the laughter was a needed release valve, as the cabin fever Tom had been experiencing was already starting to affect Meg and Mel. The ‘tour’ of their little area hadn’t taken more than an hour or so, and after that, it had been frustrating to realize just how remote and removed from civilization their little base was.

“Fuck, I hope they tell us what’s going on soon,” Mel sighed. “I’m mostly pissed they confiscated our cellphones, so I can’t update my socials or even check Instagram while we’re here.”

“I know, right?” Meg grumbled. “So fucking stupid.”

“Well, considering that NDA I had to sign,” Tom said, “I imagine it’s some pretty serious test or something that we’re being used for.”

“It definitely is if they’re worried about us talking about it with our friends and family,” Meg agreed.

“They said they were gonna tell us all about it soon, though,” Mel added.

“So why are you in the National Guard instead of playing golf at a professional level, Tom?”

“Right now I’m one of the top ranked amateurs, but I wasn’t recruited into the Berkley Golf Team when I was in high school. I was a walk on and fought my way onto the team, but I had to agree to a national guard commitment to pay for college tuition. I wasn’t really any good until junior year where I started applying my data science major to my golf skills, seeing it less as an art and more as a science. I wasn’t on anyone’s radar until the end of last year and didn’t get serious attention until I started my 5th year, my final one.”

“The classic overnight but not really Cinderella story, huh?” Meg asked.

“Something like that,” Tom replied.

The door to the barracks opened and Joe entered, dripping with sweat, just having gotten back from his run. Joe had been spending some time getting to know Meg and Mel, but had been trying not to do too much, for fear of pissing Olivia off. “Looks like the Meyers are coming over to talk to us. Their jeep was pulling up as I was jogging in. I’m gonna hop through a quick shower – I’ll be back out in like two minutes. Don’t let ‘em start without me,” he said, walking past them towards the boy’s room and its attached bathroom.

“Anything to break this fucking monotony,” Meg grumbled. “Hopefully they’ll explain what the fucking paperwork was about.”

“We’re just as curious as you are,” Tom told them. They’d spent a good part of the last day trying to get any of the guards to tell them *anything* to no avail. He felt like they should’ve been open and transparent about what was going on, but instead, the guards on duty had all been extremely tight lipped.

The Doctors Meyer entered the barracks with their two guards, a pair of fit blonde women in fatigues wearing large aviator style sunglasses, escorting them, as always. It almost seemed like the two doctors didn’t go anywhere without their bodyguards, something that found a little odd, but had chalked up to the supposed importance of whatever the Doctors Meyer were working on.

“Hello, Meg, Mel,” the male Meyer said to them. “You two getting settled in okay?”

“Can we wait just a minute or two for Joe to get out here before we start talking about anything serious? He should be out in just a couple of minutes,” Tom said. “He was out on a jog when he saw you pulling up.”

“As long as he hurries,” the female Meyer replied. “We’re on a little bit of a timetable today, and we want to get started as soon as possible.”

“We were just making small talk anyway,” the male Meyer said. “You are both fine, yes yes?”

“Just fine, Doc,” Meg answered.

“We’re just confused as to what’s going on,” Mel said.

“Me too,” Joe said, entering the room, still drying his blonde hair, having pulled on a shirt and some pants, not having bothered with socks or shoes. “We agreed to take part in your little experiment, but so far that seems to be little more than sitting around waiting for you to do something.”

The two Doctors Meyer looked at each other before the male Meyer took a laptop out of his satchel while the female Meyer turned on the television in the room and ran a cable to it from her husband’s laptop, so it would mirror the computer. “What we’re about to tell you is completely classified and part of the reason you were required to sign the NDAs and why we’re keeping you sequestered from being able to communicate with the outside world,” the female Meyer said.

On the television, a Powerpoint presentation began titled “Surviving Tomorrow: The DuoHalo Epidemic,” and suddenly everyone in the room was paying rapt attention to the screen.

“As of January of this year, the entire world has been quietly and secretly fighting a war against a disease called DuoHalo, and we have been losing. Badly. The virus has a 100% fatality rate for those of ages 11 to 17, and a lethality rate of about 91-92% among men ages 18 and above, and a lethality rate of 10-12% among women ages 18 and above. Children ages 10 and younger are immune to the *effects* of DuoHalo but are common carriers of the virus.”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Tom muttered beneath his breath before he could bring himself to speak actual words. “You’re talking about the end of the world.”

“Thankfully, Airman, we aren’t,” the male Meyer said. “We’ve got a solution, albeit a very, *very* unconventional one. It was developed by a joint project between Air Force and Boeing, and they’re calling it the Quaranteam Serum. When used correctly, it’s basically able to defeat DuoHalo, Covid and a significant other number of viruses. But the correct usage isn’t the easiest of things to do.”

“What the hell does *that* mean?” Mel asked.

“The Quaranteam serum cannot be directly injected into men,” the female Meyer said. “Doing so is fatal to the male. But the serum can be given to women, who can then transfer their resistances to their male partner through sexual contact. It does, however, come with certain side effects, which include, in essence, bonding that woman to that man, so that she cannot have sexual contact with any other male partner otherwise she’ll experience serious burns and possible death. Extremely regular sexual contact between paired partners is not only suggested, it’s required to strengthen and reinforce the immunity, however the experience is enhanced to be even more pleasurable than normal sex is.”

“Wait wait wait,” Joe said. “You’re telling me the Air Force built a sexually transmitted vaccine? *Intentionally?*”

Both of the Doctors Meyer laughed a little bit, shaking their heads. “Not intentionally, no. There was another project, originally intended to be a working towards an injury recovery serum that they sort of stumbled into a working solution for dealing with the problem we were currently facing. They’ve just gone into major deployment of it now, but they’re doing so under military smokescreen, keeping it secret specifically not to cause panic. When a paired woman and man have sex, they reinforce both partner’s resistance to viruses. We have a whole pamphlet on the matter you can read while we’re doing the injection. We are only now just starting to mass manufacture the serum, and with supplies limited and the death toll rapidly skyrocketing, we need to keep the public in the dark for as long as we possibly can.”

“How high is the death toll?” Joe asked.

“Much, much, *much* higher than any of us would like,” the female Meyer said.

That news hung in the air for a long moment, with a graphic showing the death toll already in the millions on the screen, as the projection kept rising at what seemed like an unstoppable rate. Suddenly, the weight of everything felt a whole lot real.

“Why is it called the Quaranteam Serum?” Tom asked.

“I’m glad you asked,” the male Meyer continued. “With a single female/male connection, the man has somewhere between a 30-50% resistance to the DuoHalo virus. A start, but far from ideal. But with a decent number of multiple female partners, that resistance can be brought up to almost total immunity, not just from DuoHalo, but dozens if not hundreds of infectious diseases, and not just for the male, but all female members of that Team.”

“Multi... are...” Mel kept starting and stopping before she could finally get the sentence out. “Are you proposing pairing multiple women up with one man? Like... like some sort of fucking harem?”

“That is, in fact, the ideal path for the system to work, and considering how many men we’ve already lost across this great nation of ours, the longer we wait to get our men protected, the more trouble we’re going to be in when it comes to keeping our species alive,” the female Meyer said. “I’m already imprinted to my husband, as are our two guards, Airman Vaughan and Airman Guerrero, and as such, we’re all guaranteed to survive this plague together. But in looking towards the approach the Air Force is using to find matching partners, there have been some concerns that certain genetic traits and markers might get lost moving forward because of personal biases or current trends, so we’ve been engaged by the government to help curate... a few specialty matches, in a concerted effort to preserve some of these genetic traits.”

“We also want to see if we can use one of the serum’s side effects to help focus this preservation effort a little bit more,” the male Meyer said. “For everyone’s benefit.”

“You mean other than the fact that you’re giving every dude in America a harem?” Mel said, clearly a little uncomfortable with all of this.

“Would you rather see all the men in America die, Miss Collins?”

“Well, *no, obviously*, but...”

“Then this is what we got,” Airman Vaughan volunteered. The two soldiers were actually remarkably similar, both looking somewhat Nordic, about the same height and build and even similar bust sizes, Tom noticed, but based on their last names, he thought it was highly unlikely they were sisters.

“Besides,” Airman Guerrero chuckled, “the *other* benefits are pretty fucking great.”

“What *other* benefits?” Meg asked.

“Increased sexual sensitivity, increased orgasm intensity, a sort of general all-around euphoria on a day-to-day basis when around one’s partners,” the female Meyer said with an almost shy smile. “Honestly, I’ve never felt so much like a woman as I did on the day I was imprinted onto my husband.”

Meg looked over at her friend, and then over at Joe and Tom. “Wait, are you saying you want to imprint *us* onto *them*?”

“Hang on a minute!” Joe started to say.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Barton, you’ve made your wishes abundantly clear,” the female Meyer said. “And we’re respecting them. Your girlfriend Olivia will be showing up either tomorrow or the day after, along with another woman. We were hoping that both of you two women would be interested in pairing up with Mr. Holt-Hodge here.”

“Wait, *both* of us?” Mel asked, looking back at her best friend with eyes as wide as spotlights. “I mean, I’m an open-minded girl, but—”

“What, I’m not good enough to share a man with, Mel?” Meg said, almost a touch of accusation in her voice.

“We’re talking about fucking the same *boy*, Meg!”

“It sounds like if we didn’t, we’d be split up and might not see each other anymore,” Meg countered. “And I don’t want to lose my best friend.” She reached over and grabbed Mel’s hand, closing her fingers around it. “I know it’s weird, but you and I, we’ve helped each other get through a lot over these last few years, and now the government is here telling me most of the boys we’ve ever flirted with in our lives are probably dead, but if we agree to fuck Tom for the rest of our lives, we’ll both live nearly disease free.”

“But—”

“And that one time... I didn’t hate it, if I’m honest.”

“Jesus! Meg!”

“Is nobody going to ask *my* opinion in all of this?” Tom said with a soft laugh.

“Oh *fuck*,” Meg said, suddenly burying her face in her hands for a second. “Here we are arguing like a couple of spoiled bitches and you don’t even *want*—”

“Hey,” Tom said. “I didn’t say *that* at *all*. You’re both very beautiful women, and I realize I don’t really get a choice in this because I’m part of the team the National Guard volunteered for this experiment. But I just want to say that I’ve really enjoyed talking with both of you gorgeous ladies for the last day, and if you’re willing to go through this with me, well, I’d consider myself pretty fucking lucky. You’re both kind of out of my league, and it’s super crazy that neither of you sees that, but I think we could all be pretty great together. That’s, that’s all I wanted to say.”

Mel's face puckered like she'd just made an ass of herself before laughing a little bit. "Alright, fine, fuck it. If Meg's okay with it, I guess I am too."

"Your father is also a redhead, is he not, Mr. Holt-Hodge?" the male Meyer asked him.

"He is. Is that what this is about?" Tom asked. "The redhead gene?"

"It's a contributing factor," the female Meyer said. "We're doing some experimentation on how genome sequencing works with the serum, and it's important that we have a couple of constants. With your father being a redhead, and both ladies here being redheads, you'll have a strong chance to have redheaded children, helping preserve that particular gene."

"Hang on," Meg said, raising a finger. "I'm okay with fucking regularly, but let's not rush to kids quite so quickly."

"Miss Carroway," the female Meyer said. "The population of the planet is going to be cratered by the time we stabilize from this plague. So we have to be planning for the future. Nobody's asking you to get pregnant right this minute, only asking you to consider the inevitable option of it. You'll have months, even years to decide when the right time is for you and your Team."

"If you don't like it, Miss Carroway," the male Meyer said, "we can let you go back and take the traditional Oracle program path, but your earlier point does stand – the two of you would likely be very separated from one another, sent to different cities, states even."

"And during that time, you'd be at risk of catching DuoHalo," the female Meyer said.

"Not to mention the trouble of getting you back into the system and relocating you again."

"At which point, obviously, there's only so much anyone can do to protect you from the virus."

"Or—"

"Or you can accept Mr. Holt-Hodge as your partner, and we can go get the two of you injected with the serum right now," the female Meyer said. "You could be back getting imprinted within a few hours and within a day or two, the three of you would be highly resilient to DuoHalo."

"And having the best fucking sex of your goddamn lives," Airman Vaughan added.

"Thank you, Bridget," the male Meyer said with a chuckle.

"No, thank *you*, sir," she replied with a sly wink.

"Don't forget to tell'em about the other thing, Docs," Airman Guerrero said.

"Oh yes," the male Meyer said, almost as if this all was an afterthought. "Part of the Quaranteam process involves a chance at what we're currently calling 'regeneration.' I realize exactly how science-fiction this all sounds, but I assure you, it's science fact. When a woman is imprinted on a man, both the man and the woman stand a chance of going through a regeneration process, which comes in three levels – small, medium and large. A small regeneration involves little things that may be fixed – a scar on your leg, for example, or a trick knee that occasionally gives you a cramp. A medium regeneration involves more serious changes, like restoring a healed broken bone back to good-as-new condition, or cleansing your body of lingering parasites or toxins, or even correcting poor eyesight or hearing. A large regeneration is almost like a complete factory reset of your body, restoring everything to optimal condition, including solving major illnesses or in some cases genetic problems. Big changes."

“How big are you talking, Doc?” Joe asked, suddenly honing on a point he found especially interesting. “Like significant physical recoveries?”

“If we can trigger a large regeneration, Mr. Barton, it’s almost the sky’s the limit. We’ve seen them regrow missing limbs, purge lungs of lung cancer, rebuild removed organs from scratch, even restore sight and hearing. We don’t know what the upper end of it is capable of, because it isn’t something we can reliably trigger... yet. That’s another part of our research, trying to make sure we can trigger at least some level of regeneration during all pairings.”

“It can cure cancer?” Joe followed up. “For good?”

“If a regeneration happens, we think so, Mr. Barton,” the female Meyer said. “We’ve seen it beat lung cancer, ovarian cancer, stomach cancer and even regrow removed testicles.”

“It can regrow missing body parts? You’re sure?”

“If we can trigger it. We’re hoping that the modifications we’ve made will trigger a regeneration in all pairings we create using this serum and—”

“If you let me request and add another person of my choosing for my Team, I’m in,” Joe said, and Tom immediately knew who his friend was talking about. “The chance of making her whole again is too important to pass up.”

The male Meyer smiled, almost as if he knew he had his hooks into Joe now. “Then we’ll consider you in, Mr. Barton and you can simply write down on this piece of paper the requested person’s details and location and we’ll see about getting her here as soon as we can.” He slid a piece of paper over to Joe, along with a pen, and Joe began writing down details immediately.

“That just leaves you, ladies,” the female Meyer said to them. “Are you in?”

Meg and Mel looked back and forth at each other, then at Tom, then back at the doctors once more, cautiously. “Are we always going to be having sex together as a group?” Mel asked trepidatiously. “I mean, now and then might be okay but...”

“You’ll need to have sex with your Team’s anchor every nine to ten days, but how you choose to do that is up to your individual Team,” the female Meyer said. “I don’t mind sharing with our new family members, but I know they also appreciate some alone time with my husband, and I don’t object to that either. If you want to always do so individually, that’s up to you and your partner.”

“Fine,” Meg said after a long minute of silence. “Fine. We can work out all the details and finer points later. Let’s just go and do this before I lose my nerve.”

“You’ve never lost your nerve about anything, Meg,” Mel said with a laugh. “Let’s not start now.”

“Alright gentlemen,” the male Meyer said as the two Doctors stood up. “Then we will take the two ladies with us and get them vaccinated before bringing them back to you. We’ll leave these pamphlets here for you two to read, and ladies, we’ll have more in-depth pamphlets for you to read while we’re giving you full physicals and then giving you the injections. Mr. Barton, we anticipate your girlfriend should be arriving in one- or two-days’ time, but during that time, she’ll be incommunicado, so you won’t be able to speak with her until her arrival. They were picked up by members of the Air Force’s transport team this morning.”

“Why the physicals?” Meg said as she rose to her feet while the male Meyer was putting a couple of pamphlets down on the table for Tom and Joe.

“If, as expected, you two go through a regeneration as part of the imprinting process,” the female Meyer said, “we want to be sure to have baseline numbers to compare against for all the resulting changes. Even the smallest discrepancy can tell us a lot.”

“Alright then,” Mel said, standing up. “Let’s go. Let’s get to it, babe. We can talk about how we want to do all of this while they’re shooting us up and letting us read the pamphlets.”

“We’ll be back soon enough, you two,” Meg laughed, shaking her head. “Madness. This whole fucking world is madness.”

That left Tom and Joe with no one to ask questions of and nothing to do but read the pamphlets, which were as eye opening as they were confusing. Once they started reading through it, Tom began taking notes, scribbling down each question as they came to him. This certainly wasn’t his field – he was going to be a data scientist, nothing to do with medicine – but this was something he was committing the rest of his life to, so it seemed important to make sure he understood what he was getting himself into.

In many ways the pamphlet was quite explicit. Sex between partners was needed every 8-10 days or so. A woman couldn’t have sex with any man other than the one she was imprinted on because his semen would be toxic to her. In having sex with an imprinted partner, both partners systems would receive a flush and restoration of the serum’s healing effects and would keep them relatively virus free. If either partner suspected they were exposed to DuoHalo, they simply needed to engage in sexual activity with their partner as soon as possible and they should be fine. It all read like slightly deranged science fiction, but it was incredibly official looking and there were even some parts that were handwritten, mostly about which version of the Quaranteam serum they were using, and who the head doctors were on their inoculation site.

Just to drive home how serious the DuoHalo plague was, there were a handful of pictures showing truck trailers full of bodies in body bags, as well as an explanation of how the DuoHalo virus began attacking the body leading to the inevitable death. There were also some specifics about the virus that the doctors had glossed over, including what the pamphlet referred to as the Kill Zone, an age cohort between 11 and 17, to whom the virus was completely fatal. Those under the age of 11 who were exposed to the virus would develop an immunity to it, but could still regularly be carriers of it, even as they aged into the Kill Zone.

The longer he read through the pamphlet, the more amazed he was that they’d managed to keep this quiet as much as they had, because the death tolls were astronomical. The change in population would be detectable in the amount of oxygen the planet used on a daily basis.

“You think Olivia’s going to be okay with this, Joe?” Tom asked his best friend. “I mean, I know you two have been dating for a while but sharing you?”

Joe smirked a little bit in that way that told Tom he’d missed something his friend had picked up on. “I thought about that, but the Meyers said they picked *them* up this morning, implying they were in the same place, meaning that it’s someone Liv knows, and that maybe they even told her why they were bringing her, so I won’t have to explain it all to her.”

“That feels like maybe you’re jumping to conclusions, Joe,” Tom said.

“Maybe, but I can’t imagine how the Air Force would get Olivia to come with them without some explanation from me, or from someone with good solid reasons,” Joe said, standing up from the couch, stretching his arms over his head. “Anyway, I don’t want to disturb you and the girls, so I’ll fuck off for the afternoon and head back out to hang out with Bobby outside until an hour or two after they get back. And if you wanna talk about it while they’re in this imprinting sleep, you come out and we can talk about it, otherwise I’ll see you in the morning.”

“You’re not worried?” Tom asked.

“Nah,” Joe said. “I’m getting my girl back. She and I know what the other likes in bed. You? You’ve a total crap shoot. If we’d been going through this the normal way, at least you’d have that Oracle computer program they’re talking about to know you were sexually compatible.” Joe laughed, standing by the front door to the barracks. “Here, if they think something’s freaky, or you do, you’re stuck with it.” Joe opened the door and stepped out into the warm air. “Good luck, brother!”

That left Tom alone with his thoughts and the pamphlet.

A couple hours later, just shy of six pm, the door opened and the girls came back into the barracks dressed pretty close to how they were when they were left, although there were subtle differences, mostly as if the girls were trying to get him to notice their bodies, shirts that had hung loose when they’d left had been tied up in the small of their backs, leaving their toned stomachs on display, the t-shirts pulled up to expose as much midriff as possible. That also meant Tom could see the Lululemon yoga pants they’d had on, realizing exactly how well it showed off each of the girls legs and asses, and from the way they entered the room, it was almost as if the two were competing to see who could get him to eyefuck her harder.

“Hey ladies, how was it?” he asked them, as they both moved over and grabbed one of his hands, pulling him up and away from the couch.

“We need to get you into your bedroom,” Meg said, her fingers intertwining with his. “There are a number of differences between the normal Quaranteam serum and this test version of the serum, but the most important one for our conversation is the amount of time it takes for a woman to get sexually frustrated after being injected.”

“Yeah,” Mel said, her hand sliding into Tom’s back pocket, giving his ass a little goose. “They said it was going to be quicker acting, but as soon as that needle started pushing that purple liquid into my body, I could start to feel myself getting all warm and tingly and... and... and...”

“And fucking *horny*,” Meg finished for her, as both girls started giggling. “They said it wouldn’t be uncommon to start feeling that if we went a day or two between injection and imprinting, but we told them we were feeling it *immediately*, so they tried not to keep us too long.”

“Thank fuck they did all the measurements and shit *before* they injected us,” Mel said, both girls kicking off their shoes and socks.

“And you’re both sure you still want to go through with it?” Tom said as they pulled him into the little spartan bedroom and closed the door shut as soon as they were through it.

“Our minds are made up, Tom,” Meg said, pulling her shirt up and over her head to reveal a clingy blue Nike sports bra that was holding her tits in place. “And hopefully you haven’t changed *yours*, because I don’t think we can give you an option anymore.”

Mel nodded, and grabbed her shirt to pull it off, revealing a more traditional black lacey bra. “You’re gonna fuck us, Tom. You already agreed to it. No takesies backsies,” she added with a giggle. “Besides, are we *that* horrible to look at?”

“*Fuck no*,” Tom said as they pushed him back to make him sit on the bed. “That wasn’t what I was saying at all!”

“Good, because we’re going to love bomb the shit out of you, sir,” Mel giggled.

The two girls approached him at the same time, one slightly to the left of him, one slightly to the right, before each of them took a hand and shoved him onto his back on the bed. “Now, let’s get a look and see what we’re working with for the rest of our lives,” Meg said as both girls got on their knees before him.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine,” Mel said, as they both reached to his waist and unbuttoned his jeans. Tom was a little taken aback with how intensely the two women were starting this moment, but there was also something intensely erotic about seeing them fixated with a need and a hunger only he could satisfy. Meg’s hands won the race and she fished out Tom’s cock excitedly, letting it slap her on the cheek before Mel whined. “Don’t hog it all for yourself.”

“Why are you complaining?” Meg asked. “You’re getting the better end of the deal.”

“I know what we talked about, Meg,” Mel said, “but I think we should *both* fuck him. Otherwise it won’t be fair, and you’ll be pissed at me forever.”

“Aww! Thanks Mel! I’m still taking first taste though!” Meg said as she glanced and saw a pearl of precum on the tip of Tom’s cock, leaning her head down to lick it up before her whole body started spasming so hard that Tom was worried something was wrong, even while Mel was giggling. A few seconds later, Meg was able to lift her face up from the top of the bed and grin up at Tom with a sort of predatory hunger and need that he’d never seen on a woman’s face before, instead seeing an expression more primal and hungrier, like a lioness considering her prey. “Mel, you better get your taste in now, because I’m one step away from just climbing on top of him and getting what I fucking want.”

“What the hell was that?” Tom asked them.

“They call it a priming orgasm” Meg said while Mel stroked his cock for a few seconds until another droplet of precum oozed from the tip, her friend’s lips moving down to let her lick it up, setting off a similar reaction in Mel’s body. “I imagine it’s to make sure a woman’s wet and ready to fuck in case the serum’s deployed in emergencies in the field or something, but I don’t really know. They just told us it’s how it works.” Meg stroked Mel’s hair as her friend burred in pleasure before lifting her head up to look at Meg in astonishment. “I know, right?”

Mel nodded. “I mean, fucking right, right?”

Meg giggled a little bit, standing up pushing her yoga pants and the g-string she had on beneath, exposing that she kept a small V shape of red pubic hair above her pussy. “I mean, when you’re right, you’re fucking right,” Meg said stepping out of what little clothing she had on left and standing glorious and naked before him. “Okay Tom, time to get to it,” she said as she climbed onto the bed, straddling him before reaching beneath her to grab his cock, lining it up against the entrance of her snatch and slowly sliding herself down onto it with a hungry groan. “Fuuuck yeah.”

Tom was about to ask a question when he felt Mel slide up on the bed next to him, leaning her head down to press her lips against his in a hungry kiss, their tongues tangling up as Meg's hands rested on his chest while she began to post on him, bucking her hips up and down to make his cock push in and out of her very warm and slippery pussy, her ass smacking down with enough force to make the military bed creak in angry protest.

For his first time with a new partner, Tom generally liked to take it slow, kind, romantic, lots of cuddling leading up to things starting to get frisky before they got truly hot and heavy, but Meg and Mel had the pedal to the floor right from the get go, and so he could feel her moaning and shivering atop of his body, but she was moving like she saw the goal line and wanted to make sure she got there. Her hips shoved down hard while Mel's hand moved across Tom's chest, occasionally tangling up with Meg's, the two holding hands for a moment right atop Tom's heart, before Mel moved to whisper in his ear. "It's okay, Tom," she giggled. "Nobody needs you to be a half an hour man your first few times around. You can tell she wants it, so just give it to her already. Cum in her tight little cunt."

Tom was a little surprised to hear Mel talking that way, but it certainly did a number on him, and he felt his body tensing up as his first orgasm snuck up behind him and smacked him on the back of the head with a blackjack, that release almost arriving with no time for buildup, as his back arched and he started spewing hot cum inside of Meg's pussy, setting her off in the most intense orgasm he'd ever witnessed with his own eyes. Her body went into wild spasms, her hands clenched onto his shoulders, her face tilted up towards the ceiling as she let out a guttural, almost strained moan before her whole body just suddenly slumped forward onto his, her head resting against his shoulder, her lips mumbling "imprinting, imprinting..." over and over again.

A few moments later, Mel started giggling fiercely, helping Tom move Meg's body up and onto the bed, laying her down on her back. She was still muttering the singular word repeatedly, but Tom remembered the pamphlet had told them to expect that. He looked over to Mel, smiling at her. "Well, I was going to ask if you were still sure you wa—"

Midsentence, Mel grabbed the back of his head and kissed Tom harder than he knew what to do with, so his hands started exploring her body through the clothing a bit. The two girls were similar in a lot of ways, but there were also key differences, Mel's auburn hair several shades darker than Meg's strawberry blonde. The two were of similar builds as well, and Meg was a little bit shorter than Mel was, although only by an inch or two, but Meg was a bit bustier than Mel was. "Does that answer your fucking question, Tom?" Mel panted, unable to pull far away from him.

"Mmmm," Tom replied with a smile. "You're wearing far too many clothes for this next bit."

Mel slipped off the bed and unfastened her bra, revealing a small tattoo of a heart on the top outside of her left breast with clover inside of it. She then pushed her yoga pants and the cotton panties she had on underneath down to the floor, stepping out of them. Similar to her friend, Mel had a small square of pubic hair, just as if she needed some proof that she was a true redhead, and a dusting of freckles over her tits. She smiled a touch shyly at Tom as she moved up onto the bed and slowly laid down next to her friend, extending her arms towards him. "C'mon, I'll take the bottom."

"Take it in the bottom?" Tom teased. "I mean, it *says* that'll work, but for our first time?"

That broke the tension a little, and Mel giggled, shaking her head. "Get over here, you oaf."

Tom moved to crawl between Mel's legs as she lifted her knees up to welcome and keep his body centered between hers, leaning down to kiss her lips, stroking his hand across her face. "You get the full package," he told her. "Seems like it's better to go later."

"Mmmpphh... C'mon, Tom, I need you to fuck me already," she purred. "I feel like it's prom night all over again, and I've got the best-looking boy in town on top of me."

"Whatever makes you happy, Mel," Tom said, kissing her as his cock slowly pushed inside of her, feeling her strong volleyball player thighs clenching onto his hips, pulling him deeper into her body as she moaned into his mouth, the sensations clearly ripping through her nerves like gasoline on fire.

He'd only lasted a couple of minutes with Meg, and while he felt like he wanted to go longer, there was also something much more primal being unlocked inside of him, like he wanted to claim this girl, to bring her into his family, his Team, and to do so, he needed to fuck her until they were both having the best orgasms of their lives, even though he'd read in the pamphlet that between the priming orgasm and the imprinting orgasm, a woman couldn't *have* an orgasm, so he wanted to get her past that threshold as quickly as he could.

Tom pumped his hips back and forth as Mel groaned and whimpered while their bodies collided. He wasn't sure where he'd gotten this second rush of energy from, but he wasn't going to question it, and he was able to last a bit longer than he'd anticipated, several minutes of their bodies colliding before he felt his body approaching. "I'm... Mel, I'm about to..."

"Do it, Tom," she hissed at him eagerly. "Fucking do it. Cum inside me. Claim me, make me your fucking slut, make me part of your fucking Team, just fucking do it already!"

Tom's balls seized up and his cock began to spew another thick load of sticky ropes of cum inside of Mel's pussy as her hands clamped onto him like vice locks, two athletes clinging together amidst a storm of orgasmic energy until Tom's shaft ceased twitching and he looked at Mel's blank slate face, her eyes clamped shut, her lips murmuring "imprinting, imprinting, imprinting..." over and over again.

"Oh good," Tom thought to himself, seeing that both girls were smiling, but he felt an intense cloud falling over his body, all of his muscles weighing tons, and he was barely able to move quick enough to get between the two women and fall face down onto the pillow and mattress, and unconsciousness took his mind quick.