

As was foretold in the Authoring thread, I have been considering running more than one Live AIF. Some, of course, may ask why ... well, aside from being a glutton for punishment. Really, there are a couple reasons: One, I often discover myself becoming disinterested in stories once I spend too much time on them ... I burn out, in other words (I haven't reached that point in The Test yet, but I'm working to avoid it); Two, when I get an idea I like in my head the only way of removing it is by using it or surgical procedures; and Three, I figured it would be good to make sure that I can always occupy myself when I visit the boards here, so I figured having a backup AIF to work on might be fun.

Now then, I was thinking about waiting for a while before posing this one due to uncertainty about whether people would like it or not. But what with impatience and boredom for the moment I decided, oh what the hell, I'll give it a shot. The worst that'll happen is no one will play it, and then all I've wasted is this post. So then, with all that said, let the explanation begin ...

Content:

The main character, Alyx, is likely to be on the receiving end of some unconventional sex in this game. To put it simply, her main partners will be monsters (aliens ... well, whatever you want to call them), zombies (of a sort) and the soldiers of a brutal totalitarian dictatorship.

The theme will be what I inevitably think of as "Anime rape": Alyx will not want it (at first), but will in fact enjoy the experience. She may not enjoy the consequences (after all, the creatures are trying to breed with her), but it will not in fact be one of those brutal, realistic style rape games. To summarize, this game will basically be about monsters and soldiers attempting to knock up the main character. That being said, you are warned.

Background:

This game takes place in a (our, sort of) world that has been conquered by an alien force known as the Combine. They have subjugated much of humanity, and humanity of course rebelled. With the help of a handful of resourceful individuals the human Resistance has struck a major blow for victory by destroying the Citadel of City 17 (or rather, the power source that made it useful), a major stronghold for the Combine.

The Citadel served as a housing area for their forces, and held the technology they used for generating the power used in much of their military endeavors. It also housed technology that created what was referred to as the "suppression field", which simultaneously drove away the worst of the alien wildlife and rendered humans incapable of bearing children. Now with the field gone, creatures roam the city more readily, and humans are once more capable of reproducing. However, as Alyx is about to find out, there may be unforeseen consequences to this ...

Character:

You are Alyx, a freedom fighter of the Resistance. You helped the Resistance's hero, Gordon Freeman, bring about the downfall of the Citadel.

You are in your twenties, with short dark hair held back by a headband. You wear a jacket over a reasonably loose gray shirt ... it doesn't accentuate your chest much, but you're confident enough about your curves there. You wear a slightly low-riding pair of jeans with a a belt, which holds your hacking tool, cocked over one hip. Your skin is a darker tone, a token from your father, accented by your mother's asian heritage.

You are also a fairly tough girl, if you do say so yourself. Most women in the resistance learn to fight, but your knack for getting into trouble (and your dad's status as one of the leaders of the Resistance) has given you something of an accelerated learning program. You are deadly accurate with your pistol, which is capable of high speed bursts, and you are fairly skilled at hand to hand combat ... though you wouldn't want to rely on it if you have a firearm available. You are a skilled hacker and mechanic as well, which has served you in good stead over the years of dealing with the Combine. You may not be MIT schooled like a fair few of the Resistance leaders (many of whom are scientists), but you do have a fairly sizable knowledge of what most of them talk about.

Well, you're no Gordon (the vaunted "One Free Man"), but you've gotten by so far ...

Story thus far:

The last thing you recall, you were fighting with Gordon in the Citadel. He had managed to break into the core, where the Dark Fusion Reactor was held, and in his usual style managed to severely damage the reactor, resulting in a typical massive explosion (which, come to think of it, should have killed you). After that ... it's all a blank. You found yourself outside, in the Canals of City 17, with few supplies and no idea where Gordon had gotten to.

You also have been feeling a little odd since then ... well, you keep having thoughts about Gordon. You remember that the Reactor fueled the suppression field that kept humanity infertile and, well, you do really like Gordon ... but now doesn't seem to be the time to be thinking about kids. Nonetheless, you can't seem to get your mind out of the gutter long enough to get you out of the Canals ...

And with that, we begin.

You are currently sitting on a knocked over metal barrel, contemplating your fate. In the distance, you see a sizable chunk of the Citadel slough off and fall in flames to the city below.

Well, that's one good thing at least, you think.

You take stock of your supplies again: your hacker tool, your pistol, and thirty rounds of ammo. And with the suppression field down, all sorts of stuff will be coming out of hiding ... well, time to prioritize: 1) You need to find shelter, and possibly supplies. 2) You should find out what is happening in the city. 3) You need to find out what happened to Gordon.

You consider your options. You could continue through the Canals and perhaps find one of the Resistance's old railroad stations. They would have supplies, and perhaps ways of contacting others. And the Canals are safer from the Combine ... there are far more hiding spots. On the other hand, there are also various critters running around ... zombies, headcrabs, and barnacles that are probably just waiting for a meal. You've made this run plenty of times before, but it still could be risky.

Or, you could go into the city ... you could probably find supplies and communications devices left by the Combine, though it may require that you fight your way through them. You shudder, thinking to yourself that you'd much rather not be a prisoner of theirs again ... still, you think you could manage against any reasonable number of them. The trouble is, will there be a reasonable number ...

Well, what's the plan?

>continue through the canals

After a bit of thought you decide to search for the hidden caches and railroad posts in the canals. After all, the Combine being in disarray and panicked probably just means that they'll empty rounds into anything that moves. Zombies and headcrabs on the other hand should be ... well, hostile, but a more average sort of hostile.

You take a minute to check your gear, what little of it there is, and resignedly begin your search. At first the going is easy; you are in a fairly dry part of the canals and the ground is actually, well, ground. The going is a bit muddy and unpleasant, but after some of the places you've been this is really not all that bad. You find a handful of caches, all of which are empty, most likely used up during the harder fighting of the past week or two.

Later, however, you reach the part of the canals that you really could do without ... at least, on foot. The ground becomes marshy and the large puddles of rancid looking water begin to grow larger until they eventually connect to form rivers straddled by tiny islands of elevated land. General grossness aside, you are all too familiar with the fact that these waters are pretty toxic ... only headcrabs and the zombies can stand it for any length of time. And so you begin the tedious process of island hopping, occasionally being forced to stop to engineer small bridges out of nearby debris.

You have been in the damper portions of the canals for close to an hour when you discover a small bit of luck; a battered looking canoe, most likely used by some of your fellow resistance members to speed progress through this area. It's not looking like it's in particularly good shape,

what with a little bit of the wall damaged near the rim, but it might work out if you don't need to do any quick maneuvering.

You also spot a large cargo crate with the lambda symbol of the resistance painted on it ... a sign of a supply cache. There's even a couple of wooden planks running between the island it is on and a nearby island. You could make it pretty easily, though there does appear to be a still body or two lying near it ... concealed by weeds and debris, you can only make out that they wear the resistance uniform, so the cause of their deaths is unclear.

You wonder what to do ... you could take the boat and try to move ahead in a speedier fashion, provided you don't mind the risk of it falling apart on you. Or you could proceed as you have been. Or you could take a look at that cache to see if there's anything worthwhile left ...

>Take a look at the cache.

Well, odds are that it's been cleared out ... but hey, who knows, you might be in luck. You have to go a little out of your way, backtracking a little to another string of small islands> Eventually, you reach the bridge, and slowly begin making your way across the rotted wooden planks to the mound with the cargo container. As you approach, you can see that the one body has a strange extra lump attached to it's head, and it's fingers are elongated and tipped with claws; a zombie.

You approach cautiously, but it soon becomes apparent that there is no need for concern; the pale lumpy body of the creature attached to it's head, the 'headcrab' that controls the body, appears to have been crushed ... a nearby cinder block covered with the green ichor that passes for blood in a headcrab seems a likely culprit. Seems like Gordon must have been by with the Gravity Gun ... you can't imagine a normal person being able to bludgeon one of these things to death with such a cumbersome weapon.

You glance around, noting the first body you saw and another hidden deeper in the weeds. You consider checking, but reconsider; if Gordon has been through here, they're probably as dead as bell bottoms and afros. You carefully make your way through, and swing the rusty door of the container open, wincing a little at the noise.

You make your way inside to find numerous broken boxes and a worn mattress ... clearly a last resort for the dead tired considering how safe the canals can be. You sift through the shattered bits of wood, the clatter of the moving debris echoing in the metal confines of the container, for a minute or two before finding a medical kit and a few batteries designed for an HEV suit.

The batteries are useless to you, but the medical kit is a good find. These things can patch up some pretty nasty wounds in seconds ... if you didn't know they were the product of high science you'd swear they were magic.

A low groan reaches your ears, and you feel your hair stand on end. You turn around, shocked to see a pair of zombies just a few feet away. The racket your search was making must have masked the sound of them sneaking up on you ... little enough time to think now.

You you could pull your pistol and try to kill them, though it would probably take you firing full auto to get them before they reach you. Or you could fight them hand to hand. Or ... they're sort of slow, so you might be able to escape if you tried to run between them.

No time to think ... what will you do?

>knock one over with shots to the legs and try to run past them

You quickly draw your gun and hastily take a few shots at the closer zombie's legs. Pet, pet, pet, your gun chirps, responding to your hasty pull with a three round burst that only lands one shot.

"Dammit!" you curse, annoyed by the wasted ammo.

You fire two more shots, a little more carefully this time so as not to unleash another burst, and are rewarded when the creature stumbles and falls to the ground. You take the opportunity to dash forward and make a bid for freedom, narrowly avoiding being snagged by the creature you downed. You move to evade the second one but between the awkward footing due to the debris and your evasion of the first one you aren't able to escape untouched. A clawed hand swipes at you, catching your shirt and tearing it a little as well as nicking the skin beneath. You take the opportunity as it unbalances itself from the swing to run past and escape out the door.

You flee across the bridge, thankful that you see no more of the creatures rising from the muck, and make your way back to the canoe. The one creature follows for a moment, then loses interest when it becomes clear that it can't catch you.

When you arrive at the canoe you check your wound ... little more than a scrape really, but you apply some ointment from the med kit anyway, still amazed at how they seal up before your eyes. You then take a moment to assess your situation ... you are now down to 25 bullets. You have a med kit, though you had to sacrifice a sixth of your precious ammo and lower the neck of your shirt a little to get it ... not too bad, you suppose.

Though once again you are faced with the choice of a rickety boat and more tiresome island hopping ...

>take a look at the boat

The wood is old, and a little splintery in some areas, and you can tell that it's exposure to the more toxic areas of the canals haven't done it any favors. You can see a few areas that appear to have bullet holes that appear to have been patched up.

The main concern though is the damaged rim at the front of the boat... it looks as though a crack may have formed, and some impact caused a sizable triangular chunk to break free. After a quick test you discover that it can easily hold your weight without sinking but the water, or rather, muck line isn't too much lower than the bottom point of the crack ... any sort of turbulent movement might cause the front to dip, causing you to take on muck. Too much, and you may find yourself swimming ...

On the plus side, there is a fairly solid wooden oar inside to aid you in directing it to where you need to go, though there is nothing else inside. You notice that it is getting late ... you're not sure what time it is, but you don't think you have too much more sunlight left ... a few hours, tops.

And visibility isn't the only problem, you can feel exhaustion on the not too distant horizon. You'll need to find somewhere to get some sleep. You better start on your way in some fashion or another, unless you want to try to clear out that cargo container and make an early day of it ...

>Take the boat and proceed to the next suitable island for a camp.

Well, it may be risky, but so is roaming the canals after dark. The time saved by the boat outweighs the risk of using it. With this in mind, you hop in and use the paddle to push off the island and head on your way once again.

It's amazing how quickly the little mounds of land seem to go by now that you don't need to spend so much time hunting for garbage to make bridges out of. Still, nice as it is to be moving quickly you are beginning to get a little tired. The waste in the canals is a little closer to water than it is to mud, but the paddle still sticks to it, and it still seems to require an incredible amount of effort to go a relatively short distance. You end up taking a couple breaks when your muscles begin to scream with the effort, and before long you are exhausted.

It is close to sunset when you spy another cargo container on a hump of land running alongside the canal wall. The door appears to be hanging open slightly and while there does not appear to be the resistance's symbol anywhere near it it would be quite passable as a shelter for the night. You might need to clean up any creatures that are lurking inside and nearby, but it would give you a chance at a secure place to rest.

Further in the distance you can see an entrance to an aqueduct that feeds into the canals ... a decent distance away, but there may be shelter there as well and you'll have to go through them anyhow.

You wonder what you should do ...

>make for the aqueduct

Your arms ache and back ache from rowing, and you can feel exhaustion starting to catch up with you. It would be nice to get some sleep and rest a little ... but you really should make the most of your time. Sighing, you begin working your way laboriously in the direction of the aqueduct.

The sun drifts lazily towards the horizon, lending urgency to your journey as you fight to make it inside before you run out of light to see by. With a little bit of effort, you manage to reach the entrance just before the final glimmers of light fade over the horizon.

You pull the boat up against a small bit of land near the entrance and sit for a moment, trying to decide if you want to continue rowing your way through the turgid waters or simply climb the nearby stairs to the stone walkways that line the sides of the waterway.

"Ugh, who am I kidding?" you ask yourself. "There's no way I'm going to move this thing any further than I have to today ... I can just come back for it later."

Pleased with your decision, you make your way onto (reasonably) solid land and head up the steps to the walkway. You reach the top with a slight smile on your face, which rapidly turns to an expression of annoyance when you hear the low moan of a zombie. You crest the stairway and glance into the mouth of the aqueduct, which fortunately appears to still have working lighting, and feel a little frustrated when you spot the cluster of zombies awaiting you ... only four, but that's four more than you'd rather.

"Oh, come on!" you snap, beginning to wonder who you must have annoyed. "There never used to be so many of you guys around here ... Gordon's luck must be rubbing off on me."

Hearing your voice, the creatures turn and slowly begin making their way towards you. Well, at least this time they didn't sneak up on you ... you could take them out fairly easily with your gun, though that would take up some of your precious remaining ammo. Or you could try to beat them down in melee, though you are feeling a little tired ... still, it's better footing and you have more time to consider your attack than last time.

You could also try running past them, but this time they've clogged up the walkway pretty well ... things didn't work out so great last time, and there were only two of them. Or, if you really want to, you could (you groan at the thought) backtrack to the cargo container and see if the going is a little easier there ...

>gun some of them down and melee the remainder

Taking careful aim, you begin firing on the advancing creatures. Your pistol chirps six times and two of them fall with with three neatly places bullet holes in each of the controlling creatures on top of their heads.

Six more shots down ... that just leaves nineteen more, you think. Even with a perfect aim, these things really eat up ammo ...

Well, you should be able to handle two at this point ... you're a little tired, but you think you should be able to even the odds pretty quickly. You dash forward, evading the claws of one of the creatures, and ram as hard as you can into the one standing closest to the edge of the walkway. You slam into it with your shoulder sending it staggering back and over the edge of the walkway. You hear a little angry shriek from the headcrab as it plummets to the water below.

You smile for a moment, amused by the little creature's annoyance ... then feel the grin slip from your face as you feel a pair of arms wrap around you from behind. You try to move to break free, but your reactions are slow and your strength depleted by the events of your day ... you hear a strange, squeaky laughter from the creature behind you as the two of you realize that you aren't strong enough to break it's grip. One arm wraps more firmly around you, getting a better grip, while the other loosens and reaches downward.

What the hell is it doing? you think in shock.

It's long claws reach the waistband of your jeans and you are shocked when it flicks a single claw to send the top button flying off. Still laughing it's strange laugh, the creature dips it's claws down into your pants. You feel a strange sensation running through your body ... you can't quite identify it. If you didn't know better, you'd swear the feeling if that long, hard claw pressing against your panties was turning you on ...

A ripping sound draws your attention back to your problems. The creature has pushed it's claw down and pierced the crotch of your jeans, leaving a little hole where there is nothing but underwear between your pussy and the world ...

You need to do something to stop this ... you don't know what's going on, but you're pretty sure this thing doesn't have your best interests at heart. You could try to struggle free now that it's only using one arm ... or, you do still have your gun. You could fire off a couple shots to surprise or hurt it enough to let you go, then finish it off just to be sure ...

>Fire 2-3 shots at it, then try to finish it off.

You raise your gun, and first a quick burst. One shot catches it in the body, another strikes the arm that is holding you, and the third whizzes harmlessly upwards to cause what is unlikely to be a fatal wound to the concrete ceiling. Still, it's enough that the zombie gives a shriek of pain and lets go, allowing you to slip free.

You manage to get a few steps away, then spin around and begin firing on the monster. Your hands shake a little, and two shots catch it in the chest. Cursing, you fire another quick three shots, this time catching it in the head and finishing it. The creature falls back limply, and plummets over the edge into the canal waters.

Shuddering, you step back and put your back to the wall. You let your weight rest against it while you take a moment to gather your wits and rest.

"What the hell was that thing doing?" you wonder aloud. "I've never seen a zombie act like that before ... "

You glance down, some small part of you managing to be annoyed by your damaged pants. They now reveal a little more of your waist than they used to thanks to the missing button and anyone looking at you from the right (slightly lower) angle will be able to see your panties, but you should still be fine ... better than the alternative of stripping them off, anyhow. You should probably find some replacements when you can though.

Having recovered your breath, you stand up and decide you should go and find some shelter before you run into more of the things. A quick check reveals a mere eleven bullets left; you hope that you don't find much else to fight down here. Feeling a little worried about your predicament for the first time, you make your way cautiously through the aqueducts ...

You have been walking for maybe a half hour or so when you reach a section of the tunnels where some of the lights appear to have died. From the looks of it the power must have failed ... emergency lighting still seems to be on, but the lighting here is dim at best.

You also notice long gray rope-like tendrils hanging from the ceiling. A glance upwards reveals that they are coming from reddish looking masses attached to the ceiling; Barnacles, stationary predators that snag passers by with their tentacles and drag them up to their waiting mouth. Between the darkness and exhaustion you may have a bit of trouble navigating these ...

You glance around, looking for shelter of some kind, but all you can find are a number of heavy metal I-beams, leftovers from some construction project perhaps, lying on the ground near the wall. They lie lengthways along the wall, and a quick glance reveals that they have been stacked in such a way that there is a reasonably large space running through the center of the pile. You've have to crawl over one and under another, and it looks like it might be a tight fit trying to get in, but it appears safe and the zombies certainly couldn't fit in there. Other than that your only real option is to continue until you find something better ...

Try to get some rest under the beams.

You slip your head into the gap in the beams, thinking with a sigh that poor rest is better than no rest. You manage to get about halfway in when a slight slip sends your arm sliding into a narrow gap between two beams, trapping it. Annoyed, you try to pull back a little ... only to discover that your hood appears to have caught on something above you.

You find yourself half annoyed, half amused by this. you feel a laugh building inside as you consider the absurdly bad luck you've been having ... until a faint groan and a shuffle of feet catches your

attention. Alarm races through you and you freeze, hoping against hope that the zombie doesn't notice ... well, the back half of you sticking out of the gap in the bars. You hear the shuffle of it's feet again, and feel the slight tremors through the ground as it's feet pass right by where yours are resting. You want a moment, holding your breath as you wait for the feel of it's claws ... and letting it go after a moment when they do not come.

Thank god ... it must not have notic--, you begin thinking, before the sensation of something pressing against you causes your mind to freeze in shock.

Something thick and hard pressing against your rear ... a faint warmth radiates from it through your jeans, and you feel your mind filling with unwelcome suppositions of what must be probing you. You feel the thick member slide downwards, and after a moment of fumbling find the hole in the crotch of your jeans left by the last zombie you encountered. You can do nothing but lie there, stunned, as it slips forward through the gap in your pants and meet the lips of your pussy ... before being deflected by the slight barrier of your panties. You feel a pair of clawed hands rest on your hips as it proceeds to mount you from behind, and after a moment you feel the thick object begin to rub back and forth against you ...

"Urgh ... urg ... urgh!" it grunts as it pushes.

This ... can't be happening, you think dazedly, trying to ignore the strange sensations that are beginning to make themselves known. I'm being humped by a zombie!

As the creature continues to hump you, you find part of your mind is still desperately trying to figure out what to do. You could try to escape, but even if it works you suspect you might end up missing a shirt ... and who knows what ideas that might give it! You could also try to get your gun with your free hand and get a shot off at it ... backwards, and blind ... and what will it do if you don't manage to kill it? Lastly ... well, you don't entirely like the option, but it doesn't seem to have realized that it ... erm, missed. You could let it finish, and hope it either goes away or gives you an opportunity to get away or kill it ... as long as it doesn't actually penetrate you and take your virginity, it should be fi--well, ok, right?

Desperation surging through you, you wonder what you should do ...

>Use the zombie's firm grip on my legs as leverage, to wrench my trapped arm free. When I've got my freedom again, grab my gun, point it backwards, and... don't waste a bullet unless I *really* have to.

Trying to ignore the strange sensations and emotions running through you, you resume struggling to get your arm free. It requires a bit of wriggling, a process made all the more uncomfortable and awkward by the creature contentedly pounding away behind you, but after a few tries you manage to slip forward a little bit and work your arm free. You almost smile in relief, but your celebrations are soon halted as your mind

returns to what is going on behind you; your squirming has forced the creature to re-adjust slightly, and you feel that hard something in your pants slip around the edge of your panties ...

Panic runs through you and you desperately fumble for your pistol, draw it from it's holster ... and feel a terrifying sensation set your body trembling as the hardness rubs against your pussy. The creature thrusts forward, missing it's mark again and sending it's hot member sliding across the lips of your pussy.

"Oh ..." you hear a small gasp, realizing with shock that it is your voice making the noise.

You feel the creature draw back, ready to drive forward once more ... and then your shocked brain finally unfreezes, and you point the pistol back to unleash a burst of rounds back into your assailant. You hear a shriek of shock and feel it draw back slightly ... and then staggering back more as you find yourself sending another volley it's way.

You wrench yourself free from the prison of the beams, hearing a ripping noise as your caught hood is torn free, and spin around to face your enemy. Somewhere, where your brain is still functioning almost normally, you notice that the creature is not particularly badly injured ... and feel your arms rise, your finger pull the trigger, and watch the creature fall as the last five rounds lodge themselves in it's chest and head.

At that point your legs give out and you slide to the floor, shaken. You notice dimly that the tear in your shirt is a good bit worse thanks to your hasty escape ... in a good wind your bare breasts would probably be readily visible at this point. And now you are out of ammo ... you'll have to melee or run from any enemies from this point on unless you find some more.

Exhaustion begins to fall over you and you wonder what you should do. Now that the adrenaline is gone, you are beginning to notice the cold through the tears in your clothing ... it's going to be an uncomfortable stay in this erstwhile shelter. Also, you find yourself dreading trying to get in again ... if something gets you again, you won't have a weapon to defend yourself. It might be dangerous, but you wonder if maybe you should try your luck with finding another, more accessible and warmer, shelter for the night.

Stay or go ... what's the plan?

>Move on until you find better shelter.

After a bit of thought, you decide to move on ... it might be dangerous, but at least you have the option of running if you need to. You begin making your way down the tunnel, trying to remain attentive despite your fatigue. As time passes you find fewer and fewer options ... a broken wooden crate here, a pile of junk there, but nothing that looks any safer or warmer than what you left behind.

After another good ten or fifteen minutes you decide to take a break, and lean back against the stone wall of the tunnel. You find your mind drifting back to your encounter with that last zombie ... you find yourself wondering why it was acting so strange. And that one before it was acting oddly too. You've never seen a zombie act with anything other than murderous intent towards ... well, anything, but that those two were trying to ... get busy with you.

You gaze off into the distance ahead, noting that some of the lighting appears to have died, and find your tired mind wandering once again. What was that strange feeling before, when that creature touched you? If you didn't know any better, you'd swear it felt like--

A howl cuts through your musings, and you feel your heart skip a beat as you recognize the sound. There are more than one kind of headcrab, and different ones make different breeds of zombie ... but there is only one kind that is capable of that terrifying scream. Fast zombies ... frightening spindly creatures that can run as fast or faster than any normal human and can leap great distances.

Another howl rips through the air and the rapid patter of feet begins to echo down the tunnel ... seems like it realized that there is something to hunt down here. The echos, aside from being terrifying, are making it hard to figure out where the creature is coming from ... it could be in front or behind you.

You quickly go over your options ... no bullets left, so melee is your only recourse if it comes to combat. There's a length of pipe on the ground, but it is pathetically useless seeming in the face of the lightning fast monstrosity you are up against. There are some nearby boxes, but opening them would make noise and you're not sure how well hiding behind them would work. You could also just run it ... you know the lay of the land behind you and while the lack of light up ahead is problematic it also would impede your pursuer ...

Heart pounding in your chest, you wonder what you should do ...

> I grab the pipe and move quietly into the nearest corner - it sounds like this thing's got my scent, and tired as I am, the last thing I can afford is to be surprised.

Your fingers wrap around the length of pipe, and you quietly make your way to the pile of boxes. After a moment of thought you decide to take up your position on the side of the boxes facing toward your destination, figuring that at very least the dimer lighting might give you the slightest chance of going unnoticed if it comes from that side. You close your eyes, listening carefully ... and soon your ears confirm that you made the right choice, the creature is approaching from behind.

It's footsteps seem to slow down a little as it approaches ... perhaps the poor light is as much an obstacle to it as it is to you. It probably realizes that you can't have gone far without it hearing ... you tense up, anticipating what you are about to do.

The creature takes a step or two past your hiding spot. It's head twists as it quickly glances over the area, and the moment you see that it is looking the other way you attack.

Thwock!

The creature staggers a little, stunned by the surprise blow to the head. You dash forward, swinging as fast and hard as you can.

Thwock! Thwock!

Two more strikes drive it back slightly more, pushing it mere steps away from the edge of the walkway. You can see that it is regaining it's senses a little, and that your strikes are causing little actual harm ... but if you can force it off the ledge you might have a chance at escape. You raise the pipe, throwing all of your remaining strength into this final swing--

Clang!

--and watching in horror as the zombie swings a claw at your weapon, striking it and sending it flying from your hands.

You barely have time to register this before it throws itself forward, tackling you to the ground. The zombie isn't particularly heavy, it's reddish body primarily composed of lean muscle, but to your exhausted body it feels as though the creature is made of lead. You try to reach up to push it off ... and a clawed hand knocks your hand to the ground and pins it. It's remaining hand flashes out quickly to pin yours ... and it is then that it finally registers that you cannot escape. You feel a hard pressure up against your crotch, and find your gaze drawn downward ...

While you are still a virgin you do know enough of basic anatomy that you had a fairly good idea of what a penis must look like, but you never expected it to be quite so ... large. What must roughly be ten or eleven inches of thick, hardened flesh is poised, stinger-like, between your legs. Your body freezes up, a strange fascination coming over you as you watch the creature grind it's organ against you. As you watch it takes a moment to probe for a likely entrance ... and then drives itself straight through the hole in your jeans.

Once again you find yourself helpless as a zombie desperately humps you ... though fortunately, it seems to have been too impatient to navigate around your panties. It's thick cock rubs up against your entrance through a thin layer of fabric, and that strange sensation begins to build inside you once again ... a low heat growing between your hips ...

"Urg, urg, urg, urgh!" the creature grunts, still pounding away vigorously.

You find yourself staring down at the gap between your pants and your skin, where you can see a reddish bit of flesh poking out just slightly at

the end of every thrust. The heat inside you continues to grow, and you realize with shock that a feeling of slickness has started to grow in your pants ...

It's impossible ... I can't actually be ... enjoying this you think numbly. The creature begins thrusting faster still, and soon you find yourself unable to think.

"Ah ... ahAH!" you dimly hear your voice joining the grunts of the creature on top of you.

"Urgh, urrghh, URRGGHH!!" the creature grunts, and you feel it's body stiffening ...

The creature gives a final howl, then hammers forward, grinding itself against you. You feel a sudden sensation of something hot and damp soaking your panties. The creature thrusts again and you feel a something gooey splatter over you ... you look down to see the tip of it's spasming cock gushing forth a thick white fluid all over your front. It gives one or two more strong spasms, each of which leave little trails of sticky spunk leading from your waist to your almost-bare chest. You feel your body tremble slightly, strange sensations running through you evoked by the touch and musky smell of the creature's cum ...

The zombie folds forward slightly, going limp for a moment ... and at that point, some part of your brain that has been standing by kicks in. You suddenly realize that with the creature temporarily tired out, you might have a chance to get away ... or maybe attack it again. Of course, if you fail you would simply draw it's attention again.

It got what it wanted ... maybe you should just wait for it to go away. It could attack you when it recovers, but that wouldn't make sense if it really was trying to ... well, mate.

You wonder what you should do ...

>Look for something close by that you can use to kill the zombie. If there's nothing, then run away and continue on.

You glance around and spy the piece of pipe you were using earlier and begin slowly edging your hand over to it. You feel the zombie beginning to stir slightly as your fingers touch metal, and you waste no time in bringing the pipe around with as much force as you can muster to the side of it's head. The creature rolls off of you, a grunt issuing from it, and you scramble to your feet. You swing the pipe again as you see it beginning to stand ... and once again, the creature easily bats it away.

Dismayed at your lack of strength, you turn to run. You manage to dash half a dozen feet or two before you hear the sounds of it chasing you. A few moments later, however, the dim lighting and some debris on the floor result in you losing your balance. You manage to catch yourself on the metal railing that edges the walk way, and desperately struggle to get to

your feet ... too late, as you feel clawed hands encircle your waist. Once again, you feel it's hot member probing at you from behind ...

No way, you find yourself thinking in disbelief. This thing can't be ready again already!

It pulls you back slightly and you find your balance thrown off again, only keeping your balance by clinging to the railing. You feel that hard pressure probing at you from behind for a moment, searching for an entrance ... then, a growl of frustration can be heard from behind and you feel razor-sharp claws slide down the waistband of your pants. There is a tearing sound, and the feeling of cool air caressing your now bare skin ... a feeling that is sharply contrasting with the hot flesh pressed against your slick pussy lips.

No ... you think numbly. This can't be--

A sharp pain interrupts your train of thought and you feel the strange sensation of stretching as the creature forces nearly a foot of hard flesh inside you, claiming your virginity. You hear a cry issue from your lips, mirrored by a roar of triumph from the zombie. It begins thrusting furiously, and soon you are shocked to find the pain turning into pleasure. You find yourself clinging to the rail, your fingers biting down into the hard metal as you try to fight the strange feelings this creature is sending through you with every push ...

Oh god ... this isn't supposed to feel good ... you find yourself thinking. So why ...

Your train of thought is interrupted once again as the creature begins to quicken, hammering it's cock inside you with frightening urgency. You hear it beginning to grunt with effort, each thrust accompanied by a wet squishing noise ... the heat, the sounds, the scent of it's cum on you takes over, and soon you are aware of your voice echoing through the tunnel ...

"Urgh, urgh, urgh!" the zombie grunts as it begin pushing even faster, dashing headlong to it's climax.

"Ah! AH! AAAHHH!" You hear your screams ring out, your body beginning to react to this treatment against your will.

You feel your body begin to tense, and the creature pounds itself into you one final time ... you hear it's triumphant cry, your own voice mirroring it as you are driven over the edge. Your orgasm rips through you and you feel your fingers dig into the cold metal of the railing as heat blossoms inside you. Your body twitches slightly in time with the pulsing of the cock inside you as it pours it's load into your womb. You feel your remaining strength leave you, your hands slipping nervelessly off of the railing as you sink to the ground.

What happens afterward you are never entirely sure ... you half remember the creature hammering you from behind as you lay exhausted, and think you remember lying on your back as the creature pulled your waist up to meet

it ... but really, it's all a blur. When you awaken you are alone, though the musky scent of it's cum still remains on you ...

You are not sure how long you were out for, but you feel a little better rested ... sleeping mostly naked in a damp aqueduct is hardly as good as a full night in a bed, but you think you could continue on if you needed to. In the distance you can barely make out what appears to be a door ... as you approach it appears to be a maintenance room. Still trying to shake off the frightening (and confusing) encounter with the zombie, you open the door and glance around ... mostly empty, but it looks fairly secure. You take a moment to rest inside and gather your thoughts ...

A zombie just took my virginity ...and I got off on it you think numbly. I wanted to save myself for Gordon ...

You spend a small amount of time trying to figure out what to think of this before realizing there is no real good way to think of it. You decide to put it out of your mind until you are safely out of danger ... there could be more of those things down here.

You glance around, trying to decide if you should take the opportunity to sleep ... the room is secure, and you're not sure when you'll get another chance. On the other hand, you don't know if you should be wasting any more time.

You wonder what to do ...

>If the door locks, then I sleep - I need it. Otherwise, though, I'll force myself to move on.

You take a glance at the door, and are a little relieved when you discover that there is a lock on it. You lock up, then gratefully settle down for a few hours of rest that, this time, isn't complicated by being penetrated every which way by an inexhaustible monster.

As you drift off, you find yourself wondering about the odd behavior of the zombies ...

... and thinking about what you might tell Gordon ...

... and wondering ...

...

...

...

You dream of a strange figure wearing a business suit. He watches you, a strange smile on his face, and you soon realize that your vision is bobbing up and down, and a strange noise reaches your ears. You look down, and to your shock you see that you are naked. A thick red cock rams it's

way into you from below, and you soon recognize the strange noise as your own voice as you cry out.

A zombie lies on it's back beneath you, and you realize with shock that you are willingly driving yourself down onto it. Your cries begin to grow faster, and before long an explosion of heat fills you. You hear your screams fill the air, and you fall limp and feel the thick member drawing itself from you.

The strange man takes a step closer and reaches out to place his hand on your stomach. As your gaze follows his movements, you are astounded to see the slight but undeniable swell of your belly ...

"How ... in-teresting," The man says, oddly pausing slightly as he pronounces the second word ...

...

...

...

You awaken feeling somewhat disoriented ... you vaguely remember a strange dream, and somehow get the impression that you met someone familiar in it ... but then it is gone. You shrug, and take a moment to assess your situation: You still have a med kit that is barely used and a pistol with no rounds. You are feeling a little hungry, and nagging memories of yesterdays events keep trying to return to your mind ... but you feel pretty well rested, and the slight soreness you felt after your encounter with the zombie seems to have faded. You suppose you are pretty lucky, all things told ...

Satisfied that you are as prepared as you are going to get, you make your way out of the room and continue on your way. Renewed and fresh, you find yourself easily spotting little dangers that you are sure you would have missed had you tried to make this journey while tired: Barnacles, the strange reddish creatures that cling to the ceiling and draw in prey with smooth gray tendrils, are everywhere further down the tunnel. Rest and alert, you easily manage to slip by these worrisome creatures, and after a good hour or two you emerge from the aqueduct and find yourself at the first stretch of clear, non-toxic water you have seen in a long while.

Across the water and further down the canals there is a safe house, which you eagerly make your way towards. The safehouse is a damaged metal ship that is capsized on a small hill of land ... you make your way inside cautiously, but find no life, threatening or otherwise. You notice a weapons storage locker which appears to have been largely picked over, but you may be able to find something of use there. There is also comms equipment that you can use to communicate with other resistance outposts, and a small cluster of machinery used for medical examinations. You suspect if you searched around you may also be able to find some replacement clothing and food too ...

You wonder what you should do first ...

>Search Locker for ammo and weapons. Listen to Radio for new or warnings then search around for some better clothing.

Remembering your recent trouble in the aqueducts, you begin by searching for weapons and ammo. A number of battered and broken boxes litter the area ... from the looks of it this safe house must have already been plundered for supplies. However, after a good ten or fifteen minutes you manage to find some shotgun shells and some bullets that you can use in your pistol. You aren't able to find a shotgun, but you take the shells anyway on the basis that you might find one later. When everything is said and done you end up with another twenty rounds of pistol ammo (which you quickly use to fill your clips) and ten shotgun shells ... not much, but more than you had.

Somewhat satisfied, you head over to the comms area and begin warming everything up. A minor malfunction or two sets you back a little but after a quick tune up the computers are back up and running, and you begin checking to see if there are any new broadcasts. You don't see anything and are about to give up when you are surprised by an incoming transmission. You bring it up on the screen, and are surprised to see a familiar face.

A somewhat older looking man, balding with white hair, with a pair of glasses perched on his nose gazes at you from the screen. He wears a white lab coat, and an expression of one who has had a pleasant surprise ... Dr. Kleiner, one of the resistance's top scientists and your dad's old friend.

"Alyx! Thank goodness you are alright!" he exclaims. "We had begun to worry!"

"Good to see you too Dr, Kleiner." you say, feeling a little better.

"Is Gordon there with you?" Kleiner asks. "When last we heard, you and he had gone off to deal with Dr. Breen in the heart of the Citadel itself."

"No ... honestly, I'm not sure what's going on." you tell him. "Gordon destroyed the Citadel's dark fusion reactor, and I remember an explosion ... then next thing I knew, I was in the canals. You're the first person I've seen since then."

"Oh dear ... well, Gordon will turn up, he always does." Kleiner says. "But ... you said you were in the canals!? You must find your way to a populated safehouse, my dear, it's very dangerous to be alone and unprotected right now!"

"Why, what's going on?" You ask.

"Oh dear ... well, it would appear that the suppression field has begun to act strangely in light of what was done to the reactor. It has no longer been holding out the various creatures in wilderness outside of City 17, and has lost it's ability to halt the reproductive processes." Kleiner explains. "However, it would appear that there were certain unexpected

side effects to this. Namely, The field has begun to project itself in such a way as to enhance reproductive processes."

"W-wait ... you don't mean ..." You say, realization dawning on you.

"I'm afraid I do ... effectively, a sort of artificial mating season has begun for every living creature in City 17. Not only is their drive to, er, copulate increased, but their potency as well!" he tells you.

"When I was on my way here, I had to deal with some zombies that were acting really strange ..." you say dazedly. "I guess this is why ..."

"What!? You came into contact with them? Alyx, they didn't manage to ... capture you, did they!?" Kleiner asks in alarm.

Shame (and oddly, perhaps a little embarrassment) fill you as you nod in response.

"Goodness! Quickly, get to the exam table there. I can remotely examine you to make sure that you are alright." Kleiner says.

You make your way to the table and lie down. There is a whirring noise as the equipment begins scanning. You hear Dr. Kleiner muttering to himself over the computer still.

"Oh goodness ... it looks as though the Xen creature has successfully impregnated you." Dr. Kleiner's voice says.

Shock washes over you at these words ... you try to think of something to say, but no words come. You feel horrified, and ... something else. For a moment a word comes to mind for the feeling, but you know that can't be it ...

"Fortunately, it appears the miniature suppression field technology that we put in place may still be able to neutralize this ... if you will stay still just a moment." Dr. Kleiner says. Too stunned to even consider moving, you hear a low buzzing noise ... and then it is over. "Thank goodness, the Xen embryo that was implanted inside you appears to have been eliminated by our treatment. Another few hours though, and ... well, it's good that we reached you when we did."

You get off the table and approach the computer, feeling a little shaky. You suppose you are fine now, but you still feel a little ... strange.

"Now then, as I mentioned before, you must find your way to someplace safe. Communications have been sparse between our safehouses as Civil Protection and the Overwatch have been keeping a close eye on things, but I'm sure that many of them are still intact--"

"Quiet, Dr. Kleiner." you say, suddenly becoming aware of something.

Faintly, you catch the sound of footsteps ... and a faint crackle of static, followed by an indistinct voice.

"They must have noticed the communications ... sorry Dr. Kleiner, but I have to go. I'll get in touch with you as soon as I can!" you say, and turn off the computer.

The footsteps start coming a little closer ... it sounds like a couple of them, maybe even a full team. You could fight them ... you do have weapons now. Or you could try to run and hide ...

>slip out the back and dash for some cover.

With only your limited firepower things might get a little ugly if you decide to fight ... probably best to move on. There are two entrances to the room you are in, one behind and one to the left, the two of which lead to intersecting hallways. You close your eyes and listen very carefully for a moment; the crackle of static, the slight echo of footsteps ... from behind. Maybe three or four of them, from the sounds of it.

You slip through the left doorway and press your back against the wall, still listening intently. You hear the footsteps enter the room, and begin quietly slipping along the hallway to the intersection, and then turn to make your way along the corridor they came from. You stop at the doorway where they entered the comms room, and wait for the sounds of them leaving to explore the left exit ... then quickly and quietly slip past towards safety.

You make your way through the hallways, ever alert for the telltale chatter of radios or footsteps. You eventually find your way to the door leading to the deck of the ship, and it is only then that you begin to relax.

Well, that was easy, you think as you step out onto the deck ... and notice, too late, the pair of figures hugging the walls to either side.

They wear white masks similar in design to old military gas masks, dark blue uniforms, and appear to be carrying pistols and stun batons ... Civil Protection officers. They appear slightly startled by your appearance, but begin reaching for their weapons quickly enough.

Only two of them ... but those stun batons hurt. If you run, they will alert the others. If you fight them though, the fighting might still alert the others ... and you don't know if there are any more lurking outside.

No time to rue your terrible luck though ... what will you do?

> Well, what do they expect if they bring truncheons to a gun fight? Shoot them - accuracy be damned, you just want them cowering - and then leg it.

You whip out your pistol and fire a quick burst at the one to the left. Two shots ping off the rusted metal of the ship, but one finds it's mark catching him low in the gut causing him to grunt in pain ... unfortunately, thanks to his armor, the shot is unlikely to be fatal. He

staggers back, slipping around a corner in search of respite ... and then a sharp crackle of pain bursts through your back.

You throw yourself forward, spinning around to see the second officer menacing you with his stun baton. He takes another swing and you step back, forcing him to overextend himself ... then snag his arm and pull him in hard towards you while kicking towards him with all the strength you can muster. Your foot hammers it's way into his chest, and he folds forwards towards you. From there you put his helmeted head into your sights and fire three more quick rounds and he slumps to the ground, the faint sound of his suit chiming out a flat line confirming his fate.

"Sector is not secure," a voice crackles.

The snap and pop of rounds flying past your head sends you running and you take a flying leap off the boat, grateful when you impact water rather than hard ground. You dive as deeply as you can, trying not to cry out as a sharp hot flash of pain registers high on your thigh. Gritting your teeth, you keep swimming as hard as you can, only surfacing when you have to, and soon are well away. A quick glance back shows that the guard you left alive is waiting for his backup ... straining your eyes, you catch what looks to be a good five or six joining him.

You make your way to a nearby island and quickly use your med kit to heal up the graze you got escaping, and are mildly annoyed to notice the long slash the round made in your poor jeans. A long slash runs from lower on your thigh and almost to your butt, revealing a decent bit of skin in the process. Just what you needed, something else to entice the horny monsters of City 17 ...

Another glance reveals that the pursuit has begun ... you have 14 rounds left, so combat isn't a completely unreasonable concept, but you've had better odds. A glance around reveals a reasonably sized outlet pipe that you could hide in ... you think you see a few bodies over in that area, most likely the resistance members who used to populate the safehouse. It might be unpleasant, but it might do. Or you could run it to the next portion of the aqueducts. There's plenty of places to ambush and hide in there, and lots of little dangers like the barnacles ... but then, you would be exposing yourself to those dangers to.

Not much time ... what will you do?

>Hide in the pipe

As much as you'd love to teach them a lesson, you suppose you should save your ammo for other things ... and who knows what you might run into if you go charging into the aqueducts. Hiding in the culvert it is then ...

You make your way over, carefully averting your gaze from the bodies, and crouch down to investigate the pipe. It is a reasonably large pipe, a good four feet or more in diameter, concealed beneath the overhang of a walkway attached to the canal wall. It goes back maybe a good eight to ten feet before a grating seals off the rest of it. You are also a little relieved

when you notice that it is fairly dry and clean. You suppose it may be the outlet from a storm sewer or some such, seeing as it hasn't rained recently ... regardless, it's a decent place to hide.

You duck and begin climbing inside, moving back until you can rest your back on the bars of the grating, then lean back and wait. After a few minutes you hear the sound of footsteps and the occasional crackle of radios as your pursuers begin investigating the area. You watch nervously, hand on your pistol, as they come closer and breath a sigh of relief when they show no indication of wanting to investigate the water or your little hiding spot.

The cessation of footsteps informs you that they have stopped a short distance away, and the crackle of radios follows ... probably requesting orders. Well, so long as you remain quiet everything should be fine ...

A low grunt, all too familiar to you by now, causes you to open your eyes. To your horrified fascination you watch as one of the bodies begins to move and a pair of clawed hands surfaces to drag itself over the rest. The lumpy whitish "head" of the zombie swivels around, seemingly searching ... and turns to focus on you.

Not again! you think irritably as the creature begins to crawl it's way into the drain.

Your hand settles on your gun, and you calmly take off the safety, ready to blast the creature's brains out into the water ... when a sudden horrifying thought occurs to you. Your pursuers are still nearby ... probably near enough to hear a gunshot. If you shoot it, then you might bring Civil Protection back down on you ... on the other hand, you know what will happen if you do nothing.

The creature finally manages to pull itself fully into the drain and begins to drag itself determinedly towards you ...

You could try to fight it with your bare hands ... but with the cramped space you are in, it'll be hard to get enough momentum to get a good hit in. You could also try to struggle past it and sneak away, but the monstrosity might draw Civil Protection's notice even if you do. Lastly ...

You feel heat rush to your face, and feel disgust and ... something else fill you. You could try to keep it from having sex with you by ... well, doing other things to it. If it cums before it gets to put it inside, then there's no chance of it impregnating you, right? And after the guards are gone you could shoot it. Though you don't know what it would take to keep it off you ... would touching it with your hands do it? Or would you have to ... well, use your mouth?

The creature approaches ... what will you do?

>Use your hands and mouth.

If the Combine catch you then who knows what they will do ... and as strong as these things are, you doubt you can subdue the zombie by force. You've got to delay it until the guards leave ... and with a sinking feeling, you realize what that means.

You wait long moments as the creature approaches, mentally preparing yourself for what you are about to do. The zombie's claws rake the stone to either side of you as it crawls on top of you, preparing to mount you. Closing your eyes, you slide one hand down (carefully keeping the other on your pistol) past the waistband of the creature's pants to meet hot flesh. The creature stops, seemingly intrigued by the sensation, and you hastily wrap your fingers around the hardened member and slowly begin to stroke it ...

"Hurrgrh!" the creature groans, coming to a halt.

You squeeze a little harder, your eyes still closed, and begin jerking furiously, hoping to end this as quickly as possible. You feel heat rising in your face as shame and embarrassment begins to flood you ... as well as, undeniably, a tiny spark of excitement. The creature presses against you, grunting and groaning as you stroke it, and to your horror you find yourself getting a little turned on by it. You feel your heartbeat quickening and find yourself comparing this creature to the last one, comparing it's thickness, it's length ... before hastily stopping yourself when you realize what you are doing.

You quicken your pace further, your arm muscles beginning to burn with the pace you are setting, and you are relieved to feel a spasm run through the creature ... moments later you feel a sticky warmth begin to soak your hand and surge out to drip down your arm. The creature sags against you as the last few pulses of it's seed surge out to soak you ... then, just as you are about to give a sigh of relief, you feel it's cock begin to twitch and harden again.

Horror fills you as it begins to move to climb on top of you again, and it occurs to you that the last one had some rather impressive stamina as well. You struggle backward, trying to appease it with your hand again, but it pushes your hand away.

It must be tired of that already, you think in shock. I need to do something else to keep it off me...

Drawing on the strength of panic you shove the creature as hard as you can to knock it onto it's back. Screwing up your courage, you move forward before it can recover and unzip it's pants. A large reddish stock presents itself, rapidly hardening and still covered with a little of the creature's cum.

Acting quickly to prevent yourself from thinking about it, you lower your face to it's crotch and take the creature's cock into your mouth. The heady flavor of it's cum fills your mouth, and you feel your body tremble in response ... you are shocked to hear a low moan issue from your throat as well as from the creature itself. The creature halts again, apparently

satisfied with this compromise, and you feel it's clawed hand come to a rest on the back of your head as it guides you down.

SSlllpp, sslp, sllluurpp

The sound of your efforts echos through the pipe, reverberating in your ears and adding a new level of shameful reality to what you are doing. The creature grunts softly, guiding you in a surprisingly gentle fashion with it's hand, encouraging you to steadily take in more of it's shaft. You begin to lose yourself in the hypnotic sensuality of the act ... the soft slurping noise, the grunt that follows, and the strange hot sensations radiating through your body.

You are not sure how long this goes on, you are only aware of the sensation of the hard meat sliding between your lips and, eventually, down your throat. When the creature finally stiffens and the hot flood of semen finally arrives it takes you by surprise. You feel it begin to flood your mouth, and hesitantly begin to swallow ... then some vague vestige of your self returns, and you pull back. The hot liquid splatters on your face, and you find yourself watching dreamily as it continues to spurt ...

When the creature finishes, it falls limp again ... though it doesn't take long before you notice it beginning to twitch and harden again. You are dimly aware that you can't remember if you have heard anything from the soldiers outside lately ... everything but what you were doing seems to have fallen out of focus for the past ... how long?

The part of you that is still thinking ... well, like you, is beginning to feel a bit worried. The strange feelings running through you, and the faint thoughts about what you should do next with the creature seem a little dangerous ...

The part of your mind that feels pink and warm and ... strange, is thinking that the Combine may still be outside, and it would be best to wait it out. You'd need to keep the zombie busy of course ... you wonder if it would accept another blowjob, or if you'd need to do something else. You've heard that there's some guys who like it when a girl uses her breasts to jerk them off. Though it might want sex now ... if it gets a hold of you, it'll try to impregnate you. But if you take the initiative and take control of the situation ... well, you could try to ensure that it doesn't cum inside. You can't get pregnant if that happens, right?

The part of your mind that is in a slightly chillier, more focused place is commenting that things might get out of hand if you keep going ... maybe it would be best to escape now, and hope the creature is too tired to follow. Or you could risk the Combine hearing and just shoot it now ...

You wonder what you should do ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 50/100

Stamina: 80/100

Pistol Ammo: 14
Shotgun Ammo: 10

> Shoot the zombie

Something inside you comes into focus, and with a feeling of horror you realize what you were about to do. Throwing yourself backward you snag your pistol and quickly draw a bead. As the creature begins to move, you neatly put three rounds through it's head and end it's threat. Well, one problem down.

Trying to ignore the ringing echos of your gunfire, you listen intently for the telltale crackle of radios that says you have been noticed ... and slump against the wall in relief when nothing catches your ear. You make your way out of the pipe, carefully avoiding the body and the oddly fascinating sight of the creature's last erection standing stall long after it has fallen. Once outside you glance around and, catching no sight of the Combine, proceed to clean yourself off in the water.

You take a look at yourself in the surface of the water; your torn shirt covers only slightly more of the slight curves of your breasts than your jacket does, and your jeans now reveal a shapely portion of your rear as well as having torn a little further at the crotch ... in short, you look like a randy monster's dream come true. On the plus side though, your quick bath has made you look a little bit less like one of those pre-Black Mesa porn stars at the end of a hard day ...

You sigh and sit back, thinking about your situation ... you doubt you should go back to the last safe house, Civil Protection will probably be swarming the place soon enough. At this point your two options are to continue into the aqueducts and try to make it to the next portion of the Canals ... the next largest safe house you can remember is there, and it's possible that it is still populated. If you rushed it you could probably get away from most of the zombies now that you are feeling a bit more rested, and you do have some ammo left. You could also move a bit more carefully and slowly to avoid barnacles, but you may need to fight a bit more ...

Other than that, you'd probably have to make your way into the city. Civil Protection is likely to be looking for you, but you might be able to find some human allies here and there to help you ...

As you consider you become aware of little waves of heat still running through you from your encounter ... distractedly, you wonder what to do ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 50/100
Stamina: 80/100
Pistol Ammo: 11
Shotgun ammo: 10

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 50/100

Stamina: 80/100

Pistol Ammo: 11

Shotgun ammo: 10

>Get to the safehouse as fast as you can.

Despite what has already happened, you suppose that anything is better than the Combine capturing you again. You begin making your way to the entrance of the next tunnel ...

The entrance is dimly lit: it looks like this portion of the aqueducts is in pretty poor repair. Many of the lights attached to the cracked walls appear to have died, and large piles of debris litter the area. And in the distance, a few shambling forms raise their heads at your approach. You're not sure why, but you feel strangely excited ... maybe it just reminds you of the good old days when you had the fastest canal run out of everyone in the resistance ...

Alright, let's do it, you think, breaking into a quick walk.

The first attack comes as you pass a pile rubble that appears to have come from the damaged roof; A zombie's clawed hand lashed out at you from the side.

No you don't ... not this time! you think, sidestepping and snagging it by the wrist.

You place a foot solidly on the rubble, then pull the creature towards the rail. As it staggers, off balance, you calmly let go of it's arm and spin around to strike it with a well placed kick to the back of it's head ... you smile to yourself as you hear the splash from down below followed by a shriek of disappointment.

Three of the creatures await you along the walkway as you continue forwards, not even bothering to hide. You continue to move forward slowly, planning out your method of attack ... then putting on a burst of speed just outside of their striking range. You easily slip to the side, dodging the first creature's attack, then dive to the ground and roll beneath the second. Your legs unfold at just the right moment to spring you back to your feet and dash past the third ... you glance back, almost wanting to laugh at confused appearance of the creatures.

A large pile of debris awaits you ahead, and you begin to climb to the top where a small gap leads further on. You make it to the top and, mindful of your last encounter with a tight space, carefully squeeze yourself through the opening. Distant groans from behind reach your ears ... irritated by

the fact that you are still being pursued, you shove yourself forward ... and feel the debris beneath you give out, sending you tumbling forward.

Sharp bits and pieces of stone attempt to break your fall, but only succeed in causing a number of unpleasant bruises. Eventually something snags you, and you feel yourself pulled breathlessly to a stop. You lie there for a moment, waiting for the world to stop moving ... when something abruptly pulls you upwards by one leg. Pulled upside down, you try to swing yourself around to see what is going on ... and something long, sticky and warm wraps itself around your arm.

Barnacles ... dammit! you think.

The tendril around your leg begins sliding it's way further down to you, delicately wrapping around your thigh before slipping down to encircle your waist ...

Trying to ignore the sensations this is evoking, you glance around trying to decide what you should do. The roof rises sharply where the pulsating red creatures have anchored themselves, leaving a lip of concrete that you could cling to ... if a barnacle can't pull something for long enough, it usually just lets go. Or if you could manage a decent shot you could try to simply kill the damn things ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 55/100

Stamina: 65/100

Pistol Ammo: 14

Shotgun Ammo: 10

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 55/100

Stamina: 65/100

Pistol Ammo: 11

Shotgun ammo: 10

> leave my gun safely tucked away, grab onto the concrete lip with both arms.

As the creatures steadily pull you up, you reach out and latch onto the concrete lip, abruptly halting your ascent. You feel your grip slip slightly as the tendril wound about your arm tugs sharply in an attempt to dislodge you, but you quickly adjust to reset your handhold.

You risk a look upward towards the fleshy red creatures, and are greeted by a combination of good and bad news ... the good news is that the jagged teeth that these creatures usually use appear to be retracted. The bad news is that these unlikely creatures seem to have been affected by the suppression field as well: a thick fleshy shaft studded with strangely swollen growths protrudes from the center of the creatures topped by a large rounded bulb that drips with a thick, heavy fluid ... you are regrettably sure that you know what the purpose of this is ...

You've gotta be kidding ... you think. Don't any of these things have females of their own!?

Another sharp tug at your left arm drags your clenched fingers from their refuge, followed by a tug at your leg that prevents you from taking a chance at adjusting your hold again ... this could be trouble. With one of these things you could easily hold out until it lost interest, but if both of them pull at just the right moments then you could easily lose your grip. Fortunately they aren't bright enough to coordinate like that, but there is a chance it could happen before they decide you aren't worth it.

If you really put forth the effort you might be able to free your arm, but doing so means you'll only be hanging on by one hand ... one good tug and it's game over. If you try to shoot one (or both) you could get free pretty quickly, but that would use up precious ammo and there's the risk of dropping your gun. The other alternative is simply trying finesse and force your arm free, but that would take a bit more time.

An image of what awaits you above flashes through your mind, and you hastily bat it away. Well, unless you can think of something else your only options are to tough it out or try to free yourself from one or both ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 60/100
Stamina: 50/100
Pistol Ammo: 11
Shotgun ammo: 10

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 60/100
Stamina: 50/100
Pistol Ammo: 11
Shotgun ammo: 10

>Hold on with both hands, and try to wriggle out of my jeans - hopefully, that would mean the one holding my leg lost its grip. If that happens, then pull with all my might to escape the other one, too.

Another pair of sharp tugs set your muscles groaning, and you decide that waiting is a recipe for disaster. You don't want to use up your ammo though ... you glance at the tendril wrapped around your tattered jeans and sigh as you realize what the alternative is. When the next pulls comes you tense your muscles to meet it, and the instant the creatures go limp you slip your free hand do- well, up to unzip your jeans.

Reaching back to reclaim your handhold, you wait for the barnacle's next assault and heave yourself forward, twisting your hips and kicking in an attempt to remove your pants and the tentacle attached to them. Cool air greets your skin as they begin to pull free, and you eagerly throw yourself forward again, the feeling of the sliding fabric the most wonderful thing you could imagine. With one final difficult movement you pull your feet free, cold but elated ... until you notice your belt biting into your waist.

It must have snagged my belt ... oh hell, you think. You could easily slip it free, but doing so would lose you your extra ammo and ... dammit!, your hacking tool and the data stored on it! You might be able to slip the tool free and get the belt off, but that still deprives you of your extra ammo ...

Your train of thought is abruptly cut off by a strange sensation ... almost like a vibration running through you. You almost think your mind is playing tricks on you when you notice that the barnacles seem to have felt it too; the tentacles holding you slacken somewhat. You notice a faint distortion in the air coming from the tunnel ahead, and a strange buzzing susurrus fills the tunnel. The sight and sound occupy your attention as you temporarily forget about your plight.

What the hell-- you manage to think before the flowing wave of sensation hits. Every nerve in your body seems to sizzle as a fiery longing explodes within you, followed by a strangely sweet aching sensation low in your belly. Your body goes limp and for a moment you swing free dazed by the shock wave of heat, only coming to your senses when a warm, wet fluid striking your thigh catches your attention.

You look up to see the pulsating red creatures above you twitching, warm gobbets of liquid dripping from their thick stamen. You find yourself strangely entranced by the sight, but after a moment you begin to come to your senses. You feel tension beginning to build in the tentacles as the creatures begin to recover and you realize that, however they felt before, they are going to be in a real frenzy to get at you now.

No time to think, you need to do something to keep them off of you, and fast!

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 80/100

Stamina: 30/100

Pistol Ammo: 11

Shotgun ammo: 10

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 80/100

Stamina: 30/100

Pistol Ammo: 11

Shotgun ammo: 10

>Try to get the hacking tool off.

It takes you only a fraction of a second to prioritize: You need to escape, and you need to get the data on your tool back to the resistance. You reach down and quickly detach the tool with your free hand and quickly but carefully toss it onto the pile of rubble that you fell from. You then unbuckle your belt and feel yourself swing slightly to the side as your weight shifts to the tentacle holding your arm.

Your fingers lash out to grasp the ledge as a sudden upward heft draws you towards the creatures once again. Your fingers latch onto stone, dragging you to a halt, and you close your eyes as you bend all of your will and strength into holding on ... and, with a supreme effort, you steadily begin to drag yourself back down until both hands catch hold again. The next few minutes you spend carefully unwinding the gray tendril from your arm, until, with a final heave, you free yourself and drop to the ground with a thud.

You lie there for a moment, ignoring the cold feel of the rubble against your bare legs and rear, and let the fire fade from your limbs to be replaced by a slow, syrupy exhaustion. A clinking noise alerts you to movement, and you glance up to see the remnants of your clothing falling to the ground ... apparently they weren't very appetizing. Forcing yourself to move, you make your way over to the remains, making sure to grab your hacker tool before doing so.

A cursory examination reveals that your pants, troopers that they were, appear to have suffered enough that they won't serve much of a useful purpose anymore. Your belt appears to be in decent repair (aside from some toothmarks), but the ammo appears to have been dislodged from the fall. In the dim lighting you manage to find the boxes of shotgun shells, but the bullets appear to have scattered from the fall ... with a sigh, you clip your belt on, attach the remaining shells and your tool, and wearily walk past the delicate tendrils hanging from the ceiling.

You take your time now, your fatigue beginning to catch up with you ... you carefully navigate two more obstructions in the tunnel, but as time goes on you find your mind wandering. Your immediate danger over you begin to find yourself absently thinking of the sensation that washed over you as you fought to escape the barnacles, and to your shock you find your hand drifting slowly downwards, your fingers teasing the soft flesh of your thighs ... a little shudder runs through you, and you find yourself wondering what it would have felt like if you had failed to escape ...

You are eventually drawn from your thoughts by a low noise, perhaps the sound of a voice, coming from up ahead. A small ramshackle shanty made of rusted iron planks appears ahead, a faint warm glow radiating from between the cracks of the makeshift walls. Exhaustion seems to bog down your every step, but that strange hot feeling still burns inside of you ... you don't know for sure that this is an outpost, but it seems likely, and that voice sounds familiar. You could certainly use some rest, but you aren't sure that you should be around ... well, anyone the way you are feeling now.

You wonder if you should seek shelter or press on ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 85/100

Stamina: 20/100

Pistol Ammo: 6

Shotgun ammo: 10

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 85/100

Stamina: 20/100

Pistol Ammo: 6

Shotgun ammo: 10

>Check out the shack.

You approach the shack and, gathering your resolve, knock on the door. The sound of a harsh voice and footsteps reach you as you wait, and the door slides open to reveal a mottled brown and green creature.

It stands at roughly the height of a man and is similarly shaped, though the odd construction of it's body gives it a hunched appearance. A longish neck protrudes from nearly the top of the chest, a small strangely shaped head with a single large red eye occupying much of it, and a small, third arm protrudes from the center of it's torso ... a Vortigaunt, one of the former slaves of the Combine.

"The Alyx Vance!" It announces in surprise. "Quickly, come inside!"

You make your way inside, grateful to discover that it is much warmer than the tunnels.

"You have no idea how happy I am to see you!" you say. "I haven't seen a friendly face in days!"

"Indeed, the Alyx Vance's journeys appear to have worn upon her, most considerably." The creature says.

You follow it's gaze, and find yourself blushing as you realize that you are wearing little more than your jacket, belt and panties.

"Umm, you wouldn't happen to have any spare clothes here would you?" you ask hopefully, your hand slipping down in a vain attempt to cover yourself.

"It is regrettable that I do not," the creature says. "The most I can offer the Alyx Vance is a room in which to rest herself, and the safety of my vigilance."

"I appreciate it. This, er, room?" You say, walking to a section of the shack that has been cordoned off with some reasonably intact cloth. The Vort nods, and you step inside to discover a makeshift bed ... well, better than nothing.

You pull the curtains and sit down, your exhaustion rising to greet you. You absently detach your hacking tool and begin to check it over to make sure it survived it's earlier fall. After assuring yourself of it's safety, you calmly begin checking over the rest of your supplies, more aware than ever of the importance of them after the past two days. Only after this is finished do you lay down, and strangely you find yourself having a hard time sleeping.

A little tingle of heat still runs through you, and after a good ten minutes of trying to ignore it you open your eyes. Your fingers trace their way downwards, where you can almost imagine you can still feel the fluid from the barnacles on you. Your hand draws upwards to the V of your legs, a gentle pressure against your pussy.

You want ... relief. Now that you aren't thinking about survival you can't help but think of that hot itch deep inside of you. Would it be a good idea to play with yourself though? It could just make it worse in the long run.

A low grunting noise catches your attention, coming from the main section of the house. It sounded like the Vort ...

He should be able to handle just about anything down here in the tunnels, you find yourself thinking. And it would probably be a lot louder if there was a fight anyway ...

Regardless, it probably doesn't demand your attention ... maybe you should just get to sleep. Or, well, do what you were going to do then get to sleep. But then again, you'd hate to find out later that this was important ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 85/100
Stamina: 20/100
Pistol Ammo: 6
Shotgun ammo: 10

>Check out what's going on.

You rise to your feet and creep towards the ragged curtain. Not daring to push it aside, you find a particularly patchy portion of the sheet and peek through a small hole.

The Vort stands in the corner and seems to be making various strange grunting and hissing noises which, for some strange reason, send a strange aching sensation running through you. As you watch you notice that it's arms are moving as it manipulates something that you can't see. The arms move in a slow rhythmic fashion that is somehow almost hypnotic. Strange faraway musings of what it might be doing drift through your mind ...

"The Alyx Vance ..." the creature hisses, snapping you from your thoughts. Your body trembles as an unknown feeling seems to resonate from the core of your being.

You know that Vorts normally communicate by a sort of telepathy amongst themselves, but for the benefits of humans tend to speak out loud. But, like anyone speaking a foreign tongue, they sometimes slip back into their native language during stress or great emotion and humans can sense a little of it. You can't help but wonder what this Vort is thinking that would project such a bizarre feeling strongly enough that you can feel it ... before abruptly finding out.

The creature turns, it's massive eye blazing a crimson red. A massive stalk of the same tones and colors as the creature's flesh thrusts upward from low on it's abdomen. One hand gently rocks up and down, massaging roughly a foot of flesh. A thick nob slightly higher up is held by the creature's middle arm, and your eyes follow upward towards the second foot of hardened flesh, which is being stoked by the last arm and is itself topped with a massive bulge.

Oh ... right, you think weakly.

"The ... Alyx Vance ..." it hisses again, redoubling it's efforts.

You've never seen a guy (or alien) jerk off before ... much less one doing so less than five feet away to thoughts of you. You're not really sure if

you should be worried, or flattered ... and you're pretty sure you shouldn't be turned on.

Those deep aches inside you begin growing a little more insistent, and you find yourself wondering what you should do. You're as horny as you've ever been, but you somehow feel there might be something wrong with masturbating now ... aside from that, you're wondering how much self control the Vort really has. You're sure he wouldn't do anything to you ... well, pretty sure ... You shift a little, uncomfortable heat growing inside you.

Well, you could keep watching ... just to make sure nothing happens. Or for other reasons. Or you could try to go to sleep and hopefully ignore what is going on. Or you could go out there and confront him. Or go out there and ... You shake your head, trying to push out those enticing, fiery thoughts.

Well, what should you do?

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 90/100
Stamina: 20/100
Pistol Ammo: 6
Shotgun ammo: 10

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 90/100
Stamina: 20/100
Pistol Ammo: 6
Shotgun ammo: 10

>Keep watching, try to masturbate.

Well, it's only fair ... you think, letting your hands wander. You gently tease your nipples, long since grown stiff and tender, with one hand and slip the other down to nestle against your crotch. Your back arches and a silent sigh escapes your mouth as your fingers trace your lips through the thin fabric of your panties. Unable to avert your gaze, you find your mind drifting as you give in to this driving need ...

I wonder what he is thinking about, you wonder dreamily as your fingers finish their circuit and slip beneath the fabric. Is he imagining fucking me? Or maybe I'm sucking his cock?

You slide a finger inside, an indescribable feeling, a ravenous hunger, filling you as it pistons inside you. Is he forcing himself on me, or am I willing?

The creature hisses sharply and you see it's massive member twitch. For a moment you feel almost disappointed that the show has ended so soon, but

no eruption is forthcoming and the Vort soon begins stroking again, slower this time. Relieved, you push another finger inside, pumping a little more quickly ...

I bet he is taking his time, you think feverishly. Saving up so he can savor the moment when he finally shoots it inside me ...

"Come on ... fuck me ..."

You see the Vort stop, turning in your direction. After a moment you realize that the last bit was not in your head, and panic flashes through your mind. It was fairly quiet, a low moan at best, but it seems like he at least heard something ... as you watch, he begins to take a step towards the curtain.

Dammit! I'm not done yet! you think with a mixture of consternation and horror. A confusion of feelings still runs through you ... horror at the thought of being caught (and what he might do if he finds you like this), shame at your lack of control, and a burning need to climax ...

Pretend you were talking in your sleep! part of you screams.

Confront him about what he was doing, another thought suggests. If you need to, you can fight him ... your gun is still nearby too.

Just finish what you were doing, then decide! a much lower part of you begs. If he catches you then just play with him ... or fuck him even! It's not like you'll definitely get pregnant ...

The Vort's footsteps slowly draw closer ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 95/100
Stamina: 20/100
Pistol Ammo: 6
Shotgun ammo: 10

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 95/100
Stamina: 20/100
Pistol Ammo: 6
Shotgun ammo: 10

> try to satisfy the Vort with a blowjob

The curtain draws back, startling you from your thoughts. The Vort stares down at you with an unreadable expression, though the two foot long erection and the veritable waves of psychic desire are pretty good hints to what it is thinking. Well, nothing for it now that you are caught ... you slip forward before the creature can decide what to do with you, wrapping your hands around it's massive member.

"Ah! ... the Alyx Vance ..." it hisses, it's member twitching in your hands. "The will weakens ... and primal urges overcome ..."

Wait ... does he mean me or him? you find yourself thinking. I'm just doing this because ...

Your mind begins to go blank as you stare at the massive cock before you, and oddly you find yourself unable to complete the thought. Moving instinctively, you place your lips against the tip of the creature's tool and take it inside your mouth ... a low uncontrollable moan wells up from deep in your throat as the strange flavor of the creature fills your mouth. Your hands drop to the lower foot of the creature's cock, jerking it upwards while you do your best to swallow the upper half. The Vort's middle hand reaches out to grasp the knobby portion in the middle, gently massaging it, while the remaining two begin guiding your hands and head to the proper rhythm ...

"Mmm ...mmnnn ... mmnnn!" you moan around him, oddly excited by the prospect of what you are doing.

"Yes ... The Alyx Vance must continue ..." The Vort encourages. "The essence gathers ..."

You increase your pace, that agonizing ache rising up once again at the thought of what is about to happen.

Cum ... come on, shoot your wad ...

"Ah!" The Vort hisses, raising it's hips slightly. You close your eyes, waiting for the inevitable ...

The flesh beneath your hands pulses, swelling ... and then abruptly stops. No shudder runs through the cock in your mouth, no hot liquid pours forth ... you open your eyes, oddly disappointed, to discover that the lower portion of the member has increased a respectable bit in girth ...

"The essence has gathered," the creature says softly. "The Alyx Vance must make haste. The second climax has passed, but soon the urge will come again. Once the essence has gathered fully, unavoidable will be the urge to mate the Alyx Vance."

It's storing it up for one big shot? you find yourself thinking dazedly. Well, that ... works, I guess.

There is no way you can stop now ... you haven't even cum yet! You don't want it to impregnate you, but you need relief ... maybe you could just keep playing with it until it cums, then finish yourself off afterward. Or maybe you could fuck it now ... it doesn't cum until "the essence has fully gathered" right? If it cums too soon, you'll be taking a massive cumshot (you really wish you didn't feel like that's what you want), but if not you should be fine ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 100/100
Stamina: 20/100
Pistol Ammo: 6
Shotgun ammo: 10

Alyx has hit her limit as to self control, so it's pretty much all sexual actions at this point (until she cums, which will put her in a more normal state of mind; the more satisfying the orgasm, the lower the Arousal will go). The gauge will continue to increase (and much faster, given the situation) until Alyx completely loses control and willingly lets herself get fucked. Enjoy the spiral out of control!

> Vort, throatfuck Alyx

Just a little ... you think. Just a little bit of playing around can't hurt, right?

You wrap your arms around the Vort and pull him down on top of you. He grunts in surprise and tries to push himself back up, but the weight (and, perhaps, level of undress) of your body holds him down.

"The Alyx Vance must ..." He begins.

"Sssh," you hush him, excitement running through you. "It's ok ..."

His massive cock lies nestled against you, the thick knob at the center resting against your slit with only the thin fabric of your panties between them. You carefully begin drawing yourself against him, relishing the feel of it's hard heat pressing against you. Before long the Vort gives in and begins to thrust back, eye blazing red and breathing ragged as it grinds against your willing body.

Is this what you were imagining a little earlier? you wonder dreamily as the creature humps you urgently.

And suddenly, the world seems to go dark.

"The Alyx Vance ...", A voice whispers, and you become aware of another Vortigaunt's presence. From the darkness, a half dozen or so of the creatures materialize. "Calmness must reign, brother."

The creature on top of you slows to a stop, seemingly brought to it's senses. To your disappointment it rises to it's feet and steps away from you and the psychic intensity you felt earlier begins to fade. You try to move, but find yourself incapable of it.

"The Alyx Vance must take heed," one of the creatures states. "Targeted, the Alyx Vance has been for the mating call. If the Alyx Vance wishes to be an ally of the Freeman, she must take care to avoid it."

You feel the immediacy of your desire beginning to fade, if only slightly.

"The road ahead will offer great peril, but the Alyx Vance must continue on if she wishes for safety." The creature says. "It is regrettable that no aid can be offered, but we too suffer the effects of the call."

" ... the call..."

"... yes ..."

"... inevitable it would be ..."

"... the mating of the Alyx Vance ..."

A chorus of hisses, the whispering of the other creatures, echoes out from the darkness.

"And now farewells must be said," one of the creatures says. "Let the Alyx Vance have good fortune on the road ahead."

.....

....

...

You awaken, and spend a few confused moments wondering when you fell asleep. You glance around and discover yourself on the floor several feet from the sleeping area. The Vort does not appear to be anywhere nearby.

I didn't ... I mean, he didn't ... you think in a flash of panic. You check yourself over, and soon surmise that nothing seems to have, erm, happened during your sleep.

Was all of that some kind of crazy dream?

Still a bit confused, you rise and gather your belongings. You feel much refreshed, though still a little ... hot. However, if you concentrate on what your doing you can keep it off your mind.

You leave the shack, and proceed down the tunnel until you finally reach the exit. Through the morning light you see another stretch of the Canals which splits off into two directions. One will take you directly towards your objective, perhaps the largest of the remaining safe houses in the Canals. The other, you recall, leads a dried out portion of the Canals that you are quite familiar with ... in fact, you hid a stash of supplies (including some clothes) there some time ago, though who knows if it is still there now.

You wonder which way you should go ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 75/100

Stamina: 85/100

Pistol Ammo: 6

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol.

Clothing: Torn jacket and shirt, panties, belt.

>Go to the dried out portion and check for supplies.

The prospect of weaponry alone is worth quite a bit but really, deep down, you can't help but feel that the possibility of finding clothing is what finally decided matters. After all, the rags you are wearing now aren't much protection against the rutting hordes of aliens you are likely to come across. With this in mind, you begin picking your way through to what you hope is a usable supply stash.

The sun beats down on your back as you walk and the humid air that rises up from the muddy bottom of the canal offers you little in the way of relief. Trickle of sweat cause your shirt to cling damply to your body, and soon you are forced to remove the remains of your jacket despite the shreds of modesty it affords you. After a few miles you approach your destination, an abandoned service station set into the wall of the canal.

You eagerly move forward, anxious to finally be done with this little excursion, when a strange chirping noise catches your ear. A flicker of movement catches your eye, and as you watch a small dog-like creature wanders into view. It's bright turquoise stripes run down it's yellowish stump of a body, and a massive cluster of black eyes stare out from one end of it's headless trunk. Only three legs support the creature, but as you watch it moves about with surprising speed and nimbleness.

Well if it isn't the Xen solution to the three legged dog, you think as you watch the little creature wheel about .

Houndeyes. Harmless chirpy little things alone, but get a couple together and the sound waves they produce can pack a serious punch. And of course, they rarely travel alone.

The creature is currently running about on the concrete landing next to the canal and doesn't seem to have noticed you yet. Beyond it, of course, is the ladder to the main entrance of the service station. You could always try driving it off, or just killing the damn thing, but you don't know how many may be in the area. Sneaking by may work too, the flighty little things aren't always very attentive.

On the other hand, if you recall there is a second entrance leading from a nearby culvert, but that means slogging through more mud and trash, and who knows what might be lurking in there.

Just once, you'd like to know what an easy day feels like ... ah well, what should you do?

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 75/100

Stamina: 75/100

Pistol Ammo: 6

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol.

Clothing: Torn jacket and shirt, panties, belt.

>Scout out the area to see if there are more of the dog creatures around. If not, try to drive that one away and make for the ladder.

You take a minute to survey the area: no weeds rustle in a suspicious manner, no small forms flit about and no chorus of chirps heralds the arrival of more of the little creatures. Seems like this one just got separated from it's pack.

You snag a nearby stone and walk forward, carefully making sure to show no hesitation. The creature notices you and hops around, an inquisitive sound issuing from it as you approach. You snap your hand forward, sending the stone to land with a sharp crack at the ground next to the solitary Hound. The creature hops backward with a startled noise, lowers itself into a slightly more aggressive stance ... and promptly turns and flees.

"Take a walk Rover, I'm meaner than you," you say, relieved that the creature left with no argument.

You make your way up the ladder and into the station, which you are pleased to discover seems to have been well taken care of since your last visit. In the main room a pair of cots have been set up, and a nearby locker contains food, water and, to your delight, the small travel pack of emergency gear you were looking for.

You open the bag and quickly survey the contents: a medkit, a pair of binoculars (did you put those in there?), and a spare set of clothes. At the bottom, to your puzzlement, you spot a patch of light, flowery looking cloth. Unearthing it, you discover what appears to be a short sarong-style skirt and top. A small photo appears to have been pinned to it of a girl in similar garb on a sandy beach with the words "Wish you were her" written across it ... clearly, a little gift from your comrades.

"Jerks," you mutter, but can't help but smile a little.

A further inspection of the station reveals a heavy spanner (which, mindful of your lack of weaponry, you quickly appropriate) and a small maintenance room which has, beyond all of your wildest hopes, been converted into a shower stall, complete with hot water.

Well ... it is getting to be around midday and it won't be too far away from dusk by the time you get back to the juncture if you head back now. And this is a pretty secure spot, and of course has other little perks ... but you really should probably push on. On the other hand, you could use this time to rest and prepare for what may be a rather rough journey ahead.

You wonder what you should do ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 70/100

Stamina: 70/100

Pistol Ammo: 6

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol, Spanner, Binoculars, Extra clothes, Sarong outfit.

Clothing: Torn jacket and shirt, panties, belt.

>Secure the entrances to the station as best as possible. Keeping weapons close at hand, take a shower in the converted maintenance room. Masturbate in the shower.

You should probably be in a hurry, but this is just too good of an opportunity to pass up. You search the place over once again and bar the lower entrance that leads to the culvert and lock the door to the landing. Feeling safe for the first time in days, you take some time to sit down (on a bed, no less!) and devour your first real meal since ... well, first real meal in some time. Afterward you pack some of the more portable food and some water in the travel pack with your other gear before turning your attention to the spanner that is your new weapon.

You take off your old belt, careful to remove your hacker tool and attach it to the belt in your spare set of clothes, and carefully tear a few of the stitches that hold the two strips of leather that comprise it together. You then rip a few strips off of what remains of your jacket and use them to tie off the edges of the hole you have made between the leather strips, hoping it will help in preventing the remaining threads from snapping, and slip the handle of the spanner through the hole. You then wrap it around one of your bare thighs, then stand up to survey the results: certainly not the most perfect holster ever, and it is a bit

cumbersome, but hopefully it will allow you to keep your hands free when you need them.

One day, I'll have to ask Gordon how he carries all those guns, you think. Now then ...

You make your way to the revamped maintenance room and strip off your remaining clothes, eager to be rid of the rags, and set your new weapon in the corner. You turn the valve that has been set up to control the water, half expecting nothing to happen with your recent luck, and a blissful rain of hot water trickles it's way down your body ...

There is no soap or anything of that sort, but you are happy enough to simply scrub yourself down and wash the sweat and grime of your journey from your body. As your hands trail down to your taut, muscular belly, you find your mind wandering back to the tunnel. To the zombie that caught you ...

I'm not a virgin anymore, you think sadly, your fingers tracing their way downward. I really wanted to save myself for the right guy ... or at least a guy.

Your fingers gently probe their way into your slit, the memory of the shot of pain you felt from the creature's first thrust coming to mind. There is no pain this time though, only an aching heat ... your fingers slip in a little deeper ...

--a foot long rod of reddish flesh impales you, and your cries mingle with the howls of triumph from the creature on top of you. The zombie hammers forward frantically, it's thick manhood splitting the delicate petals of your pussy apart--

"AHH, AAHHHHNN!" your screams echo in the small room.

Your fingers drive themselves frantically into your slick cunt. One arm crosses itself against your chest in a desperate attempt to stimulate both at once without abandoning your aching pussy. Distantly, you wonder when this started--

--The creature pounds forward one last time, screaming it's victory out as thick rolling waves of it's essence pours into your womb. You moan, your eyes fluttering as you let the experience of being seeded by this monster enfold you. Your orgasm comes in long, fluid waves that leave you trembling.

You reach up to the panting creature with a single arm, wrapping it around it's neck. You draw your trembling body close to it, your lips drawing closer until--

You awaken to the real world to find yourself kneeling on the floor, warm water trickling from your flesh. You are prostrated on the floor, shapely rear presented neatly towards the door, both hands damp with your juices and tucked tightly against your crotch. The occasional shudder of residual

orgasm works it's way through you, and you find you have to wait a minute or two before you can stand again.

What ... the hell, you think. I couldn't really have just masturbated to ... to that, could I?

Disturbed, you turn off the shower and leave the room. You find your gear and reach for your spare clothes. You put what just happened from your mind (or try to) as you dress, and immediately move your gear over to the beds before collapsing on one.

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You awaken to a slight rumbling noise. You sit up, annoyed to find that your clothes are already a little sweaty from the humid night air, and shift over to the window. It is still dark outside, but you can still see a trio of figures down on the landing. With the aid of your new binoculars, you can see that two of them wear Civil Protection uniforms, while the third seems to be a young girl dressed in what can loosely be called the uniform of one of your rebels.

This can't be good, you think.

Getting an idea, you slip over to one of the consoles and adjust it so that you can hear the Combine's radio frequency.

"--Telling you, you're in for a treat here." you hear a garbled voice say.

"Why bring her here? There's plenty of safe places to do this at the base." the other soldier replies.

"She's not ours." the one says. "I think I saw a couple out here earlier ... there it is!"

A handful of small forms slip towards the trio from the shadows: Houndeyes, likely the pack of the one you saw earlier. The Combine throw the girl to the ground, then slowly back off. The Houndeyes circle closer, and you can see the girl cringe as they approach. The creatures draw closer but rather than attacking the pool around her, rubbing up against her ...

Oh no, you think. This is ... definitely not good.

Panic begins to set in as the creatures crowd the girl, and you hear laughter over the radios. There are two guards, and four of the Hounds that you can see. Six enemies, six bullets left. You highly doubt that you could get them all, particularly at this range. You could probably manage the Houndeyes, since they are unarmored and fairly fragile, or possibly the guards before running out of ammo. You do have your new weapon, but you'd have to close with them to do damage, which means you'd have to get

them by surprise ... meaning, of course, you wouldn't be able to fire your gun first.

You hate to admit it, but you might not be able to help here. Even sneaking away could be risky. On the other hand, if you succeed you'd have a potential companion and could loot the officers for more ammo ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 55/100

Stamina: 90/100

Pistol Ammo: 6

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol, Spanner, Binoculars, Sarong outfit.

Clothing: Undamaged outfit.

>Snipe the combine first (aim for the head), then focus on the dogs with any remaining ammo.

You draw your pistol, quietly open the door and slip outside. All too aware of what will be happening to the girl if you are too slow, you quickly take aim and fire.

Pet, pet, pet, your gun chirps, and the one officer stumbles but does not go down.

Dammit! you think as you expend a forth round to finish the wounded officer.

"Shit!" a voice crackles, and the remaining officer looks around frantically for the source of the shots.

You hastily draw a bead and fire your last two rounds, desperate to end the encounter before he can fire back. He staggers from the first shot but does not go down ... the second, as far as you can tell, didn't even hit. You dive back inside as the Combine returns fire, chips of stone scattering from the bullet impacts.

So close ... another round or two and you know you could have finished him. And unfortunately you didn't have time to see if the gunfight scared off the Hounds, so that girl could still be in trouble. You are now out of ammo (well, you have shotgun shells, but they aren't much good alone), have a girl to save, and a wounded but pissed Civil Protections agent after you. And, of course, more are likely to be on the way soon if you don't take him out quickly.

You wonder what the new plan should be ... it's dark, but climbing down a ladder and charging him with the spanner seems like a bad idea. You could try to flee, but you'd hate to leave that girl without knowing what happened to her. Surrender doesn't seem like a very good option, particularly if you want to get that data package to the resistance ...

Well, there's no real good options. What's it going to be?

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 55/100

Stamina: 90/100

Pistol Ammo: 0

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol, Spanner, Binoculars, Sarong outfit.

Clothing: Undamaged outfit.

>Stealthily as possible, exit the station through the culvert entrance, and attempt to flank the Combine officer. If successful, attack soldier with spanner. If unsuccessful, retreat back into the canals.

Knowing there is little time to lose, you rush to the hatch that leads down to the culvert entrance and unbar it. Over the radio you hear the sound of the officer issuing his distress call, giving you all the more reason to hurry.

You make your way down to the muddy floor of the culvert, and carefully glance around the corner to see the officer with his gun trained at the other entrance. You hear the yips of the Houndeyes and catch a glimpse of them still crowding over the rebel girl, clearly not even noticing the gunfight.

Alright, one thing at a time, you think, drawing the spanner from it's holster.

The officer never sees you coming as you dash from your hiding place. Unfortunately, you don't see the Houndeye that notices you, and are therefore unprepared with it bowls into you mid-charge. You crash to the ground mere feet away from the guard, who seems more than a little shocked to see his assailant so close at hand.

Dammit!

You kick the hound off of you, and lunge forward at the guard. Your spanner strikes his wrist just as he fires, sending his gun soaring off into the darkness. As he scream in pain, you follow up with a quick strike to the head that brings him down before directing another hurried swing at the hound, which skitters back to a safe distance. Keeping a careful eye

on the creature, you snatch the spare clip from the guard's belt and quickly load your pistol.

You quickly put two rounds in the hound that has been bothering you, dropping it before it even has time to realize that you are a threat, before finally turning to check on the rebel girl. She appears to be in a daze, the three remaining Houndeyes surrounding her; from the looks of it, they must have decided she was too lively and gave her a sonic blast to quiet her down. Fortunately, the creatures don't seem to be capable of dealing with her clothes, so there is little else they can do. They are awfully close to her though, so you don't know if you can take them out with your pistol without hitting her. You don't know how close you want to try to get to them ... maybe they'll eventually lose interest?

There's also a body to check and you also notice an APC, likely the one the two boys showed up in, parked on the high wall of the canal. You should probably hurry, but there could be something worthwhile in the vehicle ...

Anyhow, what's the plan?

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 55/100

Stamina: 90/100

Pistol Ammo: ?

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol, Spanner, Binoculars, Sarong outfit.

Clothing: Undamaged outfit.

>Check out the APC with an eye out for the hounds or any more guards.

>If the hounds don't lose interest rush them with the spanner (and gun as backup).

It feels a bit callous but you decide to search for gear before tackling the hounds: while it hardly must be pleasant, the creatures seem incapable of any real harm and you can hardly open fire on them until they distance themselves from her a bit.

A series of small stairways a short distance away leads you to the top of the canal where you find the APC waiting. You glance around to make sure there are no remaining Combine nearby, then hop into the open back of the vehicle and commence scrounging. While the inside is hardly an armory you do discover a flashlight and a shotgun inside.

Alright, that's more like it, you think with a smile as you sling the weapon over a shoulder.

Your smile soon vanishes though as static breaks through on the radio, followed by the voice of a Combine soldier calling out coordinates. Sounds like the earlier distress call got through. You make your way down the steps back to the girl to find that the hounds have not yet deserted their prize.

Damn, guess I'm going to have to get rough, you think, taking hold of a spanner in one hand and, as an afterthought, your pistol in the other.

You charge the creatures and take a wide swing with the spanner, sending them leaping backward away from the girl. You take a moment to glance the girl over: delicate wisps of red hair escape from the cap she wears on her head to slightly obscure her pale face. A pair of glasses frame her light blue eyes, which have a vague and distant look about them: she seems to still be dazed, perhaps as much from the events of the last few minutes as from the sonic blast. Speaking of which ...

A low hum that rapidly increases in intensity catches your ear, and you suddenly realize that you have been staring at this girl while standing in the middle of a triangle of Houndeyes. You hastily open fire on the one, bringing it down with a trio of rounds, and turn to the next--

The world becomes a roar of noise, not only piercing your ears but rumbling its way through your bones and nerves and turning your muscles to jelly. You are vaguely aware of something hitting your knees, and eventually realize that your legs have collapsed beneath you. Through the now blurry and vague world, you see a smallish shape approach you and begin pawing at you.

As your mind and vision clears, you notice that your weapons have fallen to the ground next to you, though the heavy weight on your shoulder indicates that your shotgun hasn't slipped free. In the distance, you think you can hear the sound of an engine ...

That must be the Combine getting closer, you think, fear spiking its way into your muddled brain. I have to get out of here ...

A cursory flexing of your fingers confirms that you can move again; good. Now to figure out what you are going to do.

You aren't sure what kind of shape the girl is in but regardless you're going to need to kill the remaining hounds if you want to save her. If you do, you'll have to decide if you'll be trekking back through the canals the way you came, or find a hiding spot until she has recovered enough that you won't be dragging her.

Of course ... if you just run, the hounds might leave you alone. They have their prize, after all. You hate the idea of abandoning the girl to the Combine, but it might just be your best chance at escaping ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 55/100

Stamina: 75/100

Pistol Ammo: ?

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol, Shotgun, Spanner, Binoculars, Flashlight, Sarong outfit.

Clothing: Undamaged outfit.

>Finish off the hounds. If too close for guns, use melee. Once their down, grab the girl and head back into the canals.

No time to waste, they'll be here any minute!

You snag your gun and unload into the fuzzy shape before you until it drops. Turning, you ram your gun into the second small shape and hold down the trigger until the creature stops moving. You crouch down to the girl, checking to make sure she is uninjured and relieved to find that that she is.

"Come on, the Combine will be here soon," you urge, grabbing one arm to help her up.

You see a measure of clarity returning to her eyes, and she turns to look up at you. You have only a moment to register the look of alarm in her eyes before something hits you from behind. A loud crackle reaches your ears as your muscles spasm, dropping you once more to the ground. Another jolt hits you as you lie there, and another after that. You feel the sensation of being rolled over and you see the Civil Protections officer you bludgeoned earlier standing above you with an electrified baton. You have a moment to regret that you didn't make sure he was dead before another strike hits you, turning the world into darkness ...

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You awaken from a strange dream involving a man with a suit and briefcase to find yourself on the concrete platform you were knocked out on. Of course, when you were knocked out you still had weapons, weren't cuffed and ... definitely had more clothing on. Your shirt has been torn down the middle and your jeans are pulled down to your ankles, revealing you slim body in all it's glory. Some distance away, leaning against the canal wall, you spy your weapons and pack.

"Hey, this one's awake!" one of the combine calls out, walking over to you.

"Bring her over here, I wanna have some fun with that one!" another says.

One of the guards hefts you up by one arm and walks you over to a circle of his friends. In the middle of them ...

A girl in a tank top and pants rests on her knees giving one of the Combine a very long, very slow blowjob. Her long red hair trails down along her pale flesh, winding it's way down her back, and her shirt cradles a not immoderately sized bust and does not conceal the tiny peaks of her hardened nipples. She stares up at him through her glasses, innocent blue eyes wide as she runs her tongue from the base of his thoroughly hardened shaft to the tip of it's head. Her red lips rest on the tip of his cock for a moment, giving it a little kiss that draws some of the head into her mouth, before slipping back to look up at him innocently.

You can only stare in shock, astounded by the raw (but somehow innocent) sensuality radiating from the scene. Is that really the girl you were trying to rescue? You know the suppression field has been going wild lately, but this seems like a bit much.

"Your turn, bitch." one of the Combine says, pressing his cock up against your lips. "Time to make up for hitting me with a wrench!"

You try to pull away, but you find yourself too weak from your earlier fights to resist. The officer grabs the back of your head and presses you forward, penetrating your lips with his warm member. You groan as his musky taste fills your mouth, shame and ... something else filling you. You suck gently as he forces your head back and forth, trying to ignore the warm sensations that are slowly beginning to fill your body.

From the corner of your eye you find yourself watching the red haired girl, unable to help yourself. Her red lips slowly take the officer's member in, at first only managing half his length before pulling back then later taking him down to the root. As she draws back from him her lips seems to cling to his rod, as if reluctant to let it go, all the way back to the tip of his head. No loud slurps escape from the scene as she works, only the faintly moist sound of her lips on his flesh and the gasps of the officer.

Before long, he grunts, his cock spasming as his load squirts its way into her mouth. Her eyes close and her back arches to push herself closer to him, clearly presenting the excellent curve of her breasts through her white shirt. You see him spasm for what seems like forever, and a thin line of cum leaks from one corner of her mouth before she begins drinking him down in large, throaty swallows.

"You swallow too," the guard tells you. "Or you two are making up for hitting me in some other way!"

You feel a moment of shock as you feel his member twitching.

The monsters were one thing, but doing these things for an actual human somehow makes it more real. If you do this, then you've actually gone and swallowed another guy's cum. What would Gordon think?

What are you going to do?

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 75/100

Stamina: 15/100

Pistol Ammo: ?

Shotgun ammo: 10

Additional Equipment: Modified Pistol, Shotgun, Spanner, Binoculars, Flashlight, Sarong outfit.

Clothing: Undamaged outfit.

>Do as he says and swallow.

You only have a brief moment to consider what is about to happen before a flood of warm cum surges into your mouth. For a moment you can only sit helpless, paralyzed with shock, before giving in with a moan of shame and swallowing. The officer holds your head and thrusts back and forth a few times to milk out a few more squirts, which you now obediently drink down.

"Alright, that's enough for now." one of the Combine says, clearly a ranking officer of some sort. "Time to get back to base."

The others mutter their disappointment but offer no arguments. They gather you, the rebel girl and your gear and (after allowing you to dress enough that you can actually walk) march you to the APCs. You and the girl are thrown in the back of one alone without so much as a single guard ... though frankly, without your weapons and against an entire squad of armed guards you can see how there isn't really any need for it. Well, at least there's some private time for a chat ...

"Hey ... I'm Alyx. What's your name?" you ask the other girl.

"Jenn," she replies, quite calmly considering the circumstances.

"Ok, Jenn. I don't know how much time we have, but we need to think of a way out of here," you say. "You came out here with those Combine, do you have any idea where we are going?"

"If it's back where we came from, it's a small base surrounded by an intersection of the Canals." Jenn tells you. "Not toxic muck, but not exactly a freshwater area either. It's also swarming with zombies and headcrabs."

Considering the past few days, you don't really want to try going through the canal ways there ...

"Any exits?" you ask.

"Two bridges, but there are over 30 Combine who have set up shop there. Both are pretty heavily guarded at all times," Jenn tells you.

"Damn ... how are we going to escape from there ..." you muse.

"We probably aren't," Jenn responds. "None of the others managed."

"Others?" you ask.

"They took a bunch of us prisoner ... all the women from the squad." Jenn says. "Some of them tried to escape, but they always get caught and punished. It's probably best just to cooperate for now, and wait to see if the rest of the resistance can get us out."

Is that why you were acting so ... into it, back there? you wonder, feeling a little uncomfortable.

The rest of the trip goes by in silence and you soon arrive at your destination. The camp is more or less as Jenn described it, though she neglected to mention a pair of watchtowers at opposing corners of the base. You and Jenn are separated and you are taken to a small stone building that seems to be serving as a makeshift holding cell.

After the guards leave, you inspect the area and confirm that there is no reasonable way for you to make it out of the cell without a good few months of effort. Exhausted and disappointed, you sag down to the floor and eventually fall asleep ...

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You awaken to one of the officers entering the room. He doesn't seem to be carrying a weapon, but a quick glance out the door reveals that the four guards outside more than make up for his lack of armament.

"Looks like I get to keep you and the redhead for my trouble," the officer says. "So let's play a game: I'm going to have some fun with one of you, and the other is going to get me ready for it. You and the redhead get to suggest what you want to do with me. The winner gets me, the loser gets to meet the wildlife while me and the winner watch. Understand?"

You manage to nod, not trusting yourself to speak.

"Good ... now then, let's start round 1. What is your suggestion?" he asks.

Perhaps the only plus side to the situation seems to be that you might get at least a slight chance to escape ... pretty much everything else, of course, is about as bad as can be. You don't even know what Jenn might have offered, though remembering how ... appealing she managed to make herself last time, you don't know how you could "win" ... or, for that matter, if you even want to.

Better make a decision ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 75/100

Stamina: 55/100

Clothing: Undamaged outfit.

>I want to lick the length of your shaft, all the way down from the balls to the very tip. Then I will use my breasts as appetizer while swallowing your massive cock.

"Please ... let me suck your ... cock," you manage, your face burning. "And use my breasts to jerk you off."

The officer looks at you for a moment, waiting to see if you are done, before responding.

"Sorry, not enough for a girl who hit me with a wrench only the day before." he says. "Besides, I'd much rather fuck her tits. Don't worry though, you'll get to have plenty of fun ... "

The officer grabs you before you can react. He twists you around and pulls your arms behind your back before cuffing them. You put up a slight struggle, but are all too well aware that you haven't recovered enough to shake him loose. You are marched outside where Jenn awaits, similarly restrained and dressed much as she was yesterday, and the two of you are lead to a flight of stairs leading down to the canals.

A thin blue beam catches your eye and you follow it upward to a sniper in one of the watchtowers who is scanning the area, occasionally taking shots at nearby zombies to keep them away from your group. A handful of Combine lean over the edge of the railing at the top of the canal, watching curiously as the two of you are marched out into the muck.

Maybe if I was at my peak I could manage this, you think despairingly. But I'd still probably take a few hits ... damn.

The officer leads you to a nearby lump of what used to be canal wall with some protruding railing left. You resist the urge to run as he removes the cuffs, mindful of the blue laser drifting toward you, and can only shudder as he repositions your hands with one bar of railing between them and re-cuffs you. He takes hold of the back of your jeans and shreds them with a quick jerk, baring your rear to the world, before returning to Jenn to

wait. It isn't a very long wait before you hear a low groan coming from behind ...

You desperately pull at your bonds, knowing you can't escape what is coming but knowing that you also can't simply allow it to happen. Clawed hands wrap around your waist, holding you in place, and you feel a hot hardness at your entrance. You see Jenn watching in fascination and as the thick rod sinks into your depths you swear you see a tiny flash of excitement in her eyes ...

The zombie wastes no time and begins hammering away, it's low coarse grunts loud in your ears as it mounts you. You feel a tiny bit of pain, this creature's girth seemingly much greater than the last one's, but soon a heat begins to well up from the core of your being and before long you begin to hear your cries mixing with the creature's.

Distantly, you are aware of Jenn and the officer watching as you are impaled ceaselessly by the monster. Jenn slowly strokes the officer at first, gradually building speed until her hands are moving in time with the zombie's thrusts, her grip tightening at the end of each stroke. The head of his cock soon turns a bulbous, cherry red under her touch, a tiny droplet of pre-cum forming. You find yourself imagining that thick bulb parting your pussy lips, the officer grunting as he pierces you from behind ...

Without warning the zombie hefts your waist to him, pushing his member deep into your core before unloading a thick, gooey wad. You hear a strange, strangled cry and are shocked to realize that it is you ... your body shudders as it accepts his essence, hot needles of fire lancing through your nerves. You hear a grunt and see Jenn on her knees jerking the officer off into her mouth, a few squirts missing and splattering her face and dripping down to dampen her shirt.

She turns to you and forces your face up towards hers and descends upon you. Dreamily, you taste the flavor of his cum as her soft lips force themselves against yours, a stark contrast to the hard meat still lodged inside of you ...

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For what felt like hours the creature ravaged your body, fucking your helpless form and pouring load after load inside of your waiting womb. You remember Jenn holding you, kissing you, or gently caressing your quivering body ...

You awaken to find your clothing tattered and your body aching faintly. You have no idea when you got back to your cell, or for that matter how much of what you remember is a dream and how much is reality.

Shortly after waking up you are escorted by half a dozen guards to a building with an open shower stall. You wash off the signs of yesterday's event, all the while trying to ignore the watching guards, and are eventually escorted back to your cell where the officer is waiting.

"Alright, time for round two," he says. "You put on a nice show yesterday, and the redhead knows how to treat a man. You'd better think of a pretty good idea to entertain me today."

You are feeling a bit better than yesterday, but you don't know if you're quite up to escape yet. Regardless, you should probably answer just to see if you can even "win" this little game ...

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 85/100

Stamina: 80/100

Clothing: Torn jeans, torn shirt, belt, gloves.

>I want to fuck you while I stroke your balls, letting you cum inside.

"I want you to fuck me ... and cum inside," you whisper, ashamed by the fact that this is more than a little true.

"You lose again," he says. "The other girl is way more inventive. Don't worry though, you're going to love this next bit ..."

You are once again hefted to your feet and lead outside where Jenn is waiting. You and Jenn are lead to a ring of guards at the center of the base and your restraints are removed. A huddled mass awaits you in the center of the circle, a massive mannish thing chained to a post. You can only stare uncomprehendingly until it stands, revealing slick, black and green creature attached to what was once it's head.

A poisonous zombie!?! you think, terror filling you. No, they can't seriously expect ...

Slim warm arms wrap around you from behind, preventing you from moving, and you turn to see Jenn's clear blue eyes staring at you with some impossible to discern emotion in their depths. Her fingers slide down your belly to your already slick pussy and slip inside, eliciting an involuntary groan from your lips.

"You can't," you manage to say. "It'll kill..."

"No ..." Jenn whispers, her fingers still working you. "You're not going to die from this. But ..."

Jenn trails off, seemingly unsure of how to finish. The creature stomps forward, drawn by the scent of your juices, and lowers it's mandibled head to your glistening cunt. Jenn moves her fingers to spread you open to the

world and the creature leans forward to investigate. After a moment a single claw, a glistening droplet of clear fluid oozing from it's tip, extends forward and gently pierces your clit ... and then the world becomes fire.

Searing heat ripples through your body, exploding into whorls of glorious sensation at the slightest touch. A lightning path of exquisite feeling arcs it's way across your skin as Jenn delicately draws a fingernail across your belly, and the slight brush of her breath against your ear sends a tingling sensation down your spine. You feel her soft lips touch against the length of your neck and your muscles give way as an awe inspiring orgasm rips it's way through your nerves. You sink to the ground and soon find yourself resting against Jenn's soft breasts, unable to object as she spreads your pussy open once more.

A massive blackish organ presents itself at your entrance, and the creature drives itself forward with a hideous squeal. You feel your body stretching around the monster and a ravenous hunger for more takes you. You wrap your legs as best you can around the creature and impale yourself on it's manhood, a broken scream issuing from your throat. Encouraged, the zombie begins giving a quick series of short, hard thrusts, rocking your body backward to mash against Jenn's nubile form.

The red headed girl's fingers gently tease at your body as the creature grinds against you, driving you to new heights of pleasure with every passing moment. Your mind soon begins to go numb as the searing flash of orgasm after orgasm tears through you. Eventually you are only aware of the pulsating heat surging to and fro inside of you and the aching void inside of you begging to be filled ...

Another squeal bursts from the creature and the emptiness inside you is filled with sticky warmth. Your body falls limp as the creature draws away, your strength utterly drained.

"Damn, I came before I could even get started," you hear the officer complain as you begin to slip into the darkness. "Lucky you, red-head. But tomorrow's another day, isn't it?"

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You awaken in your cell once again, and again you only vaguely recall the events of the previous day. You appear to have been cleaned up in your sleep, a fact that is somehow still disturbing even after all you have been through. Other than that though, you feel reasonably rested ...

I need to get out of here, you think. Even if those monsters haven't ... gotten me yet, it's only a matter of time at this rate.

You need to escape ... though you have no idea how to. You are also beginning to wonder if you really need to save Jenn, she seems to be

managing rather well from what you've seen. And you'd love to know how she has been winning this little game when she seems to be doing so little to or for the officer ...

Well, you have a little time before they come for you again ... better think of a plan of some sort.

Alyx Vance

Arousal: 65/100

Stamina: 100/100

Clothing: Torn jeans, torn shirt, belt, gloves.

>x stomach

Your belly is smooth, taut, and rather bare at the moment. After the events of the past few days you find yourself worrying that you might find it ripening with the seed of one of those monsters ... paranoid, of course, but some of the dreams you've been having have been quite vivid.

>wield belt

You strip off your belt, testing it to make sure it is undamaged. Satisfied, you wrap the ends around your hands, then place them against one of the walls and brace yourself against the other. You then begin laboriously inching your way higher until you are above the door. It takes you a little while, but soon you are braced between the two walls directly above the door.

You do not need to wait long before the door opens beneath you and the officer steps inside. He barely has time to register that you are missing before you fall on him, snapping the belt tight around his neck. He shoves himself backward, driving you into the wall, and scrabbles at the belt desperately. Holding on for dear life, you brace your back against the wall and hammer your foot into the back of his knee, driving him to the ground, and then plant your foot solidly on his back and heave upward with all of your might. There is slight crack, and you let his body slide to the floor as the life leaves him.

You quickly search his body, all too aware of the fact that his suit is alerting the base to his death ... and are horrified to find that he has no weapons. You have only moments to think back and recall that he never brought weapons into the cell before the rest of the guards pour into the cell. You turn to fight and are promptly borne to the ground where the last thing you see is a stun baton's cold blue arc ...

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You awaken feeling damp, and open your eyes to a beautiful sunlit sky. A glance around reveals that you are in a muddy pit, likely still inside the canals, and chained to a log.

"You wanted out, you're out," you hear a Combine voice call out nearby. "Enjoy your freedom!"

A strange, pig-like grunt attracts your attention. A strange creature approaches, waddling forward awkwardly on two legs through the thick mud. It has a trunk-like body, a long thin tail, and thin reddish tendrils hanging from the orifice that passes for it's mouth on the protrusion that passes for it's head.

Bullsquid ... you think numbly. You catch sight of the massive log of a penis that hangs from it's belly, hard and ready to pound it's way inside you. This is bad, I need to get out of here. There isn't much--

"Time, Ms. Vance?" A strange voice says, mirroring your thoughts.

The world seems to fade off into darkness and you are only vaguely aware of the slow, steady footsteps of the advancing creature. A man in a blue suit who looks vaguely familiar steps into view.

"Is it really that time, already?" he asks.

You find yourself unable to speak, your body seemingly frozen, as he approaches you and lays a hand on your belly. His touch elicits a shiver from you, but you could not really say why that might be, and it is only then that you realize you can move, if only slightly. The strange man turns, and you follow his gaze to the shadowy form of the bullsquid as it slowly climbs on top of you. It's massive cock sinks into your body, and you feel your body rock backward in slow-motion from it's initial thrust.

"You certainly have ... accomplished much in a small time, span." the man tells you. "You have done so well, in fact, that I have received some rather interesting offers for your ... discovery. Ordinarily I would not consider them, but these are extraordinary times."

The creature continues to thrust it's way into you, and you find yourself shocked to hear the faraway sounds of wetness and your screams. The man reaches down once more and places his hand on your belly.

"Rather than give you the illusion of free choice, I will take the liberty of choosing for you ..."

Heat blossoms inside you, and you feel your body quiver and lose it's strength as the creature's seed takes root inside you.

"I do apologize for what must seem an arbitrary imposition, but I trust all will be made clear after ..." he hesitates. "Well, I am not really at liberty to say."

The man reaches down and picks up a briefcase, and takes a moment to adjust his tie.

"In the meantime ... this is where I get off."

A panel of light opens in the darkness, and you feel as though you can hear the sound of a train station as the man steps through this new doorway. The door slides closed, and as the darkness returns you drift off into a dreamless sleep ...

To Be Continued ...

Alright, probably not the best ending ever but I hate leaving things (completely) hanging. I do have thoughts on a sequel of sorts, but for now I'd like to declare Unforeseen Consequences finished. I'd like to take a bit of a break from the monster-y style AIF for a little bit, but as usual I can be swayed by badgering so anyone who wants to see more work should pop by the Things Players Like thread in the Authoring section and tell me what they want to see/read/play. Also, feel free to leave comments in the Unforeseen Consequences Comment thread (even if it's just to complain about the crappy ending).