

Infected by Eli Lapso

The city had been quiet for years. A few of the infected still popped up now and again but for the most part the city had been abandoned as new 'prey' became scarce and eventually non-existent. Now it was just a graveyard of steel, concrete, and broken glass.

Squad 7 had been sent for a simple scouting mission two days ago. They had reported no signs of movement and had moved on to investigate a light on in an old pharmaceutical. They radioed in saying they had found evidence of work being done... notes about some sort of a cure being attempted. Then, an hour before their designated pickup... Squad 7 went silent.

The following is a documentation of the events recorded through the tactical camera recovered from the scene. All information in this document is considered classified with clearance level 5 required.

Artica was silent as she rubbed the spot on her cheek where her commander had slapped her only moments before. She looked up at the opossum with a mix of submission and resentment, flinching as her fingers grazed over the tender skin.

"You understand me private?" Jessica asked as she looked down with a glare. "You will take this mission seriously. Thermal scans have revealed several infected still in the city and I'll be damned if we add to their numbers today."

With a nod, Artica sighed and said, "Understood commander. My... apologies... sir."

"Damn right you do," Jessica said as she turned and walked to the head of the squad. The other members of the squad snickered as they looked back at the "whipped dog" at the back of the line. However, a soft clearing of her throat brought silence to the group. "Everyone, keep your rifles at the ready. If one of you assholes gets infected I'll be sure to take a personal delight in capping you right in the jewels. That goes for you too little miss Dick-and-Vag."

"Sir, yes sir!" the squad said, Artica the only one silent as she pulled herself up from the ground. Righting herself and taking a moment to ensure her uniform was in order, the Joguani followed along quickly behind the rest of her squad.

Reaching the designated point on schedule, Jessica turned and said, "Standard grouping troops. Pairs of twos divided into zones. Each group will sweep its zone, report any findings, and regroup at the LZ at 1600 for pickup. The call sign Texas and is to be responded with by Star. Sparkle... you're with me."

Lovely, Artica thought as the others broke off and made their way into their zones. Following her commander's lead, she rolled her eyes as her commander started talking strategies for possible engagements. Heaven forbid anything actually happen... unlike the last twenty seven missions that never saw so much as one infected anywhere around. The thermal readings always talked about picked up two or three, at most five, in the entire city.

"Did you hear that?"

Artica stopped, ears perked as she looked around. Her commander had been talking for nearly two hours when suddenly she'd stopped and drawn her sidearm. Artica watched as the possum wrapped her tail around her waist as she always did when she expected combat.

"I didn't hear anything," Artica replied, looking around. She strained her ears, but couldn't hear a thing. Just the wind slipping through the alleys and broken windows of the surrounding buildings.

The sound of the radio static nearly caused her to reach for her own firearm. "Commander." It was one of the new recruits... a fennec they picked up just a week ago. Cute kid. Artica found out after sharing a room with him he was just as much a girl as he was a guy... if only in his choice of personal attire.

"This is commander Lasko, I read you Eli. What's your sit-rep?"

"We... found... an infected."

"Did you neutralize the subject?" Jessica asked, a note of concern on her face. When there wasn't a response she asked again with a bit of hesitation. "Did you... neutralize the infected?"

"Th... they got Vincent... They... they infected him..." the fennec's voice seemed to get shakier, quieter. "I can hear him out there... He... He's calling me... They ripped off my... my jacket before I could escape and I lost my gun while I was running. Please come find me...."

Jessica paused and looked to Artica, glaring. "We're on our way. What's your location?"

"Echo7... I... India 32 on the grid ma'am... sir... I can hear them outside the door..." The radio went silent after that, likely muted to avoid any extra sound wherever the fennec was hiding out at.

It took only two minutes to get to the location in question. It was a small one story building that had access to the underground subway tunnels. Letting Jessica take point, Artica pulled her gun and made sure the safety was off. She followed the possum through the shattered remains of the front door and into the small center.

Standing before the two females were three large, hulking male canines... all stripped naked. They were clawing at a door as Eli's screams could be heard from inside. Two shots dropped two of the males. The third turned, snarling as he looked at the two females in lust. Between his legs, a massive erection hung and dripped unnatural amounts of pre. He made to lunge, but Jessica dropped him with a well placed shot through his left eye socket.

Approaching the door, Artica could hear snarling alongside the muffled screams of the fennec trapped inside.

"Stand aside," Jessica said as she landed a powerful kick into the door. The wood splintered as it swung inward, revealing a snarling wolf atop a struggling fox. Artica took aim, realizing just who the wolf was. Looking back, Vincent snarled as he looked hungrily at the two. Artica hoped and prayed that Jessica would take the shot... but even the possum seemed to lock up at being faced with one of her own men.

Pulling off of the sobbing fennec, Artica could see that the poor thing's pants had been shredded violently, leaving him exposed. It looked, however, that he hadn't been harmed beyond that.

Vincent lunged, knocking Artica to the ground. She wrestled with the larger wolf, rolling him onto his back. She felt his erection jab up painfully against the seat of her pants, jabbing into her own balls. Landing a firm punch in the wolf's face, she noticed that the

powerful blow barely seemed to phase him. In a flash, she was pinned back to her back again as a hand ripped at her chest.

"Take the shot damn it!"

Just as Vincent's claws ripped through the fabric of her vest, a shot rang out and the wolf slumped over. Hesitating for only a moment as she realized what had happened, Artica shoved the lifeless body aside and pulled herself up. Looking to the possum, she opened her muzzle to snap but calmed at the shaken look she got. Her commander... little miss hard as nails... had just shot one of her own men for the first time in her life.

Walking over to the possum, Artica put a hand atop the firearm and made her commander lower it. "Radio in... we need to leave commander."

"Is... Eli alright?" She sounded... not like herself.

"I think so. I'll... I'll get him. Just catch your breath, okay?"

"No, I'll get him. You... you radio in." Jessica said, seeming to regain a bit of her composure. Stepping past Artica, she said, "I'm fine. Do as you're told."

With a sigh, Artica pulled out the dialer for the radio and started to punch in the code for the Ops center. She had, however, only gotten the first number punched in before she heard it. The growling...

She tried to turn but a heavy blow dropped her to the ground. Her vision blurred for a moment, but Artica could make out the sight of Jessica reaching for her firearm. However, she didn't make it before Eli's hand shot up and slapped the gun away. The fennec's savage... feral snarl echoed through the room as he started ripping at the possum's clothing. Artica felt a weight atop her as she looked up and saw another member from her squad standing over her.

"Bitch... our bitch..." the coyote snarled as he grabbed Artica's shirt and ripped it open. She tried to resist but was greeted with a powerful blow to the side of her face courtesy of the coyote's fist. Looking back over, she could see the fennec already ramming his cock into the possum, her screams getting weaker and weaker as the infection rapidly took hold.

Artica felt her pants sliding off her hips and a tongue lapping at her sheath and balls. The feeling repulsed her as she tried to kick at the person assaulting her. Her legs were grabbed, pinned, and her face received another strike. This time, however, the punch came from some jackal she had never seen before. His cock hung heavy, dripping pre onto her muzzle as he pressed against her lips forcefully.

Despite her efforts to keep her muzzle shut, Artica couldn't help but cry out as the coyote rammed his cock into her suddenly and without warning. She cried out in pain as the thick shaft, at least nine inches, buried itself into her in only a few thrusts. She was muffled by the jackal's cock slipping into her now open mouth. She could taste it... the infectious fluids that dripped from his tip... could feel the haze taking over her mind... The last thing she could remember with any clarity were the piercing red eyes staring down at her... hungry...

An hour later the two females were on all fours, tails up as another male rammed into them and dumped their loads. The infection had taken them long ago as their bodies hungrily drank in every drop of cum that could be given. The fennec, when it wasn't his turn with one of the girls, was sating his hunger by cleaning and preparing the gathering of males. It seemed gender didn't matter to the beasts of lust...

For a moment, as Artica noticed the possum at her side glance at her, she thought she could remember something... something about a mission... but as a new knot slipped into her and tied her and another cock slipped past her lips the thought was drowned out by her new desire... and her new purpose.