

Quaranteam

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Chapter 47

It was supposed to be a nice simple dropoff, but Andy had long since learned that any time Phil was involved, the word 'simple' went straight out the damn window, never to be seen again. Andy had never quite understood what it was about his good friend that had led to such chaos, but at this point was willing to attribute it to a curse, if nothing else.

The plan had originally been to bring Nathaniel over in the afternoon, but after Andy had met with Eve and seen the condition she was in, he'd asked Nathaniel to rearrange his schedule if at all possible. The Watkins had agreed that Andy could arrive at their estate at 10 am and Nathaniel and his escort would be ready to go, so Andy arrived at the Watkins estate about ten minutes before 10, just so he could be prompt.

Both Niko and Alexis had insisted on going with him, and Fiona had asked to tag along as well, as research for the book she had started working on. She'd interviewed a handful of the girls so far – she'd started with Piper, but had also done some interviews with Aisling, Niko and Emily – but this was the sort of event she couldn't pass up an exclusive front seat for.

Sarah and Emily had wanted to come, but they were doing loads of virtual interviews with other media in preparation for the 60 Minutes story dropping that evening immediately after the President's speech. All of the interviews were embargoed until after the 60 Minutes special edition aired, naturally, but loads of people wanted to get quotes from two Hollywood A-listers about not only their relationship, but also how they felt they were doing in the new post DuoHalo world. Em said before they left the house that they were booked with Zoom calls right up until the guests were supposed to be arriving for the party tonight.

“So what's this Watkins guy really like?” Fiona asked Andy, the two of them sitting in the back seat, with Niko and Alexis in the front. “He comes across as very smart, but maybe a little too detached from the real world for his own good.”

“If you can imagine a yoga instructor or a surfer crossed with an 18th century French aristocrat, you're probably not too far off.”

Fiona grinned a little at him. “Let them eat cake, my dude?”

“He's one of the better people I've met here in New Eden, but he still has more money than any single human being should be allowed to control, so... you know... sliding scale.”

“He didn't let his son abuse a teenage girl who was tutoring him,” Niko said over her shoulder, “so I will give him that. He doesn't boss the women of his house around, which is good to see. And he took in Andy's ex so that she didn't get assigned to one of those other bastards who aren't so nice. Three and half stars out of five, you ask me.”

“He's not a restaurant, Niko,” Andy said, shaking his head, entertained by the conversation.

“He's a finance guy,” Alexis added. “There's certain things you just have to expect with those people. They understand the power of money and they're not afraid to use it, but they overlook the *human cost* of doing things, from time to time. I met a lot of people like him during the six months I was stationed over in the Middle East. Too much money, not enough common sense. But he seems like he might be okay, overall. Treat him like you would any semi-domesticated wild animal – he's probably a friend, but it doesn't hurt to be on the look out for the sudden inclination that he might bite you in the ass. He's like a pet snake in that regard, I guess.”

“If a snake could use tools and manage a money market with uncanny skill,” Niko concluded.

They'd been sitting near the gate for a few minutes now, so Andy motioned for Niko to take them up to the gate, where they buzzed. He wondered if their security had noticed them just beyond the perimeter and didn't care, or wasn't paying attention to what was happening outside of their gates. Almost immediately, a voice shot back “Yes?”

“Andy Rook and his detail, here to meet with Mr. Watkins, to take him over to his appointment,” Niko said.

“Okay, turn the car around and when you see the gates opening up behind you, start driving towards the destination and Mr. Watkins and his detail will follow you there,” the voice said. “Please do not drive too quickly, as Mr. Watkins' detail will be relaying their location back to the house, so the rest of his detail knows where he is at all times. We trust Mister Rook, but you know the old saying – trust, but verify.”

Alexis looked back into the back seat at Andy and mouthed, “the *rest* of his security detail?” to which Andy only shrugged back.

“Roger,” Niko said, shifting the car into reverse, rolling up her window. “I mean, I sort of expected them to take their own car,” she said, turning the car around, getting the rear of it near the gates, but not so close that it would be a problem. “That's what I would've done if we'd been in their place. I just thought we'd come onto the estate first and hammer it all out.”

“I *did* tell Nathaniel that time was of the essence, so maybe he's just taking that to heart,” Andy said, glancing over his shoulder, seeing the gates opening, a large black Escalade just beyond them. “Okay, I guess that's them. Let's go.”

The drive from Nathaniel's house was uneventful, with Niko making sure not to go too fast, so as to not lose the Watkins vehicle behind them, especially around the little sudden turn that almost seemed to vanish into nowhere. As they were approaching the house, Niko tapped on the Tesla's touchscreen to make it call the safehouse to notify them about their arrival.

“Neeks,” the familiar voice said over the speakers.

“K-Rod,” Niko responded. “Two vehicles incoming. Principal is in the second vehicle, although detail size and strength is unknown. Personal opsec is expected.”

“Roger, Neeks,” Rodriguez responded. “Glad you're here. The bitch is practically climbing the walls for oxygen.”

“Pulling up in thirty seconds,” Niko said. “See you and Pakky then.” She tapped the button on the touchscreen and ended the call.

“How worried about all of this should we be?” Fiona asked the car. “Are we in friendly territory or should I be keeping an eye on the exits at all times?”

“Rodriguez and Pak came with me to this base, and we've been part of the same unit for more than a year now, since Captain Hayes put the unit together,” Niko answered. “We were put together for a different purpose, but the Captain never told us what it was, since we got assigned here almost immediately after we finished cohesion training. I trust them with my life, and with all of yours.”

“Just keep your wits about you and everything should go smooth as silk,” Alexis said, as the car pulled to a stop in the house's driveway, as far up as they could, as the black Escalade pulled in right behind them.

The first person to hop out of the Escalade was the driver, Nathaniel's personal bodyguard, whose name was Octavia. She looked maybe Persian in ethnicity, strikingly beautiful but also lean and agile, dressed entirely in black. She had a gun holstered on her hip, and Master Sergeant Rodriguez met her, as the two quietly discussed security matters quietly for what felt like a very long time before eventually Octavia gestured to the car and the other three doors each opened.

Not only had Nathaniel shown up himself, he'd also brought his wife Eliza and one of his assistants, Rosalyn, with him. “Sorry about all the tension, Andy,” Nathaniel said to him, “but when you're going somewhere new, this sort of thing needs to happen these days. You know these people, but Octavia doesn't, so until she's at least accepting of our situation, we stay in the car. You know how it is. You've met the lady in question, you said in your text?”

“I have,” Andy told him, “and I think you'll actually get along very well with her. She's very smart and has a wonderfully dry sense of humor.” He shook Nathaniel's hand. “Thanks again for agreeing to do this. I know you were set on closing off your house, but we're both just doing what we

can to get by in this world.”

“After Nathaniel told me what you did for that poor girl Piper Brown,” Eliza said, “I told him we were going to make sure to repay you any kindness you did for us back tenfold. The only reason he was even attending those awful poker games was because he wanted to try and save people from being caught up in Artie's horrible schemes. He's simply not half the poker player you are.”

“Mmm. And I think Covington was cheating before I told him we weren't going to use his dealer the whole time,” Andy said.

“Still, I don't want you thinking my dear Nathaniel's made of the same stuff as Covington, Haunton and the rest.”

“Well, you *did* request Emily Stevens for your household,” Niko said, “so you're not *entirely* innocent.”

Eliza blushed a little, a slight smile crossing her lips. “Actually, *he* didn't. *I* did. More for me than for him. I knew she was bisexual from the moment I first saw her on the silver screen, and thought to myself I should just invite her and she would be more for me than she would for Nathaniel, and that he wouldn't mind.”

“I mean, to her credit, Emily didn't say no, and it *was* a request,” Nathaniel said.

“Mmm,” Andy said. “I know why, as well. She and Sarah Washington are a couple, and Sarah had been picked up, not requested but just simply told to show up, as she was supposed to be added to Gregor Vikovic's house, and Emily thought going to New Eden as well was the best way for the two of them to remain together. All that's coming out on the 60 Minutes special tonight, so there's no reason to not tell the two of you.”

“I hate to break up the cocktail party, folks,” Rodriguez said to them, “but Dr. Merriweather isn't in a state where she can wait all that much longer, so maybe we can move this along, and you can all catch up *after* she's been imprinted?”

“Of course, soldier,” Nathaniel said. “My sincerest apologies. Let's go inside and I can meet her, and we can see about taking the pressure off for her.”

“Merriweather?” Andy asked Rodriguez.

“She got pissed about being called Mrs. McCallister or Dr. McCallister, and said she wanted nothing to do with her asshole soon-to-be ex-husband, and went back to using her maiden name, which is Merriweather,” Rodriguez told him. “She said the old name's dead to her, and I get that.”

“Got it. Makes sense.”

The group headed inside of the building and into the living room, where Eve was sitting on the couch, and each of her arms were being held by a rather strong burly looking Russian man, although the one holding her right arm looked much more muscular. Eve offered them a very pained smile, nodding to Andy. “Hello again Andrew,” Eve said to him. “And hello to you, Mr. Watkins, although considering I'm about to be consuming your seed, perhaps you'll allow me to call you Nathaniel or Nate instead?” The woman openly licked her lips, almost drooling a little on herself. She was still wearing the same oversized heavy cotton white t-shirt she'd been wearing when he'd seen her last night, but now the outline of her stiff nipples were painfully visible through it.

“Nobody's really called me Nate in a long time, other than Eliza, but I suppose I wouldn't mind,” Nathaniel said.

“Is the restraint really necessary?” Eliza asked the other soldier insist, Lieutenant Pak.

Pakky nodded. “It's by her own request,” she said.

“Truly?” Eliza asked Eve.

“It's... it's very hard to think clearly right now, Mrs. Watkins,” Eve said to her, biting her bottom lip, shifting impatiently against the two men holding her. “Were they not holding me back, I'm afraid I might well be all over your husband already.” She smiled at Nathaniel, her eyes wild and unhinged. “That excites him. My eagerness. My yearning. I can smell it from here. He's got a hard on and can't wait to stick his dick inside of me. But I know you need another blood sample or two. So they're going

to hold me down so you can do so.” Her eyes flickered over to Niko. “I'm glad I saw that needle of yours doesn't have to come out for multiple draws, because you need to get one after I get reset and then one again after I'm imprinting once again. But we need to get this moving. I can't think, I can't focus, I'm just talking so much now in an effort to keep my mouth moving so I don't have to stop talking, because I'm ready to go go go.”

Niko moved over, getting the blood sample kit out, tying off Eve's arm before sliding the needle in so that she could do quick rapid blood draws. “Is it really going to be that bad?”

“I've got the boys to hold me,” Eve said, “because I'm going to thrash as soon as Sergei's cum resets me. I know I am. I know I'm going to thrash. You probably also want to hold my legs, ladies, because they're going to kick.”

Andy chuckled, glad to have something he could do to help the situation. “I'll get one leg. Alexis, you want to grab the other?”

Alexis looked around the room, as if making sure there wasn't any immediate threats, before she nodded, as she moved to wrap her arms around Eve's right leg, while Andy moved to clutch onto Eve's left, keeping them spread apart. Andy could see she didn't have anything on underneath the shirt now, and she was absolutely drenched. He'd never seen a woman so wet and sodden before in his life, as he turned to look at Sergei. “So how do we do this with Sergei holding her arm?”

Pak waved a hand. “We've got a plan and we're ready to move on it when you are.”

Niko shrugged. “I think we're about as ready as we're going to get, so let's just do it.”

“Please,” Eve said. “Less talking. More *fucking*.” There was a very harsh tone to her voice, the impatience creeping in more and more. Fiona took her cellphone out from her pocket and started to film, although she was doing her best to use the angles to preserve Eve's modesty.

Lieutenant Pak reached over and pushed her hand down the front of Sergei's pants, as Andrei on the other side blew him a kiss across Eve. When she pulled out her hand, the palm of her tan skin had a small dollop of clear precum on it, and Eve's tongue lashed out eagerly, almost snarling for the hand to be brought her way.

As soon as Pak's hand got near Eve's face, she began thrashing her head about, trying to get her face close enough for her tongue to reach out and lick away the precum, looking more like a restrained wild creature than a human being at this point. Andy was glad that they'd come over as early as they did, because a few more hours, she would've been beyond the point of even the small amount of conversation they'd just had.

Once it was within reach, Eve licked the smear of clear liquid from the Lieutenant's palm, and her body immediately began to spasm and thrash against the people holding her in place, a sudden gasp of air inhaled, like she'd been a drowning woman who had just gotten her head above water after a dangerously long time. Niko did her best to get the blood draw completed, even as Sergei and Andrei were doing their best to prevent the woman's body from slipping from their grasp, but she was doing everything in her power to try and pull free. Even from his poor vantage point keeping one of Eve's legs locked down, she looked like a woman possessed.

“Now?” Nathaniel asked.

“Yes!” Pak shouted at him. “Fucking now! Right fucking now!”

Nathaniel did his best to get his pants down as Alexis and Andy pushed the big shirt up enough for Nathaniel to see. He was moving to get between Eve's legs, and he looked over at Eliza nervously. She smiled, however, stepping over, pushing his boxer briefs down for him before her fingers moved to stroke his cock a bit, bringing him to stiffness. Andy had some sympathy for the man, as he remembered how nervous he'd been when he'd first been with Piper. Getting an erection under fire was a challenge for even the bravest of men. He saw Eliza's other hand go down along Nathaniel's back, and the sudden surge in his rigidity made Andy wonder if she'd given him a quick prostate goosing.

Watkins' cock wasn't above or under average in any real way, although Andy did have to admit he was surprised to see the thatch of pubic hair around the base of the man's shaft was both neatly

trimmed and also salt-and-pepper in coloration, more like a fog bank than anything.

The group did everything they could to keep Eve in place as Nathaniel lined up and pushed his prick inside of Eve's sloshing snatch, the woman beyond words at this point, simply a jumble of guttural sounds and primal grunts.

Once Nathaniel's dick was lodged up inside of Eve, Pak tapped Andy on the shoulder, as if to signal him to let go. As he did, Eve's leg moved to wrap around Nathaniel's waist. Seeing that she was calming down a bit, Alexis released the woman's other leg. With them both free, Eve crossed her ankles just above Nathaniel's ass, forming a lock around him, so while he could push and pull some, there was little chance of moving away until she got what she needed.

"She's just like Piper was when we found her," Niko said to Eliza. "She may need a couple of orgasms from him."

"Oh, I've been starving Nathaniel of release for two days in anticipation of this," Eliza laughed playfully. "We heard about Miss Brown, and we wanted to ensure that Eve got what she needed as quickly as possible, and wondered if volume might have been the matter, considering how active your Andrew is. We'll get it done quick. In fact..."

Eliza moved behind Nathaniel, and her hand reached down to cradle the man's balls. It was almost as if that was all he needed to go off, as his back snapped rigid and he began to orgasm inside of Eve's pussy, setting Eve off as well, a carnal shriek the likes of which Andy had never heard before, almost loud enough to make his ears hurt before she slumped inertly back onto the couch, although her legs were still clenched fairly tightly around Nathaniel's waist.

"I... I do believe she's not letting go," Nathaniel said with a soft, embarrassed chuckle. "A little help? Please?"

"One second," Niko said, attaching another vial to the needle hooked up to Eve's arm, doing a second blood draw, now that she was reimprinting. She was even mumbling the word again. Once Niko had the final vial of blood, she slid a ball of cotton on over as she drew the needle out, attaching a bandage to affix strongly over it. "Okay, we should have all the blood we need now."

Andrei and Sergei had released her arms, and moved to help pull her legs apart so that Nathaniel could slip out between them, quickly yanking up his boxers and pants, even though pretty much the entire room had seen what they were hiding. Fiona stopped recording on her phone and tucked it back into her purse.

"Rosalyn, can you take her to the car?" Eliza said. "We'll be with you in just a few moments. Octavia, you can aid her."

"Ma'am," Octavia said, the first time Andy could recall hearing the woman speak, her voice sounding like it was almost tinged with a Spanish accent. "Are you certain you're good here?"

"Between our good friend Andy and the members of the Air Force Security Forces, I think we'll be fine. Just give us a minute," Eliza said, her tone making it clear in the most polite possible way that the matter wasn't up for discussion. "We'll be out shortly. I promise you."

"Yes ma'am. C'mon, Roz."

The two women moved to scoop up Eve and headed out of the room with her towards the car, as Nathaniel dusted himself off a little bit. "Well, that was certainly more of me than I had hoped you might ever see, Andrew, but I suppose in the new world, we're all going to have to get a lot less prudish about sex and sexuality."

"Considering our lives are tied to it, I think all the prudes of this country had better lighten the fuck up immediately," Andy laughed, rolling his eyes. "Ain't nobody got time for that."

"You already have some ties to the base, Mister Watkins," Niko said to the millionaire, "but your new partner will need to be coming in regularly to help with the research. She's got more knowledge about the Quaranteam serum than just about anyone else, so she's going to help us get back on track with it."

"Of course, Miss Redwolf," Nathaniel said. "I know you must think me one of the annoying

rich one percenters who had considered building a penis shaped rocket to get off planet, but I'm personally trying to use my wealth for good as much as I can. I understand how important she is to the research efforts around ensuring not only my survival, but that of all men and women across the globe. I'm a *bit* of a rich cocksucker, but I'm not the *entire* asshole, if you will."

Niko smirked a little bit, giving him a little shrug as she tucked the vials of blood into the sample transport box she'd brought with her. "Actions speak louder than words, Mister Watkins, so time will tell, and *only* time."

Nathaniel walked over to Andy, a tired smile on his face. "I'd say we're even Andrew, but I somehow suspect I probably owe you for other things I don't even *know* about yet. So I'll consider my ledger lessened, but not cleared."

"I'm not the kind of man to keep track of who owes me what, Nathaniel."

"Mmm," he said, shaking Andy's hand. "Maybe I'll break you of that eventually. Keep your eyes on him, Niko. I have a sneaking suspicion all of us are in danger these days. Not just from threats near but also afar."

"The Russians aren't in great shape," Niko told him. "So if that's what you're referring to..."

"I'm more worried about the Chinese, personally," Eliza said. "Even with their massive losses, they're still got a population too large to be dismissed out of hand."

"That's way above my paygrade, ma'am."

"Mine too," Eliza replied with a wink, "but we'll just have to keep on trying to do our best to keep up with whatever trouble our boys get up to."

"Yes, ma'am. You take care of yours and I'll take care of mine."

"We should be going, Nathaniel. We have that meeting in a few hours regarding my brother's status and what can be done about it."

"Of course, my dear," Nathaniel said. "Stay safe, Andrew. I suspect there's dark times just over the horizon for men like us."

"What do you mean 'men like us,' Nathaniel?"

"Men who are protected from DuoHalo. Men who can be used to protect additional women. I'm not entirely certain what the President has in mind, but it sounds like we'd better get used to not leaving the safety and security of our houses all that much," Nathaniel said. "Basically, we're security vessels for our semen, and that's about all our functionality for the rest of our generation."

"That's a bit harsh, Nathan," Andy replied.

"Is it, my friend? Is it? Anyway, talk soon."

Nathaniel and Eliza headed out of the room as well, leaving Andy, Niko and Fiona alone with Andrei, Sergei and Lieutenant Pak. Niko looked over to Sergei, slowing her speech down a little. "You have something for me?"

"Da," Sergei responded, reaching into his pocket, pulling out a flash drive the size and shape of his thumb, holding it out to her. His voice was heavily accented with Russian, and Andy realized it was the first time he'd ever heard *him* speak since their arrival earlier in the evening. "You vill ensure home and safety?"

Niko nodded. "This is your home now, Sergei. Yours and Andrei's. Pak and Rodriguez are going to stay with you for a while, and will put you in contact with the base. We're going to take care of you."

Sergei nodded, a weary smile on his face. "Is good. Is safe. Tell Eve to call when she wakes up, and to drink plenty of... vat is vord... orange juice. Anyting wit Vitamin C. She vill need it."

"I'll pass on the message."

"You..." Sergei started before stopping. He paused for a long moment, as if considering his words. "You vill ensure safety of... vat is English... homosexuals?"

Niko smiled, taking Sergei's nervous wringing hands into her own, squeezing them. "I like girls just as much as I do boys, Sergei. I'll make sure we're looking out for everybody."

Sergei nodded with a soft smile, reaching down and hugging Niko, who looked almost tiny in

comparison to his hulking, muscular form. He kissed her forehead then released her, grabbing his boyfriend's hand, turning and walking out of the room, leaving them with just Pak.

"I'm gonna miss having Eve around here," Pak sighed. "That woman had the sort of iron will you just don't fuck with. It's nice seeing a boss bitch not having to take shit from nobody. She's probably just gonna be another cog in the machine over at the Watkins house."

"Eh, I dunno about that," Andy told her. "Nathaniel's the sort of 'go your own way' kind of guy, so I don't think he'll cramp Eve's style all that much. And you can always just reach out to her when she wakes up."

"I'm only a bodyguard, sir, so I doubt she'd want to keep in touch."

Niko shook her head, placing her hand on Pak's shoulder. "None of that, soldier. We're good people, and we deserve any friends we make in this new world, so if she's your friend, you're obliged to keep it that way, you hear me?"

"Yes ma'am," Pak said with a sort of awkward smile. "It's almost like we're having to learn how to be people again."

"We're not the fucked up ones, Pakky," Niko laughed. "It's just the rest of the world. But we'll get through it like we always do – together."

"Gotcha boss. Anyway, haven't you got a party to get to?"

"They'll wait," Niko said, a wide grin on her face. "The man of honor's not there."

"Oh yeah?" Andy chuckled. "You should've told me he was coming," he shot back, implying it was someone else she was talking about.

"He's not even breathing hard yet, but I'm sure we can fix that before the party gets started. Anyway, you're right, Pak, We should be off. But you know where to find us, so don't be a stranger. We've been friends for a while, and just because I've got a slab of man meat in my pocket now doesn't mean any of that's going to change."

"It was good to meet you, Lieutenant Pak," Fiona said, shaking the woman's hand. "I'm sure we'll get to actually know each other sometime soon."

"Take care of our girl, ma'am," Pak replied. "She's one in a million and I'd hate to lose her."

"We take care of *each other* over at the Rook house, Pakky," Niko shot back with a grin from ear to ear.

They headed back to the car, Niko being sure to load the kit into the trunk and securing it in place with a couple of velcro straps so it wouldn't slide around the large Tesla trunk. Everyone loaded back into the car, and they started headed back towards the house.

"So that's what Piper was like when you first came across her?" Fiona asked Andy, the two of them in the back, Niko and Alexis in the front, Alexis taking a turn driving, as Niko seemed to be typing a text message into her phone, probably to contact Phil or Linda, Andy decided. "Completely out of her mind, desperate to fuck anything that moved?"

"Yeah, although she'd clearly been that way for at least a few hours," Andy replied. "And she'd basically been locked in that room for who knows how long."

"A few days," Fiona told him. "She told me her whole story for the book, although I'm sure she's going to tell it to you as well."

"If she'd rather I just read your notes so she doesn't have to relive it again, I absolutely understand," Andy told Fi. "I've sort of avoided asking about it so she didn't have to think about it. She didn't bring it up to me, so I guess I just thought she was trying to put it in the rear view and never looking back."

"Just mention it to her and let her make her own mind up," Fi told him. "Even by just asking, it shows that you care. Not that she thinks you don't."

"What time are people supposed to be showing up tonight, Niko?" Andy asked. "It's been such a chaotic week, I'm pretty sure I've forgotten everything."

"People are going to show up around four, with the President's speech live at 6 pm our time,

followed immediately by the 60 Minutes Special Edition,” Niko replied. “I told Jenny to prepare everyone a light lunch, but to mostly just focus on having an endless cavalcade of appetizers and finger foods tonight, so people can graze to their hearts' content. And when Phil and Linda show up, I'll give them the kit and the thumb drive then.”

“Don't lose it,” Andy teased.

“How the hell would I lose two vials of blood?” Niko shot back, a hint of annoyance undercutting her voice.

“Where there's a will, there's a way,” Alexis replied. “I once lost a C-130 for about three hours.”

“Wait, you lost a 75,000 pound airplane? How the *fuck* can anybody do that?”

“Hey, it was a dense jungle, and I sort of lost the airfield with it.”

“Christ,” Niko grumbled, “I am *never* letting you drive *again*.”