

RESIDENT EVIL X
PART ONE: GETTING READY TO BE LATE FOR WORK
by Deathstalker

Jill Valentine tossed and turned in her bed, not wanting to acknowledge the buzzing alarm sitting on the nightstand next to her. She let out a groan and swatted at it, missing. Her hand moved around, trying to find the noisy device. Finally touching it, she gave it a hard whack and shut it up. Her quiet peace restored, Jill's body stopped moving so much as she fell back into restful slumber.

Just as she was entering deep sleep, the sound of her phone woke her once more. She cursed, sitting up in bed. Her shoulder-length brown hair was an absolute mess, going in all directions. Her eyes were puffy from being woken up and she did not look in the least bit happy.

Jill reached over to the phone that was sitting next to her abused alarm clock and picked up the receiver. She put it to her ear, stifling a yawn. "This is Jill," she said, a bit groggily. She was greeted by her commander, Albert Wesker. She was being reminded that there was going to be a meeting concerning their case this afternoon and she was required to be there. She said she would and hung up. Jill flopped back down on the bed, letting her eyes drift closed again but found it was useless. She was totally awake now and there was nothing she could do about it.

The young woman looked over at her clock, seeing it was only nine o'clock in the morning. She decided she might as well get up and ready herself to go if the meeting was at noon. Jill kicked the covers away and got off the bed, heading for her bathroom. All she was wearing was an oversized t-shirt and some pink panties.

As she went into her bathroom, she gave the door a slight push, closing it halfway, then reached into the tub and twisted the knobs. She pulled a lever and the shower started up. She felt the water with her hand and adjusted the knobs until it was at a good temperature. Pulling her shirt off, Jill exposed her breasts to the cool air surrounding her. She tossed the shirt into a hamper and then pulled her panties down, tossing them in as well. Now she was totally naked, her well-sized bosom and short patch of brown pubic hair exposed to the world.

Jill pulled the shower curtain back and stepped into the tub, letting the warm water rush over her body. Her nipples had already started to harden due to the cool air and the warm water made them tighten even more. She dipped her head under the water, letting it run through her hair and over her face. For a few minutes, she just let the water soak into her before finally grabbing a bar of soap and starting to lather herself.

Areas of her smooth, milky skin became covered in bubbles and almost as quickly, they were washed away. Jill poured some shampoo into her hand and went about thoroughly washing her hair. After she finished rinsing her locks out, she shut the water off and stepped out of the tub.

Jill picked up a towel and started to dry herself. She rubbed the beads of water off her body and dried her hair. She put some deodorant on then walked back into her bedroom and over to her dresser, opening the drawers and grabbing all the pieces to her uniform. A light blue, form-

fitting t-shirt, some blue khaki pants, a pair of panties, the same color as her t-shirt with the S.T.A.R.S. logo on the front, and a light blue bra.

She sat down on her bed and slid the panties up her legs, rising to pull them all the way up. Then she clipped her bra on, pulling the shirt over her head and then slipped the pants up her legs. She tucked her shirt into her pants and did them up, grabbing a belt and pulling it through the loops on her pants. She grabbed a pair of socks and pulled them onto her feet, followed by her boots.

Jill left her bedroom and went out into her kitchen, fixing herself a pot of coffee. As she was sitting down to drink it, there was a knock at the door. She set her mug down and went to the door. Waiting on the other side of the door was Billy West, the neighborhood paper boy. Billy was eighteen-years-old and had shaggy brown hair. He was pretty well built for his age and pretty handsome, too, as far as Jill was concerned.

Jill gave Billy a smile. "Hey, Billy, got my paper?" she asked.

Billy nodded. "Sure do, Ms. Valentine," he said, handing the rolled up newspaper to the woman. "Also, I was wondering if you wanted to... you know... before you went to work."

Jill giggled. She'd started having sex with Billy not long after she'd moved to Raccoon City. In exchange, she'd never had to pay for a single newspaper. "What the hell, I've got some time to kill." She opened the door a little wider and Billy rolled his bicycle into Jill's house. They didn't want anyone spotting the bike and getting suspicious.

The older woman shut the door after Billy got his bike inside then she turned to him, smiling. "You did remember condoms, right?" she asked.

"Of course, Ms. Valentine," he said, pulling out a strip of condoms.

"Good," she said, moving past him and heading back towards her bedroom. "And stop calling me Ms. Valentine. Makes me feel old." She pulled her shirt back off and tossed it to the floor as she entered her room then turned to face Billy. "Do I look old to you?" She reached behind her and unhooked her bra, letting it slide off and join her shirt.

Billy grinned, eyeing her bare breasts. "No, Ms. Val -" He stopped himself. "I mean, Jill."

"That's better," she said. Her hands quickly unbuckled her belt and undid the button on her pants. She moved over to Billy and kissed him deeply. She smirked, feeling one of his hands start to squeeze her left breast while his other unzipped her pants.

Jill moaned as Billy's hand moved into her pants and under her panties, rubbing her crotch. He slipped a finger inside her and slowly started pumping it in and out. His head dropped down to Jill's breasts and began to kiss and suckle on them. She melted into him, gasping and moaning as he gave her pleasure. She wrapped her arms around him, running them along his back. She grabbed the bottom of his shirt and pulled it up over his head, causing his caresses to stop briefly.

As soon as the shirt hit the ground, they were against each other again. They let their tongues play with each other as they started to take off each other's pants. They kicked their pants off and backed up to Jill's bed. Jill lay back on the bed, wearing nothing but her panties, socks and boots.

Billy looked down at her wearing just his boxers and sneakers. He pushed his boxers down, releasing his hard erection and tore open one of the condoms. As he went about putting it on, Jill slid her panties down her long legs until they were at her ankles then spread her thighs far apart.

Billy climbed onto the bed and over Jill. He guided his latex covered member to her wet entrance. Unable to wait any longer, Jill wrapped her legs around his waist and squeezed him towards her, impaling herself on his hard flesh. She tilted her head back and moaned as Billy began to drive in and out of her. He groped one of her tits, pinching the nipple and twisting it, eliciting loud groans from Jill. She reached around him and grabbed his ass, pulling him against her harder. She thrust her hips upwards and pushed her chest towards his sucking lips.

The eighteen-year-old let out a long moan as he filled the condom with his seed. He collapsed onto Jill, breathing heavily. Jill, herself, had yet to cum and was feeling a little disappointed. Billy must have sensed it because he started to move down her body, between her legs. Jill smiled, preparing herself for more pleasure. Her eyes wandered over to the clock and widened.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed, sitting up quickly. Billy looked up from her lap, confused. "I'm gonna be late for work!" She looked down at Billy. "Sorry. We'll finish this later."

Billy leaned back and shrugged. "It's alright. I just wish I could've gotten you off, too." He frowned.

Jill smiled at him. "You're cute. I'll be fine." They both got off the bed and quickly got dressed before heading out the door. Billy got back on his bike and rode off. Jill hopped into her car and started it up. She looked down at the clock and sighed.

Wesker was going to be pissed.

To be continued...