

Resident Evil 01

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Resident Evil 01

by [LesLoli](#)

Summary

For want of a nail, what if Billy never existed, and Jill had encountered a female companion instead of Barry?

A spiritual prequel to Women in Red by Clocktower (c.f. notes). If fond of guns & lesbians, this fic is for you.

Rated specifically for ages (12-21). Stop reading now if you are not in this age group.

Notes

Special thanks to Greinkmeister for saving these from ClockTower:

<http://pastebin.com/n1R0myfH>

<http://pastebin.com/X4K0Ahkg>

<http://pastebin.com/PXhw9TFU>

Reboot by original writer is up: <https://m.fanfiction.net/s/13456010/>

- Inspired by [Women in Red](#) by Clocktower

July 20, 1998

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"That's one small step for man; one giant leap for mankind."

Both Alpha and Bravo teams of S.T.A.R.S. sat together in the Raccoon City Police Department's conference room, rewatching the historic Apollo Moon landing accompanied by Neil Armstrong's immortal, universal words.

Even since 1969, the world *still* underwent change. It was a good time to be alive, even with the impending Y2K bogeyman hanging over heads even on a societal scale. Jill Valentine wondered whether the threat of Y2K or that of the Mayan calendar recycle on December 21, 2012, would have a bigger impact. "They should have sent a poet," said the voice of the other female Special Tactics And Rescue Serviceman.

"Chambers, you enjoyed Contact way too much," quipped Jill Valentine (23).

"Says the Taxi Driver fanatic, Valentine," retorted back Rebecca Chambers (18), "And I don't believe you went googly moogly for de Niro, either. No, it was definitely for someone more...feminine." Rebecca and Jill sat at one another's side and kept their eyes forward to the dinky television set in front of them as they exchanged such pleasantries. To them, the act was to pretend no one else shared the stage with them, the leading ladies. All of the men seemed to enjoy it, and if any minded, none would show.

"United in Jodie Foster we stand," one female said. The other nodded and would have said the same. A slim, gloved hand reached over Rebecca's shoulders. At the same time, another's arm attempted a grab at the other set of shoulders.

The arms had crossed swords, Jill's crossing over Rebecca's, and the latter fell toward Jill's sides after losing the impromptu hand battle. It looked to hit upon Jill's armpit, and it did, but also it accidentally caressed the neighboring breast.

In a subsequent, small moment, Rebecca's hand unmistakably made contact with Jill's farside breast as well, before quickly settling down into Jill's lap. Although Rebecca's fingers settled lightly onto Jill's crotch, Rebecca didn't dare move her hand for fear of adding tension where she had hoped there was none.

Jill's head being so close to Rebecca's, she could feel the temperature of the rookie's head soar up a few Kelvins. In turn, Rebecca could feel the rising thumping of Jill's heartbeat on her shoulder.

Nobody in the room said a word, and in the midst of all that teasing and bantering and flirting earlier, the leading ladies hoped all the world that the men would quickly exeunt the scene.

It would be knownst later that every man in the room did in fact catch that grope, but were all unanimously more than okay with it. There was even an unofficial bet amongst the men, some made in jest, some made convincingly, of the two women's love lives together for the future, and if they would actually become an item here in Raccoon City.

Chapter End Notes

All of my work is heavily inspired by *Women in Red* by Clocktower, who had an unannounced pattern of explicit sapphic erotica in the odd chapters, and detailed, resourceful action sequences faithful to the game setting in the even chapters.

I got my head too far up my own ass with how I came off in my writing, so I've started to get back to the reasons any of you are reading this; the game and its characters.

July 21, 1998

The summer solstice in the city of Raccoon, BF - distinguished as the most central state in the United States of the Confederacy - was as uneventful as any Confederate citizen could imagine. Right off the end of the peaceful spring season and making headway into summer's territory, the sunniest day of the year experienced weather typical of the quintessential Midwestern town.

Yesterday, the moon landing rewatch was a nice time filler for the start of the work week. Whereas the rest of the Raccoon Police Department had its appreciable share of work, administrating for both the city and county of Raccoon, S.T.A.R.S. was afforded the luxury of being on-call for most of the work week.

Aside from auxiliary police support duty, especially to combat the worrying drinking problem on weekends, S.T.A.R.S. was allowed space in their schedule for prep work, maintenance, and the hypothetical bizarre murder, should any such event ever arise.

In the span of the two years of S.T.A.R.S.'s institution, not even an armed response was needed in all the surrounding counties.

The most distinguished members were only five of twelve. The leading ladies were Jill Valentine of exceptional Delta Force background, chiefly because a woman in special forces raised questions both in and out of service, and Rebecca Chambers who received a master's degree in biochemistry at a young age through a combination of college credit courses during her high school years and an accelerated bachelor's/master's program.

Barry Burton had been on one of the last tours of Vietnam before the Confederate campaign there folded, and had seen action in Somalia and Kuwait for the respective Mogadishu uprisings and Desert Shield/Storm.

A topic of scuttlebutt was whether he had also been part of operations in the Iran-Iraq War, though it was completely understandable if no one would ever broach that subject, especially if one was subjected to actually *being* there.

Barry's affable one-liners, constant help and support, and an almost religious fervor with his cleaning, maintenance, and modifications of his small arms arsenal could have all been a smokescreen for a deep-seated sorrow, but no one dared to ask.

Chris Redfield was an oddball in just how *normal* he seemed to make an effort to seem. He was an Air Force discharge with notable marksmanship, which in military standards equates to being able to actually use the sights and shoulder the weapon as intended instead of firing from the hip. He rocked a standard crew cut and when he was off-duty he wore a leather jacket, white shirt, jeans, and a cigarette; he could not be more painfully archetypal if he had tried.

Some days he would emote words in just so peculiar a manner that it sounded uncanny, as if he were actually a plant from up north. This would not have been such an oddity, despite the

United States of the Confederacy (USC) technically still being at war with Britannian America, also known as Canada. The by-now ancient armistice and relatively loose borders between the two North American nations meant freely traveling between them was a common occurrence.

He also had a sister who enjoyed two-wheeled vehicles and the band Queen and **nothing** else, not even boys. She did nothing but raise further questions into their national origins, as Queen is a post-Beatles Britannian band.

She had been seen wandering the halls of the police department almost never with Chris's supervision, and oftentimes in the company of an Asian woman in a lab coat, known simply as "Dr. Wong" on the checkpoint records.

Lastly, their team leader, Albert Wesker, was a man who didn't show his age, despite being only slightly younger than the much more aged-looking Barry. He himself was not shy about mentioning his partnerships with English contractors and companies, despite the history between Britannia and the United States.

It may have been due to the fall of the Ulaanbaatar Wall nine years ago that eased global tensions tremendously, that Britannia and the Confederacy were warming up to each other more and more, developing something akin to a special relationship.

Although Britannia was the more conservative imperial nation with its heavy Constantinoplean Catholic background in comparison to the much more sexuality-liberal Confederacy, the two are referred to by many of their citizens as "girlfriends" who have a love/hate relationship on an international scale.

Whatever the geopolitics may be, they bear little effect on the dealings and happenings of the sleepy Midwestern town of Raccoon City, Bellafontaine, at least for anyone who cared to ask. It wouldn't be another two months until it was too late.

July 22, 1998

"Chambers, what did you think of Dark City?" Jill walked arm in arm with her date through the well lit back alleys of Raccoon City.

"The premise that we're all living in a never-ending simulation was pretty interesting. I'm seeing a lot of those dystopian psychological plots with movies lately. The superpower battle at the end with the main character, what was his name, Mulder... Malkovich... Murdoch, was actually well done. I was more expecting a Tyler Durden reveal the whole time," Rebecca said.

"Careful, you don't want to set a bipolar plot twist as a precedent," the other woman admonished lightly. Jill had taken a liking to Rebecca from the moment they first met. Even though by now the 18-year-old had earned the team's overall respect, the scale could have easily tipped the other way when she was first recruited.

It had been the hand of another woman extended out to the younger girl early on that Rebecca could afford a positive outlook on her job, and really the other aspects of her life. A genius in her own right, the 23-year-old combat veteran was by all accounts a role model, and could have easily pursued the career of another type of model. Kind and smart, pretty and cool, Jill was everything Rebecca wanted. ...to be. The young woman never ceased to gush about Jill and her sense of style and skill, often negating the disadvantages of being of the fairer sex by having all the great qualities associated with being a woman: sympathy, empathy, holistic thinking, determination, resolve, and a curiously high pain threshold. Having guns never hurt their chances in an altercation, either.

As they walked down the alley, Rebecca would hover hand over Jill's right haunch. She was anxious about accidentally feeling up Jill's appreciable derrière, or the sensitive parts of Jill's waist, and both thanked and cursed Jill's decision to wrap a sweater around her skirt as of late.

Summer could afford the leading ladies to wear more liberating clothing. Jill's casual attire consisted of a blue tube top, affectionately referred to by Jill herself as her "boob tube," a black pencil skirt, a white sweater wrapped over her torso at the lowest conceivable level, and knee high brown boots, which complemented her blue top all too well.

"Jill, you look amazing tonight, by the way." Rebecca could not help but beam as Jill stared back at her, also taking in every inch of her date's attire. A leather burgundy halter top with collar and tag, Rebecca's midriff from well above her navel down all the way to basically just above where her clitoral hood would be was exposed. Only tight, black leather pants that rode ultra low offered some form of decency.

Easily accessible to see were Rebecca's vagina bones that framed her mons pubis, which formed the base of Rebecca's taut abdominal exposure, and from behind a noticeable posterior cleavage was highlighted by dimples at the base of her spine.

To Jill, this girl looked all the world like a sensuous gift to any man or woman who got a good look at her body and attire. It would be so easy for Rebecca to be taken and ravished, and if Jill didn't know better she would have said she looked like she'd have wanted Jill to.

"Rebecca, I can't begin to describe how daring you look." The two stopped at a darker corner of the alleyways, still arm in arm. In the shroud of darkness, Jill casually armdragged Rebecca's right arm across her own body, and underhooked her own left arm under Rebecca's from the back, "You look way too good to be walking around these alleyways without asking for some sort of trouble."

"You know I can handle what little trouble that I can't avoid. I don't want you worrying about m-" Rebecca's head was craned back by a gentle hand, and her lips were caught by Jill's with a kiss. They had been waiting nearly a year to find the perfect moment to cross the relationship thresholds, from mentorship to friendship, to something more.

Then she widened her eyes at where Jill had placed her hands. Jill peered over Rebecca's shoulder innocently, and carefully inserted a thumb in Rebecca's pants front and center. She pulled the waistline forward as far as it would go, and with her other hand pulled Rebecca's flat tummy back. They both had a nice top-down view of Rebecca's pubic bone, which was immaculately shaven, most likely just for tonight's date.

"I'm flattered you shaved yourself down there for me, Rebecca," Jill cooed softly, "When I first saw you tonight I was floored. Not just because of how you look, but that you dressed this way for a night out with me."

The pleasant, cool air wafted past the two, some into Rebecca's opened pants waistline and brought warm air out from within.

Rebecca shivered and slacked her posture into Jill's, and returned her head back to deepen their previous kiss, and grabbed Jill's hand to pull it deeper into her own pants, where Jill confirmed by her own hand that Rebecca wore no underwear.

Rebecca would find out later that evening that neither did Jill.

Rebecca x Jill

The previous night's events didn't end at midnight. Still in the dirty back alley, Rebecca allowed Jill to use her fingers inside the young woman's pants as long as she wanted.

The fingers glided over and pushed into labia and around her clitoral hood. They explored the inner depths of Rebecca's vaginal folds, down from the nerves around her clit and deep into her canal.

With a cupped hand, Jill gave Rebecca's special place a proper rubdown. First using her middle and ring fingers, and then with enough wetness, Jill appended her index, then pinky fingers up and inside for a full four fingers of ministrations. They kissed to affirm their sexual attraction and to muffle any cries of pleasure coming forth from Rebecca's lips.

Rebecca's other lips however loosed another sign of pleasure, and copiously drizzled vaginal juice into the palm of Jill's hand. The bucking of her hips made containing her juices in hand more difficult, but Jill was able to save quite a bit of the leaking, sticky faucet that was Rebecca's vulva. Once Jill's hand felt like it would overflow, she slowly brought it up from within Rebecca's pants.

Rebecca's contented face glazedly looked over to Jill's hands, and widened her eyes at what was to happen next. Jill brought her hand up to her own mouth and slurped the warm juices in. She sucked her fingers and turned her hand over to lick up any and all of Rebecca's ejaculate fluids until her hand was mostly dry. "That's what I think of you," said Jill, "I'd been fantasizing about you for so long, and I don't care about the age gap anymore."

Jill placed Rebecca back up against the wall, and changed her own level down onto her knees. She waited for Rebecca to finish hurriedly unbuckling her leather pants, and used her own lips to unzip the last safety measure keeping Rebecca's pants from coming down.

After some moments spent finally getting her pants down to her ankles, Jill got a very good look up Rebecca's pussy. Shaven cleanly, with a bit of flush and labial flare from the earlier arousal and climax, it honestly looked like a meat flower in bloom. With her eyes half-lidded yet open, Jill probed her nose deep into Rebecca's rosy ring, and inhaled when her face was burrowed as deeply as it could up into Rebecca's crotch and hips, looking at Rebecca's facial reaction while doing so.

Rebecca's eyes fluttered, leaving her mouth open and slapping the brick wall behind her. Using her thumbs to pry open the labia, and surreptitiously ascertaining no symptoms of infectious disease, Jill took one of Rebecca's generous buttocks in each hand, she dug her chin in deep and got to munching.

Sucking the left and right labia up and down, Jill broadly slurped inside Rebecca's vulva, from vagina up to clitoris, with the sides of her tongue opening the younger woman's folds more and more with each successive lick. She was going to lick this warm, melted ice cream taco dry, and nibble on the soft, spongy shell itself as she took her time.

The taste was almost nothing; a bit sweaty without the musk, both savory and sweet simultaneously that only clean skin and body oils could provide. Jill's mental image of the two in a shady back alley wearing provocative clothes, the light pain on her knees, and the sense of being overwhelmed by this *body* she was digging into with her mouth and face all amounted to her immense euphoria, despite being the giver in this sexual exchange.

Euphoria was what Rebecca was feeling now as well. The woman she looked up to all this time, was now on her knees going down on her. She couldn't help but get off on how desired she felt, and how much it meant to her self-worth, not just as a girl to be played with and used for sexual pleasure - which she had no qualms of enjoying in this current state - but that Jill had accepted her as a woman with all the maturity that was to be expected of the both of them.

This was Jill, the more experienced woman, pleasuring and pleasing Rebecca, not just a girl to be looked after but as a fellow woman. The thrill of having reached this higher level of esteem made her chest puff, just as Jill's intimate cunnilingus made her loins swelter and gush ecstatically.

The following orgasm felt more like a draft of wind that carried her up to greater heights than her previous climax. The immediate sensation felt more like a glide than a free fall, buoyed by Jill's loving ministrations and the scene that the two of them were making.

The two of us, Rebecca thought as Jill kissed the inside of Rebecca's thighs and once more on her pussy in whole. They had been going to lunch, and dinner, and movies, and theatres, dating without explicitly calling it an intimate relationship, but there was no doubting it now. "Jill is my girlfriend now," mused Rebecca aloud.

She inwardly slapped herself at that slip - Jill may not want that. Maybe this is all an escape for Jill from problems she was unaware of. She didn't know what to feel as Jill hungrily dug in again.

"Jill, what does this mean? Do you really care for me too? Or...was this just for pleasure's sake?" Rebecca pleaded, "I...I love you, Jill. Really I do, and I don't want you to be stuck with me if you don't want to."

"Hmm?" Jill had a quizzical look on her face from the nose up, and with its juxtaposition to her face's messy lower half, the sight was quite a unique image that no one else but Rebecca was privileged enough to see.

After mulling over something for a moment, Jill mumbled into Rebecca's chambers, "I ..v. y.. ..., R.b.cc." Puckering her lips, Jill pressed her mouth into a seal over Rebecca's lower lips, and sucked out the juices within with a loud chuu~ sound.

Jill licked her lips and used her hand to catch any spilt bodily fluid to wipe into her mouth. She lowered her eyes and stared straight ahead into Rebecca's shaven mons pubis.

Still on her knees, she sat back with her ass to her heels to look the standing young girl-turned-woman in the eyes. Jill said, "Again, I love you too. And I did this for you and me only. Nothing else."

It was Rebecca's turn to fall to her knees. Now on the same level, she threw her arms around Jill and embraced her with a kiss. A moment in bliss, and she pulled back, "I'm so glad!" she said between gulps of air to promptly return back to locking lips, adding a bit of saliva every time to deepen and wetten their kiss.

They gnashed tongues and tonsils, bit lips and necks and noses and cheeks, then went over the bite marks with healing licks, applying their mouths' love mixture over their wounds of passion.

Eventually they petered down to gentler but still full kisses, and stayed awhile in a comfortable, warm hug in one long-held kiss.

They separated lips after a good amount of time, and leaned their foreheads together. They looked at one another, barely millimeters from one another's face, and smiled.

They smiled something full, something reserved not for cameras or for VIPs, but for the actually important people in their lives whom they cherish as hard as they can in the time they spend together.

Spend is the correct diction, as the time is quickly expended at a noticeable cost. "Bravo Team was called for a distress response this past afternoon," Rebecca notified, "We're leaving later the next evening, and I'm actually kind of excited for my first field op! I hope you'll be proud of me when I come home...to you."

Jill smiled and ruffled Rebecca's hair, "Of course I'm proud of you. Every day I'm in that office, I'm so proud of how you carry yourself. You come home safely. Come home safe to me. I love you Rebecca."

"I love you so much Jill," Rebecca said back. They shared one more sweet kiss, made all the sweeter by the extra saliva built up during their confessions to each other. They swapped spit between their two mouths, to anyone else on earth repulsive save for the two leading ladies. Finally, they slowly swallowed back.

The two pulled their faces away slowly, and Jill tilted her head coolly with a knowing smile. Rebecca demurely tucked her chin down and looked up at Jill with her puppy dog eyes.

She couldn't contain herself: "One more kiss!" and Jill leaned in to kiss her new girlfriend.

July 23, 1998 - Morning

That evening at least a couple loiterers saw Rebecca and Jill entering an apartment together, arms over each other's waists, hands on each other's derrières. They would not leave for another entire day.

Jill and Rebecca awoke in each other's arms, and legs. They wore no underwear for last night's night out, and so chose to cuddle in bed completely bare. Jill's cunt was unattended to last night, and so profusely leaked into Rebecca's sheets, legs, and even some into the other woman's pussy, all throughout the night.

"It's fine don't worry about it," Rebecca said upon waking up in the morning, reassuring Jill. If anything, it gave Rebecca motivation to take the initiative, she thought to herself, "Let me take care of you."

Rebecca fished her arms behind Jill's seated hips, and used her head and face to drive Jill flat on her back onto the bed. Sticking her tongue out, Rebecca drew a broad, wet trail starting from Jill's chin. It traced down her throat, past her clavicle, betwixt her décolletage, cleavage, and breasts, through the valley that is Jill's taut abdominals and navel, slowed over Jill's pubis mons and trimmed hair, and found her mark in the clitoral hood.

She kept that stuck-out, and now much drier tongue over Jill's clitoris and found a good place to rehydrate herself. Rebecca knurled her tongue and proceeded to thrust her tongue down hard over the front side of Jill's clit, and down into the space between clitoral hood and urethra. She bobbed up and down rapidly, padding her front teeth with her upper lip to prevent biting Jill's clitoris directly.

Jill sharply screamed in writhing pleasure, almost grabbing Rebecca by the hair, but knowing better. She instead aided Rebecca in what was essentially a blow job by parting her thighs as much as her adductors would allow. She pelvic thrust her cunny in rhythm to Rebecca's bobs, letting her legs float up and down like a butterfly's wings.

Rebecca encouraged this by pressing down on the insides of Jill's thighs, letting loose her labors of love onto the single most sensitive part on Jill's person. When she felt the torrents of climax coming forth from Jill's groin, Rebecca lifted Jill's thighs from the bottom with the inside crooks of her own elbows, hands and arms up as if taking in a large bowl of soup to gulp down the remaining juices.

Taking in all of Jill's essence into her mouth, Rebecca slacked her jaw and let Jill's pussy juice flow uninterrupted into her mouth and down her throat into her belly. She took shallow breaths through her nose, and let her tongue regulate the flow of different fluids to her many upper chest cavities.

When Jill was finished, Rebecca slurped up the remaining fluids and finished with four kisses: one over Jill's vagina to suck up her love nectar, one to each side where vulva met inner thigh, and finally one taking in the entirety of Jill's fleshy flower.

Jill completely spread eagled on her back, purposefully spreading her chest, arms and legs so Rebecca could take in the sight of Jill at her most vulnerable. "That was.... Thank you for a...job well done," Jill muttered, "Sorry about your sheets."

Rebecca was bemused. She lowered her eyelids and motioned to wipe her mouth with the back of her hand, "Well, thank you for breakfast, then."

Jill made an effort to remember Rebecca's academic background. "Way better fructose than corn syrup, wasn't it?" she asked in a lighthearted, sardonic tone.

Stretching her back by leaning forward, Rebecca's chin grazed Jill's clitoris which elicited a shudder from her lower body. "Best fruit I've ever tasted in my life," admitted Rebecca, getting a great view directly inside Jill.

They were already an hour late for work, and decided the hell they would get upon tardy arrival wouldn't even make a dent in how good the two women would feel all day.

Jill had good reason to call in for an approved absence, since Bravo Team would not need Alpha Team's direct assistance. But it only took a little effort to make it to work that day, and she had a special reason to be there on that heliport tonight.

"I'll go with you tonight. Save you the trouble of not having someone to come back to," Jill proffered. She felt Rebecca slide onto her spread-eagled body, and relished in the pleasurable sensation of being held down by a woman.

Jill careened her neck back, a primal action showing affection and submissive vulnerability to her younger lover. Rebecca took the hint and grazed her teeth gently on Jill's jugular vein and carotid artery. She gnawed on Jill's throat, licked the marks, and inhaled Jill's scent deeply.

"I'll always follow you Jill. You're the best friend, best lover, and best person in my life. I want to be with you always," Rebecca poured out. Jill felt a small squirt coming from her bottom half at her lover's confession.

Each woman sensually raised her left knee into the other's ribs, and felt their juicy vulvas coalesce and gently mash together. They slowed their rocking motions, and instead threaded their left arms over the other lady's shoulder and right arms underneath the other.

They kissed deeply. Their lips melted and their faces fused. Their breasts melded together into one whole, nipples dancing around areolae. Their labia put together worked well to balance out one another's moisture, until both vulvae shared the same wetness and warmth, scent, flavor and essence.

Inaudibly, Jill formed the words "I...love...you" into Rebecca's mouth. She exhaled the bare minimum breath out her lips to make breathy, but unintelligible sounds that would be understood to no one simply by hearing; but Rebecca knew, because Jill wanted her to be the only one to sense her words.

It was Rebecca's turn to get wet. The extra ejaculate slicked the area where two feminine cores made contact. At this point friction was non-existent, and only radiating heat and

inward pressure could register to their lower mouths.

Edging on the contact high, Rebecca and Jill rode each other in sync. After some time of unrelease, the two lower bodies settled on squeezing their knees and thighs together, squeezing out every last drop into each other's vaginas. They spaced their faces just enough to barely touch with their lips, and studied each other's light blue eyes with no other care in the world.

The women's pussies had slowly stopped throbbing, and no more love juices came forth. They slackened and melded into each other's bodies. If they died in this state and in this position, they wouldn't care if the whole world saw them like this.

July 23, 1998 - Afternoon

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Even after their morning romp in bed, the two ladies could not be separated from the hip without a hand on one another's ass. Rubbing and molesting each other in the shower, it was a wonder if the two would leave the warm water at all.

Rebecca took Jill from behind in the shower stall, as the host and homeowner of this apartment, and lathered her woman up with her hands up Jill's busom and armpits. Rebecca pressed needy kisses on the crooks of Jill's neck and shoulders, and continued to rub down to Jill's stomach and mons. Gliding lightly over Jill's vulva, instead Rebecca cupped into the inner thighs and thoroughly cleaned the area.

Squatting down, Rebecca ran her hands up and down Jill's legs, and followed up to Jill's buttocks. Lightly lifting and bouncing the sweet cheeks for her own amusement, Rebecca kissed each ass cheek once, and gently used her hands to soap up the inside.

Jill slightly bent over, and loosened her sphincter for Rebecca to gain complete access. With the owner's permission, Rebecca began cleaning Jill's anus with her fingers thoroughly with hand soap. Sweeping across multiple hours of the clock that was Jill's asshole, Rebecca cleaned the rims with copious soap and water, feeling Jill's excitement with every twitch and squeeze.

With a final rinse, Rebecca slapped Jill's butt once and then again ending with a squeeze. Jill took that as a sign the job was done and began standing straight, when a hand pushed on her back to urge her to stay in that bent-over position. Between her legs, Jill could see Rebecca went down to her knees, and Jill let out another small squirt of excitement.

As part for the course with the leading ladies by this point, Rebecca started with a wet and heavy kiss to Jill's vulva. A lick across the length of Jill's major labia later, Rebecca got down to it. She kissed and nipped at Jill's perineum, back to the folds of her ass, and up to her buttocks, taking light bites off of Jill's ass.

Rebecca kissed up and down the middle crack, and came to the center point. Hesitating for a little bit, Rebecca mustered up the blinding courage to head face first and kissed Jill's anus with vigour. Rebecca probed experimentally with a shallow poke with her tongue into Jill's anal sphincter, and was pleasantly surprised to find it mostly devoid of funky flavor.

Thanking the prehistoric inventors of soap, Rebecca renewed her resolve and dug in greedily. She first used her hands to spread Jill's buttocks apart, and then snaked her arms under Jill's legs to underhook them to be able to pull Jill's hips into Rebecca's mouth. Rubbing her face into Jill's ass, Rebecca continued licking Jill's chocolate starfish to feel it struggling between puckering up and loosening up to Rebecca's hard work.

Jill took Rebecca's hand and guided her palm to her mons, and Rebecca gladly obliged with rubs into the pubic bone. Thinking ahead, Rebecca brought her other hand into play and began thumbing Jill's privates for extra stimulation. Rebecca used her thumb to dig into Jill's vagina and press into Jill's clit.

She wanted to hit Jill's g-spot, though, so with the first hand on Jill's mons pubis Rebecca introduced her thumb to Jill's clit, and with that second hand she inserted two fingers to the hilt and knurled them forward toward Jill's clitoris. This two-handed action allowed Rebecca to lick Jill's asshole with impunity and support Jill's hips, which turned out to be necessary as Jill began to lose control of her legs.

A stiff moment later, Jill's legs locked rigid while her head and shoulders gently sagged to the bottom of the shower tub. As her legs gingerly dropped to their knees, Jill's face was trapped on the bath tub floor under the deluge of shower water raining down on her face from above. Any longer without moving her head and she was mildly concerned her drowning reflex would kick in.

But an angelic, feminine hand came and shielded her eyes and nose from the torrent, saving Jill from drowning face down and bottoms up in an apartment bathroom from a first-time analingus orgasm. Her saviour was her tormentor, the one who brought her to her knees in release and abandonment.

This devilish angel covered the breadth of Jill's backside with her own front, and used her second hand to rub the mound of flesh covering Jill's second mouth. Imagining Rebecca as both her succubus and her goddess wasn't so hard considering her current state, post-coitus and under the hot stream of water; right now it felt as if she'd survived some hellish rapture, only to feel the precipitated fallout showering her fallen body.

As long as she has her devil-goddess with her, all could be wrong with the world but she felt like would survive anything.

Chapter End Notes

Wanted to elicit images of Homura and Madoka dying on their backs partially submerged in water from the show.

July 23, 1998 - Evening

Stepping out of the shower, Rebecca - from behind a delirious and wobbly Jill - kept her arms wrapped above and below Jill's ample breasts to steady her toward the bed again. Both plopping onto the bed on their same side, Rebecca got up to let Jill spread eagle to her heart's content on the bedsheets.

The Bravo teamster needed to prep her loadout for tonight's mission. She thanked her past self for serendipitously aligning her standing closet next to the bed - as Rebecca pulled articles of clothing from her closet, she could afford a generous view at Jill's full frontal nudity. With welling pride in her breast at the sight of the aftermath of having had her way with Jill Valentine in all the ways she pleased, Rebecca bounced into her panties and duty pants with an airy bounce in her step.

Tucking her green undershirt into her green pants, Rebecca pulled out a green pair of field boots...and another item. This one was a deep navy blue, and though the beret was not entirely incongruous with the rest of her outfit, Rebecca thought it might be a good idea to gift her new belle.

"I think this might suit you better than me," Rebecca said as she deliberated where to place her gift on Jill. She could have been cheeky, placing the beret over Jill's mons or face, but the feeling of honest love still hung in her bosom so Rebecca simply put the headwear in Jill's hand. "Hope you like it, Jill."

Jill finally lifted her eyelids after all this time nakedly enjoying the smell of Rebecca on the sheets and pillow beneath her, the sound of her girlfriend and lover putting on clothes, and the feeling of air on her bare breasts and open crotch. She looked over her present and immediately recognized the rationale behind it; color was a powerful indicator of identity, and Rebecca had Jill's number all day.

"Thank you, Rebecca. I love it already," Jill complimented, and put it on her head yet reclined back on her back to supine position, this time with her arms up and hands behind her head, and with a slight bend at her knees that spread her thighs open just a little more, "You think it suits me?"

That one beret made a world of difference. Rebecca suppressed an urge to gulp. "I can't wait to eat you up again. Keep it, to think about me while I'm gone," Rebecca said with a smile, and backed up - eyes still on the prize - to pick up both Jill's and her own civvy clothes near the foot of the bed.

Rebecca approached Jill's side to give her her clothes, but only did so after individually inspecting each item, and only after taking a long whiff of each piece of clothing. "Smell check, gotta do it, you know," Rebecca said with a ditzy side nod of the head.

Jill sat up and grinned softly at the perverted act, as she found it endearing. She put her tube top on first - afterward reaching in to lift her breasts from their pulled-down state, daringly

high up to just her nipples such that half her areolae showed. Curling her thighs into her torso, Jill seductively put on her socks as she stretched out her other leg.

She then put on her skirt and wrapped her sweater to rest on her caboose. She however hiked her skirt up to crouch height and sat back down with her legs spread apart, reminding Rebecca that neither woman actually wore panties last night.

That was the straw that broke Rebecca's resolve to stay standing. She sank to her knees, hands in her lap, and saw Jill stand up to pick up her boots and put them on her feet. She came back in front of Rebecca's face, however, and thrust her pelvis lightly on Rebecca's forehead. "I want you to kiss me for good luck," Jill softly demanded.

Rebecca began pressing up on her feet to get up, but a soft but resolute hand urged Rebecca's head to stay at her crotch-level. "I said I want you to kiss me, for luck," Jill imperatively repeated. Rebecca at last looked up at Jill with innocent blue eyes, and nodded naively as she pushed Jill's skirt up higher and laid a wet kiss on Jill's lower lips with her mouth.

Jill momentarily closed her eyes at the welcome euphoria, but wanted to see with her own blue eyes the sight of Rebecca on her knees eating out Jill's pussy. The sensation of kisses on her vulva, of licks along her labia, and of sucks over her clitoris all came to a head to the image of Rebecca's face half-submerged sucking on Jill's vagina.

"Nnnnnngghhh," Jill groaned with a guttural sigh. She willed her eyes to stay open, but could not deny her instinctual reaction to shut out all other senses but feeling. Her head lolling back and her mouth open slack, Jill felt her body lean on her heels too much and had the sensation of falling urgently trigger in her head.

"I got you, Jill." And so she fell back onto Rebecca's bed for the third time that day, yet again spent after an orgasm. "Rebecca, I'm yours," Jill confessed, "I'm yours to have whenever you want, I'm yours to enjoy how you see fit. I want you to have all of me, all to yourself."

At that, Rebecca was the one to feel funny between her legs. Walking on her knees to lift Jill's thighs onto her shoulders, Rebecca continued but talked into Jill's vagina as if she could hear through it, "But what about your partner, Chris? I always thought you two had a thing together."

Jill crunched up to rest on her elbows to look down at her cute girlfriend, "He of all people knows I'm gay. I'm pretty sure everyone also knows I'm gay for you, too." However, she noticed Rebecca starting back at her blankly at that statement, "What?"

Rebecca wordlessly got up, and fished out a pair of black panties from her economy armoire. She came back and pulled the underpants over Jill's boots and legs, all the way up to Jill's hips. For finishing touches, Rebecca gently pulled the black panties taut at Jill's cunny and ass to pull out any camel toes and wedgies. "Like you said, you're mine," Rebecca claimed. "Anyone even comes close to this part of you, tell them who owns it."

At the forceful words, Jill could not help but leak just a little smudge of ejaculate into Rebecca's fresh panties. "Sorry, I stained it already," Jill admitted.

Disappearing into her skirt, Rebecca took greedy nosefuls of Jill's scent. "Make sure it's nice and used by the time I get back," she replied and ended with a kiss over her panties. Finally, Rebecca helped Jill help her up to their feet, and pulled each other in for an intimate kiss and a deep hug.

"Let's not keep the boys waiting." And off they went to the RPD building.

July 23, 1998 - Eleventh Hour

Chapter Summary

Chapter title meaning in the evening PM.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to [taijutsudemonslayer](#) for paving the way and believing in this work when it was still a mess. And to all the others who gave this a read and kudos or bookmark, thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

23:00

The leading ladies finally arrived at the Raccoon Police Department helipad, having missed the entire mission briefing a whole six hours ago. Waltzing right in, however, the female officers acted coolly and intermingled with their male colleagues while the pilots and team leaders were prepping the VTOLs.

"You, you're late for your mission briefing," said the ever-mercurial Alpha team leader Albert Wesker (38), "And you, you should have been here earlier as well. You're one step behind the rest of the team's intel."

"Won't happen again, sir," the two blue-eyed officers replied. Two sets of gloved right hands came up to two sets of medium-short, brown hair to salute.

Wesker let out a resigned sigh. "For your sake I hope not, especially for your first field mission tonight," he said, patting the Bravo team medic's shoulder. Rebecca nodded in acknowledgement and passed by to line up to board the helicopter, and Wesker's gaze followed, lingered, crept for a moment too long. Now, it was Jill's turn to feel anxious regarding Rebecca.

"Commander, is there a problem?" she assertively asked. Wesker did not turn his head at all, and with his usual nocturnal sunglasses on, Jill could not discern if he even looked at her.

Unseen to her, Wesker twitched a brow and leisurely turned to face his inquirer, "Only with tardy subordinates. Now fall in; we in Alpha Team will be navigation and support for Bravo Team's 24hr recon element."

Captain Wesker walked to the chopper and faced both Alpha and Bravo Teams, "Bravo Team: recon the crime scene in the Arklay Mountains. The victims were apparently eaten in the middle of the night, so be on the lookout for nocturnal predators and dangerous individuals. Enrico, you're heading Bravo.

"Alpha will be under my command. We leave after Bravo's 24-hour sweep and provide extra eyes and boots. We will be the last team out, and thus permitted to use Block-IIIA GPS with 10 foot accuracy," Wesker declared to both teams. He finally turned to the VTOL pilot and gave the whirly-bird hand signal as the go-ahead, "Bravo Team, time for you to take a piece of the action!"

Enrico and the rest of the male members boarded, and Rebecca headed up the rear, but not without looking back and giving a particular bobcut-haired STARS member a thumbs up and a lovely smile. Squatting her hips back, Rebecca closed the sliding doors, and Alpha Team was left alone on the helipad.

"Come on, we should go and prepare for our trip as well," Chris Redfield (25) spoke for the first time that evening. He patted Jill's shoulder, and Albert's waist, to route the team members back inside the building.

Chapter End Notes

Holy shit giant coincidence kudos to lordaardvark for these Jill x Rebecca teasers, insofar titled "Slow Shift":

<https://chan.sankakucomplex.com/post/show/5406032>

<https://chan.sankakucomplex.com/post/show/5406043>

<https://chan.sankakucomplex.com/post/show/5406049>

Separate Ways

Making their way through the halls back to their communications office, Alpha Team came to see a woman in a lab coat intimately making conversation with a young woman in a red and white racing suit. Upon closer inspection, the latter was Chris's sister, Claire, meaning the scientist was most probably Dr. Wong.

The doctor had her forearm and elbow on the wall with her other hand on her hip, leaning on the wall right next to the biker girl. Chris's younger sister lolled her head back on the doctor's supporting hand and arm, smiling and giggling through her teeth at what Dr. Wong privately disclosed to her with a Cheshire grin. Claire's hips jutted back into the wall, pushing her breasts forward and her arms stretched straight down, both amplifying what would be her décolletage were it not for Claire's racing jacket.

The couple, however, instantly darted their eyes toward the approaching team. Undeterred, Dr. Wong stole a quick kiss from Ms. Redfield, and straightened up off the wall, feathering her lab coat collar and lapel over her red turtleneck and khaki mid-thigh shorts. Ada Wong (24) feather-lightly stroked Claire's cheek, "See you later, honey brown," and walked off in STARS' opposite direction. She passed by with neither eye contact nor acknowledgement.

Skipping off the wall, Claire Redfield (19) cheerfully greeted her brother, "You seem stoked; about to head out to your mission, big brother?"

"Ha ha ha ha.... I could be asking the same of you!!" Chris Redfield (25) returned jovially. Filling in for his old partner [you know], Barry Burton (38) added on, "We're on a TOP-SECRET mission, so we can't answer ANY more questions!!"

Claire gave the Alpha Team members berth, and saw Jill pass by with a wan smile and a tight thumbs up under her breast; Claire nodded appreciatively.

Inside the STARS office, Alpha Team resumed work, gearing up for the follow up mission they were to head the following day. There, unbeknownst to all, two STARS Alpha Team members stared pensively at their pictures of Rebecca for wholly different reasons.

Wesker stared at Rebecca in her green basketball outfit, noting the nubile rookie had excellent phenotype fitness and could be a high potential genotype for breeding study. Valentine lovingly looked at her picture of Rebecca and herself, the two women together in their street clothes, arms around each other's waists and saluting with their other hands.

They both hoped Rebecca would make it through the night....

~~~~~

"Mayday mayday! Emergency engine failure and landing!" spake the Bravo Team heli pilot. A series of worrisome sounds erupted from the VTOL's internals, and the pilot did his best to land safely. Rebecca stayed calm, and remembered her training as she held fast to her restraints and prepared for impact.

Upon touchdown, the crew assessed one another for injury, and egressed from the vehicle with the pilot watching house. Enrico ordered, "Spread out and look for clues," to which Rebecca had to stifle a laugh. She would give just about anything to get away with yelling, "A clue, a clue!" to refer to Blue's Clues.

With her finger along the slide and receiver, Rebecca swept the area without muzzle sweeping her comrades, and found her clue. "Commander!" she exclaimed to get the team's attention on the wreckage she found. Upon inspection with her flashlight, she noticed the two Military Police officers were mutilated and disfigured beyond all hope of repair, flesh not only clawed and bitten, but ripped asunder.

There was a clipboard nearby, and upon inspection, the papers were torn out. "Alright men, and lady, we know the dangerous animals are in this area. I'll report this to Wesker, so keep up the search! Move out," Enrico said to all.

Rebecca, eager to carry out her duty, sought out the most difficult direction, and searched into the brush gallantly. Her light came upon and illuminated the side of a train, and Rebecca noticed it was not only stationary, but quite lengthy; thus she assumed the rest of the team would happen upon it as naturally as she did, and did not phone it in.

The rain began to pour, and Rebecca cocked her DA/SA Beretta 92fs hammer to switch to single action trigger pull. She remembered her training, however, and kept her finger off the trigger until she reached inside the train. Once inside, she said a small prayer of thanks to her lover, and steeled herself for the trek ahead, wanting to do her role model, Jill, proud.

# Resident Evil 0\_

## Chapter Summary

It begins.

Armament: Beretta 92fs and magazines (15x2)

Vestments: Standard Olive Drab STARS uniform, Kevlar vest, medkit

The flashlight died. Inside the dingy train cabin, Rebecca Chambers found herself surrounded by corpses. Falling back to her medical training, she checked for vital signs of life in every passenger; none were still alive. After the initial shock of seeing dead bodies for the first time in the field, Rebecca took control of her emotions and hurried to save whom she could.

Assessing her inventory to prepare herself for what did all this, she confirmed her Beretta had a nearly full magazine of 14+1 rounds, two extra, loaded magazines, a chemistry mixing set, and a metric fuckton of empty magazines in all her pouches.

Rebecca passed by the seats and tried the door to her right to find it locked. Turning around, she entered through the sliding door and into the next compartment.

[illegible]

"This is Officer Rebecca Chambers, please ident-" she started until she noticed a particularly gruesome cadaver holding onto a radio blaring static. Rebecca came over and fiddled with the radio until it gave out, and she noticed a figure moving in her peripheral vision.

The dead man rose to his feet and began lumbering over to Rebecca. She gasped and stepped back, but turned to see two more reanimated corpses shambling toward her. Frantic orchestral music played in her head, and she turned around to her closest threat and neutralized him with a single shot. She about faced and fired a slew of Djibouti Shooties, a quick double tap and a more focused follow up, and dropped the other two threats.

"This is bad," Rebecca thought out loud, and attempted to call in to Jill back at headquarters. "Hello? Is someone there? Please respond," she calmly called, to no avail. She tried the same with her teammates, but to the same effect.

[illegible]

In the next compartment, Rebecca followed the hallway halfway, and hesitantly entered the first room, 202. Upon seeing the dead body in the lower bunk bed, Rebecca faltered and exited the room. Back outside in the hallway, Rebecca began dry heaving, thanking herself for staying hydrated through the day but not eating heavy foods.



But wait, she thought, I think I just saw a bunch of cool stuff. An unlit Molotov cocktail, an H&K MP5 magazine, and maybe even a Colt Python magnum revolver. She thought she was just imagining things, but all things considered the situation she was in began to dawn on her. So she steeled her resolve, and with her M9 at low ready with one hand and sidling up the the door again, she burst into the room.

As soon as she cleared the doorway, Rebecca's hands jutted her gun forward at the corners of the room with her full size service pistol; thankfully there were no threats in the bunk room. Disappointingly, however, her other expectation was also unfounded and the compartment was devoid of weapons.

In the wall to her left, she noticed a small window that emanated a strange tune. The melody was comfy yet melodramatic, and Rebecca yearned to find its origin. Handgun drawn, she exited 202 and moved forward into 201.

The amber lighting highlighted a typewriter, from which the song inexplicably flooded the room. On the off-white print paper, Rebecca saw no names, statements or records kept; it's here where Rebecca realized she was in a true survival situation, and she was going to be in for a long night, possibly all on her own.

She hoped Jill would find this should the worst come to pass, and so Rebecca opened the ink ribbon nearby and aligned it to the type line, and audibly typed a small missive with fingers:

Rebecca / 01 / Train

# Zero Train

## Chapter Summary

Armament: Beretta 92fs aka M9 with magazines.

Vestments: STARS OD Green uniform, ballistic vest, medical pack

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Glancing at the bunk beds in the safe haven of room 201, she considered taking a much needed break after her adrenaline rush cooled down. *Alright, maybe a little time to lie down*, Rebecca thought to herself.

Throwing off the books and documents from the bottom bunk bed, Officer Chambers plopped into the mattress and wiped her fingers on her pants before slipping them in and above her panties. Rubbing swirls around her clitoris, she let the song swell in her chest, sliding down her body into her loins. Once the physical mood was set, she began working on the mental.

She imagined Jill's pretty face, her pert and generous breasts, and her high and tight but easily voluptuous derrière. She rubbed herself as she remembered proudly how she came to know all those areas on Jill's body intimately, taking those lips into hers, lifting and squeezing those juicy tits, and enjoying the feel of Jill's ass on her face.

Altogether, Jill's body felt so warm and perfect on hers, every time they would hug, front to front or front to back, that Rebecca thought back to how lucky she had been to be able to stay so close to her and even touch her whenever she wanted. Now that they've taken it to higher levels of intimacy, she yearned right now for nothing more than to take her crotch to her face and do the same for her in 69.

The small tuft of dark brown pubic hair, those tight inner thigh muscles, that snow white pallor, the cut abs with just a little health outlining her navel, and those juicy hips all come together to highlight Jill's delicious pussy.

Rebecca came as she remembered every intricate detail of Jill's most private parts. After some time, she willed herself to leave the cozy confines of the typewriter music, and geared back up to continue searching the hall.

To her right, the conductor room was locked on her left, as was the door to the front of the train locked by electronic keycard input. Rebecca looked at the bloody body of a man at the very end of the hall, and not bothering for a vitals check reached down for the key.

Suddenly she snapped back, feeling paranoia nip at her nape and turned around to point her gun. She rounded the corner, slicing the pie thinly, inching of her feet to get a better angle over the corner. To her relief, the hall was empty. She returned to the dead man and picked up the key. Walking back to the rear of the train she

*CRASH*

Via antidefenestration came her comrade from Bravo Team. "Edward! Are you alright? What happened?" Rebecca came to her teammate's side and addressed his bite wounds, possibly canine in origin. The wounds hit deep - both the carotid (neck) and femoral (thigh) arteries were relieving themselves of blood; Edward was going to exsanguinate.

"It's worse than.... We can't.... You must be careful, Rebecca," Edward gasped with his dying breath, leaving more questions than answers in a frustratingly puzzling way. So frustrating, in fact, that Rebecca delayed the obligatory, vain calling out of the recently departed's name.

*CRASH*

And yet another surprise anti-defenestrated into the hallway, this time a mangy looking dog with clearly human blood in its jaws. Rebecca acted and punched out her Beretta toward the threat to neutralize it.

A different, frantic orchestral piece played in her head as she dumped two rounds into the Doberman. Hearing another window shatter, Rebecca attempted a repeat performance, but after another shot rang the slide locked back indicating the magazine had emptied.

*WHUMP*

Rebecca was on her back, a snarling trail of drool and blood dripped onto her neck and chest as the second dog attempted to rip her naked neck apart. Only a crossface against the dog's collarbone held her neck in one piece, and Rebecca shimmied a knee and foot between herself and the canine. With a mewling grunt, she heaved the rabid animal off of her, and still on her back she pulled out a fresh magazine with her left hand.

Using her slender thumb to hit the magazine release button on her 92fs, Rebecca brought the gun up in front of her face in a backwards L shape and inserted her fresh mag, finishing by depressing the slide release to load the magazine's top cartridge into the chamber.

Rebecca fired off two more rounds off her back, but she heard the beast yelp its last breath before the second shot registered. Rebecca quickly got up to her feet and checked her neck for bite marks, gratefully finding none. She backtracked to the rear of the train with her newfound key, and cautiously stepped over the dogs, her muzzle aimed directly at them.

[illegible]

In the second train car, there lurked two more reanimated bodies. One to her left was still stuck in the seats, however, so Rebecca summarily stole past him to get to the other door. Another zombie bumbled into her way, so Rebecca stood her ground and deliberately fired a round into his head.

The fired cartridge hit its mark, but the bullet only blew off a chunk of the tip of the zombie's head, meaning the shot was at an angle to his forehead. The zombie lunged, and Rebecca fell into wide-eyed panic as the zombie's surprisingly heavy weight and iron grip bore down into her.

Rebecca yet again remembered her training and instead of literally going head to head against a stronger force, she yielded only to attack from another angle, his groin. Despite falling into her back yet again, she struck a sharp boot to the gonads and pulled him down by his lapel. Rebecca smoothly threw him over her head with the sacrifice throw. She had a combination of STARS training and the bevy of martial arts movies still going strong into 1998 to thank for that move.

Taking the hint from her brain that she really shouldn't stay here, Rebecca got up to her feet in record time and burst into the next train car.

[illegible]

*BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP*

Rebecca's comms blared and she brought up the walkie talkie to her mouth. "This is Rebecca, over."

"Rebecca, can you hear me? This is Enrico. What's your location? Over."

"Enrico! Hello? Can you read me? Please respond."

"Rebecca, I can hear you, now listen up! We've obtained detailed information on the...."

"Enrico? Captain! Hello? HELLO?"

Putting the ominous news aside, she reached the end of the train and used the key. She contemplated leaving it in but wisely foresaw the danger of allowing a more prescient being the capability to lock her in. Rebecca pocketed the key into a large pouch to leave her pockets available for newer keys, and stepped through.

[illegible]

Checking the pantry sliding door, Rebecca took in her surroundings, when a loud rattle shook her attention. She pulled her gun close to her sternum and aimed at the door after spiraling back to it, but was deeply concerned when absolutely no one was there.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks to <https://www.gamefaqs.com/gamecube/198460-resident-evil-0/faqs/20253> for the transcript.

If you haven't already, look up images of "jill nude mod". Then go pirate the remaster game right now and start playing on the easiest difficulty so you can actually enjoy the game instead of trying to impress imaginary peers.

# For Want of a Nail-thin Sharp Object

## Chapter Summary

Armament: Beretta 92fs and magazine.

Vestments: OD Green STARS uniform, flak vest, and medieval gear

Hurriedly she flew up the flight of stairs to her right, and came up to the dining floor. The clock above the reception desk read 1:30, and the rest of the car was on fire presumably from oils or alcohols coming into contact with the tabletop candles. In the corner of the floor, however, sat an older gentleman.

Rebecca came up to him and lightly laid a hand on his shoulder, "Excuse me. Sir?"

*Plop*

The man's head rolled clockwise on his neck and twisted itself off onto the floor. Rebecca gasped in horror and recoiled to see the remnant of his body reconvene but completely encased in a green slime. The old man approached the rookie medic with wet, sloppy footsteps. Throwing out his arm like a barnacle, the slimy old man struck Rebecca between her breastline and navel.

Fortunately, the bulletproof vest took the brunt of the impact. She shrimped back whence she came to put distance and cover between herself and her assailant, but something happened to her surprise.

The green man's head split, and his entire body collapsed into a flood of leeches. The living deluge advanced upon her, and she scrambled to escape. But the wave of slime engulfed her completely, attempting to turn her into one of their own.

*I won't become one of them!* she thought to herself. Seeing flames, Rebecca jumped into the small fires broken out in the dining hall to take the leeches down with her. Miraculously, not only did the leeches recoil in horror off her person, but she was completely unharmed by the heat as the slime formed an insulating layer. Thankfully, the slime was not oil based, thus the fluids evaporated without leaving residue on her body.

Out of the corner of her eye, a rebel leech reared to lunge at her. Rebecca dove out of the trajectory, and her hands hit upon a 1911 pistol and large combat knife, which conveniently just happened to be lying there. Taking the gun in her right hand and the knife in her left with an underhand grip facing out, Rebecca took aim at the leech with her knife hand horizontal and supporting her gun hand from below. With this configuration, if she missed with the pistol at least she had a blade between her face and what she was facing.

The leech lunged. The young woman fired. The slimy mollusc splattered and fell to the floor dead. She was still among the living.

"Ha~la~~li~~pu-se. Shay-da~be~ah~tah!"

A figure on the cliff out in the distance was momentarily illuminated by the lightning. The androgynous figure in choir dress and singing gibberish was becoming enveloped by leeches, so Rebecca deduced he was controlling the creatures.

"Who is that...guy?" she sounded. As soon as she said that, the ground beneath her came to life and indicated the train was moving. The jarring was so sudden that little miss Chambers slid all the way back to the open window, where she could see a ladder.

"Uhn...."

Two zombies arose from the flames like phoenixes, cornering Rebecca. *Only one way out, up*, Rebecca surmised and put her thoughts to action by sheathing her knife and new gun into her belt and climbing out and up the ladder.

^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

The summer rain pelted her from above and ahead, summarily striking her at a combined diagonal angle. She shielded her eyes with her hand and made her way forward atop the moving train, reaching a rooftop panel that sparked electric arcs. With wet hands, Rebecca risked frying herself and connected the wires together to complete the circuit.

Some fluid began to gather and Rebecca hoped the rain wouldn't short circuit the wires. However the wires not only did not short out visibly but also seemed to stop arcing and glowing from blackbody radiation. "Mineral oil?" she thought until the fluids took the shape of leeches and charged her face.

She shrieked and fell back thankfully onto her vest. She got up indignant and shaken. Around her, however, were plenty of reasons to calm down. From the pot, Rebecca picked and munched on the green herb leaves. She took the box of ammo on the counter and got to filling one of her innumerable empty magazines with each cartridge, one by one, while she took in the rest of the room. A key on the sill read Conductor's Room, giving Rebecca hope in getting out of this train.

Lastly, she checked the dumbwaiter, which turned out to be empty. Scanning the room for anything she missed, Rebecca turned to the ornate door and turned the handle.

Or at least tried to. The handle was stuck, and checking the keyhole she could see much gunk obstructing the turning mechanism. Needing a sharp object, Rebecca pulled out her knife and got to work. Unfortunately, the broad blade did not fit the hole; attempting to shimmy it between the door and its frame would result in a fracture, so Rebecca refrained from that course of action.

She wished she had a breaching shotgun like her Bravo teammate Richard carried, but all she had was a 9 millimeter. She fired once into the keyhole from an arm's length, and tried the

door again - no effect. She fired another cartridge then pulled - nil. She shot where the door latched to the frame, and she had some success and felt some give but not enough for her petit frame to pull down the door.

Surmising that throwing bullets at the hinges would eat the remainder of her scarce ammunition, Rebecca began to feel the onset of panic. *Oh brother, I can't believe I'm stuck in this 'moted situation*, the STARS novice thought, generally not one to defer to using time period slang. She thought of all the movies she would never watch if she died this night, all the movies she would miss.

With her beloved Jill Valentine. The thought of her, however, fueled her indignant ire at the situation and so she refused to allow anything to keep her from returning back into her lover's embrace.

Checking the sill once more to see if it would open to the other side, she was deterred when the barrier refused to budge and seemed to have never intended to be openable. She even considered contorting herself into the dumbwaiter, but her long legs would never fit even diagonally in the cubic space.

She had hoped that maybe the shambling zombies could help bust down the door from the other side, but if by this point they were not interested with all the commotion, they would not come to her aid of any sort in any of their lifetimes.

The last option was to grit her teeth and come back whence she fell - back up the hole in the ceiling. She perched atop the counter closest to the gaping hole and put those long gams to good use by kicking a leg to the side of the aperture. Steadying her hands on the other side, she bent the raised leg's knee and propelled herself up into the sharp rain again.

But the rain was not as painful as she last remembered. Instead she relished the stimuli that pattered her shoulders and back, as if nature was congratulating her on a job well done. "I will come for you, Jill. I swear...."



# I'll Be There

## Chapter Summary

Armament: STARS service pistol, 1911 modified for 9x19 parabellum, two magazines, combat knife x1

Vestments: Olive Drab STARS size S, aramid weave vest, medical mix kit

Returning to the boot end of the train roof was easier this time around. The wind and rain were on her side almost pushing her towards the back of the moving vehicle.

Perhaps a tad much, however, since as soon as Rebecca reached the end, a slight nudge of the wind caused her to slip off the edge.

"AAAH!" Rebecca yelled as she contorted back to cling to safety. She succeeded, momentarily, in gripping the ladder back to the second floor dining hall. Her grip gave out, though, and Rebecca hurtled down onto a grated surface.

Rebecca faceplanted, but refused to get up. She clung to the floor as if her life depended on it and let the two opposing forces do battle: her internal, feverish heartbeat and the external, bone-chilling raindrops clattering against her derrière. Finally reaching homeostasis, Rebecca dared a peek up in her miserable form to see she survived, but was crestfallen to see she was still on the train.

Rising to a knee, she noticed a lever to her left, a panel just in front of her, and a claw gun to her right. She pulled herself up with the lever, and noticed its pressure sensitivity. She could feel it wanting to come up if she let go, so she propped her knife between handle and gap to keep it open.

Rebecca went up to the grapple gun and pulled it off, not bothering to catch the instruction manual that flew off into the breeze. She went back for her knife; it looked like it was going to fly off any second so she deftly grabbed it with her left hand - two fingers on the handle, two on the blade. The knife moved not, fortunately, and thus drew no womanly blood. Rebecca relieved the lever pressure with her offhand and pulled the knife out to sheathe it.

Taking a look at the panel, she saw it laid dormant with an unlit LED screen, albeit with an inviting card slot reader that probably activated it. Instead, Rebecca looked out at the vast wilderness, contemplating jumping off a moving train. She learned how to survive jumping out of a moving car in STARS training, but this train was basically flying through the rain and Rebecca had no clue where she was at the moment, so all she could do was stay on this loony train.

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Morbidly, she expected a fountain of blood to spurt from a decapitated zombie neck, even though she knew from anatomy and forensics that bullets generally cannot explode heads, only leave giant exit wounds. Nevertheless, the way the zombies crumbled as a reward to a well disciplined shot elicited a primal bloodlust in her she never thought she had.

She couldn't wait to go into the next car.

Non-Con

Chapter Summary

Armament: Beretta, 1911, Knife, Molotov cocktails

Vestments: OD uniform, vest, medkit

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Rebecca could feel something amiss, notwithstanding the shambling corpses in this next car. She dispatched them with her Molotovs, eager to excuse herself from carrying around the flammable bottles in the future. The seats surprisingly did not catch flame.

The physical sensation of rain and wind came from the open window to her back left. She peered out and noticed the high ladder right above her head. Feeling compelled up thither, she equipped her hook shot and fired unto the top, catching the ladder's top rung on the corner. Putting her life on the line, literally, Rebecca pulled on the portable winch to lift herself onto the rain-slicked roof of a moving train yet again.

Climbing up and moving on to explore, she came to another hole in the roof and attempted to see what was inside. All she could see from her height was a soft mattress just below and just off to the side of the hole. If she jumped down onto the floor but landed with her hands onto the mattress, she would avoid the jagged edges of the metal hole, and so she followed through with the plan.

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Squishing her hands into the mattress, Rebecca landed and quickly took in her surroundings. A man stood with his back to her, and a knife lay at her feet. Quietly crouching down and picking up the cold weapon, Rebecca felt bold enough to get even closer to the zombie. She got on the bed and crept up behind him for the kill.

At the critical moment, Rebecca suddenly stopped herself. *What if this man was still alive?* She hesitated within a hair of the standing gentleman in front of her, but even that was too close. The man jerked around in place and lunged onto Rebecca, falling between her legs and pinning her biceps onto the mattress.

Rebecca felt something between her thighs twitch and with frantic horror she attempted to push him off, but the drooling man was overpowering her. Her hips were smashed into the mat by his thrusts, and his powerful hands pinned Rebecca's back to the soaked bed.

"No!" Rebecca yelled in her frightened panic, "Jill!" It wasn't until she thought back to her that she remembered her training, and squeezed her guard so that the man could not pull back

to thrust any longer.

Her long limbs were put to good use, triangling one ankle behind the other leg's knee to trap her assailant on top. Rebecca trapped the arm opposite where the triangle was locked under her armpit, and shoved her other arm back on the mat to base up and over to complete the sweep.

Now she was on top. Angered but thoroughly soaked and fatigued, she didn't have it in her to rain down blows along with the raindrops falling through the gaping hole in the roof. She instead stiff armed the man down by the sternum, and was about to reach back for a weapon but saw the knife on the bed near the man's head. Killing two birds, she pulled the knife away from the struggling attacker and stabbed downward into his oculocranial cavity.

Some of the stabs landed in the mouth - some in the throat, others in the eyes - but lastly the blade embedded itself into the top portion of the man's cranium at the temple. The bone was too hard to penetrate and cleanly draw out immediately, but it mattered not since the zombie lay dead underneath its killer, Officer Rebecca Chambers.

She postured up and for an instant basked in the rain for surviving the most close and brutal encounter yet, but her perineum remembered the reason she was so maddened in the first place. Rebecca fell backwards off the bed and just sat there, taking a breather to recollect her bearings. Getting her heartbeat and breathing under control, she posted on a hand and leg and swung her other leg back under her buttocks to stand up.

Looking back at the haunting zombie, she noticed its twitching and the pool of blood underneath his cadaver, likely not only from the knife in its head but also from internal organs letting go and no intact epidermis to contain all their evacuating fluids.

Not one to let good things go to waste, Rebecca stepped onto the corpse's head and extracted the knife, cleaning it off on the wet mattress covers.

She contemplated checking the zombie once over to see if he would re-reanimate, but for once she just wanted finality and turned away from the stilled body.

The rest of the room reflected her own mental state: a small sink basin and mirror were bloodied and smashed, and the narrow closets were mangled in disarray. On the ground, however, was a small ring box. Rebecca picked it up and opened it, to find the gold counterpart to the silver ring she pilfered from the animal cages back in the last train car.

Tucking both rings into the box, she tried the door to her left. It refused to budge, but she then felt a rush of something behind the door as if animals were scampering away. Sheathing her second blade into her belt, Rebecca drew her carry weapon and tried for the door again.

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Scanning the hall with her pistol, she noticed a multitude of leeches crawling about on the walls and floor. With high knees, Rebecca jogged on to her right and entered another bedroom door.

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Finally, there was an actual bed in this bedroom that wasn't wet or bloody. Locking the door, Rebecca began taking off all her wet clothes. She pulled her pants down at the ankles before stopping at her boots. She attempted to slip her pants over them to no avail, and instead sat her bum on the bed's edge to unlace and take off her shoes in order to take off her pants. She left the pants with utility belt on the bedside table for easy reach.

Unclasping her bulletproof vest, she took that and her olive drab green undershirt off and unceremoniously dumped them on the floor with a wet sop. Now in her C cup brassiere and white cotton panties, Rebecca lay back onto the bed, only to feel something under her back.

Under her body was a gun. A double barreled shotgun, over-under, with a double trigger. Pulling it up, Rebecca unlocked the barrel and pushed the barrel forward and down, where in the chamber two cartridges poked out just a smidge, indicating the rounds were unspent. With muzzle pointed below her feet, Rebecca laid the longarm beside her, as she stiffly reached down at her hips and pushed her panties down her derriere and pulled them up her thighs and calves and over her feet.

With nary a second thought, Rebecca brought her soaking wet panties up to her nose and sniffed, spreading her legs and allowing her scent to waft up into the room. She was glad it was still summer, as the dry room was actually somewhat warm, affording Rebecca the luxury of now completely taking off all that remained on her body for complete comfort. She rubbed her hands and fingers one last time on her brassiere before throwing it away, and resumed administrating attention to her lower half.

Her first thoughts were none, unfocusing her eyes and letting the emotions of the previous events wash over her as she pulled and stretched at her outer folds. She thought last to the zombie that almost...non-consensually had its way with her. She immediately replaced the thought with Jill, but momentarily worried she might be associating a traumatic experience with her best friend and lover.

She then realized that up to this point, she never once considered calling for help on her comms. For a couple moments, Rebecca lay there, fingers opening and closing her labia, languidly taking in the moment of reprieve. Eventually she pulled her hands away and reached back to her pants for the walkie talkie.

"This is Rebecca, over."

"Pssst.... This is Enrico, ov...."

"Captain, how is contact with Alpha team coming along?"

"Ksssd.... No one see...to be picking up. We're trying the be...we can t...."

The line seems to have died off. Rebecca closed the feed and returned to her previous activity.

All By Myself

Chapter Summary

Armament: Hunting Shotgun, Beretta, 1911, Knives x2

Vestments: OD uniform, vest, medkit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Rebecca inserted three slender fingers into her pussy and rubbed her thumb next to her clit. Her thoughts insidiously turned to the close call she had with the zombie in the room with the hole in the roof. Despite her best efforts, Rebecca began leaking prematurely, so she made a conscientious effort to turn her thoughts back to Jill.

How was she doing? Does she even know about the FUBAR situation? Does she even know what that acronym means? Oh... she hoped to see her girlfriend again. She hoped they'd watch more films together. Then she'd take her in her strong arms and body, feeling her warmth and taking in her scent, hearing her inhales and exhalations and the cheery sounds she would make from her full lips and distinct face, and....

"Unnnnnnnnngh," Rebecca came. Her hand down there wrung her spongy pussy for all the juices that remained; her other hand was rubbing herself above the waist at first for pleasure then just for warmth. The fluids that left her tight and wet cavern may have been more than just water, but Rebecca felt no remorse over staining the room with her bodily fluids. Feeling a territorial streak rising within her, she felt the urge to mark the train car some more, but elected to conserve her energy instead. She wiped herself off and looked at her damp clothes. She would not survive the night with the heat sucked out of her body like this, so she began looking around while handling the hunting shotgun.

It was heavier than it looked, probably due to the double barrel in an over/under configuration. Pressing the latch but being careful of the double triggers, Rebecca released the breech lock and opened the action of the longarm, noting the two unspent shells. In the corner of her eye, Rebecca saw herself in the mirror and fully took note of her lithe, sleek body juxtaposed to the rather large boomstick. Her pale skin with a tuft of brown hair where her legs came to meet in the center contrasted exquisitely with the shotgun's brass metal and brown wood.

As beautiful as she was in the flesh, she needed to wear something. Walking to the corner closet, Officer Chambers opened the unlocked doors to find a cowgirl outfit and a leather getup. Though the cowgirl looked somewhat comfier, the shorts left her legs wide barenaked.

She chose the leather clothes. The brown halterneck came with matching bridal gauntlets, offering more protection. The inseam of the black leather pants forbade her from lifting the pantswaist any higher than her mons pubis, though the pants felt snug and not ready to fall down anytime soon. The extremely low waistline allowed a peak of her pubes in front and a small crack of her buttock line in the back. Her ass dimples could be clearly seen, as could her taut abdominals from above her belly button down to below the crease of her stomach fold; small glimpses her mound of venus and even her thighs could be seen *above* her pants.

She felt very risqué with all this exposure of her lower stomach. Clearing as much space possible between breasts and vaginal area, this outfit exposed so much of Rebecca's nubile body. With some pride in her body image, she pulled her arms up above her head, showing off her armpits and tight torso.

She was proud that Jill could be satisfied with this body, and the prospect of accidentally flashing her genitals from stretching too far excited her. She felt like touching herself again - to her own body being so exposed in this situation - but elected to equip the rest of her loadout of two handguns and knives. Ready to hunt the gun, Rebecca exited out to the hallway.

Exploring her left, she found an ice pick, which would have helped out in the back of the train. She left it as she seemed to have no use for it, and walked through the door to the next car.

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The beautiful bar and lounge was surrounded by windows opening out to the furious, beating storm outside. Rebecca carefully stalked toward the bar, somewhat excited she could also sneak in some underage drinking in this mission.

Instead the roof collapsed. The apparent source of the two earlier holes in the roofs of the train was this monstrosity: a giant scorpion. Rebecca ran back to the door and for a split second of bone chilling horror, she expected the door to be locked.

It was rather unlocked. She stepped through.

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The scorpion made a cacophony of destructive noises in the car behind her. She immediately came upon a bright idea.

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Opening the sliding doors but staying behind the bottleneck doorway, Rebecca shot at the monster from cover. The handgun's copper coated bullets ricocheted off the scorpion's carapace except for three notable areas: the top of the head and on top of each of its pincers.

The scorpion covered its head with its claws and rushed forward with its whipping tail. Rebecca sidestepped it with ease, but the aim of the attack was not her, but for the scorpion to close the distance.

It grasped the hinges of the doorway and attempted to break it open through sheer force. Rebecca readied her longarm and fired with cold precision into a claw. The scorpion recoiled in horror, but its decentralized nervous system meant the other claw was still affixed to the doorway.

Rebecca immediately fired with her remaining shell then secondary handgun at the monster's head in quick succession. The monster seemed delirious and disoriented, and Rebecca took advantage of it by breaking open the hunting shotgun and inserting two new shells. However, the scorpion was feinting, not fainting, and jabbed forward with its extended claw, grasping Rebecca around a thigh and pulling her in.

Rebecca had dropped her primary shotgun, but still had her two handguns. She gripped both in her hands and fired away into the pincer at point blank, and prayed the response would be retraction rather than clamping down. She was not so lucky, and felt her femoral artery about to cave in.

She had a small epiphany, and decided to jailbreak her leg by throwing in the other leg to double the pressure from within. Though still in pain, at least she would not lose her leg at the thigh, which would lead her to exsanguinate. She fired again into the scorpion's weak points, and this time it let her go.

Hobbling back to safety, Rebecca did not bother to check if her legs were alright. From behind her, however, the scorpion clamped not at her legs but again at the doorway on both sides of her, which only meant one thing: it was going to use its stinger. Without a thought, Rebecca pulled both knives underhanded and stabbed outwards into the pincers at their hinges and then dove forward into the tray cart.

Plates of savory smelling food fell around her, as did the ice pick she ignored earlier. The double barreled shotgun was beyond the corner and out of reach, and her handguns had their slides retracted, meaning their magazines were spent. Turning to face her attacker, Rebecca was surprised yet again by a quick follow up attack.

The scorpion this time jutted both its pincers as narrowly as it could into the doorway and grabbed each leg of the leather bound officer. Her legs were being pried apart and pulled up, while the animal primed its stinger down to its head to whip a strike. The pointer seemed aimed directly between her legs, both of which were held not too tightly since the scorpion's pincers were damaged by her knives still embedded in the joints.

Before the scorpion could forcefully insert its stinger into Rebecca's groin, she grabbed the ice pick as a last resort and hurriedly embedded it into the middle of the open wound on the rapacious monster's head. It shrieked in agony, seemingly melting from its wounds. The last twitches of life in its muscles gave out, and it lay dead, spewing its green blood onto the carpet.

Rebecca lay there in the interstitial doorway between train cars. Her top stayed on due to the leather undercarriage fitting formly to her breasts. Her pants survived the fight and barely pulled down just enough for her vaginal lips to hit cool air.

Her exposed tummy, however, was taking the brunt of the rain that fell from above between the car roofs. The rain showered her taut abdominals with pure, life giving water, baptizing her after a trial by fire. She rubbed her stomach to warm her body, which also washed away most of the residue from the fight off of her hands. Her abs were literally a washboard for her hands, and she took full advantage of the poetic irony.

She took the baptismal image of the rain blessing her a bit more seriously, and began washing away the sins of her struggle, lower down her body. The battle took a toll on her intimate parts, and so she pulled herself among the floor to position her mound of venus in the center of the rain stream. Using her hands, Rebecca pushed her pants down as much as the leather would allow, exposing her vulva fully to the open air.

In a fit of passionate celebration, Rebecca reveled in the clean feeling and raised her legs together to her chest, allowing the rain to wash further down her center crack. She also pulled her pants up to her knees then up to her ankles, so when she let her legs down again her knees and thighs could spread freely. With one hand on her mons pubis, the other liberally administered stimulation to her genitals, all the while using both hands to wash away the sweat that accumulated just now.

Touching the insides of her thighs, the base of her crotch, and her deep vaginal walls while a torrent of refreshing rain from above splattered onto her clitoral hood and labia, Rebecca never felt more natural and primal. She felt like this was something the last human on Earth would do given the scene and situation, and felt not an ounce of shame for satisfying herself like this.

She felt the throes of climax begin to rise to action, and consummated her love for her body by releasing herself into the rain. She relished the feeling of helplessness.

Rebecca felt *right* as the rain splashed over her hips, the life giver watering the life maker.

Chapter End Notes

Saving Private Ryan comes out on exactly the canonical date of the mansion incident: July 24, 1998. I am unsure if the original 1996 RE has this date in the game files, or if it was retconned during the 2002 RE 0+1 concurrent development. It's all coincidence, however, since absolutely no references to the Spielberg movie is made in any of the games.

Saving Officer Chambers

Chapter Summary

Armament: Hunting gun, Beretta, 1911, Knives x2

Vestments: Leather halter top, bridal gauntlets, BDSM low crop leather pants, choker

The train continued bursting through the air, rattling on the tracks at the velocity of reckless in the direction of abandonment. The inky-gray clouds framed the almost completely obscured new moon in the firmament.

Even the Moon had turned its back on Rebecca in Raccoon City, BF.

Rebecca stared sidelong at the passing wood, mountain, and sky, soaking the scene in as naturally as she could - through her sex. Her hands protecting her stomach, she now completely surrendered her lower lips, exposing them to the open air and dripping, falling rain.

She eventually felt whole again, and found the fortitude to get up on her feet. Her brown, almost burgundy halter top rivaled the black, bondage bottoms in sleekness and fit to Rebecca Chambers' form. She tightened her top matching, leather bridal gauntlets and sashayed her hips to and fro to work out the wedgies betwixt her thighs.

Not bothering to look back at her bleeding handiwork, Rebecca Chambers returned to her steadfast companions of the evening, and checked each of them for issues. The shotgun had ejected its spent shells; she closed the action, dry fired both barrels, broke open and closed the breech, and dry fired again. No problems.

Chambers loaded two rounds and laid the shotgun on the ground with the break action still open. She turned her attention to the 1911 clone handgun and her 92fs derivative service pistol. Racking the slides each, and dry firing into open air (completely disregarding safety at this point, because who cares), Rebecca surmised her secondary arms were in fighting shape. Into the two, she loaded new magazines of variable fullness, racked the slides to chamber a round each, and tucked the carry weapons into her waistband and holster, respectively. She now retrieved the open shotgun and locked the action.

Finally, she examined the corpse. The scorpion had quite the number done on *him*, and Rebecca noticed the seemingly caustic blood of the insect spilled over onto both knives at the pincers and over the ice pick in the head. Kicking the knife over a bit, she saw the handle come off and knew the knife was clearly beyond saving at this point.

She did notice the stinger had retracted into the tail completely. Whether that was a telltale postmortem trait in these mutants or just scorpions in general, Rebecca was disappointed she

could not extract the venom to reverse engineer an antivenom for possible use in the near future.

Instead, as she walked toward where the bar used to be (none of the fancy, overrated alcohol survived) she bumped her foot onto a metal rod. Picking it up for examination, she noticed its handle and hook. Apparently, this was a panel opener. Where the bar used to be, there was a hatch that opened downstairs.

She put the newfound item to good use.

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Descending down the ladder, Rebecca found a map of the train on the whiteboard. She was sick enough of the train and saw no point in taking it as she explored all the areas she needed to visit anyway. She checked the conductor's blue coat hanging on the wall to find nothing, and searched the room for anything interesting.

The scattered mess of papers hid nothing of importance save a document detailing the rear car and the presence of the hookshot. Ah, that's right, she dropped the hookshot in the room where she was almost raped.

Without wasting a second thought on the matter, Rebecca turned her focus to the closet. "Onto the next world," the paper poster in the back said. Instead, a briefcase lay there. Pulling out the box of rings she'd collected so far, Chambers fitted the two gold and silver pieces into the slots of the briefcase and unbuckled the latch.

Inside was just a keycard. It said "Umbrella" on it.

Rebecca decided not to waste a perfectly good briefcase, and put her extra ammunition and second secondary weapon into the bag. Ah, she wouldn't want to negligently discharge a round into her person, now would she? Rebecca remedied the situation by releasing the mag slightly and expended the round in the chamber. Once the slide released back into place, Rebecca reloaded the mag with an empty chamber. Now in what is known as Israeli Carry, the handgun allowed Rebecca enjoyed the best of both worlds by not allowing a round to go off while maintaining the security of a loaded gun in her hands. Since she already had a chambered shotgun and holstered pistol, having the third gun Israelied made her life easier, for however much longer it would last.

She finally reached for the door and found it locked; she used the key found in the trapped room she was in earlier to open the conductor's cabin.

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She was back in the hallway with the dead dogs. She saw Edward's corpse in the right corner of her eye, and she deliberated to turn toward her left. The e-panel that locked the door to the trainfront lay in waiting for Rebecca to slide her card through its slot. Officer Chambers obliged.

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On the walkway that skirted the engine compartment, two soldiers lay dead on the ground. Rebecca examined them and found no ammunition, magazines, or weapons on them - only saliva.

Rebecca did not even stop to consider treating them.

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The exposed wiring of the train's onboard guidance system arced but continued to provide power. Reading the screen, Rebecca saw the train had been set at max speed and kept seizing up with its rapidly blinking UI, likely indicating its input queue was flooded.

She felt her legs destabilize, almost being pulled up and backwards on the train, meaning the train was gaining speed. She would crash at this rate.

She thought fast, and jammed her panel opener into the wiring to kill the circuit.

Pop

The screen for the train computer shut off, but a cracked screen to her right gave off an opaque red glow. Seeing the black keycard on the counter, Rebecca flipped through the manual beneath the card and quickly realized the train had a separate emergency brake system. That would need to be activated in the back of the train. So not only did this train not have a dead man's brake, but its emergency system was all the way in the back.

Stunning train design.

Rebecca got to work.

Sliding the keycard through the terminal reader, a number display showed: "0 / 81". Rebecca cautiously typed 1, and a single bead LED lit up. The display now read 1/81. She pressed 9: 10/81. Reducing that this was summation, and she only had ten choices, she noticed that pressing 9 nine times would have given her 81, but the last number could not be 0. So thankfully, 1 and 8 could take the place of the ninth 9, padding out the sequence to ten numbers.

After inputting 1 8 9 9 9 9 9 9 9, the display showed 81/81, and stayed solid, meaning she was to go do the same on the other end of the train.

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"Uhn..." The two soldiers rose from the dead.

Rebecca pressed on without a single hesitation.

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Immediately, things were amiss. The nameless corpse to her right was gone, and so was Edward's. Rebecca rounded the corners carefully with her hunting gun, aiming from the hip and supporting the gun near the muzzle as she sliced the pie.

She then found out what happened to at least the first body: he was up and about in front of the door to the passenger compartments.

Rebecca backtracked and ducked into the conductor's cabin.

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Up the ladder she traced.

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Downwind she flew, and for a moment she feared the absent body of the scorpion meant disaster in the future. She repressed those fears and ducked into the next compartment through the damaged doors.

She snaked around the S curved corridor, and descended downstairs rapidly.

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She probably should have sliced the pie here too, but thankfully the reanimated zombies were a bit of ways to the middle of the train. Rebecca ducked them too, and stole into the next car.

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"Edward! no," Rebecca reacted to the scene before her. The pale ghoul that was once Edward lurched towards her in an uncanny and threatening pace.

It frightened her. As weak as she made herself out to be to others, there were very few other times when Rebecca felt legitimately fearful. The zombie infestation - she'd seen more than her fair share of movies; the rapey zombie and scorpion - it was more a physically overwhelming trauma of her personal space than anything fundamentally disturbing.

Seeing her comrade and friend now murderously trying to *get* her, however, unsettled the core of her being and self identity.

Thus, she raised her long gun. She was going to put him down.

"Stop! Don't come Any closer!" She shot him in the neck, knowing his vest had at least a framework of Kevlar spread through it that would have prevented Rebecca from stopping Edward's zombie.

He staggered. His neck loosened.

She shot again. The second trigger was right behind the first.

He crumpled. His neck loosed bright arterial blood.

She did have to hurry, though, not only due to the train's runaway inertia, but also by the rising reanimated passengers who awoke to the dramatic commotion.

Through the electronic door, Rebecca noticed the fridge to her right was still open. It was an industrial fridge and seemed to have lost its shelves in the ensuing chaos.

[illegible]

An undead dog attempted to maul Rebecca. She blocked its bite at the last moment with the barrel of her shotgun. She was worried the other dog would want its turn with her if she couldn't solve this problem all at once.

She got in a crossface forearm just in time under the dog's throat, or what was left of it. She pulled her sidearm from its holster and fired into the dog's torso. It yelped and breathed no more.

The second Cerberus bit the pistol by the exposed barrel. For once, having her finger in the trigger guard saved her from danger. She fired again, but the dog's bite was so severe, the slide did not retract, and Rebecca couldn't fire off a follow up shot.

The dog only seemed more aggravated, probably because the previous bullet exited out the cheek rather than its medulla oblongata. Rebecca tried to stab it with her knife, and forgot it was no more. She instead opted to use her legs as a deterrent.

The dog never let go of the gun. Its bite on the gun was stronger than both Rebecca's legs kicking its internal organs. She attempted to pull on the slide with her other hand, but something felt stuck.

The dog suddenly reopened and snatched its jaws over more of the gun, and Rebecca had no choice but to yelp and release the weapon.

The dog suddenly sprang numerous leaks all throughout its body. The double jammed chamber of the handgun went off, likely turning the receiver into a fragmentation grenade. When Rebecca kicked open the dog's mouth, she saw a giant hole where the middle of the slide would have been. The mag release wouldn't work. The weapon system was dead.

The Women in Red

Jill Valentine was beside herself with anguish and anxiety. Alpha Team had followed the exploits of Bravo Team in real time. It never failed to boggle almost everyone's minds how STARS, a non military organization, was able to get its hands on the newest generations of GNSS and GLONASS, services provided by both the Confederate and former-Mongol Union governments, respectively.

The positioning systems are so advanced, STARS could distinguish where Bravo Team's members were within individual floors and even separate rooms. Thankfully, unbeknownst to everyone, the very nature of Rebecca's activities weren't made known to those watching the map.

They did however note how quickly Rebecca and Edward were traveling along the train tracks, and were dismayed when both stopped abruptly. Earlier in the evening, GPS satellite imagery showed a blurry depiction of an insect the same size as a train car attacking the locomotive from behind. Either the bug was a bug in the software, or something was wrong.

"Captain Wesker, we need to do something!" Jill pleaded on behalf of Alpha Team. Officer Valentine had by now changed into her drab navy fatigues, but was holding onto the olive drab beret Rebecca gifted her in her hands. She wrung it in anxiety, but chastised herself every time for damaging her lover's gift.

Wesker wore his trademark black fatigues, sunglasses, and contemptuous scowl. "There's nothing we can do for tonight. It took a Herculean effort just to prepare for Bravo, but due to the disheveled state of inventory all throughout the station, we can't just take the VTOL out for a spin whenever we would wish."

Chris positioned himself to the midside of the two, who faced one another in versus. "Jill, Wesker is right. That goddamn Irons is ruining this force and forcing our hand! We need to do what we can and muster up the necessary materials for the next mission!!!"

Jill gave no reply. She walked on her own accord out of the office and into the hallway. As she did, Chris came over to Albert's side and hugged his torso with one arm. "She's just concerned as she always is. Her heart's in the right place, you know that...."

Wesker turned his head into the taller man's embrace. "I know, Chris. But it does no one any good to bring emotions into this situation. At the very least, I have to maintain appearances to keep order."

"And that's what I love about you, Wesker." Chris squeezed as tightly as he could to emphasize his point. As tall as he may be, Redfield was not a very buff man, so Albert had little to worry.

"I'm glad at least one of my men is able to share my vision," Wesker responded.

"A-hem! I take offence to that, Wesker!" Barry interjected. The rest of Alpha Team who were watching nodded in assent. "Ya know, we'd be worried about favoritism for Chris, if he weren't such a straight up fellow to take advantage of your relationship," Barry added.

Chris sheepishly chuckled at the veiled compliment. Albert let go of Chris's embrace of his own accord and resumed his oversight of the GPS monitoring. Barry muttered to himself, "Those two are more alike than they'll ever admit."

Chris looked back at him with a confused mien.

"Sorry, Chris, but not you."

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Jill stepped out into the gray hallway. She noticed the younger sister of Chris walking off to her left. Jill needed a distraction, even a platonic one, and so she quietly followed her fellow female to the next room.

Jill was about to call out for Claire Redfield, but she felt a sudden feeling as if she was an unwanted intruder. After Claire opened the door, Jill did not stop its slam, but she waited a moment before silently turning the knob and peeking out the door. Further into that room, a dark hallway was up ahead. It was lit by a single red emergency light, which shone on a female outline in a lab coat. It was "Dr. Wong" as the name on the registry had shown earlier.

The firefighter red and white of Claire's racing suit reflected the dull red light of the hallway brilliantly, even within the darkness. Racing suit embraced lab coat; biker hugged scientist. The two caressed each other vigorously, and without a second glance at the mostly empty room they kissed each other on the lips.

Jill widened her eyes and tightened her mouth. Chris's baby sister was also a lesbian, and seemed to have no reservations against being with an Asianess. As open-minded as the Confederate States were about homosexuality, interracial relationships were still a very divisive wedge issue. Even Jill had her own hesitations when it came to just talking to women of the non-Caucasian races as she was afraid of following that road in her sex life.

Claire had no problems enjoying Dr. Wong's road though. Claire nipped and sucked on the doctor's neck, pulling on her breasts through the scientist's red sleeveless sweater. The researcher went and pulled Claire's naked hand into her cargo pants. A stifled moan escaped someone's lips, and judging by the knock kneed stance, Dr. Wong was supplying the sounds of pleasure.

Wong tied her arms around Redfield's neck, letting herself go without shame. Claire was actually quite sturdy, since as far as Jill could tell, the brunette lover never yielded to the combined weight of the two women in red.

Claire's hand under Dr Wong's crotch was helping lift the raven haired scientist on her feet, per se. The doctor regained some faculties of the mind, and peppered her shorter yet stronger, young lover's mouth with dainty kisses.

Claire leaned into the kiss, and subtly lifted the offending hand up to their faces. Claire took in a strong inhale of the heady juices' scent, and was stopped just short of licking and sucking Wong's essence off her fingers. The doctor had abruptly stopped the fellating act by the wrist, and instead repeated her action before of bringing Claire's hand down.

Only this time, straight down into Claire's pantsuit and guiding the fingers into Claire's own vaginal folds. Now both of the red women were making each other wet. Claire's legs now turned to rubber, allowing Wong to ease her younger girlfriend onto her back, as the older woman stepped over.

Jill's eyes went wide. The doctor dropped her shorts to an ankle and pulled her other leg out. She lowered herself over Redfield's face in a squat, all while the bottom woman fingered herself with the top woman's vaginal fluids. This was getting too inten

"Jill? She's coming to!"

Valentine faintly heard Chris's call, but was still jolted out of her voyeuristic trance dramatically enough to jam her fingers with the door. Luckily, those same fingers prevented the door from shutting noisily, and Jill gathered enough calm to discreetly close the door that separated older brother from younger sister, whose face was being sat upon by the foxy Dr. Wong.

Jill left the two wet women to their own vices, leaving the doorway as a third. She rounded the corner and joined Chris. "Chris, what do you mean?"

"Rebecca! She's coming to! We've found her moving again!"

Training Facility

Chapter Summary

Armament: 1911

Vestments: brown leather halter top, bridal gauntlets, black leather vagina level waistline pants

Rebecca Chambers found herself faceplanted on the surprisingly warm floor. As welcome as the warmth was, the hard surface left comfort out of the equation.

"Ugghhhhhhhn," a deep, guttural moan, but not from Rebecca's lips. Zombies seemed to have survived the crash just as she did. She could not stay splayed out flat on the ground like this if she wanted to stay asking the living, and so Rebecca climbed to her elbows and knees, and looked around. The train was a sidwinded mess and everything was aflame. The only things that survived were her, the zombies, a briefcase she recognized as holding her pistol, and a large gun.

Rebecca was excited, but upon grabbing hold of the last item, she instantly recognized it was the bulky hookshot. She sighted more zombies from the flaming wreck, so she grabbed her two weapons and fled to the only available door.

))))))))))

The sight hit her hard, but Rebecca stood stoic admirably. What was hard to swallow was the fact that the entire room was filled with sewage. Thankfully, the stench was minimal, and she ascertained that the muck was probably mud from the recent rain. She gingerly splashed down into the sewage water, thankfully sparing her below crotch level. She felt the muddy floodwater fill her pants, but her BDSM boots felt watertight.

Rebecca held fast to her hookshot and handgun bag, and sped to the other end of the S-curved hallway. She found herself at a ladder and climbed it gratefully, slamming her feet into every rung to shake off the muck and mud.

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Using her pretty little head to butt up against the hatch above, Rebecca finally succeeded in escaping the basement and up into the main hall. The ceiling was no welcome sight, however, as it was an abominable recreation of the Sistine Chapel, depicting the horrors of war and the agony of hauntingly beautiful Greco Roman figures. The hall was lit by lamps shaped into candles that burned kerosene, given away by the smell.

An ominous rumbling reverberated through the hall in a droning rhythm as if a dirge were being recited beyond the walls. The main entrance - or was it the main exit? - was locked by a pair of suits of armor that crossed their swords. The door would not budge any other way, and the swords could not come off, even for defensive purposes. As she turned around, Rebecca caught sight of a familiar old man.

The face on a giant portrait in the middle of the stairway did not register in Rebecca's brain until she got up close. She gasped, remembering the green man in the dining hall train car. Rebecca backpedalled absentmindedly, and fell backwards on her rump and back until she hit the floor. Now in no mood to hold it in anymore. "Rrrrrrrrrgggggggggaahdammit!" Rebecca threw a tantrum, almost feeling relieved by letting go of the indignant anger she could not express until now. The serotonin (or mayhap cortisol) drizzled down from the top of her head as she shouted out the curse words she had practiced in happier moments, "σHIT...πISS....ΦUCK..©UNT...¢OCK\$UCKER...μOTHERφUCKER....τιτς!"

The satisfying outburst was only temporary, though. Angry at herself for being...angry, and losing her temper in this dire situation, Rebecca huffed and posted on her hand to get up to the door to her left. But by the time she laid her hand on the doorknob, something in her just snapped. Not in the berserker rage kind of snap, but as in the snap of her fingers. She had an epiphany that was surreal.

Don't go through this door. Go upstairs. Find useful things and run. Go the next room, and do the same. Rinse, repeat. Rinse, repeat.

She just made this survival horror thing easy for herself, and gave herself no other choice, but to keep moving on.

She climbed the stairs.

The Original Mansion

Chapter Summary

Armament: 1911

Vestments: brown leather halter top and bridal gauntlets, black leather extra low waistline pants

Chapter Notes

Actually hold off on reading this unfinished chapter if you dare.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rebecca's long, slender, tight, black, leather-clad legs went up the main hall's stairway. Her core tightened with every step; her regret crept in deeper and deeper for wearing such an exposed outfit. Though no longer wet and cold, Rebecca felt no safer ending up all alone in such a dangerous place like this mansion. Growing up watching shows like the Fresh Prince and movies like Jumanji, she thought that the first time she would set foot in a mansion, it would be under better circumstances.

Now, however, if she never saw another mansion again, she could live with that.

She followed her hunch from earlier, and so Officer Chambers took the left balcony on the second floor and positioned herself at the side of the doorway. In S.T.A.R.S. training, Rebecca learned to never absentmindedly step through or even be in front of fatal funnels: to be in the vicinity of unsecured doorways and windows was always playing dice with your own life and livelihood.

The youngest STARS member hugged the wall opposite the doorknob side, toward where the doorhinges should be. Only after she positioned herself correctly, did she draw into her bag and dig out her handgun. With her pistol high at chest height but still tucked close by her body, Officer Chambers used her free hand to quietly push the door open entirely.

[illegible]

The room was poorly lit. The only sources of illumination were a small table lamp, ambient lighting from the main hall, and faint moonlight seeping in through the windows. Rebecca aimed at one end of the room, and she swept her muzzle thence to the other end.

No hostiles. No threats. Rebecca eyed every unknown shape in the dimly-lit room. She stepped inside with some confidence, tired of being so flustered at every twist and turn. Being stressed was exhausting; being scared was more exhausting. She found a document on the table near a scraggly potted-plant.

Opposite the door was a dead fireplace; abreast the doorway was a vanity mirror and cabinet. There was a shiny object that caught Rebecca's eye. She was walking toward it to take a literally closer look when

CRASH

SQUAWK

Jet black birds flew through the glass windows like paper. Probably sensing movement in the upper west wing, the crows aggressively swooped in on Rebecca for what seemed an easy meal.

And an easy meal she would have been, had she stayed in place. Rebecca ducked and fled unceremoniously back to the door and closed it shut. She was never good with jump scares, whether it was movies or video games. Turns out that jumpiness was great for real-life life-or-death situations.

[illegible]

Back at the Raccoon Police Department, Jill and the rest of Alpha Team followed Rebecca's tracker like a hawk. The GNSS tracking software could only show up in fullscreen mode on the 24" big screen computer monitor. No overlays were possible on the same screen, so the team drew a map of the exterior of the mansion Rebecca was in, and taped the graph paper on top of the monitor itself to get a rough estimate of where Rebecca was and went.

"Captain Wesker, why can't we take another vehicle out to them?" Jill complained in worry. She had been exercising to warm up and rechecking her loadout gear for the umpteenth time. She was ready to take on the entire forest to get to Rebecca.

"It is not that simple, Jill. All the members of Bravo are scattered at least a dozen clicks apart from one another. We do not have a spare VTOL to use for at least another six hours until Bellafontaine state PD can prep us one.

"Our landnav options are either unequipped for off-road terrain or run woefully under the speed limit. It would take us a full day to get there on wheels or tracks. We must gather intel and prep what we can while we wait. Go blow off some steam if you cannot sit still."

Albert did not move or shift his body, and even with his deadpan delivery he still imposed his authority and will over the conversation in the room. His words were law and that was that. And worst of all: he was completely right.

[illegible]

Rebecca studied the object she grabbed at the last second - a Crank - and then turned her attention to the far end of the hall.

Like, *far* end. Down below to the 1F east doorway far end. Rebecca made her way down, sliding her legs and thighs against one another to control her descent down the stairs. The taut crotch area of her pants were actually a boon to her, pulling the pantlegs against her knees to prevent any buckling and accidental falling. As exposed as she was, Rebecca could not help but feel lithe, tight, and undeniably sexy. She could not have picked a better wardrobe to be in in a life-or-death situation.

Ah.... There was a typewriter just behind the stairs. Using the Cinta ink ribbon right next to it, Chambers catalogued her progress:

Rebecca / 02 / Hall

Much like the sensual costume she donned, the typewriting was an exercise in pride than anything else. She continued to the double doors, high on a hint of haughtiness.

[illegible]

"Mmmnnrgh...." two zombies shuffled around the dining room, bumping into tables filled with rotting food. The mere act of opening the door just now must have alerted the hostiles, and they turned their attentions unto her.

Rebecca carefully assessed the layout of the room. She baited both zombies away from the doors, taking the long way around the mass of tables and chairs to go unmolested to the new door.

RATTLE RATTLE

The red door was locked. It looked like a key could prove useful here, so Rebecca moved onto to the other available door.

|||||

After a narrow hallway, Rebecca hit upon a moonlit art storage room. A zombie in black tactical gear emerged, and Rebecca neutralized him with choice shots to the legs and head. She kept hearing shuffling after the gunshots, so she stood her ground with her handgun at the ready.

After an eternity of nerve wracking anticipation, the second reanimated body reared its rotting face. Rebecca felt confident for a first shot headshot.

She missed. She felt an inkling of panic, so she calmly reverted to basics: two to the body, one to the head. The leg shots dropped him to a crawl, and Rebecca felt the urge to shoot.

I'm going to try reframing the REØ portion.

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